

THE FRIONA STAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

Volume 3—Number 11.

Friona, Texas, Friday, October 7, 1927.

\$1.50 Per Year.

HELP LESSEN FIRE MENACE BY BURNING RUBBISH

Star's \$3,000.00 Opportunity Club Automobile Campaign Rapidly Nears Finish; Crucial Third Period Expires at 9:00 P. M. Saturday!

TWELVE MORE DAYS TO SECURE VOTES; FINAL WEEK IN CONTEST

Names of All Inactive Workers Will Be Omitted from Next List. Next Week Credits Will Be Slashed Twice. Effort Now Will Count Heavily in the Final Tabulation. Finish to Be Close.

With only twelve days remaining in which to secure the winning credits, contestants in The Friona Star's \$3,000.00 Automobile and Prize Opportunity Club Campaign are beginning to enact stirring scenes in their frenzied rush to see everybody and obtain every possible vote before the time expires. All realize that many a race is won in the home stretch, hence every subscription, either new or old, is of utmost importance. Less than two weeks from today, the fortunate winner will be riding around in her own big Chevrolet, hers to keep for all time by right of conquest.

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Miss Geneva Jones | 450,000 |
| Miss Irene McFarland | 462,000 |
| Mrs. Grant Musick | 442,500 |
| Mrs. Willie Steinbock | 308,000 |
| Mrs. Erma Taylor | 487,000 |
| Mrs. Ed White | 444,500 |

This is 75,000 extra credit week. Until 9:00 o'clock Saturday night, October 8, a bonus of 75,000 extra credits is allowed for each and every \$20.00 club of subscriptions turned in. Several contestants did not accomplish nearly as much on the 100,000 extra credit offer last week as they desired due to the weather, etc., and these are planning to make every minute during the remaining hours of the 75,000 offer count for them. Because of inactivity last week, several who apparently had the Chevrolet almost within their grasp faltered, and unless they show some speed this week they will not need to worry much about gas and oil bills for the Chevrolet. It seems a pity that some of those who stood so well when the first period ended should now be losing their advantages through inactivity. To win in a competition of this kind it is necessary to keep right on the job every minute. One must not hesitate to temporize in a lot of other contests, but here the prize that might have been yours. That is just what is happening in this campaign, apparently.

Better Work Now.

From now on the race will grow swifter. The time is so short that it is absolutely necessary for those who want the automobile to lay everything else aside and hustle for credits. Ten days from now it will be too late, and then you can look back and see where you might have won. But that isn't going to put you up in the driver's seat of the Chevrolet. Not by a long shot. Next week the credits will be reduced twice. The 75,000 offer which ends Saturday night is the biggest remaining offer. From 8 a. m., Monday, October 10, until 9:00 p. m., Thursday, October 13, a bonus of 50,000 extra will be allowed for every \$20.00 club turned in. During the last two days of the campaign, October 14 and October 15, a bonus of 25,000 extra will be allowed for every \$20.00 turned in. There will be no surprise offers of any kind, and no extra votes or credits issued except as outlined above. Don't let any of your well meaning friends tell you to hold your subscriptions, because the votes are going up—they are going down in this campaign, and what has happened in other automobile campaigns has nothing to do with what happens in this one.

Entry Period Closes.

Every contestant is advised to do her dead level best this week. There will never be a better chance to win than the one now in effect. YOU can get the winning credits on this 75,000 offer if you work hard enough, but if you don't work, then don't come around after it is all over with a tale about how you could have won if you had only known. We're telling you now. Anyone who holds subscriptions until the last day in anticipation of a raise in credit values is going to be disappointed.

No new club members will be allowed to enter after 9:00 p. m. Saturday, October 8. If you want to win, better get in now—no last minute entries accepted. The list next week will contain only the names of the workers, and from

them the winners of all prizes and cash commissions will be selected. The inactive ones will not be paid a cash commission, nor will they be eligible for any prize

HAS OPERATION FOR HERNIA.

Carroll Bowlin, who has for the past two years been associated with the Blackwell Hardware and Furniture store here, went to the Baptist Hospital at Clovis Tuesday where he underwent an operation for hernia. He came through the operation in fine shape and with splendid prospect for a permanent recovery. His brother-in-law, J. A. Blackwell, went with him and remained at the hospital until the operation was over. Mr. Blackwell returned to the hospital again on Wednesday. The origin of Mr. Bowlin's trouble happened when he was yet a small boy, and through scuffling or wrestling with one of his playmates. Carroll's many friends in Friona will be highly pleased to see him fully recovered.

Frio News.

The fair was not as good this year as it has been on account of late crops and the infantile paralysis scare.

Mr. and Mrs. Furlong started for their home in Los Angeles, California, recently. Mrs. Furlong is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brooks and has been here visiting for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLean spent Friday and Saturday in Clovis.

Mrs. Michael Brown is reported not doing so well the last few days.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Freeman and daughter motored to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, Saturday for fruit. They returned as far as Clovis where they spent the night with their daughter, Mrs. John Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brooks went to House, New Mexico, Friday for a short visit with Mrs. Brook's sister. They returned Sunday, coming by Fort Sumner and getting a load of fruit.

Mrs. Fred Fahsholtz, Mrs. B. F. Crume and Mrs. E. P. Houlette called on Mrs. Henry Brooks Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Messenger of Hereford, Mrs. Mae Abbott and son of Bovina, and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Messenger and children of Friona came in on Mrs. E. P. Houlette Sunday and surprised her.

The day was enjoyed in taking pictures of the different families and children. This is the second reunion of the Messenger family this year.

Ed Whitaker is here visiting his aunt, Mrs. George McLean.

Mrs. Fay Dennis and children spent Sunday with Mrs. Alice Crume.

Frank Brown, of Oklahoma, arrived Tuesday for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Houlette and children spent a very enjoyable evening with Mrs. E. E. Crume and children last Friday.

Miss Geneva Jones of Friona was out in this community last Wednesday soliciting subscriptions for the Friona Star in the subscription contest. We wish Miss Jones success in the race, although we have several acquaintances in the contest.

Mrs. Jim Brooks and Mrs. E. P. Houlette motored to Clovis Tuesday to do some shopping.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

HAS FINE RIBBON CANE.

Elbert Ashcroft, who is farming two miles southwest of town, brought to the Star office last Friday a bundle of fine seeded ribbon cane.

The cane was all headed and in many of the heads the seeds were well formed but not matured. If the field is like the sample Mr. Ashcroft will have an abundance of fine feed, and it is claimed that this variety makes the best syrup of any.

VISITORS RETURN TO HOME IN ILLINOIS.

J. D. Wright and Reed and Pearl Wright, of Ashmore, Illinois, departed for their home Monday morning.

These people had been spending the past week visiting in the home of Mr. Griffith south of town.

LADY CLERK AT CRAWFORD'S.

The T. J. Crawford store now has a lady clerk in the person of Miss Lucile Shults, who entered upon her duties in the store last week.

Miss Shults is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shults, whose farm home is about five miles southwest of town, and is well known in the community.

SCHOOL PAPER IN STAR.

Beginning with this week a portion of the Star's news space will be devoted to the Friona high school paper, under the title of High School Saw Dust.

Miss Irene Newman has been chosen as editor-in-chief of High School Saw Dust, and will supervise and direct the work of her associate editors for the various departments of the school.

The Star is glad to give this space to the school so that the teachers and students will have a medium of circulation and communication of the work and events of their school life among the parents and patrons of the school.

MUCH SHIPPING

Fifty-Three Cars of Cattle Sent Out From Local Pens Last Saturday. Heavy Later in Month.

The cattle shipping season for this year flew wide open at Friona on Saturday of last week, when fifty-three cars of cattle were loaded and shipped to various points in the country.

The following shippers contributed to the total number of cars shipped last Saturday, and we also append the destination to which these cattle were shipped:

Whitley Brothers, two cars to Kansas City.

C. T. Gusem, four cars to Kansas City.

Donald and Hbl, seven cars to Langdon, Kansas.

C. S. Hart, forty cars to Shawlowater, Friends and Amy, Kansas.

The Donald and Hill cattle and those shipped by Mr. Hart were sold here to Kansas cattlemen for feeding and were shipped to the points named to be put on grass for the present. In all there has been sixty-four cars shipped out this season, and on Saturday, September 24th, Mr. Donald shipped in a shipment of eighteen cars, which were taken out to his large ranch north of town.

CHILD SAID TO BE IMPROVING.

Last week one case of infantile paralysis was reported in Black. It was the thirteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Deaton who live on what was formerly known as the old Morton place near the depot. The child was reported as being in a rather critical condition as both arms and limbs were paralyzed. However word was received here Wednesday that he could move his fingers and wrists. He is under the care of Dr. La Grande of Hereford.

MR. GISCHLER IMPROVING.

John Gischler, one of Friona's pioneer citizens and business man, and who has been quite ill during the past three weeks, is now much improved and was able to be in town Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Gischler spent a few weeks during August and September at Glen Springs, Colorado, where they went in the hope that the baths in the medicinal waters would benefit his health. During their stay there, however, the weather was so cool and wet that he was unable to take many of the baths and returned home with very little, if any, improvement in health.

Mr. Gischler's health is such that he is quite frequently confined to his home for short periods, and it was a great pleasure to his friends to see him able to be out.

Mr. Gischler has been in business in Friona since the early days of the town's history, having been for several years in the general mercantile business at which he was financially successful. He was, perhaps, the first grain buyer the town had and bought grain here when the only grain elevator was a scoop shovel. He is at present engaged in the grain business in connection with his son, Reuben, the firm owning one of the commodious elevators the town affords.

CARS COLLIDE.

Two cars collided here Sunday near the junction of Main and Sixth streets, but no one was injured and it is reported very little damage was done to either of the machines.

The two cars were driving east on Sixth street. The one in front was driven by Mrs. A. O. Drake and the other by Clifford Shults. As they neared the junction of the streets, Mrs. Drake turned to drive north, and the driver of the rear car, not divining her intention in time to slacken his speed, effected a rear end collision.

SURVEY SHOWS THAT AGENT IS A COUNTY'S BEST INVESTMENT

Reports from Other Texas Counties Indicate Financial Progress Resulting from Employment of Trained County Agents. This County Should Have One. Farmers Entitled to County Agent.

THEY LIKE SCHOOL.

Misses Esther Reeve and Alice Gayer and "Chick" Schlenker, who are attending school at Canyon, came over and visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

They all expressed themselves as well satisfied with their school and surroundings. They returned to Canyon Sunday night.

JIM BLEDSO, JR., BETTER.

Mrs. Jim Bledsoe was in town Monday morning from her ranch home several miles southeast of Friona.

She stated that her small son, Jimmy, Jr., who had been afflicted for several weeks past with infantile paralysis, is now very much improved and she has great hopes now of a complete recovery in the very near future.

The little fellow has been receiving treatment in a sanitarium at Sweetwater, but the greatly improved condition of his health, she thinks, will warrant their bringing him home next week.

Little Jimmy has had the sympathy of the entire community during his affliction and the many friends of the family here will rejoice with them over the hopeful prospect for his ultimate recovery.

Another small boy, the son of a man working for Mr. Bledsoe, and who contracted the disease about the same time, is also reported as rapidly improving, but we were unable to learn the details as to his condition, more than it is believed that he, too, will have a permanent recovery.

The writer of this article is positively sold to the idea of a county agent as a worth-while investment for Parmer county and in the following story we will quote largely from a pamphlet, *Topic No. 5*, put out by the Texas Safe Farming Association, of 308 Santa Fe Building, Dallas, Texas, "Will High Priced Cotton Drive Us Mad Again?"

The quotations to which we shall confine ourselves largely are the reports of secretaries of chambers of commerce and county agents from all parts of the state, and show forth the interest being taken by these secretaries and the business men of the towns and cities in directing the attention of the farmers to the value of engaging in the dairy, poultry and hog business and in assisting the farmers in a financial way to accomplish this end, and also showing forth the increased prosperity of the farmers which has been acquired through these branches of farming.

In this pamphlet we find a list of reports from twenty-six secretaries and forty-three county agents all of which report practically the same results.

Roy Christian, secretary-manager of the chamber of commerce of Corsicana, reports, "In December, 1926, the Corsicana Chamber of Commerce purchased 200 hound sows and gilts in Missouri for distribution to the farmers of the county. The hogs were sold at cost for cash. Have also given some attention to dairy cattle. Although we can not specifically trace the results of our efforts, there is no doubt that many farmers have cut down their bank loans through hogs, milk cows and poultry."

Bob Anglin, secretary manager of the Tulla Chamber of Commerce reports the financing of a car of registered Jersey heifers and says, "The business men started here in 1923 with a goal of \$1,000,000 per year from dairy products and financed several bull circles. The receipts have increased from \$100,000 to \$500,000. Several car loads of hogs and dairy cattle were shipped in."

F. V. Stuart, secretary of the Grand Saline Chamber reports, "We are shipping about 100 ten gallon cans of whole milk per day, and 100 cans of cream per week. It is very materially strengthening the financial condition of our entire community."

The following two paragraphs is what the pamphlet has to say regarding the county agent:

"The key man for the agricultural welfare in every county is the county agent, maintained jointly by the United States Department of Agriculture, the Agricultural and Mechanical College and the county commissioners court, or a group of business men, each contributing a due share of the expense."

"The county agent is a well trained man. He knows the business of agriculture from both a scientific and economic standpoint, because he has been educated to understand. Sometimes he has the qualities of leadership and some times he has not. It is not always possible to get many talents with one individual. But the county agent should receive the cordial support of the local business men. Happily, many of them do, but unhappily, a few do not. The following are some of the instances of successful co-operation by business men with county agents:

S. A. Palmer, county agent of Baylor county, reports co-operation by bankers and business men in dairy development, with gratifying results, and that quite a few farmers have been assisted in feeding and testing dairy cattle, and in feeding beef cattle and finishing them for the market.

P. C. Bennett, county agent of Potter county, reports co-operation of business men in a cow, sow and hen program.

D. F. Eaton, county agent of Lubbock county, reports co-operation by business men with county agents."

Bovina News.

Farmers are busy cutting feed while the sun shines.

The Parent-Teachers Association held its regular business session at the school auditorium Friday night, and after the business was transacted they enjoyed a short program, also sang many good songs before breaking up.

A good number were present and all are invited to come again.

The twins of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Heard and little Miss Mattie Jean Randal were showered Wednesday afternoon with many beautiful and useful articles suitable for their needs and pleasures.

Friends of Mrs. Eugene Parker are glad to have her out again after her long illness.

Mrs. B. P. Abbott and son, John Benjamin, spent Sunday with Mrs. E. P. Houlette and family in New Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Messenger of Hereford and Mr. and Mrs. George Messenger and children of Friona were also present, making the entire Messenger family and grandchildren present. Many group pictures were taken and a very pleasant day enjoyed by all.

Armour Abbott and his sister's boy of Granbury stopped a few minutes in our city Thursday. These boys are sight-seeing and while in this part of the country are visiting their relatives at Dimmitt, Bovina and Clovis.

A large number of our town folks attended the Parmer County Singing Convention at Farwell last Sunday and all reported a fine singing.

C. C. Foster, father of Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Sharp returned Thursday morning from Stone county, Missouri, his old home, where he has been visiting about six weeks. We are glad to have him back again.

AIRPLANE HERE WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday afternoon an aerial navigator landed at Friona and spent a few hours giving air excursions to such of our citizens as cared to indulge.

About a half dozen ten minute trips were made, taking two passengers at each trip, so that perhaps a dozen of our people had the pleasure of viewing their own home town from above.

THE HOME TOWN PAPER

Talk about your literature

And papers up-to-date,

About the Legislature

and doin's through the state;

To me they ain't comparin'

Though I look the world aroun'

To the newsy weekly paper

From the old home town.

Ma comes into the settin' room

And lets the dishes go,

And listens while I read about

The folks we used to know;

For births and deaths and land deals

And weddin's, too, about,

All are mighty interestin'

From the old home town.

I know it ain't so classical,

As these big dailies are

That tell about the world court

And latest movie star;

But jist fur my enjoyment

There's nothin' I have found

Like the little newsy paper

From the old home town.

—Mary Effie Crawford.

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER IX

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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W. N. U. Service

Very ungraciously Mrs. Raxon permitted Agatha Brown to be absent for a night. Very gladly the Raxon girls learned of it. Robin would be theirs for a few hours. After cramping continental pensions and small hotels, their present lavish life rather went to their heads. It took the form of a superiority complex which irritated Robin enormously. But he had promised his father to aid him by preserving a heartiness of manner that he did not feel. He was wholly obsessed by the thought of Agatha, that strange and lovely girl who held him at arm's length, snubbed him, harassed him, and then brought him back with a glance of those amethyst eyes. She would tell him nothing about her past life, and that worried him very much. What men had loved her, he wondered, and had there been men about whom she cared? Mrs. McKimber understood the situation and sympathized. Her husband was unusually irritable. He could talk about nothing but the infamous manner in which his press agent neglected to have him featured. It seemed to McKimber that the papers were filled with Paul Raxon. Actually some club women had started a "Better Architecture League," with Raxon as president. They were to agitate for classes in architectural appreciation in the high schools.

McKimber wandered about the big rooms sifting, Raxon was not to be seen. At midnight, when Sneed stood respectfully at his elbow, McKimber was as nearly nervous as he had ever been. But he was too old a campaigner to show it. He followed the butler into a big sexagonal room, entrance to which was gained by a flight of eight stairs. That the apartment was furnished with subdued splendor and was of magnificent proportions added to McKimber's irritation. Instinctively he was aware that Raxon was getting ready to use his lavish settings in publicity work.

This tower study would soon be famous through the magazines. It was easy to visualize Paul Raxon leaning back in his customary indolent way with a specially prepared background. McKimber's private room represented office furnishing in its most efficient style. He reflected bitterly that this apartment must have been planned for photographic reproduction. McKimber decided it was effeminate. It provoked in him a feeling of contempt which could not dispel the knowledge that Raxon's settings were superb. But they were presumptuous. Raxon was riding for a fall. He needed to be taught a lesson. It would have been wiser for McKimber to recollect that Raxon had not succeeded through any lack of strength.

"This extensive publicity campaign of yours," McKimber began, "doesn't deceive us any."

"Us?" Raxon queried.

"We who represent an organized party in this state. We know you're out to get a primary nomination, and as you've got money and a good press agent, it doesn't seem easy to prevent you. These primaries play the devil with party obligations. They encourage the malcontents and the ambitious."

"Which am I?" Raxon asked, smiling.

"You're ambitious, Raxon. You are overambitious. The Bard of Avon says that's the thing which brought the angels down."

"This is the first time I have been called an angel," said the other.

McKimber frowned. He detested flattery.

"I prefer to think of you as ambitious than to suppose you are wanting to split our ticket and let Westfield in. If one strong man with his party's solid backing runs against Westfield, he'll beat him."

"That cheers me very much," Raxon replied.

It was not easy for the domineering McKimber to hold himself in. He was accustomed to respect in the field of politics.

"You won't be the man," he exclaimed.

"And you will?"

"Unless any spiteful malcontent deliberately proves a traitor. Up-state, which I control politically, has no use for you. It doesn't know about you. I asked a man from Wayne county the other day if he'd ever heard of Paul Raxon." McKimber smiled. "He said he never went to moving pictures."

"Your mistake," Raxon said, "was that you did not ask his wife. The women know me, McKimber. My 'Better Architecture League' is springing up everywhere. There's a flourishing one in Wayne county. The larger cities, such as Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica, are taking the thing up admirably. Politicians of your old-fashioned kind resent women in public life, and you don't conceal this. Politically, women are hypersensitive because they know they have not accomplished what the world expected of them. I admit your up-state strength exceeds mine, but what about New York city?"

"A stronghold for Westfield."

"Not so much as you imagine." Raxon yawned a little, as though the subject wearied him. "At all events, it will be an interesting experiment."

"Experiment!" McKimber cried, shocked at his callousness. "It will be a tragedy for the party."

"It will be your finish," Raxon retorted. His manner had no animus in it. He had neither raised his voice nor shown heat as McKimber had. "Like all old-time politicians, you lack

mental agility and you won't reconcile yourself to new conditions. In the past you have been of great use to the organization. Today you are merely amusing."

McKimber flushed red and instinctively clenched his big fists. Paul Raxon noted the gesture.

"That demonstrates it perfectly," he said. "When you lose a point or hear a disagreeable truth you want to hit a man. Elemental stuff. We are here to discuss political conditions in this state. I think that is how you put it."

"You want me to back down and leave the field to you. I refuse. If the party thinks I've the better chance, they'll knife you in a minute. It isn't possible, surely, that you believe gratitude has anything to do with practical politics?"

McKimber did not answer immediately. He was conscious that he had allowed personal antagonism to color his conversation. He adopted the confidential tone which had often won success for him.

"Raxon," he began, "I'm putting my cards on the table."

"Save yourself the trouble," Raxon replied. "I can see them just as well when you hold them in your hands. All you need to understand is that I have a better chance than you to go to Washington."

"If we two fight each other, Westfield goes," McKimber said earnestly. "We need a senator at Washington."

"That's why I intend to go, as you may as well tell your friends. I've



"He Said He Never Went to Moving Pictures."

been working much longer than you can guess for this very end."

"Don't you realize you will be denounced as a traitor to your cause?"

"If the cause means so much to you, throw your influence my way. If you did that, Westfield wouldn't have a chance."

"You're d-d well right," McKimber shouted. "The man I endorse would get in even if you were he. I'll tell you just this, Raxon. From now on I'm going to devote myself to showing you up for the crooked ward politician you are. My God! To think you expect me to work for you!"

"If you're going to be abusive," Raxon said coldly, "we may as well stop."

McKimber struggled into a little less violent mood. He might yet be able to divert the Raxon ambition to some less lofty height.

"I take that back," he said. "I recognize that you deserve some reward for what you've done in the past, but I'm entitled to the nomination. It is my just reward I want." McKimber's voice became almost conciliatory.

"Don't you see the justice of it? I want in my old age the opportunity of serving my country."

"And I," Paul Raxon sneered, "want in my early middle age the opportunity of serving myself. Why drag your country in? Do you think I'm a political idealist just because bad architecture offends me?"

McKimber rose to his feet. He knew he had lost, and he wanted to go before he forgot the slender, sneering man was his host.

"They told me you were a dangerous man," he said slowly, "but I don't

think they gauged your rottenness correctly."

"I take good care to keep that from them."

"But you're giving it away to me, a confessed rival."

Raxon laughed. The spectacle of this tall, portly man, whose career had been so successful, amused him.

"The trouble with you, McKimber," he said, "is that you don't understand you are a corpse. Politically, you are dead and buried. You are not a rival. Don't flatter yourself to that extent."

"I tell you," McKimber thundered, "all the world shall know what has passed between us."

"If you don't lower your voice, all the world will hear. You're not a broadcasting station. Sit down. I sent for you because there's a lot I have to say which you wouldn't care to miss."

Reluctantly, McKimber sank back in his chair. He was unwrapped by a certain and unwelcome unpleasantness. The man facing him seemed so secure, so unconcerned, so sure of ultimate triumph.

"The first thing to tell you," Raxon began, "is, I am going to Washington. You will quit in my favor and lend me all your great influence. Naturally you must have an excuse which seems a true one. I have it all ready prepared. You are too heavy even for your height, and the pouches under your eyes are unhealthy signs. You had better drop out, because your specialist tells you there is heart and kidney trouble. I shall refer to the fact in my speeches with great regret."

McKimber spoke with deliberation. "They told me you were dangerous, and I know you are a traitor to your party, but not until this moment did I believe you were absolutely crazy. They call your sort of madness megalomania." McKimber rose to his feet. "I've met all sorts of knaves and fools in politics, but you're the worst yet."

"What a senator you would have made!" Raxon commented. "Do you suppose I should have talked like this if I had not been certain you were harmless, a rattler with his poison sacs extracted? My success has come mainly because I understand human motivation. I'm going to show you how it is that when you leave here it will be to start a Raxon boom in your own city. Sit down, McKimber."

John McKimber, who prided himself upon taking orders from none, dropped again into his seat. It seemed to him he was talking to a Raxon he had not until now understood. He found himself noticing what a cruel mouth the other had, and how in those brown eyes were little flecks of red. Paul Raxon gazed at him as an executioner might stare at a prisoner delivered to him for death. McKimber knew that he had been holding too cheaply one who had a dynamic and evil personality.

"If I stay," he said huskily, "it will be to hear you give away more secrets about yourself. Perhaps I shall learn by what trickery you got this place, and how it was you sent Hazen Brewer to his grave."

"I got this place," said Raxon with his old urbanity, "as I have got everything else in my life, by using men as tools. I studied men and found them pugnacious, noisy, and vain. It was hard to influence them by my subdued personality, even though I had the right on my side. I do not mix well. I know that had to be overcome. In other words, I determined to develop something to make up for it. My success has come from finding, almost unerringly, the weak spot in every man's make-up. I got my chance at International Motors by finding out so much of Brewer's life in London that he was forced to take me in to protect himself."

"You're a d-d blackmailer," McKimber cried hoarsely.

"I am," Raxon agreed. "The phrase does not offend me in the least. Why should it? Is there any more powerful weapon? Most traitors in the great war were forced into espionage because the enemy threatened exposure as the price of refusal. In the drawer before me are two articles. One is an automatic pistol." Raxon opened the drawer and put the weapon on the writing table at which he sat. "I am not going to threaten you with it. That is old-fashioned, stupid stuff. I am merely reminding you I have it at hand if you should attack me."

There was undisguised amazement in the bigger man's voice.

"Attack you? What for?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Houses of Worship Found in Odd Places

The miners in the Myndd Newydd coal mines in Wales have no call to shave, shine their boots, or don Sunday garb when they go to worship. They have a chapel all their own at the bottom of the shaft, so that when they descend the pit they can have a short service before going to their working places.

Rough timbers form the pillars and beams of this chapel, and a coal trolley serves as a pulpit. The miners sit on rough wooden benches and the oldest among them acts as pastor.

A chapel, more finished in appearance, the St. Anthony, exists in the salt mines of Wieliczka, Austria. It has an altar, crucifix, and life-size figures of the saints, apparently in black marble, but really made of salt.

In the old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands in a great rock rising from the river. The front is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. This curious church is now the only Protestant place of worship in the town.

A church in a Pennsylvania town is said to possess the distinction of being the work of one pair of hands. One man carried every block of stone of which it was constructed, cut each of them into shape, and laid it in place.

On the Way
The road to heaven is filled with folks going lickety split the other way.—Niagara Falls Review



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ALLIE BAA'S PRESENT

It was Allie Baa's birthday and she was much excited.

Allie Baa is a rag doll and no doll could be more beloved than she is. Her face is painted but the paint is not very bright, for Allie has been kissed so many, many times.

She has a small body but it is just the right size for hugging, and she is the most comforting doll in the world.

Her mother, whose play name is Mrs. Cucumber Green, loves her so much that she could never possibly be able to tell how much.

But Allie has a little bit of an idea. She knows that when her mother is sad she can curl up in her arms and help drive away the sadness.

She knows that when her mother is happy she can be jumped up and down with joy.

She knows that when there is a party she is going to have fun too, or if there is work to be done she can help just by the way she watches.

But it was Allie Baa's birthday and Mrs. Cucumber Green was having a party for her.

A number of her small friends were coming to the party and they had been asked to bring their dolls.

Of course the rest of Mrs. Cucumber Green's children and pets were at the party.

There were Robbie the cloth doll, and Gyp the sawdust dog, and Lucifer the cloth cat, and Johnny Naples the worsted doll, and a number of others.

All the guests arrived right on time and the party began.

The dolls and the pets all sat in little chairs and on the sofa and watched their mothers playing. They had such a good time just being at the party. They didn't mind watching in the least.

And then the children played house and the dolls played that too.

They were taken calling, they were dressed and undressed and the talk was mostly about them.

The mothers spoke of how well their children had been lately and how good



Time for Supper.

they had been and how little trouble they were and what healthy appetites they had.

After they had played for a long time it was the time for supper.

The dolls all sat at a little blue table and were given make-believe food on tiny dishes.

The mothers had cocoa and bread and butter and chicken and little party cakes.

Everyone seemed very hungry.

After the supper was over Mrs. Cucumber Green took Allie Baa from the table where the dolls all were and sat her in her lap over where the children were.

"It's Allie Baa's birthday," she said, "and I've got a present for her."

All the mothers listened, and the dolls at the other table listened.

Allie was just as proud as she could be.

"I've got a new bed for Allie Baa," Mrs. Cucumber Green said. "Of course, a great deal of the time she will sleep with me, but there are times when I'm busy and when she wants to be resting, that a bed of her own will be very useful."

Then she left Allie in her chair and went behind the bureau and brought out a lovely doll's double bed which was more than big enough for Allie Baa.

It had sheets on it, and blankets, and a little spread and a pillow at the top, and it had four posters and was just as fine and complete a bed as anyone could ever see.

How proud Allie was, and all the other dolls and the mothers, too, wished her many happy returns of the day.

But just as they all were leaving, Allie had a tiny present for each little guest—little boxes with hard candy.

It was a most successful party.

Not Seriously Injured

Junior fell down several flights of stairs and was badly shaken up, although not seriously injured.

The small lad tried bravely not to cry and when his anxious grandmother inquired if he were hurt, he exclaimed, "I don't hear a tear, do you?"

Didn't Need a Nap

Mother said to Marion, who is not yet three, "Come on, dear, we must take our nap."

Marion came running to mother and said, "I doesn't need a nap; I'm isn't cross, and I'm isn't mad, and I'm isn't sleepy."



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocloacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid

Girls!
Marie—I shall not marry a man unless he is my exact opposite.
Alice—You're asking for an almost perfect man.

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of
Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue
It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

Stimulating Force Tonic
Nothing renews pep like FORCE Tonic. Try this marvelous invigorant when you feel "all in," with nerves frayed to a frazzle, and can't eat or sleep. At all druggists.
For Barbed Wire Cuts Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

ASTHMA Remoek, an unrivaled success, gives quick and lasting results in ANY CLIMATE. For literature and reports, write Remoek Hills Lab., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sparing Him
"I would like to give my uncle 100 of these cigars. Can you think of how I can give him even greater pleasure?"
"Yes. Only give him 50!"—Boston Post.

Good Enough Reason
Wife—You'd better explain why you haven't spoken to me for three days.
Hubby—I don't want to interrupt.

A Helpful Hint.
Calumet Baking Powder added to mashed potatoes or carrots, together with the milk, and beaten thoroughly, makes a delightfully light and appetizing dish.

Woman started the ball of trouble rolling and she has kept it rolling ever since.

From Necessity Only
"Do you believe in sleeping out of doors?"
"Not while I can pay the rent."

Mother!

Child Gets Sick, Cross, Feverish if Constipated

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

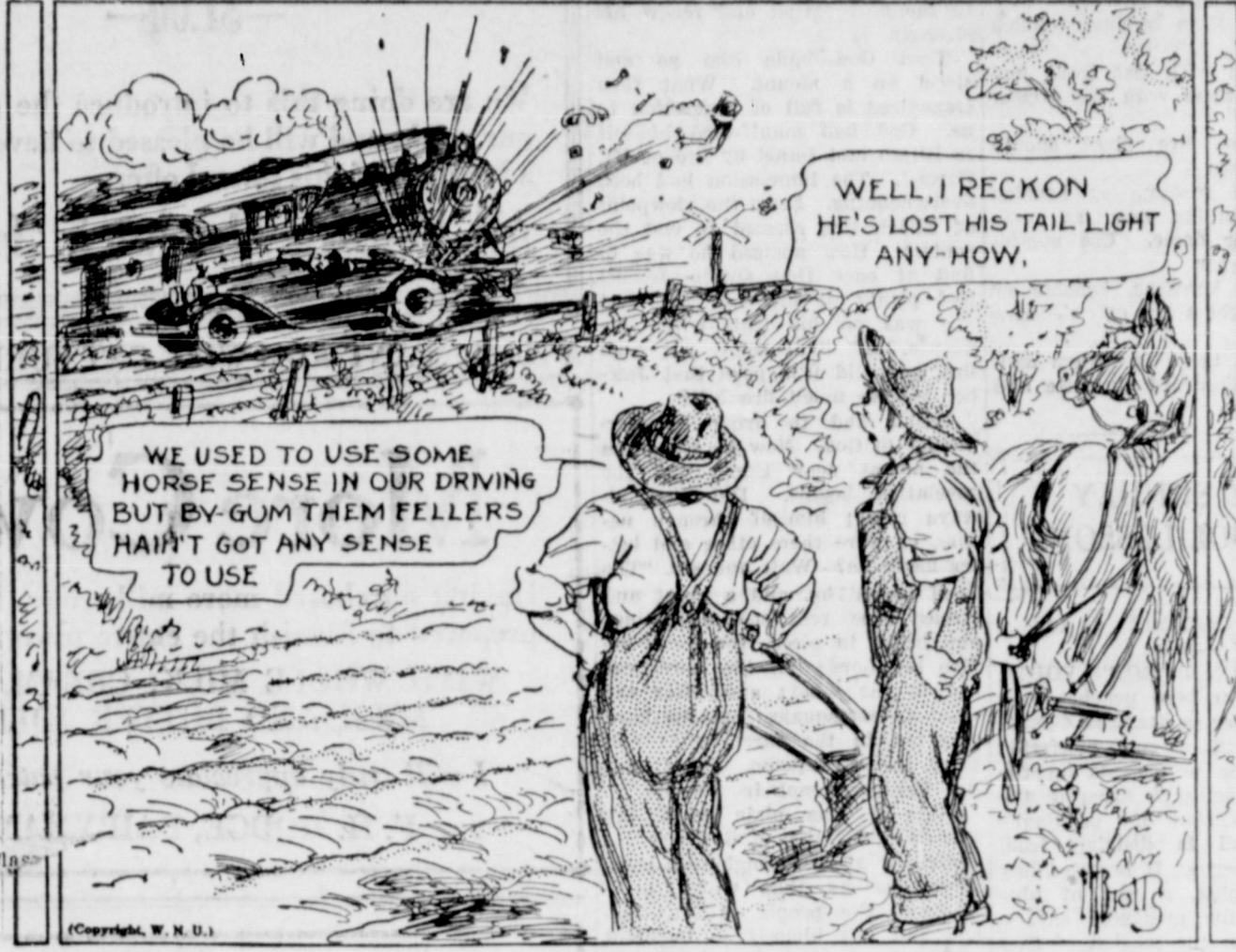
Nothing equals "California Fig Syrup" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious, "fruity laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grownups are plainly on the bottle.



Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," then see that it is made by "The California Fig Syrup Company."

OUR COMIC SECTION

Along the Concrete



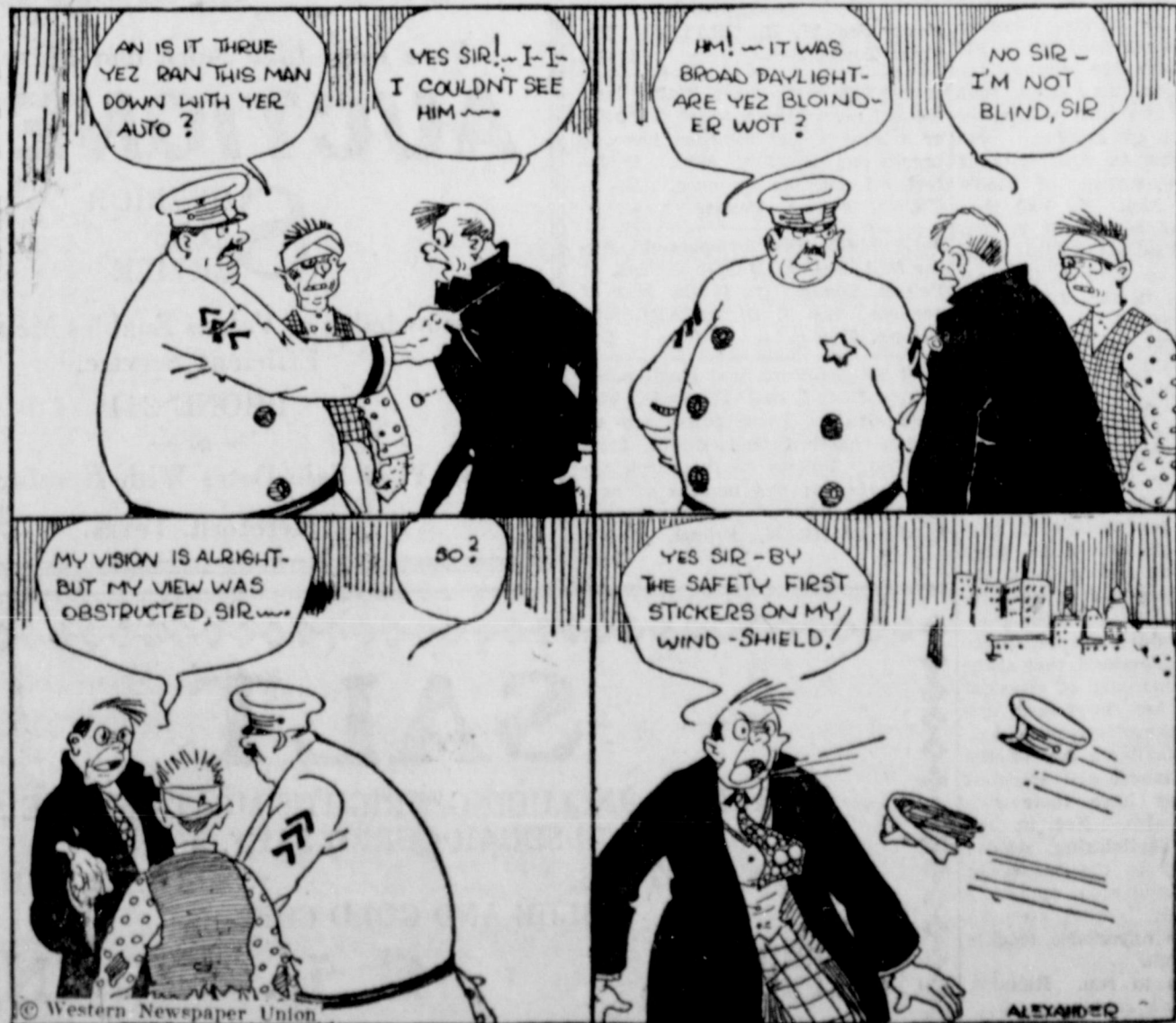
THE FEATHERHEADS

And So, "On the Third or Fourth—"



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Now Everybody Scream



FAIRM STOCK

DIP HORSES IN FALL FOR LICE

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If horses are lousy in the spring at shedding time it is more than likely they will go into the winter infested unless treated to eradicate the pests. When the animals shed their hair in the spring the lice seem to disappear, and the farmer is led to believe that his horses are free. Some of the lice usually remain on the animals throughout the summer, but not in sufficient numbers to cause annoyance or to be easily detected. The animals, therefore, usually go into the winter infested, and during cold weather lice increase very rapidly.

Since the best remedies are liquid dips, which cannot safely be used on horses during cold weather, fall dipping should be practiced whenever horses have been lousy at shedding time in the spring, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Three kinds of parasites are commonly found on the skin of the horse in the United States—lice, mange mites, and ticks. All three may be present on an animal at the same time. The lice can be eradicated by spraying or dipping the infested animals twice with an interval of from 14 to 16 days between treatments.

Mange is one of the most injurious skin diseases that affect horses. Four or more dippings at intervals of from 5 to 7 days usually eradicate the most common form of the disease. Lime sulphur and nicotine dips are suitable for controlling mange.

Many different kinds of ticks affect horses. The spinose ear tick is prevalent on horses in the Southwest and causes serious damage. The ticks enter the ears of animals, where they may be destroyed by a mixture of 2 parts pine tar and 1 part cottonseed oil injected into the ear canal.

Complete instructions as to the various dips and remedies suitable for eradicating these three parasites of horses may be had by writing to the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Causes of Most Early Deaths in Live Stock

The causes of most early deaths in live stock fall into two general classes:

1. Those capable of considerable reduction, chiefly through eradication of diseases among the mature stock, proper hygiene, sanitary isolation, and medical treatment. In this class are tuberculosis, acute respiratory diseases, certain acute contagious diseases, and some diseases caused by animal parasites.

2. Those capable of very great reduction through proper feeding, care, and sanitation, such as acute digestive diseases, gaiter troubles, prematurity (if not extreme), and many forms of animal parasitism.

Besides the two important classes mentioned there are some other conditions, such as malformation, extreme feebleness or extreme prematurity, and certain accidents during birth. These conditions are little influenced by treatment, but represent a very small proportion of total loss.

Removing Silage

In removing silage from the silo, only enough is thrown down for immediate needs and this is taken in thin layers over the entire surface, the aim being to allow as little as possible to become spoiled by exposure to the air. The surface must be left smooth and compact, with the center slightly higher than the sides. If the corn was not well distributed in the silo, some care needs to be exercised in mixing the silage on removal to keep the quality uniform and avoid danger of overfeeding.

Live Stock Facts

Roosters are confined or sold as soon as the breeding season is past. Hens that are not mated lay as good, and the quality of the eggs is improved.

Because a hen is pure bred it does not mean that she possesses the vigor and quality which are needed in the poultry yard during the hatching season.

A clean droppings board is necessary if the eggs are to be kept clean. Some poultry owners now use a screen that keeps the fowls off the droppings board during the day.

Alfalfa hay is the biggest aid there is in reducing the cost of making beef.

Genuine crude petroleum, just as it comes from the oil well and before it has been processed, is the most effective oil for treatment of hog lice and mange.

While chickens will stand neglect and sometimes do fairly well under primitive conditions in warm weather, it is very important to provide proper housing if you are going to make the chicken business pay in winter.

Made Business Good

at the Drug Counter

Anyone passing a Chestnut street drug store the other evening would have been impressed that a group of "sneezers" were convening, or possibly an early gathering of the "Hay Fever society," from countless "achoo" bursting forth, but these spasmodic sounds were carelessly caused by a waitress in charge of the sandwich counter reserved for hungry patrons.

She was in the act of filling a few containers for salt and pepper, and as she thoughtlessly placed the tray which held the seasoning before an electric fan, the customers in line of the breeze received the pungent aromatic condiment with full force, thus causing the air to be spasmodically forced through their noses.

One timid old gentleman, realizing he was developing a cold, walked to the other side of the store and had the clerk wrap up a goodly quantity of aspirin, quinine, nasal saline and cold-in-the-head tablets.—Philadelphia Record.

Barley Before Wheat

Barley has been cultivated longer than wheat, as far as evidence now in hand indicates. In the Journal of Heredity, Dr. O. F. Cook, of the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the researches of an English scientist, Prof. G. Elliott Smith, who has been examining the remains of grain found associated with the mummies of the most ancient times in Egypt—frequently inside them. In these oldest mummies, the grain is always barley, never wheat, whence the conclusion is drawn the Egyptians knew barley long before they cultivated wheat.

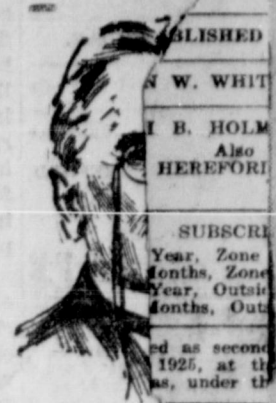
The Only Difference

Townley—Must be great to live out in the country. You're not shut in by buildings.

Subbubs—No; only by billboards.—Boston Transcript.

There is nothing more satisfactory after a day of hard work than a line full of snowy-white clothes. For such results use Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adv.

The straight and narrow path is more than wide enough for the traffic it has to carry.



The D

In fair weather, zero nights or days, I have found that instant streak perfect tints, pion resses, or they wenders with

Champs Jamond Dyes double for right over the material. Commercial druggists and Dye Cyclopedias for simple directions. Color Craft free samples. Or, Color Craft free samples. Or, Color Craft free samples. Or, Color Craft free samples.

Clin Dyes Soil to DYE

Current Home

Extra Credits. Extra Credits.

Off to school in KING

SHREDDING WHEAT

12 Oz. in Each Standard Package

Ready to serve • easy to digest
Vigor and health for young and old
Delicious with cream or hot milk

Twilight Chat
"Sam, what am de diff'rence between a rich man an' me?"
"Ah dunno, Bones. What am de diff'rence?"
"A rich man don't know whah to go, an' Ah can't off'd de trip."—Legion Monthly.

Rich fathers are proud of having once been poor, but somehow, the children are not so vain about it.

NEVER FAILS

DOUBLE ACTING MAKES BAKING EASIER

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

LESS THAN 1¢ PER BAKING

CALUMET THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

SALES 2 1/2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Friona Star

EVERY FRIDAY.

E. Editor and Manager

Publisher

J. BLAND, HEREFORD, TEXAS.

Subscription Rates:

1 Year \$1.50
6 Months .75
3 Months .40
Single Copy 10c

Class mail matter, July 1925, post office at Friona, Texas, Act of March 3, 1879.

A CLEAN TOWN!

Friona citizens feel like the trashy appearance of their town is a time for a look at the business and what he is just

are in many places filled with papers, old cartons and other like materials to the extent that the flow of water in time of rains is so obstructed as to gather other litter and cause the mud to settle in these gutters when they should rather be a means of clearing or town of such litter. This is often found to be the case immediately in front of some of our most prosperous business houses.

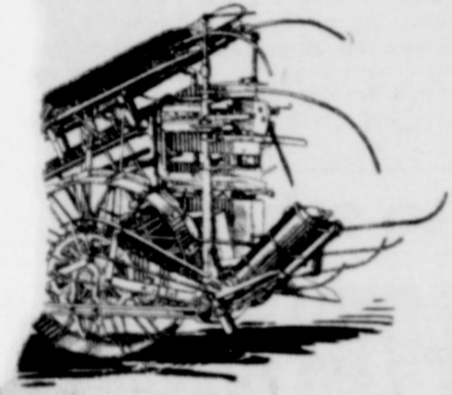
Other citizens who make an honest effort to keep their premises clean find them repeatedly covered with old papers and other light rubbish which the wind carries from the yards and doorways of those who simply throw their refuse out and let the wind take care of it. When people who take care to burn all their rubbish and then have to secure hired help each week to clear their premises of the litter blown on to them from the houses or business places of their careless neighbors, it becomes a cause of just exasperation.

Friona has been known as the cleanest town along the Santa Fe railroad in this section of the

Garage

Garage Work.
Electrical Work.

Proprietor



LOW CROP HARVEST IS HERE!

by a McCormick or Deering Corn Binder.

Complete Repair Line—McCormick-Deering

Twine.

WILKISON
Implement Co.

Friona Texas

Plains country and there is no justifiable reason why we should not still claim that honor. Instead, however, the remark most commonly heard from strangers visiting or passing through the town is, "Did you ever see such a dirty town—and the main street at that?"

Now it seems that this matter could easily be arranged without causing anyone much extra work and very little inconvenience. If everybody would burn all the rubbish which collects around their homes and keep their own door yards clean instead of throwing it out to be blown upon their neighbors and each business house keep the gutters cleaned on its front, there would be little left to block the gutters or annoy your neighbors.

Let's Try it!

Agent Needed

(Continued from Page One.)

tion by business men and the importation of forty head of registered stuff and twenty-five head under contract now, which will arrive within a few days. Are buying thirty head of baby heaves for boys, ten dairy calves, bulls for two circles and 600 sheep.

It is thus these reports run, all without exception reporting financial progress to the farmers, largely through the efforts of the county agents.

The old adage, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" seems to apply here. If the county agent is a financial benefit to the farmers of the counties in all other parts of the state, we can see no sufficient reason why he should not be a financial benefit to the farmers of Parmer county. This is a distinctly farming and stock raising country and therefore what ever will be of benefit to the farming population of the county must necessarily be an indirect benefit to all other lines of industry and in our opinion the county commissions court could confer no greater benefit on the farmers of Parmer county than to arrange for a capable county agent to serve them.

NATIONAL FIRE PREVENTION WEEK.

Next week, October 9 to 15, has been designated as Fire Prevention Week, and all schools, newspapers, churches and other public and private concerns are requested to help lower the enormous annual loss of life and property caused by fires, most of which are of a preventable origin.

In response to this request the Star is pleased to present to its readers a few suggestions and slogans which if remembered and put into practice will do much toward lessening this great and unnecessary loss to our country.

Keep your house and premises clean, for clean houses seldom ignite.

It is estimated that fire destroys every minute property well worth \$1,064. Learn why this is and how to prevent it during Fire Prevention Week, October 9 to 15.

Mr. business man, remember, during Fire Prevention Week that fires augment failures.

Your home is your castle. Defend it against fire.

Dynamite used as a rolling pin is as safe as cleaning with gasoline.

Clean your chimneys and avoid a stack of trouble.

More than 15,000 lives are lost each year by fire. Safeguard your family and your home by being careful.

A hut may be down, but it is not always out. Stamp on it.

A child and a match are a dangerous pair; two little heads without a care.

Fire occur in American homes at the rate of 618 every 24 hours.

A fresh outbreak every three minutes. At least three out of four need not start for they are due to carelessness and ignorance—both correctible.

No one can afford to be careless about fire just because he thinks he is fully insured.—Manufacturer and Industrial News Bureau.

Clean property seldom burns—go away with rubbish and junk.

Careless smokers burned thirty million dollars worth of property last year.

Don't keep ashes in wooden boxes or pour them against wooden walls.

Be careful with flat irons and always use them with the utmost care.

Every open fire place should have a screen.

Don't use gasoline or benzine to clean clothing near an open fire, light or flame. Use non-inflammable cleaner.

Don't use kerosene, benzine or naphtha to light a fire or quicken a slow fire.

Remember, there is always danger in the discarded cigarette and cigar stub.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1927.

ELIJAH HEARS GOD'S VOICE.
Last week our hero prophet is a bold challenger, a fearless defender of Jehovah, a man unafraid; this week the prophet is on the run, has seemingly dropped the cudgel which slew 450 of Baal's prophets, and is dodging from Jezebel, a woman. It is an off-day for the prophet, a sort of blue Monday as the preachers say, a retraction from the tension of that notable contest on Mount Carmel in which Elijah triumphed and the Baal prophets lost. Read I Kings Chapter 19, and the references appended to this article.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Wait for Jehovah: Be strong and let thy heart take courage."—Ps. 27:14.

The test on Mount Carmel seemed exceedingly reassuring to Elijah. It would seem that it was all that Elijah might have desired. Baalism seemed to topple from its throne and the true religion to have gained the ascendancy. But those blood and thunder experiences are not the kind which renew and strengthen the spirit in man; they are the abnormal in Christian experience. No person or collection of persons can indefinitely sustain an experience at high tension. There must inevitably come a reaction.

This reaction had set in for Elijah, and we shall not be surprised to find that the opposite reaction had set in with Jezebel, the Baalistic queen. It is a sort of see-saw experience; on one side of the fence at his end of the plank, Elijah today is up and Jezebel down at the other; the next day it is Jezebel's up and Elijah's down. So it goes with these blood and thunder experiences of humanity.

The Mount Carmel experience was a sensational affair. Sensationalism is ever a spender of strength, never a renovator. Out of it came Elijah depleted, physically, mentally and spiritually. It had been a trying experience on the old prophet. With himself in a state of lassitude and with Jezebel striking back with rage and furr, the prophet was not equal to the occasion. He did wisely to run and hide.

A great deal of fun has been poked at Elijah for his running from a woman after slaying 450 men. It was the wisest thing to do. Elijah understood well his limitations under the circumstances. It was more than fright that drove Elijah into the wilderness from the face of Jezebel. He could not afford to fight without being very conscious of God's presence with him. He had that and knew that he had it at Mt. Carmel. It was not in his own strength that he won on that occasion; it was in the strength of God that he won.

A great deal of failure for Christians could be avoided if only we might realize how impotent we are for our moral and spiritual battles without divine strength. For Christians only? No. For all. Every strength has its own proper origin. We have reduced the whole question of physical living and toiling to questions of building and training the physical organism to a delicate response to the directing will. Diet, recreation, physical culture, proper sleep—we understand that these are the sine qua non of physical strength, they are the proper origins of that kind of strength.

Then what shall we say of the acquisition of moral and spiritual strength? They have their own proper origin also. Not in the limelight of devil-daring deeds; not in the play to the balconies; nor in the thunderous applause of the multitude is that strength found. Elijah's experience teaches that well enough.

Well, he has to run. Running from Jezebel and running to God. Running from Jezebel because of lack of strength, and running to

God in order to renew his strength. This is the full explanation of the flight although we must not credit Elijah with too much purpose in the matter. The proposing is of God.

Elijah wanted to die. Poor Elijah! How human! That is a very direct way of sneaking out of a hard task. Just die and run off and leave it. That is the way with those who commit suicide. Elijah prayed God that he might die. God had a better way. He fed Elijah and sent him on a forty days' journey to Mt. Horeb, there to re-discover God and renew his strength.

Then God bade him go and stand on a mount. What then transpired is full of suggestion to us. God had manifested himself to Elijah and Israel by fire at Mt. Carmel. The impression had been overwhelming. From the viewpoint of Elijah this seemed to end the contest. How amazed he was to find at once that Queen Jezebel had plenty of fire left and that she was on his trail with vengeance. If Baal could not send fire, how did it happen that Jezebel had so much fire left?

Elijah had to bring his perplexity to God. Now he stands on the mount near Horeb and the revelation begins. Did God always reveal himself through nature, or were there other and better mediums? Wait and see. "The Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire."

Thus it was plain to Elijah that the revelation of God was not invariably given through such manifestations as that which overwhelmed the people at Mt. Carmel and left himself so impotent after that seemingly great victory. Indeed, he was now prepared for a higher manifestation of God, "and after the fire a still small voice." But that still small voice put courage and power into Elijah, for it bade him go and make two kings and one prophet, Hazael to be anointed king of Syria; Nimsbi king of Israel; and Elisha, prophet in his stead.

Out of impotence into power through the still small voice. That was Elijah's recommissioning received at Mt. Horeb. That is probably what most of us are most greatly in need of just now, in this noisy, hustling, work-a-day world of ours. Have you lost God? Stop awhile and listen for the still small voice. In that is to be found new strength.

Readings.
Read entire chapter I Kings 19, for the lesson story, Jezebel's Threat and Elijah's Flight and Return.

Jehovah's Charge to Joshua—Josh. 1:1-9.

Hagar Encouraged—Gen. 21:24-25.

John the Baptist Encouraged—Matt. 11:1-10.

Fearless Trust in Jehovah—Ps. 27:1-14.

A Prayer for Deliverance—Ps. 57:1-11.

Russell Rogers, manager of the Opportunity Club of the Hereford Brand, was a business visitor here Tuesday morning.

CLASSIFIED

WANTED—To buy as many good four to seven year old mare mules as we can get. Cash on delivery. Call or see JOE MITCHELL, 426-J. 38-1tp

FOR SALE—One Fordson tractor and one three-disc John Deere plow, all in good working condition. See W. R. GRAYSON, Bovina, Texas. 11-3td

Have 150 acres good Plains land located near Friona which the owner wishes to let someone have to break out for first crop. If interested see me at once. M. A. CRUM, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—One two-year-old Jersey bull, bred at Baylor College, at Belton, Texas. He is the best of Jerseys. See J. B. McFARLAND, Friona, Texas. 7-1c

FOR SALE—Pure bred single comb Rhode Island Red choocerels, Mahood strain. These fowls are all March hatched and direct from Mahood. Pullets of this flock began laying at five months of age. See them now and get your choice. S. F. WARREN, Friona, Texas. 5-1c

BARNETT TAILOR SHOP
"Where Cleaning Is An Art"

During the week beginning October 3 and ending October 8th we will clean any

SILK DRESS FOR —\$1.00—

We are doing this to introduce the quality of our work, and will be pleased to have you take advantage of this liberal offer.

All Fabrics Absolutely Insured!

A STAR WANT ADD WILL GET SURE RESULTS.

More Cows

Having purchased more milk cows, I am now prepared to furnish the entire town of Friona

WITH WHOLE MILK, CREAM, SKIM MILK AND BUTTER MILK.

I will truly appreciate your patronage.

F. H. HODGE, DAIRYMAN.

FOR SALE

Some good bargains in town property and extra good bargains in Panhandle Land.

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

MY STARS!

Should be your STARS when you are in need of the most **DEPENDABLE** and **ACCURATE** **WINDMILL SERVICE.**

There's Nothing Beats a Star, and I have them.

See me for well drilling and well and windmill repair work.

HENRY STANLEY

Ray Barber
Pure Bred Live Stock and Farm Sales

AUCTIONEER

SUPERIOR SALES SERVICE

My knowledge of Values Enables Me to Render Efficient Service.

PHONE 241

—or—

Leave Your Sale Dates With Hereford Brand.

Hereford, Texas.

To the Public

Just to Remind You

That I am still on the job and constantly adding new machinery and equipment to my shop and am prepared to furnish you with any thing in the way of finished wood work from a **BUILT-IN CABINET TO A CANVAS SEAT FOR YOUR COMBINE.**

All kinds of Cabinet Work—Furniture Repaired and Re-finished
Frames and Mill Work.

AMPLE SUPPLY OF SAW DUST FOR FROST BOXES.

Get My Prices On All Kinds of Repair Work.

Friona Planing Mill

T. F. Lawrence Proprietor.

SALT

ALL KINDS—INCLUDING WRIGHT'S MEAT—SMOKE AND SUGAR CURED SALT.

WORK CLOTHES. STAR BRAND SHOES

BLUE AND GOLD COFFEE.

FRIONA TEXAS

F. L. SPRING

HIGH SCHOOL SAW-DUST

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Senior Class Reporter
JUANITA CURRY
Junior Class Reporter
FRANK TRUITT
Sophomore Class Reporter
DAYTON HANSON
Freshman Class Reporter
WAYDE WRIGHT
Athletic Editor

ORGANIZATION OF CLASSES

The Seniors.

The Senior Class met September 23 for the purpose of organizing. Mary Reeve acted as chairman. Nominees were then in order for the offices of president, vice president, secretary and treasurer and reporter. The following were elected:

Leslie Forc., president.
Estilene Harris, vice president.
Irene Newman, secretary-treas.
Mary Reeve, reporter.
Otha Whitefield, Marie Jones and Irene Newman were appointed by the president to serve as a social committee. Mr. Rose was chosen as the class sponsor. Pink and green were chosen for class colors and "Push, pull or get out of the way" our motto.

The Juniors.

The Junior Class organized as follows:
Bill Hamlin, president.
Marie Warren, vice president.
Sherman, secretary-treasurer.
Juanita Curry, reporter.
J. D. Curry, sergeant at arms.
Mr. Conway, sponsor; purple and gold, class colors, and To Be Wise, Be Square, our motto.

Sophomores.

The Sophomores met last week to organize an English club, the purpose of which is to create a better school spirit and to improve the English that we use. Officers were elected as follows:
Granville McFarland, president.
Lucille Allen, vice president.
Ola Pritchard, secretary-treas.
Frank Truitt, class reporter.
We, the Sophomores, think that we are going to make a record that will be remembered in years to come.

Freshmen.

The Freshmen met and organized as follows:
Mabel Wimberly, president.
Gladys Elam, secretary-treas.
Dayton Hanson, reporter.
White and gold were chosen as class colors.

Other School Events.

The pep squad organized with Alma Newman as captain and Anita Murray and Sherman Vance as yell leaders.
About thirty have enrolled in the glee club, directed by Miss Faye McCary.
The first grade gave an interesting program in chapel Thursday morning.

ATHLETICS.

Friday, September 30, the Friona Chiefs defeated the Vega Outlaws with the score of 7-0, in the first football game of the season. The teams were very evenly matched. In the first quarter Friona had the ball close to the goal line several times but seemed to lack the punch to put it over. The first quarter ended with Friona 29 yards from goal.

In the second quarter Friona tried to drop kick a field goal but failed. The teams fought back and fourth across the field each forcing the other to punt.

Vega kicked off to Friona in the first quarter of the last half, Tammery receiving the ball at Vega's 29 yard line and running 80 yards for a touchdown. This touchdown was due to good interference and the splendid open field running by Tammery. Whitefield blocked the most dangerous man by falling under him. Hamlin gained an extra point for Friona by droppicking a goal. The rest of the quarter was a hard fought battle.

The last quarter was a real contest. Vega seemed downhearted because of the touchdown but kept the Friona boys busy.

It is impossible to name the Friona stars because all the boys did well. They seemed to lack the snap and punch on playing the offensive, but did splendid in

defense. Neither side made much by passes.

The Lineup.

| | | |
|------------|----|-----------|
| Friona | | Vega |
| Johnson | le | Jinks |
| Richardson | rt | Eastman |
| Jones | g | McKendrie |
| Whitefield | c | McDonald |
| Lea | rg | McKendrie |
| Guyer | rt | Cotton |
| Baker | re | Hale |
| Tammery | q | Guy |
| Hamlin | rh | Jones |
| Curry | lh | McComb |
| Hull | fb | Comprey |

Substitutes, Friona, Paul Hall for Jones, McFarland for Lea, Beazley for Baker, Lea for McFarland; Vega, substituted several times.

BASKET BALL GAME.

Tuesday night the blondes met the brunettes in a game of basket ball, ending with a score of 20-20. It was fast basketball. The girls showed they could play basket ball. Miss Ferguson, coach, ought to get the material to whip out a winning team out of the number that played Tuesday night.

FRIONA VS CANYON.

The next football game on our home gridiron will be played October 15 with the Canyon Eagles. This will be a real game and everyone who wishes to see a real game should see this one. Coach Rose has been changing positions of the boys and believes that he has them in the position they can best play.

P.T. ASSOCIATION.

There is no organization that would raise the standard of our school and do more for our community than an active Parent-Teachers Association.

P. P. Claxton, former head of our educational system, has been investigating the work of the Associations throughout the U. S. He recently made the statement: "The biggest thing in this nation, so far as I can see, is the fullest possible development and use of the P.T. A. An association really should be organized in every community of the U. S. It is the key stone of the Vigorous virtuous democracy."

Our state superintendent of public instruction says the following: "For a number of years I have watched with much interest the rapid growth of the P.T. A. That such an organization has a definite place and definite service in the development of better homes, better schools and a higher type of citizenship, there can be no doubt. In my opinion there is no new organization so well adapted to bring out the sympathetic and intelligent understanding between

parent and teacher, which is so necessary for efficient training of the child."

Let us organize a Friona Parent-Teachers Association.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

All Freshmen have heard of school spirit, but most of them do not know what it means. School spirit is created by the high school student body's taking interest in the affairs of the school, especially the studies and athletics. When a student gets interested in his subjects and understands how to enjoy school life, he is then considered an active member. He makes the dead-heads of the school, and outsiders, realize there is a high school in town, which is capable of doing things, of interest to the school, town, community and state. If you have the right kind of spirits, there is no danger of not having a horde of friends that will stand by you. Even though you do have a few enemies in school, they will appreciate you more if you have school spirit.

This theme was written by Bill Hendrix, a member of the Junior Class.

Bill—"Roy, your neck reminds me of a typewriter."

Roy—"Why?"

Bill—"Because it is underwood"

Alma—"A little bird told me that you were going to propose to me today."

Granville—"That bird must have been a coo-coo."

Mrs. Conway—"The only way Earl will get a head is to grow a cabbage."

THE JAIL HOUSE.

By Marie Taylor, a member of the Junior Class.

In the northwest part of Friona, at a forsaken place so dear, stands the jail-house in suburb where no human dares go near. It's a large, enormous structure, with windows both large and small, while we the prisoners sit in luxury trying hard to suit them all. The most pleasant tale about it is the library, so wild and fine and the jailers are not around you to assess demerits all the time.

In the cell of number 20 all the prisoners sit with care, so Mrs. Conway can dream of heaven, for there is no chance of her getting there. With all the work she piles upon not a drug store downtown can supply us with paper to put all this English down.

In cell there's something different always ready to see who fails, but somebody we'll leave behind us.

School-house-cell and all.

PREACHING SERVICE AND DINNER.

A goodly attendance greeted Rev. J. L. Beattie at his initial service on taking up the pastorate of the local Congregational church Sunday.

In order that all might have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the pastor, a dinner had been planned, which was served in the basement of the church immediately following the preaching services. It is estimated that near ninety people sat down and partook of the dinner and after all had eaten to their entire satisfaction, it is reported that an abundance of food still remained.

After dinner a short business meeting was held in the auditorium, at which Rev. Beattie's letter from the First Congregational church of Washington, D. C., was presented and read and on motion he was voted in as a regular member of the local church. Following this he and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blackwell, whose letters had been accepted some time ago, were all given the right hand of fellowship and thus formally welcomed into full membership.

Rev. Beattie will go to Spring Lake one day this week and remain until next Sunday, where he will preach in the forenoon and perhaps in the evening. He seems to have met with the full approval of the people of the Friona church.

MAKES MONEY FROM STRAWBERRIES.

Dr. McCuen, who lives on the J. H. Grayson farm nine miles west of Friona, has a fine garden which has five rows of ever-bearing strawberries across it.

From this garden Mr. McCuen has gathered and sold during the past summer enough vegetables to meet the family grocery bills and then some. He has gathered an

amount from the five rows of strawberries enough to yield a revenue to \$4.50 per week, besides what the family has used. Why should not everybody have enough of this delicious fruit to at least supply their home demands.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM.

October 9:
Subject, The call and calling of Christian ministers.

Leader, Thelma Curry.
Scripture reading, Marie Jones.
A call to preach, Leader.
The call of the world, Thelma Osborn.

The call of the church, Miss McCary.

Special song, arr Mr. Osborn.
The call of God, Mrs. Raymond Jones.

Answering the call, Wm. Guyer.
A separated service, Mr. Osborn.

"Fat" Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hughes, who has been over in New Mexico for the past few months, returned to this locality this week.

STORK-O-GRAM.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Ashcraft Thursday morning, October 6th, at their home southwest of Friona, an eight pound son.

FOR SALE—320 acres of good Plains land, located on public highway, 9 miles west of Friona and 8 miles north of Bovina, Texas. School bus comes right to door. 200 acres of this land is

in cultivation, it is now in wheat. ce in pasture for one year. sheds, well good young. No better Price, \$35 Stock Land assumed 4 years to run. land will be days. J. H. G. Texas.

To Our Customers:

Now that we have become acquainted with you, what do you think of this store to buy the very best of merchandise at most reasonable prices?

We're trying to give the mercantile establishment pride; a place to point to "our store." The only way is through your help and suggestions are always welcome. In the meantime—congratulate us.

Yours for friendship and Better

G. B. WA

GROCERY

Successor to J. G. Weir

Beavers Bros.

FOR DODGE BROTHERS CARS AND GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

Sales and Service
Phone 383
Hereford, Texas.

Demonstrations Gal Gala Day at Blackwell's Sat. Oct. 15 You Must Be THE Day the Chevrolet Is Given Away

DOLLAR BILLS, 95c

—Brand new dollar bills will be sold for 95c that day. No, it's no joke. Be there to get your share since there will be only 100 of them sold at that price. Come early.

—Dozens of other articles will be especially priced for the big occasion. Be in early and bring your friends, and tell your neighbors about the day of demonstrations, instruction and pleasure.

SEE WONDERS OF DUCO!

—What magic can turn your home into the brightest, spic and span home in the community? Duco!

—See Duco actually applied. Bring some vase or object you want decorated free. A Duco factory man will demonstrate what Duco will do for you. A good chance to learn home decorating.

—See our notion counters we just installed. There's always something there at a bargain price.



FREE DEMONSTRATION
DUCO
Applied with a brush
Dries quickly
All popular colors and stains
Try it yourself

SOMETHING TO EAT

—Something to eat, lots and pleasure. A Coleman man will be here to show you how to get the best from your lamps, irons, etc. show you many more ways they may serve you.
Bring Your Coleman Products—All Coleman irons, lanterns, or stoves brought that day will be serviced free of charge except for the shipping of parts by this expert. P them up in new condition free. The stoves, lamps, etc. will demonstrated in actual home work.

DUCK HUNTERS!

—Learn the game from an expert. A Western Cartridge man will show you how to judge ammunition and how to know the best load for any occasion. A school in itself. Men, don't miss it!

—See the new Atwater-Kent Radios. The standard of them all. Bring music, market reports, lectures, sermons, real pleasure into your home—a home where joy and happiness reigns supreme. Make life worth the living.

Take Home a

Chevrolet

That Day

Blackwell's Hardware & Furn.

"WE SATISFY"

AUCTIONEER

W. S. WILLIAMS
Hereford, Texas

Service and Satisfaction
Is My Motto

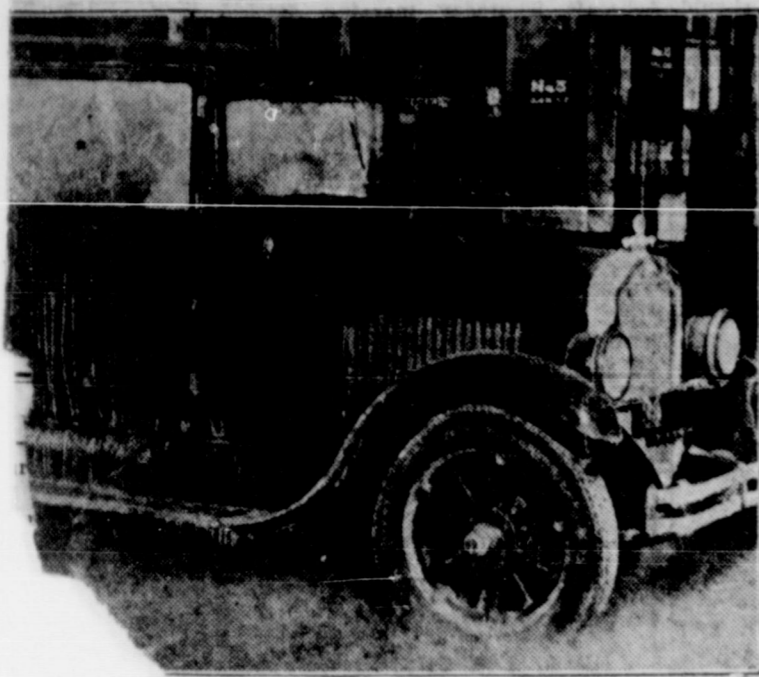
COME IN AND TRY
THE NEW BARBER SHOP
HAIR CUT 40c
EXPERT BARBERS
TURNER-PARR BARBER SHOP

MEATS!

FRESH—SALTED
Just the Kind You Want
Always Clean—Always Cold.
Watch Our Market for Fish.
CITY MARKET
M. S. WEIR PROPRIETOR

HAS YOUR COW LOST HER CUD?
If she has, don't give her a greasy rag to chew on, but feed her on a properly balanced ration and give her good treatment and she will find the "CUD" all right.
Nothing Better Than Purina Balanced Rations for Cows and Poultry—We have 'em.
We buy cream, best test, highest prices
WE PAY CASH.
FRIONA FEED & PRODUCE
H. P. Eberling, Proprietor

OMOBILES UNDERGO COLD ROOM TEST



Test before being sold to the public. At a Detroit test given the "cold-room" test, where cars are sure of about 35 degrees below zero. The photograph emerged from the "cold room."

Six Good Points of Right Driving

Experts Tell How Man at Wheel Should Handle Car at All Times.

"What are the characteristics of a good driver?" This was the question which Thomas P. Henry, president of the American Automobile association, recently asked a jury of seven nationally known traffic experts.

"Their replies were strikingly similar," declared Fred H. Caley, secretary of the Cleveland Automobile club, in making public an analysis of their opinions, "for these seven men were entirely in accord on six major points of good driving." They are:

- 1—The good driver must have a high degree of self-control at all times.
- 2—The good driver always maintains his car in such shape that it responds easily and quickly to his every command.
- 3—The good driver regulates his speed in accordance with the conditions of the road on which he is traveling and never exceeds a rate of speed above which he cannot stop within the "clear course ahead."
- 4—The good driver invariably exercises due regard for the rights of others to enjoy safety on the road.
- 5—The good driver recognizes his responsibility as a protector or guardian of the safety of pedestrians and by using caution at all times will eliminate, so far as possible, accidents due to the carelessness of others.
- 6—The good driver keeps his mind on what he is doing; is always watchful and alert.

In announcing the results of this questionnaire, Mr. Caley remarked that it is more necessary to instill within motorists a realization of their responsibility in making the highways safe than it is to enact additional restrictive legislation.

1. Elijah under the juniper tree (vv. 3-7). The juniper tree was a shrub of the desert which afforded shelter and protection to travelers from the burning sun by day and the cold wind by night.

(1) His request (v. 4): This was that he might die. This was no doubt a foolish thing for him to say, but let us be as considerate toward him as was God. The discouragement, and even despondency, of Elijah, was due to the nervous strain of about four years of unusual service for God, which culminated on Mount Carmel. Such nervous reaction is to be expected, and surely the heart of this lesson will be missed unless we see it in that light, and see God's tenderness toward his overwrought servant.

(2) God's tender treatment (vv. 5-7). a. He gave him sleep (v. 5). "He giveth His beloved sleep" (Ps. 127:2). b. He sent an angel to cook Elijah's meal (v. 6, 7). The angel of the Lord is usually understood to be the second member of the Holy Trinity. If this be correct, then we see Jehovah-Jesus preparing food for His servant Elijah, as He afterward did for His discouraged disciples by Galilee.

2. Elijah at Horeb (vv. 8-14). God had kindly ministered to His discouraged prophet so that he would be in a fit condition to receive the needed instruction and correction.

(1) God's interview with Elijah in the cave (vv. 9, 10). a. God's question, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" (v. 9). This was a stinging rebuke, though most kindly given. It implied that his appointed messenger was now far away from the field of duty. How blessed to know that "A God-forsaking saint is not a God-forsaken saint"! b. Elijah's answer (v. 10). Elijah tried to vindicate himself by asserting his jealous loyalty to God—that in spite of all this the people had not only rejected his message and dishonored God, but sought to destroy him.

(2) God's interview with Elijah on the mount (vv. 11-14). While standing before the Lord on the mount, God caused a mighty demonstration of wind, earthquake and fire to pass before him, to show unto him the nature of the work he had been doing for God, and to show him what was lacking in his work for the fullest attainment of success. Elijah had about him much of the whirlwind, earthquake and fire. His work had been terrifying and alarming, but it lacked in gentleness and love. This object lesson in the days of God's working is a needed message for this age, which is so wonderfully characterized by noise and clamor. The world is not "taken for Christ" by the fleshly energy and enthusiasms of conventions and committees, but by the quiet hearts who go forth proclaiming God's Word in the energy of the Holy Spirit.

11. Elijah's Return (vv. 15-18). Though Elijah had erred, God brought him again into His service. How comforting to know that God does not reject His servants because of their failures in times of despondency! He deals with them after the motive of their hearts. Elijah was nourished and instructed by the Lord and then sent on a high mission. God took Elijah out of himself by giving him a new commission. Before God would come in His chariot to take Elijah home, he sent him upon a three-fold ministry.

1. To anoint Hazael king over Syria (v. 15).
2. To anoint Jehu king over Israel (v. 16).
3. To anoint Elisha as his own successor in the prophet's room (vv. 19-21).

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for October 9

ELIJAH HEARS GOD'S VOICE

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 19.
GOLDEN TEXT—Walt on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Elijah Hears God's Voice.
JUNIOR TOPIC—God Encourages Elijah.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Listening to God's Voice.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How God Speaks to Men.

1. Elijah's Flight (vv. 1-14).

Upon Ahab's return from the excitement on Mount Carmel, he told his wife all that Elijah had done, that even all her prophets had been hewn to pieces by the sword. This so enraged her that she sent a message of death to Elijah, who seems to have been waiting at the gate (vv. 1, 2). Though Elijah had courageously stood before the king and the priests of Baal, he now covered before his woman, and fled for his life. Let us beware lest when we think we stand, we fall (1 Cor. 10:12).

1. Elijah under the juniper tree (vv. 3-7). The juniper tree was a shrub of the desert which afforded shelter and protection to travelers from the burning sun by day and the cold wind by night.

(1) His request (v. 4): This was that he might die. This was no doubt a foolish thing for him to say, but let us be as considerate toward him as was God. The discouragement, and even despondency, of Elijah, was due to the nervous strain of about four years of unusual service for God, which culminated on Mount Carmel. Such nervous reaction is to be expected, and surely the heart of this lesson will be missed unless we see it in that light, and see God's tenderness toward his overwrought servant.

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2. To anoint Jehu king over Israel (v. 16).
3. To anoint Elisha as his own successor in the prophet's room (vv. 19-21).

Look Up to God

Dare to look up to God and say: Deal with me in the future as Thou wilt; I am of the same mind as Thou art; I see Thine; I refuse nothing that pleases Thee; lead me where Thou wilt; clothe me in any dress Thou chooseth.—Epietetus.

One Vast Union

We behold all around us one vast union in which no man can labor for himself without laboring at the same time for all others.—Longfellow.

HELP FOR SICK WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Restored the Health of Thousands

Brooklyn, New York—Mrs. G. Hegmann of 228 Schaeffer St., was in a run-down condition and could not do her housework. She could not sleep at night. Her story is not an unusual one. Thousands of women find themselves in a similar condition at some time in their lives. "I found your advertisement in my letter box," wrote Mrs. Hegmann, "and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got relief." Mrs. Hegmann also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine and Lydia E. Pinkham's Pills for Constipation, with good results. She says, "I am recommending your medicines to all I know who have symptoms the same as mine, and to others whom I think it will help. You may use my statement as a testimonial, and I will answer any letters sent to me by women who would like information regarding your medicines."



There are women in your state—perhaps in your town—who have written letters similar to this one telling how much Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped them. The Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass., will gladly furnish other women with these names upon request.

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Coach Hanley Has Tough Job

Aside from facing one of the stiffest grid schedules in the conference this fall, Coach Dick Hanley, Northwestern's new grid leader, is up against the problem of finding suitable successors to Ralph Baker and Bob Johnson, all-American players, who are lost to the squad through graduation.

Both players performed brilliantly for the Wildcats during the last three years, and their absence will leave two big holes to fill. As quarter back, Baker was the leading spirit of the squad, while Johnson's performance in the line made the forward wall one of the most formidable in the conference. Other capable performers who will not be back are Paul Griffith, Ade Schumacher and James Solheim, half backs, and Otto Siebenmann, guard.

Coach Hanley is not expecting the freshman squad of last year to present him with much in the way of varsity material. There are a few youngsters, principally back field men, who will make a strong bid for a regular job, but they are not likely to replace many of last year's regulars.

Hanley is pinning his hopes for success this fall on his back field aces, Capt. Vic Gustafson and Leland (Tiny) Lewis. In Gustafson the Purple coach feels he has one of the best ball-carrying backs in the country. Gustafson is also a good kicker.

Leland Lewis, whose performance during the last two years marks him as one of the greatest full backs in the country, will be back at his old post. Besides being a powerful line plunger, he is also a capable forward passer and place kicker.

Another capable player who is expected to hold down a regular job is Walter Holmer. Hanley plans to use him at half, where his ability to carry the ball and pass will give the Purple three passing, running and kicking backs.

George (Yatz) Levison, a splendid blocker, who played his first year with the Wildcats last year, is to be given the quarter back assignment.



Dick Hanley.

Speaker May Be Cause of Set Working Poorly

The loud speaker is quite often at fault when the set fails to operate. This is a very sensitive instrument and easily gets out of adjustment, and trouble will be experienced if it is moved about frequently. Make sure that the positive cord of the loud speaker is connected to the positive side of the loud speaker jack connections. The cord tip marked with a red tracer must go to the positive side. Cone speakers may get out of order and sound rattly due to weather conditions. This can be remedied if there is some way of tightening the paper cone by resetting the phone unit. On the nonadjustable horn-type speaker there is usually one or two gaskets between the diaphragm and shell of the phone unit. If the magnets are not strong enough, they fail to actuate the diaphragm properly, and weak tones are the result. To remedy this, remove one of the gaskets or screw the cap down tighter, so as to bring the diaphragm closer to the magnets. The adjusting knob of the other type often slips, and turning it seems to have no effect on the volume; in this case the setscrew should be loosened and set to a different position until reception is improved. After repeated adjustments the diaphragm may become warped, and the only remedy for this is to remove it and level it on a perfectly flat surface.

Radio Operator Loses Station When in Haste

There is much to be learned from watching the average radio operator tuning his set. If he is trying to find an out-of-town station or one a little beyond his usual range, he seems to violate all the simple rules of radio and to proceed on altogether different lines than in the case of fishing for his local station.

One of the most common mistakes he makes is to assume that because he does not hear a station immediately it is not on the air or his set will not reach for it. The chances are, however, that he has gotten the station during one of those periods when the announcer has asked his audience to stand by. It is a fact that the slow tuner usually gets the station.

Iowa's Line Heavy

With two 240-pound sophomores eligible for Iowa's line this fall and strong candidates for other positions, the University of Iowa forward wall from tackle to tackle will average approximately 222 pounds. Captain "Spike" Nelson at right tackle, and Center Dick Brown will weigh the least of the five, each about 200. "Tubby" Chatterton, who worked at guard last fall, weighs 230.

Bobby Jones Not Sure



Bobby Jones has not definitely made up his mind about returning to Great Britain in 1928 to defend his title of British open golf champion. He so informed his friends recently. "I shall return to my law studies," said the champion, "and future plans must depend upon circumstances."

INTERESTING SQUIBS OF SPORT PICKED UP IN VARIOUS SPOTS

A balkline billiard champion earns from \$30,000 to \$35,000 a year.

Spain is the latest country to take up greyhound racing.

Golf and boxing sports are virtually unknown in Russia.

Stanford university will have to elect a captain at the very start of the 1927 grid season.

Golf clubs exclusively for women are planned in three cities—Detroit, Chicago and New York.

And now Willie Ritchie is trying a comeback—which shows what comes of reading the papers.

Over in France fighters used to box with their feet, and strangely enough, there was never any kick about it.

The only major golf title Bobby Jones has never won is the British amateur title.

ACTUAL CAR LESSONS FOR FAMILY DRIVING ON SUNDAY

A wise father who arrives at his destination with the original number of children that filled up the family when the trip started. Bill Friend Wife and their four children, reinforced by enough to feed a young army, left for the front seat and the little ones occupied the rear. They reported to be among the misses. The boy had opened the door and fallen out of the machine. Luck wasn't injured, either by the

at Charley Hickman Praises New Mack Star

Hickman, scout for the Indians, believes the Athlete one of the best outfielders when they bought him from the Atlanta Crackers. He says that Haas is one of the greatest hitters he ever saw and that he believes there may be a Santa Claus after all.

who is no relation to the veteran Hans, is completing his season in the Southern league

has given a brief trial by the at the end of 1926. The Buc him from Birmingham, where ed 316, but considered him too r immediate service and re- in 1929 to Atlanta. Bert who played second base for lies the year they won the is managing the Crackers lets that Haas will be a reg- the Mack lineup next season.

OMOBILE NOTES

rug, blanket or covering of is best for fighting gasoline

t fewer miles to the gallon ensive car, but they are hor- les.

t of the auto that causes ents than any other is the olds the steering wheel.

around corners leads the hospital, warns the State Automobile associa-

Signs Jewish Pitcher

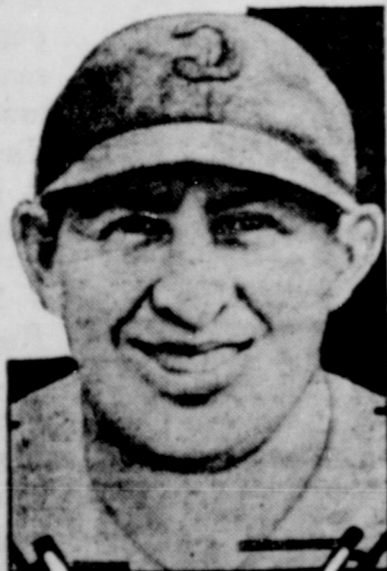
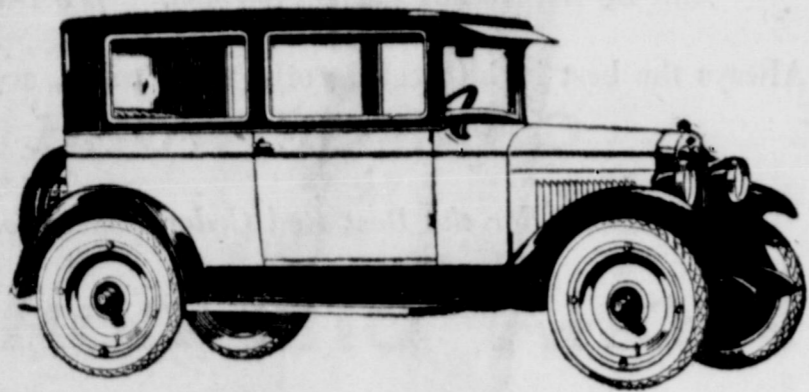


Photo shows Jack Leroy Levy, Jewish pitcher with the Charlotte (N. C.) team, who was purchased by John McGraw of the New York Giants for a reputed price of \$10,000. Levy has been going great guns in the South, and is considered one of the best young hurlers brought up from there in many years.

NEXT WEEK CREDITS DROP
TWICE
DO YOUR BEST NOW

Grand Capital Award



1928 CHEVROLET COACH, \$711.00

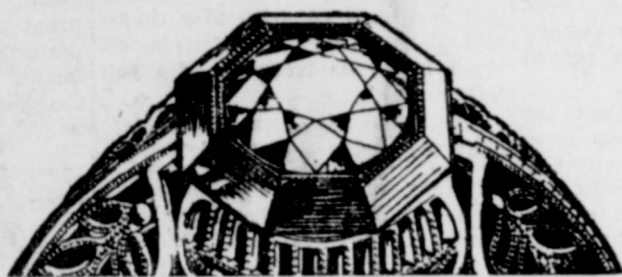
Purchased from

BLACKWELL HARDWARE COMPANY

Friona, Texas

Associate Dealers, Loyd-Sykes Motor Co., Farwell.

SECOND GRAND AWARD



\$150.00 DIAMOND RING

Purchased from and on display at

CITY DRUG STORE

Friona, Texas

THIRD GRAND AWARD



\$35.00 LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Purchased from and on display at

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The Friona Star

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The Friona Star Opportunity Club

Date

To Club Manager, The Star: Please enter as a member of
"THE OPPORTUNITY CLUB"

Name

Address

Phone

This blank counts 2,000 Bonus Credits. Only one nomina-
tion will be credited to a member. If so requested, the nom-
inator's name will not be divulged. You may nominate your-
self or some friend, if you wish, by simply filling out the blank
and sending same to the Club Manager.

Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success



THRU PUBLISHERS AUTOCASTER SERVICE

slipped and with a frightened cry through the air Archie turned and gaining the retreating figure toward the front of the gun the short, clapped his shoulder and groaned, through the front door heard immediately the of his feet on the

At one o'clock he was drinking coffee and munching toast and jauntily fortifying himself for his journey.

He had shot and perhaps killed a man, and his mind surged now with self-accusations. He needn't have fired the shot—the thief was running away and very likely would not have molested him further. He was sorry for the fellow, wounded or dead, but in a moment he was shuddering as he reflected that the bullet that has splintered the mirror had really been meant for him and it has struck with great precision just where the reflection of his head had presented a fair target to the startled marksman.

He turned out the lights and, placing the key under the door mat, stole through the garden. The man he had shot down might even now be lying dead in his path and he lifted his feet high to avoid stumbling over the corpse. But more appalling was the thought that the fugitive might be lying in ambush, and he carried his pistol before him at arm's length against such an emergency.

He gained the road, glanced toward the house and set off in the

general direction of the New Hampshire border.

The first glimmer of dawn was breaking over a gray world when a curious whistle, a long pipe and then a short quick one, in the road-side a little way ahead, brought Archie to a halt. He drew his own gun from his overcoat pocket and stood perfectly quiet. In a few seconds the whistle was repeated, and Archie, grown wonderfully bold, checked an impulse to fly and imitated it.

A man rose from behind a stone wall on the right and walked toward him.

"That you, Hoky?" he called, sharply peering through the mist. Seeing that he was not Hoky but a stranger with a pistol he sprang forward and wrenched the gun from Archie's hand.

"Stop squealing! Bad enough for you to fool me with that whistle without pulling a gun. Now you get right over there by the fence where I'm pointing and we'll consider matters a little."

"I was just walking to Portsmouth," began Archie in a blithe tone he hoped would prove convincing. His captor laughed ironically.

"Now you listen to me! You've been up to something, so don't tell me that you're taking a little before breakfast stroll to Portsmouth to work up an appetite. In the first place, have you seen a man about your size along the road anywhere?"

"Not a soul," declared Archie solemnly.

"Mighty queer Hoky doesn't turn up! I warned the beggar against these sea-side villas; they're all outfitted with fancy burglar alarms that make a deuce of a row when you step on the wire. It rings a gong loud enough to wake the dead and then some chap jumps out of bed and turns on all the lights in the house and very quietly opens up with a gun before you can say Jerusalem. But Hoky thought he knew better."

Archie clutched at the stone fence against which his captor had pushed him and his breath came in long gasps.

"You mean," he faltered, "that you fear your friend has been shot?"

"That, my dear sir, is exactly what troubles me."

Archie's tongue clung to the roof of his mouth as he tried to murmur his sympathy for the stranger's sorrow. The thought that he was probably talking to the accomplice of the man he had shot was terrifying; the stranger seemed enormously fond of Hoky and if he knew that he had within his grasp the person who was responsible for Hoky's failure to return from his visit to Bailey Harbor he would very likely make haste to avenge his friend's death. It seemed to Archie that the gods were playing strange tricks upon him indeed. The man's speech was not the argot he had assumed from his reading of crook stories to be the common utterance of the underworld. There was something attractive in the fellow. He carried himself jauntily, and his clean shaven, rounded face and fine gray eyes would not have suggested his connection with burglary. He had an engaging sort of person, and Archie decided suddenly that the man might be of service to him. He was in pressing need of a change of clothes but he was in no condition to proceed to Portsmouth to redeem his suit case; an impression that was confirmed unexpectedly by his captor.

"You will pardon my candor, but you certainly look like the devil. Let me introduce myself to you as the Governor. Among the powers that prey that is my good cognomen, not to say alias. Now please be frank, what mischief brings you here at this hour?"

Archie gave serious thought to his answer. If he could convince this person that he was a crook he would be less likely to suspect that he had been the instrument of Hoky's undoing.

"I've got to make a getaway and be in a hurry about it," declared Archie in a confidential air.

"A little trouble of some sort, eh? It rather occurred to me that you were not promising for mere pleasure," replied the Governor. "A fashionable defaulter, perhaps? No? Then let it go at murder, though I confess you don't look as though you would have a stomach for homicide."

danned near getting Archie stoutly. "That town it. I was window comes he alley

looking for me; and if your friend Hoky's been killed they'll be keen to pinch me for another member of the gang."

The Governor listened patiently. "An amateur, I take it?" he remarked.

"Hell, no!" grumbled Archie, scornfully. "But I always play the game alone; I never had any use for pals. They get in the way."

"Wrong, my boy, wrong! A good partner like me is essential. As for myself, I rarely venture to expose myself in these little affairs; but I advise and counsel the brethren. You haven't the judgment of a month old infant. A stormy night always makes honest householders wakeful. Your attempt, my son, speaks for courage, but not for discretion. You should always ask me about such things."

"I'm sorry," replied Archie very meekly, "that I didn't run into you sooner."

"The loss is mine!" cried the Governor heartily. "But let us be practical. We must make a long jump, son, for the coast will ring with this, particularly if Hoky is lying cold at the undertaker's."

He walked briskly off with Archie close beside him.

"When Hoky persisted on his ill-chosen enterprise I lifted a little roadster that I've tucked away down here in a peaceful lane. I thought I'd be all ready to give the old boy a long pull for freedom when he came back, but—"

Sure enough the roadster was there and the Governor became suddenly a man of action. Kneeling down he detached a New York license tag from the machine, drew from his pocket a Maine tag and attached it, humming meanwhile.

"The rural police haven't learned this simple device," he explained, as he sent the discarded tag skimming into a corn field. He jumped in and bade Archie take the seat beside him. The car was soon bumping merrily over a very rough road that wound through a pine wood. They followed a grass-grown trail that ended abruptly at an abandoned lumber camp.

"We'll shoot the car around behind that pyramid of sawdust and walk a bit to stretch our legs," the Governor informed Archie. There was no trace of a path where he strode along with the easy confidence of one who is sure of his destination. They presently brought up beside a brook and in a moment more had reached a log hut planted on the edge of the high bank.

"What do you think of that?" Sir Archibald inquired the Governor carelessly. Then, as Archie paused, he added, "Oh, your name? Perfectly easy! Archibald Bennett was neatly sewed in your coat pocket by your tailor as I observed when I robbed my hands over your waistcoat to see if you wore a badge."

"I got these duds out of a suitcase I sneaked—and that's no name of mine," Archie explained hurriedly, still anxious to convince the Governor that he was a thief.

"Very careless of you not to rip out the label. Men have been hanged on slighter evidence. But Archibald is not a name to sneeze at, and I shall rather like Archie, so Archie I shall continue to call you. Now we'll see what we can do to shake up a breakfast."

He drew out a key and opened the door of the hut.

"Not a bad place, Archie. I stumbled upon it a couple of years ago quite by accident and use it occasionally." He opened a cupboard revealing a quantity of provisions and they prepared their breakfast.

CAPTER IV.

"My friend," said the Governor soberly as they rose from the table, "we have dipped our hands in the same dish and broken our bread together. I don't mind saying that you're a likeable chap. I'll be a good pal to you and I ask you to be straight with me. Are we friends or—"

He put out his hand and Archie grasped it.

"All right, Archie—for such you shall be to the end of the chapter, whether you lied about it or not. And now let's deal with practical affairs. I'm going to spend the afternoon on that stolen machine. I'll paint 'er white to symbolize our purity. There's an assortment of clothes the boys have left from time to time. You can pick 'em over while I'm working on the car."

In doffing the clothing he had acquired honestly and substituting stolen raiment, it was almost as though Archie were changing his character as well. He wondered what Isabel would say if she knew that he had already slipped the leash that bound him to convention and performing even more reckless deeds than she had prescribed for him.

"Well, I must say you're a credit to our gents' clothing department!" remarked the Governor upon his return. "What do you make of this. Found it in the car."

He extended a crumpled telegram which read:

Bailey Harbor, Me., June 11, 1917.

Putney Congdon, Thackeray Club, N. Y. I am offering the house for rent.

It's Like Chasing a Phantom

To try to get satisfactory locomotion or transportation from Impure Gasoline—remember, the best is none too good for you.

Always Fill Your Tank With AMARILLO GASOLINE

And Be Assured of Perfect Service. "We Have It."

Always the best in lubricating oils, tires, tubes, accessories and GARAGE WORK

See Us For the Best Red Cedar Fence Posts.

FRIONA OIL COMPANY

Shall take every precaution to protect my children from your brutality. A. B. C.

Archie felt the hut whirling around him. What he held was beyond question the reply of Mrs. Congdon to her husband's telegram that had been left lying on the dinner table. And if Congdon had left New York for Bailey Harbor immediately to put into effect his threat to abduct his child it might have been Congdon he had shot—not Hoky.

The Governor's ceaseless flow of talk fortunately diverted his inner thoughts to more cheerful channels and he obeyed with alacrity a hint that he prepare luncheon. After this had been consumed the Governor suggested a game of chess, produced a set of ivory chessmen from a cupboard and soon proved himself a skillful player.

At the end of two hours the Governor declared that they must take a nap before setting out and turned into one of the berths. He was soon snoring. Archie klieked about restlessly for a time, but finally slept—only to wander thru

a wild phantasmagoria of crime. "To gain or lose it all," he was stammering as he opened his eyes. But it was not Isabel he was addressing, but his confederate very blandly smiling.

"The boy quotes poetry!" exclaimed the Governor. "Archie, you've come in answer to my prayers! Together we shall drink of the fount of Castalia. We shall chum with Apollo and the Muses Nine! But the gods call us elsewhere. We'll snatch a bit and be off! And we've got a job all waiting for us. One of the brotherhood has commissioned me to dig up some boodle he's planted over in New Hampshire. You may recall the incident. Red Leary, a rare boy, held up an express messenger and sauntered off with fifty thousand dollars in new bank notes, fresh from the treasury. Do you follow me?"

"He hid it somewhere and wants your help in recovering it?"

"Right the first time! That cash is tucked away in the cellar of a church and by this time tomorrow night we'll have it all ready for

old Red and check the lot of our tablets."

"But the numbers of the are in every bank in the the police are only waiting bills to get into circums pounce upon the thief."

"I am more and more with you, my son. That given me no little worry something will turn up, th be a way out of the d' Check your old duds in creek and close the window hit the long trail."

Out of the woods on a smooth highway car sped like a fri through the starry night. T ernor drove with the assu a man who knows what about. Occasionally the C lifted his voice in songs o peachable literary and quality that rang sonorously the hum of the engine.

(To Be Continued.)

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The best loan obtainable for the Farmer.
We are prepared to give you prompt and efficient service on any size loan, and Will Appreciate Your Business.
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We are now equipped to furnish complete or supplement abstracts of title to all Parmer County land and town lots, promptly.

Complete Tract Index to All Real Property in the County.

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And twenty-four million other children go to school this month. Eyestrain retards concentration and is the main cause of bad report cards. It will pay you handsomely to have your child's eyes examined. We devote ourselves entirely to the care of your eyes.

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Eye Specialist.
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Making U A SHOPPING LIST

The hall needs a new rug. More towels are needed for bathroom, and the kitchen floor could certainly stand a coat of paint. The children need shoes. The car will soon need tires. Well, we buy a hundred new things every year.

Scattered throughout the United States are manufacturers who make the very things we need. Their products are on sale in certain stores within easy reach. Certain of these products, and certain of these stores, are especially fitted to take care of our special needs. But which products and which stores? Which can we afford, and which do we think best? We must look to advertising for advice.

ADVERTISING is the straight line between supply and demand. It saves time spent in haphazard shopping. It leads you directly to your goal. By reading the advertisements, we can determine in advance where the best values are to be found. With the aid of advertising, shopping becomes a simple and pleasant business, and budget figures bring more smiles and fewer frowns.

FROM THE PAGES OF THIS PAPER YOU CAN
UP A SHOPPING LIST THAT WILL SAVE YOU

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER IX
-17-

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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W N U Service

Very ungraciously Mrs. Raxon permitted Agatha Brown to be absent for a night. Very gladly the Raxon girls learned of it. Robin would be theirs for a few hours. After cramping continental pensions and small hotels, their present lavish life rather went to their heads. It took the form of a superiority complex which irritated Robin enormously. But he had promised his father to add him by preserving a heartiness of manner that he did not feel. He was wholly obsessed by the thought of Agatha, that strange and lovely girl who held him at arm's length, snubbed him, harassed him, and then brought him back with a glance of those amethyst eyes. She would tell him nothing about her past life, and that worried him very much. What man had loved her, he wondered, and had there been men about whom she cared? Mrs. McKimber understood the situation and sympathized. Her husband was unusually irritable. He could talk about nothing but the infamous manner in which his press agent neglected to have him featured. It seemed to McKimber that the papers were filled with Paul Raxon. Actually some club women had started a "Better Architecture League," with McKimber as president. They were to agitate for classes in architectural appreciation in the high schools.

McKimber wandered about the big rooms fidgeting. Raxon was not to be seen. At midnight, when Sneed stood respectfully at his elbow, McKimber was as nearly nervous as he had ever been. But he was too old a campaigner to show it. He followed the butler into a big sexagonal room, entrance to which was gained by a flight of eight stairs. That the apartment was furnished with subdued splendor and was of magnificent proportions added to McKimber's irritation. Instinctively he was aware that Raxon was getting ready to use his lavish settings in publicity work.

This tower study would soon be famous through the magazines. It was easy to visualize Paul Raxon leaning back in his customary indolent way with a specially prepared background. McKimber's private room represented office furnishing in its most efficient style. He reflected bitterly that this apartment must have been planned for photographic reproduction. McKimber decided it was effeminate. It provoked in him a feeling of contempt which could not dispel the knowledge that Raxon's settings were superb. But they were presumptuous. Raxon was riding for a fall. He needed to be taught a lesson. It would have been wiser for McKimber to recollect that Raxon had not succeeded through any lack of strength.

"This extensive publicity campaign of yours," McKimber began, "doesn't deceive us any."
"Us?" Raxon queried.
"We who represent an organized party in this state. We know you're out to get a primary nomination, and as you've got money and a good press agent, it doesn't seem easy to prevent you. These primaries play the devil with party obligations. They encourage the malcontents and the ambitious."
"Which am I?" Raxon asked, smiling.

"You're ambitious, Raxon. You are overambitious. The Bard of Avon says that's the thing which brought the angels down."
"This is the first time I have been called an angel," said the other.

McKimber frowned. He detested flippancy.
"I prefer to think of you as ambitious than to suppose you are wanting to split our ticket and let Westfield in. If one strong man with his party's solid backing runs against Westfield, he'll beat him."

"That cheers me very much," Raxon replied.
It was not easy for the domineering McKimber to hold himself in. He was accustomed to respect in the field of politics.

"You won't be the man," he exclaimed.
"And you will?"
"Unless any spiteful malcontent deliberately proves a traitor. Up-state, which I control politically, has no use for you. It doesn't know about you. I asked a man from Wayne county the other day if he'd ever heard of Paul Raxon." McKimber smiled. "He said he never went to moving pictures."

"Your mistake," Raxon said, "was that you did not ask his wife. The women know me, McKimber. My 'Better Architecture League' are springing up everywhere. There's a flourishing one in Wayne county. The larger cities, such as Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica, are taking the thing up admirably. Politicians of your old-fashioned kind resent women in public life, and you don't conceal this. Politically, women are hypersensitive because they know they have not accomplished what the world expected of them. I admit your up-state strength exceeds mine, but what about New York city?"

"A stronghold for Westfield."
"Not so much as you imagine," Raxon yawned a little, as though the subject wearied him. "At all events, it will be an interesting experiment."
"Experiment!" McKimber cried, shocked at his callousness. "It will be a tragedy for the party."

"It will be your finish," Raxon retorted. His manner had no animus in it. He had neither raised his voice nor shown heat as McKimber had. "Like all old-time politicians, you lack

mental agility and you won't reconcile yourself to new conditions. In the past you have been of great use to the organization. Today you are merely amusing."

McKimber flushed red and instinctively clenched his big fists. Paul Raxon noted the gesture.

"That demonstrates it perfectly," he said. "When you lose a point or hear a disagreeable truth you want to hit a man. Elemental stuff. We are here to discuss political conditions in this state. I think that is how you put it."
"You want me to back down and leave the field to you. I refuse. If the party thinks I've the better chance, they'll knife you in a minute. It isn't possible, surely, that you believe gratitude has anything to do with practical politics?"

McKimber did not answer immediately. He was conscious that he had allowed personal antagonism to color his conversation. He adopted the confidential tone which had often won success for him.

"Raxon," he began, "I'm putting my cards on the table."

"Save yourself the trouble," Raxon replied. "I can see them just as well when you hold them in your hands. All you need to understand is that I have a better chance than you go to Washington."

"If we two fight each other, Westfield goes," McKimber said earnestly. "We need a senator at Washington."

"That's why I intend to go, as you may as well tell your friends. I've



"He Said He Never Went to Moving Pictures."

been working much longer than you can guess for this very end."
"Don't you realize you will be denounced as a traitor to your cause?"

"If the cause means so much to you, throw your influence my way. If you did that, Westfield wouldn't have a chance."

"You're d—d well right," McKimber shouted. "The man I indorse would get in even if you were he. I'll tell you just this, Raxon. From now on I'm going to devote myself to showing you up for the crooked ward politician you are. My God! To think you expect me to work for you!"

"If you're going to be abusive," Raxon said coldly, "we may as well stop."

McKimber struggled into a little less violent mood. He might yet be able to divert the Raxon ambition to some less lofty height.

"I take that back," he said. "I recognize that you deserve some reward for what you've done in the past, but I'm entitled to the nomination. It is my just reward I want." McKimber's voice became almost conciliatory. "Don't you see the justice of it? I want in my old age the opportunity of serving my country."

"And I," Paul Raxon sneered, "want in my early middle age the opportunity of serving myself. Why drag your country in? Do you think I'm a political idealist just because bad architecture offends me?"

McKimber rose to his feet. He knew he had lost, and he wanted to go before he forgot the slender, sneering man was his host.

"They told me you were a dangerous man," he said slowly, "but I don't

think they gauged your rottenness correctly."
"I take good care to keep that from them."

"But you're giving it away to me, a confessed rival."
Raxon laughed. The spectacle of this tall, portly man, whose career had been so successful, amused him.

"The trouble with you, McKimber," he said, "is that you don't understand you are a corpse. Politically, you are dead and buried. You are not a rival. Don't flatter yourself to that extent."

"I tell you," McKimber thundered, "all the world shall know what has passed between us."

"If you don't lower your voice, all the world will hear. You're not a broadcasting station. Sit down. I sent for you because there's a lot I have to say which you wouldn't care to miss."

Reluctantly, McKimber sank back in his chair. He was enraptured by a certain and unwelcome uneasiness. The man facing him seemed so secure, so unconcerned, so sure of ultimate triumph.

"The first thing to tell you," Raxon began, "is, I am going to Washington. You will quit in my favor and lend me all your great influence. Naturally you must have an excuse which seems a true one. I have it all ready prepared. You are too heavy even for your height, and the pouches under your eyes are unhealthy signs. You had better drop out, because your specialist tells you there is heart and kidney trouble. I shall refer to the fact in my speeches with great regret."

McKimber spoke with deliberation. "They told me you were dangerous, and I know you are a traitor to your party, but not until this moment did I believe you were absolutely crazy. They call your sort of madness megalomania." McKimber rose to his feet.

"I've met all sorts of knaves and fools in politics, but you're the worst yet."
"What a senator you would have made!" Raxon commented. "Do you suppose I should have talked like this if I had not been certain you were harmless, a rattler with his poison sacs extracted? My success has come mainly because I understand human motivation. I'm going to show you how it is that when you leave here it will be to start a Raxon boom in your own city. Sit down, McKimber."

John McKimber, who prided himself upon taking orders from none, dropped again into his seat. It seemed to him he was talking to a Raxon he had not until now understood. He found himself noticing what a cruel mouth the other had, and how in those brown eyes were little flecks of red. Paul Raxon gazed at him as an executioner might stare at a prisoner delivered to him for death. McKimber knew that he had been holding too cheaply one who had a dynamic and evil personality.

"If I stay," he said huskily, "it will be to hear you give away more secrets about yourself. Perhaps I shall learn by what trickery you got this place, and how it was you sent Hazen Brewer to his grave."

"I got this place," said Raxon with his old urbanity, "as I have got everything else in my life, by using men as tools. I studied men and found them pugnacious, noisy, and vain. It was hard to influence them by my subdued personality, even though I had the right on my side. I do not mix well. I knew that had to be overcome. In other words, I determined to develop something to make up for it. My success has come from finding, almost unerringly, the weak spot in every man's make-up. I got my chance at International Motors by finding out so much of Brewer's life in London that he was forced to take me in to protect himself."

"You're a d—d blackmailer," McKimber cried hoarsely.

"I am," Raxon agreed. "The phrase does not offend me in the least. Why should it? Is there any more powerful weapon? Most traitors in the great war were forced into espionage because the enemy threatened exposure as the price of refusal. In the drawer before me are two articles. One is an automatic pistol." Raxon opened the drawer and put the weapon on the writing table at which he sat. "I am not going to threaten you with it. That is old-fashioned, stupid stuff. I am merely reminding you I have it at hand if you should attack me."

There was undisguised amazement in the bigger man's voice. "Attack you? What for?"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Houses of Worship Found in Odd Places

The miners in the Myndd Newydd coal mines in Wales have no call to shave, shine their boots, or don Sunday garb when they go to worship. They have a chapel all their own at the bottom of the shaft, so that when they descend the pit they can have a short service before going to their working places.

Rough timbers form the pillars and beams of this chapel, and a coal trolley serves as a pulpit. The miners sit on rough wooden benches and the oldest among them acts as pastor.

A chapel, more finished in appearance, the St. Anthony, exists in the salt mines of Wieliczka, Austria. It has an altar, crucifix, and life-size figures of the saints, apparently in black marble, but really made of salt.

In the old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands in a great rock rising from the river. The front is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. This curious church is now the early Protestant place of worship in the town.

A church in a Pennsylvania town is said to possess the distinction of being the work of one pair of hands. One man carried every block of stone of which it was constructed, cut each of them into shape, and laid it in place.

On the Way

The road to heaven is filled with folks going lickerly spilt the other way.—Niagara Falls Review

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ALLIE BAA'S PRESENT

It was Allie Baa's birthday and she was much excited.

Allie Baa is a rag doll and no doll could be more beloved than she is. Her face is painted but the paint is not very bright, for Allie has been kissed so many, many times.

She has a small body but it is just the right size for hugging, and she is the most comforting doll in the world.

Her mother, whose play name is Mrs. Cucumber Green, loves her so much that she could never possibly be able to tell how much.

But Allie has a little bit of an idea. She knows that when her mother is sad she can curl up in her arms and help drive away the sadness.

She knows that when her mother is happy she can be jumped up and down with joy.

She knows that when there is a party she is going to have fun too, or if there is work to be done she can help just by the way she watches.

But it was Allie Baa's birthday and Mrs. Cucumber Green was having a party for her.

A number of her small friends were coming to the party and they had been asked to bring their dolls.

Of course the rest of Mrs. Cucumber Green's children and pets were at the party.

There were Robbie the cloth doll, and Gyp the sawdust dog, and Lucifer the cloth cat, and Johnny Naples the worsted doll, and a number of others.

All the guests arrived right on time and the party began.

The dolls and the pets all sat in little chairs and on the sofa and watched their mothers playing. They had such a good time just being at the party. They didn't mind watching in the least.

And then the children played house and the dolls played that too.

They were taken calling, they were taken to grand balls, they were dressed and undressed and the talk was mostly about them.

The mothers spoke of how well their children had been lately and how good

they had been and how little trouble they were and what healthy appetites they had.

After they had played for a long time it was the time for supper.

The dolls all sat at a little blue table and were given make-believe food on tiny dishes.

The mothers had cocoa and bread and butter and chicken and little patty cakes.

Everyone seemed very hungry.

After the supper was over Mrs. Cucumber Green took Allie Baa from the table where the dolls all were and sat her in her lap over where the children were.

"It's Allie Baa's birthday," she said, "and I've got a present for her."

All the mothers listened, and the dolls at the other table listened.

Allie was just as proud as she could be.

"I've got a new bed for Allie Baa," Mrs. Cucumber Green said. "Of course, a great deal of the time she will sleep with me, but there are times when I'm busy and when she wants to be resting, that a bed of her own will be very useful."

Then she left Allie in her chair and went behind the bureau and brought out a lovely doll's double bed which was more than big enough for Allie Baa.

It had sheets on it, and blankets, and a little spread and a pillow at the top, and it had four posters and was just as fine and complete a bed as anyone could ever see.

How proud Allie was, and all the other dolls and the mothers, too, wished her many happy returns of the day.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Girls!
Marie—I shall not marry a man unless he is my exact opposite.
Alice—You're asking for an almost perfect man.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills, and Fever, Dengue.

Stimulating Force Tonic
Nothing renews pep like FORCE Tonic. Try this marvelous brace when you feel "all in," with nerves frayed to a frazzle, and can't eat or sleep. Get all druggists.

For Barbed Wire Cuts Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
ASTHMA. Remoek, an unrivaled success, gives quick and lasting relief in ANY CLIMATE. For literature and reports, write Remoek Hill Lab., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sparing Him
"I would like to give my uncle 100 of these cigars. Can you think of how I can give him even greater pleasure?"
"Yes. Only give him 50!"—Boston Post.

Good Enough Reason
Wife—You'd better explain why you haven't spoken to me for three days.
Hubby—I don't want to interrupt.

A Helpful Hint.
Calumet Baking Powder added to mashed potatoes or carrots, together with the milk, and beaten thoroughly, makes a delightfully light and appetizing dish.

Woman started the ball of trouble rolling and she has kept it rolling ever since.

Not Seriously Injured
Junior fell down several flights of stairs and was badly shaken up, although not seriously injured.

Didn't Need a Nap
Mother said to Marion, who is not yet three, "Come on, dear, we must take our nap."
Marion came running to mother and said, "I doesn't need a nap; I'm isn't cross, and I'm isn't mad, and I'm isn't sleepy."

Eye Injuries Expensive
In one Eastern state alone during the past year, 720 eye injuries to industrial workers were reported. Seven of these accidents resulted in total blindness and 349 employees suffered the total loss of one eye and 363 partial loss. In compensation, this cost the employers \$1,300,000 and it is computed that the indirect loss under such circumstances is four times that of the direct loss, so that this brings the total up to \$5,000,000. Many of these accidents could have been prevented by proper precautions by the employees or employers.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"
Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates.

The genuine bears signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
Fatal
Gragg—You say droopy caused your brother's death?
Gregg—Yes, he dropped out of a chariot.

Her Opinion
"So your wife didn't think much of you, eh?"
"No. When she got her divorce she hired a criminal lawyer."

From Necessity Only
"Do you believe in sleeping out of doors?"
"Not while I can pay the rent."

Mother! Child Gets Sick, Cross, Feverish if Constipated

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Fig Syrup" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious, "fruity laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grownups are plainly on the bottle.



Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," then see that it is made by "The California Fig Syrup Company."

1492 to 1927



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA - Photos by Underwood & Underwood



NEW YORK SKYLINE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IN THE year 1492 there appeared at the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain a man named Christopher Columbus, or Cristobal Colon, a poverty-stricken, discouraged sea captain who at the age of fifty-six had all but given up a boyhood dream and the hope of ever realizing the fondest ambition of his life. "He was tall and well built, of dignified mien, with red hair and beard, a long ruddy face, clear gray eyes and aquiline nose," writes Dr. I. B. Richman author of "The Spanish Conquerors," volume two of the Yale university press "Chronicles of America." "To inferiors his manner was exacting and brusque, to equals it was urbane and to superiors it was courtly. His figure showed to advantage, whereof he was not unduly aware, and he evinced a taste for yellow in beads and for crimson and scarlet in caps, cloaks and shoes.

"Unlike the Spaniards, whom he was to lead, Columbus was not in disposition primitive; he had no relish for blood and suffering. He was, however, proud, with a measure of austerity, and he was highly romantic and strikingly devout."

Such was the man whose great achievement is celebrated on October 12 of this year, 435 years after that achievement took place, and perhaps it was the romantic element in his nature which made him, despite all discouragement, hold fast to his dream of finding a shorter route to the wealth of the Orient by sailing directly west across the "Sea of Darkness." For the wise men of his day scoffed at his plan, ridiculed his idea that the earth was round like a ball, called him a visionary and a foolish schemer.

This was not his first appearance at the royal court of Spain. He had been there once before and had failed just as he had failed at the court of another monarch. The story of his failures and his final triumph, as given by Doctor Richman, follows:

He obtained an audience with the king of Portugal and laid before him a definite proposal. He asked for three caravels equipped and supplied for a year; and, in the event of lands being found, for the vice-royalty and perpetual government therein, a tenth of the income therefrom, the rank of nobleman, and the title of grand admiral.

So affronted was the monarch by what he felt to be the vanity and presumption of the petitioner that he promptly referred his plea to a council of three experts, by whom, after some deliberation, it was dismissed. Thereupon Columbus, late in 1485, or early in 1486, left Portugal for Spain.

What first occurred is not known. Presumably Ferdinand and Isabella, after a courteous hearing, smilingly put by the question of exploration, for they referred it to the queen's confessor, Hernando de Talavera, who at length, late in 1490, reported adversely for Columbus, and the sovereigns accepted the report.

Columbus would seem to have gone back to Portugal, but by May 12, 1492, he was again in Spain and in attendance upon Ferdinand and Isabella at the siege of Baza.

Columbus was poverty stricken and, for once, discouraged. With what cheer he might, he met his friend, the former guardian, Antonio de Marchena, and also (perhaps for the first time) the officiating guardian, Juan Perez, once

Discovery

There lurks in every breast some of the fire.
That sent Columbus daring unknown seas,
There lurks in every human heart desire
To find new continents. To such as these
The woodland is a world, and continents
They who go seeking shall as surely find
As he who scorned an earth's experience
And left established error far behind.

Let us go forth, as great Columbus sailed,
And we shall find new archipelagoes—
Sequestered paths that only deer have trailed,
Perhaps another continent, who knows?—
Some cloistered valley far from man removed,
Some fragrant clearing hidden in the fire
Some lily garden man has never loved,
Waiting our coming, the discoverers.

We may not find Americas, but we
Shall feel the thrill that thrilled a greater breast—
Perhaps a mountain that will glimpse the sea,
Beneath a stump, perhaps, a partridge nest;
We shall make sail across the trackless green,
We shall uncover riches in the flower,
We shall behold new beauties now unseen
Yes, we shall be Columbus for an hour.
—Douglas Malloch.

confessor to Queen Isabella. By these three, under the stimulating zeal of the monks, a plan was contrived. Columbus should thoroughly canvass the maritime section, having Palos for a center for all possible information regarding pioneer voyages into the Sea of Darkness.

Not long after his return Guardian Juan Perez, and perhaps Pinzon also, wrote to Queen Isabella, asking a further hearing for Columbus and his project. The request was granted. Columbus, repeating with emphasis the terms submitted to King John II, demanded of Ferdinand and Isabella a patent of nobility, the admiralty of the ocean, the vice-royalty and government of all lands discovered, and "a commission of 10 per cent upon everything within the limits of his admiralty which might be bought, exchanged, found or gained." That, in addition, he should demand three caravels, to cost possibly two million maravedis (\$5,000), was by comparison trifling.

As in 1486, so in 1492, in the month of January, Columbus was dismissed a second time from the Spanish court and departed sorrowing. The royal flags streamed from the towers of the Alhambra, for Granada had fallen, but in this event our Genoese took little interest. His course led him toward Cordova. When only two leagues from Granada who should overtake him but a royal constable, sent posthaste by the queen with orders for his return! His demands, one and all, would be complied with. He set sail from Palos August 3, 1492, at sunrise.

Such was the start of his history-making voyage. The story of that voyage is a familiar one—how "as the last dim outline of the islands faded from their sight, many of the sailors were completely overcome. Some shed tears

as if they had taken leave of the world"; others, unable to restrain their grief, broke out into loud and bitter lamentations"; how they continued to be alarmed as the three tiny vessels plunged on into the wilderness of the water and especially as the needle of their compass seemed to be bewitched and varied more and more, as they went on, to the west of north instead of toward the North Star; how they plead with their leader to turn back and how in the words of the poet, the reply of Columbus to all questions was "Why, shall you say at break of day? 'Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

And then on October 12, 1792, he reached his goal—not the Indies of his dream but America! Before the expedition had set out Martin Alonso Pinzon, an associate of Columbus, in a recruiting appeal to the seamen of Palos had said "Friends, come with us! Come with us on this voyage! Here you are in poverty. Come with us, for according to accounts you will find the houses with roofs of gold and you will return rich and prosperous!" Although they never realized that dream of riches it was their venture which eventually resulted in the building in the New World which they had reached a nation whose wealth is vastly greater than all the riches of which Columbus ever dreamed. To the eyes of many an immigrant from the native land of Columbus the skyline of New York rising up out of the ocean to the overhanging clouds has seemed to be truly that of a city composed of "houses with roofs of gold" in the "Promised Land."

There is much disagreement among historians as to the truth about this man, Christopher Columbus—dispute as to his paternity and his nationality and dispute as to his right to the title of "Discoverer of the New World." Seven cities of Greece are said to have claimed the great poet, Homer, for their own. But no less than seventeen towns vie for the honor of being "the birthplace of Columbus." Italy says he was an Italian; Spain insists that he was born in Galicia, a Spanish province; Portugal lays claim to him as a native son, as does Corsica, once a French island.

Contrary to all school history teaching, there are those who insist that Columbus did not discover the New World. They would give that honor to the Norsemen or to any one of a number of navigators who are believed to have dared the Atlantic long before he did—Breton, Spanish, Portuguese or some native of northern Africa. But after all, the question of his nationality and the question of who was the first European actually to set foot on land in the New World are relatively unimportant. For it was the achievement of Columbus, be Spaniard, Italian or Portuguese, that counts most.

1492 to 1927! Four centuries have passed since Columbus sailed out into the unknown but the message he gave to the world then still lives, the message of the ultimate triumph of faith and high courage and steadfast purpose over superstition and ignorance and fear. And the message which Columbus day brings to Americans each year is the inspiration, amid discouragement and apparent defeat, to "sail on and on and on."

known. Twenty-eight years later traces of the same gas were found in uraninite, and for the first time scientists knew that it was present on earth as well as in the sun. More years passed and it was discovered that helium was a product also of the disintegration of radium, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Still later, during the World war, Kansas housewives began to complain that the natural gas supplied for cooking was deficient both in heat and light. A university professor was sent to investi-

gate and found in his samples that helium, a nonflammable, inert gas, was to blame. Its extraction in paying quantities from Texas gas wells followed.

Famous Russian Crown
Probably the most valuable and interesting of all the Russian crowns was the one made in 1762 for Catherine II by Bauzle, a celebrated jeweler of the day. Since the time of Catherine this crown has been used at the coronation of all the rulers of Russia.

Helium Gas First

The discovery of helium gas on the sun preceded its discovery in commercial quantities on the earth by about 50 years. Lockyer in 1868 found a new gas in the spectrum of the sun while studying the flames shooting out from its surface. The gas was new because the color of the line representing it, when analyzed by the spectroscope, was distinctly different from anything previously

HEMLINES MUST DIP ABRUPTLY; FLASHY FALL SPORTS COATS

Remember those days when the "trying on" of a new frock was accompanied by the entreaties of a tried and fretted fitter to "stand still, now turn to the left, please, now all around very slowly"—all in the effort to accomplish a perfectly sedate and proper even-all-around hemline?

Well, about hemlines, as of almost everything else in life, we moderns have changed our minds. To be stylish, hemlines, especially for the formal frock, simply must dip abruptly at some point in their journey about ankles, that is to say knees, speaking in the present tense.

Which accounts, in part, for the fondness displayed this season by stylists for grouping at the front or side clusters of platings and of drapes. These are the cunning artifices which achieve the coveted new erratic hemlines which stamp the frock or skirt as of this season's vintage.

Another hobby of the mode is the snug-fitted hipline. Most every one of the newer dresses embodies this feature. Every device is resorted to, in current styling to emphasize this feature. The idea is to draw the portion below the waistline about the hips by means of horizontal drapes, or diagonal tucks which usually culminate at a given side-fastening, perhaps under an imposing jeweled buckle or possibly it is a fitted band about the bottom of the blouse, or a gypsy girde-sash tied at one side or a snug yoke to the skirt and so on and so on.

The elegantly simple velvet dinner gown in the picture qualifies in both these style requisites—the irregular hemline and the snug hipline. It also achieves distinction because of the exquisitely sheer faconne velvet of which it is made, showing a black repeat patterning on a georgette background. From the shoulder to the hem it is edged with a wide band of plain velvet, the same caught at the side at the waistline with a handsome jeweled buckle.

This tendency toward an uneven hemline is noted also in two-piece afternoons frocks. The skirt, which is usually of satin or velvet, brings its fullness to the front or the side dipping with a circular movement or with the aid of plaits or gathers.

The new movement for the uneven hemline in the formal evening mode, shortens the skirt at the front, increasing the length gradually to the back until it almost touches the floor. The fact that the inside of the back hemline is conspicuously visible gives the stylist opportunity for gaining very charming effects, in that these hem-



AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME

novelty patterning, which fascinate.

The new cloakings are indeed all that it is possible for imagination to conjure for them in the way of clever patterning. Multi-colored geometric treatment marks the new weaves. This trend is emphasized in each of the models in the picture.

Many of the new woollens have a tricky way of subduing the design by the shading of the yarns. This is especially characteristic of thick-yarn tweeds, chevron stripes, ombre stripes, and small patterned tweeds which are very new in their appearance. Some trend to the modish rust and leaf browns, others take on a mellow pastel blending which is enchanting.

It is entirely a matter of choice as to whether one's coat for town, travel, sports or all-purpose wear be furred or not furred. There are just as many coats to be seen in fashion's sports realm which are furless as those which are showily furred. In fact the new coats run to the extreme of one or the other.

When not furred, the practical, albeit very modish coat is apt to exploit a chin collar of the cloth with a saucy looking scarf tie of the same. If not that then a notched lapel and



TWO HANDSOME SPORTS COATS

lines are superbly lined with metal cloth or some other equally as handsome a contrasting material.

Now that lace touches appear on velvet frocks for both daytime and evening mode, many cascade drapes and flounces of cream lace, also black chintilly, are employed to achieve an uneven hemline.

Sportswear is painting its autumn style picture most gloriously. That which makes the new sports coats smartly distinctive is the fact of their looking the part of what they really are. This season's sports or travel coat is unmistakably just that. It proclaims the fact of its intention in sturdy weaves, bold colorings and

collar, the same inviting the wearing of a separate fur. Very advance modes display fur on the cuffs, none on the collar, this absence made up for by the presence of a pert little shoulder cape of the cloth.

Outstanding on most utility coats are big generous pockets, these designed in every conceivable style. Belts are an outstanding factor, too in the sports coat mode. These, while not an essential to modishness, are nevertheless very expressive of chic especially since they are taking or so many unique details of buckles, and other metal touches.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)



A New Slip

Did you know that a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes will duplicate any delicate tint that may be the vogue in dainty underwear? Keep your oldest lingerie, stockings, too, in the shade of the hour. It's easy if you only use a true dye. Don't streak your nice things with synthetic tints. Dye or tint anything; dresses, or drapes. You can work wonders with a few, inexpensive Diamond Dyes (true dyes). New colors right over the old. Any kind of material. FREE: Call at your druggist's and get a free Diamond Dye Cyclopedia. Valuable suggestions, simple directions. Piece goods color samples. Or, big illustrated book Color Craft free from DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N9, Burlington, Vermont.

Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE

Laid over old worn items at moderate expense. One room at a time, during spare hours.



Modernize your home with OAK Floors
Reduce housework. Make your home more beautiful, more valuable for rental or sale. Write for free literature. OAK FLOORING BUREAU, 1294 Builders' Building, CHICAGO

Shurhit Coil Points and Coils

Get Shurhit Coil Points from your garage or auto shop. New points, new power. Replace old coils with Shurhit Coils. Ask your dealer, or write SHURHIT PRODUCTS Inc., 224 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

WANTED TO BUY

Envelopes from Old Letters; Postage stamps of all kinds, also collections. Write for details and prices paid. F. G. Wilson, Box 185, Tulsa, Okla.

TELEGRAPHY—Our complete course at reduced price, \$25.00, write quick for particulars. Kenway Telegraph Institute, 153 1/2 N. Randolph, Endic, Okla.

Connecticut Got Bargain

Connecticut takes pride in owning a \$100,000 Stuart portrait of George Washington today because it was willing to accept a painting rejected by another state. When the great artist, commissioned by South Carolina to paint the picture, turned it in, it was a portrait of President Washington. South Carolina wanted one of General Washington or none. Connecticut bought the picture for \$1,000.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers.—Adv.

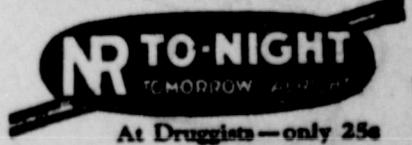
Electric heaters on the sills of windows in street car vestibules have been found to keep the glass free from frost.

It's So Easy for You to Enjoy Good Health

Don't delay a minute. Ask your druggists for a small package of those little, sugar coated vegetable pills. They all sell them in 25c. red paper packages, ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are small, easy to swallow and move the bowels in a gentle manner, no pain. Constipation can't exist when you take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sick headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, poor complexion, all are relieved quickly. Try them tonight you will enjoy your night's rest, and tomorrow awake refreshed. Druggists, 25c. and 75c. red pkgs.

Ugly Pimples

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow through skin cleansing. Take Nature's Remedy—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. They watch the transformation. Try NR instead of mere laxatives. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—



NR TO-NIGHT
At Druggists—only 25c

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
Stops Malaria, Restores Strength and Energy. 50c

Local Happenings

M. A. Crum and Mr. Donaldson were Hereford visitors Tuesday.

Mr. Hough of Hereford was in Friona Friday.

Mr. Eddings was a business visitor in Farwell Tuesday.

Mark Hines who lived down on the coast the past year, visited the past week with friends and relatives. Mr. Hines formerly lived here. He will farm about 400 acres of land at Lamesa the next year.

Myers of Canyon and Mr. Hines of Amarillo were Friona visitors Wednesday.

Herbert James, who formerly lived here but for the past three years has been in Missouri, is visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Young.

M. A. Crum was a business visitor in Hereford Saturday.

T. H. Hines of Hereford was a business visitor in Friona Saturday.

F. M. Hughes who spent the past few months in Oklahoma, is visiting friends and relatives in Friona.

Mr. Hart of Escavado Ranch was in town Saturday. Mr. Hart was shipping about 2200 head of steers to Kansas.

Fred Karns who has made his home in Florida the past three years arrived in Friona Saturday. Fred intends making his home in Friona.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maurer spent Saturday and Sunday in Hereford as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir.

Fred Welch of Dimmitt is visiting in the home of his brother, F. N. Welch and family.

Misses Alice Guyer, Esther Reeve and John Schlenker, who are attending college at Canyon spent Sunday here with home-folks.

Dock Robinson of Black was a business visitor in Friona Tuesday.

L. L. Blacklock was a Clovis visitor Monday.

C. C. Maurer and Ruben Gischer were Hereford visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Carrie Lillard, Mrs. A. W. Henschel, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kingsley, Clyde Seamon and Raymond Wright were among those who went to Amarillo Friday.

Earl Day left Sunday for Oklahoma where he will visit home folks for some time.

J. T. Beazley and son, Earl, spent last week transacting business in Oklahoma.

Miss Neal Richardson of Bovina visited this week in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Stevicks. Miss Neal is a sister of Mrs. Stevicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Taylor of Canyon visited Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Taylor here last week. They also visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Taylor's parents, north of town.

Dick Day left Friday for Whitney, Texas, where he will visit old friends and relatives. He expects to be gone about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Eberling spent Tuesday in Clovis.

Dick Hobbinga and Mr. Cummings were in Friona Saturday.

L. L. Blacklock visited in Amarillo the last of the week.

Fred Karns accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. A. Blackwell, Mrs. J. A. Blackwell, Jr., and son, Bobbie, were Amarillo visitors Saturday.

Glenn and Charles Reeve motored to Farwell Saturday and were accompanied home by Mrs. G. D. Anderson and children.

Mrs. A. W. Henschel is the possessor of a new car.

Miss Fannie Muse spent the week end with home folks at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Young and daughter, Corrine, Mr. and Mrs. Woodson Young, Herbert James and Dennis James spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mick at Big Square.

Sherman Vance visited his parents at Plainview Saturday and Sunday and was accompanied to Friona by his mother, Mrs. E. J. Vance, who visited here Sunday and Monday.

J. C. Wilkinson and O. F. Lange went to Hereford Sunday to play golf.

Grant Musick was a business visitor in Amarillo Tuesday.

Miss Treva Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gashin and daughter, Ernestine, Voy Hart and Ralph Carroll were seen in Hereford Tuesday.

J. C. Wilkinson was in Bovina Tuesday.

Mrs. Jesse Osborn and Mrs. M. K. Beckner spent Monday afternoon as guests of Mrs. C. H. Fallwell.

H. G. Jones who has been visiting relatives at Goree and Abernathy for the past two weeks, returned to Friona Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Messenger and children and Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Messenger of Hereford spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Estes Houlette.

Rev. W. B. Gilliam, Mrs. McFarland and daughter, Charline, and Geraldine and Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Messenger were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.

Misses Irene McFarland, Neva Jones, Nat Jones, L. L. Blacklock, Mr. Wilkinson, Melton Wilkinson, Marvin Whaley, Mr. Angel, T. N. Jasper and Chas. Burns were in Farwell Wednesday.

Miss Orma White, Mrs. Grant Musick and Rev. J. S. Beattie called on friends at Spring Lake Tuesday.

Mr. Wilkison and son, Melvin, were Clovis visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLellan attended the Cotton Convention at Roswell, New Mexico, Wednesday and Thursday. The governors of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona will lead in the parade.

Mrs. O. F. Lange and daughter, Caroline, and Mrs. J. A. Blackwell, Jr., and son, Bobbie, attended the fair at Clovis Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blackwell and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blackwell, Jr., and son, Bobbie, visited Carroll Bowen at the Baptist Sanitarium in Clovis Wednesday and report Carroll as doing nicely late Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Schiehlagen and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Graham and family at Farwell Sunday.

Willie Wade Camp visited old friends in Farwell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Schiehlagen were shopping in Hereford Monday.

Jim Griffith and Dave Bender left Thursday for Shattuck, Oklahoma, where they will visit friends and relatives and attend to business affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. George Treider and little son were visitors in the home of Mrs. Treider's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gischer, here last Sunday.

T. H. Hughes last week bought a new sedan.

ABERNATHY NEWS.

What wonderful sunshine weather we are having now. Everyone is busy at work getting sudan cut and shocked before another bad spell of weather.

Mrs. Battis Day and family of Melvin visited in the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Goeth and family last Wednesday.

Mrs. E. B. Whitefield and Mrs. Joe Ball spent last Thursday afternoon in the home of Mrs. D. E. Habbinga.

Mrs. B. M. Buchanan visited in the home of Mrs. E. H. Cummings last Friday.

Some of the farmers in this community went to Friona Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. D. E. Habbinga was surprised with a birthday supper Sunday evening and the folks had an enjoyable time playing various games.

Mr. Kinchans and daughter were seen chasing over the country lately looking for someone who has a spare binder to cut his hogs.

E. H. Cummings and Crabble Jones have started to work on the road that runs south of Black.

Mrs. H. E. Goeth and two sons were guests of Mrs. E. H. Cummings Tuesday afternoon.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

LOYAL CHURCH OF CHRIST.

We meet for worship each Lord's Day at 11:00 a. m., in the study room just south of the school building. Everyone invited, especially those who are opposed to any intervasions in the church.
L. D. CANNON.

METHODIST.

Rev. Gilliam filled his regular appointments here last Sunday at both morning and evening services. Regular preaching services on the first and third Sundays of each month at 11:00 and 8:00 o'clock. Rev. W. B. Gilliam, pastor.

Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all A. S. Curry, superintendent.

Epworth League every Sunday evening preceding church services. See program in this issue of the Star.

We have organized a Young Peoples Missionary Society which will hold its meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30.

BAPTIST.

There will be preaching services here Sunday morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. R. F. Jones. You are cordially invited. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Classes for all grades, J. A. Wimberly, superintendent.
B. Y. P. U. meeting at 7:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m. You are invited and will find a class to suit your need. The young peoples class has chosen J. A. Blackwell as teacher and have an interesting review of the lesson each week.

No preaching Sunday as pastor Beattie will be in Spring Lake. Preaching Sunday, October 16, at morning and evening hours.

STAR THEATRE

HEREFORD, TEXAS

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY OCTOBER 7-8

"Convoy"

The navy war drama, with Dorothy Mackaill, Lawrence Gray, William Collier, Jr., and Ian Keith.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY OCTOBER 10-11

"The Drop Kick"

with RICHARD BARTHELMESS

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY OCTOBER 12-13

LILLIAN GISH

in

"The Scarlet Letter"

FRIDAY EVENING ONLY OCTOBER 14

"Broadway Nights"

with LOIS WILSON AND SAM HARDY.

TIME OF SHOWS: 7:15 and 8:45.

MATINEE, 2:00 and 3:20

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The Original and always reliable row binder.

No better machine on the market today.

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WELCH-CARTER IMP. CO.

The society will meet every first Saturday at the church at 2:30 p. m. All young people from fourteen to twenty-two, who are interested in this work are invited to attend whether you are a member of our church or not; we will be glad to have you come and bring some one and be on time.

Job Work neatly and speedily executed by The Star.

Mrs. Grant Musick and Miss Orma White visited in the Spring Lake community Tuesday. They were accompanied by Rev. J. S. Beattie. The young ladies remained the same day but Rev. Beattie remained during the remainder of the week to visit and become acquainted with his parishioners in that locality, where he will preach each alternate Sunday during the coming year.

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Expert Mechanic All Work Guaranteed

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From all over the State of Texas are reporting the greatly improved Financial Conditions of farmers in their counties and localities since the introduction of the

Dairy, Poultry and Hog

Industries. These form the back-bone of the Farmers' Financial standing, but, remember dairy cows, poultry, and hogs will count for but little if not properly housed.

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LUMBER

Manager

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Tho Eddie is blatant and bump-tions. He's not impolite nor presumptions. The plain facts impell us. Our customers tell us. His service is, frankly, quite scrumptious!

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