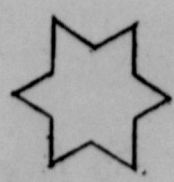
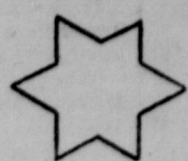


Remember the Poultry Show Friday and Saturday, and Give It Your Support!



# The Friona Star



Let Next Saturday Be Your Trades Day and Be Present to Share the Results!

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

Volume 4—Number 28.

Friona, Parmer County, Texas, Friday, February 1, 1929.

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

## Friona Poultry Show Is a Splendid Advertisement For Friona!

### COUNTY FEDERATION WOMEN'S CLUBS ENJOYS SPLENDID MEET AT OKLAHOMA LANE SATURDAY

*One of Best Programs In History of Organization Rendered, Followed by Election of New Officers for Coming Twelve Months; Every Club In Parmer County Was Represented at This Meeting.*

The Parmer County Federation of Clubs and kindred organizations held one of the most interesting meetings in its history at Oklahoma Lane January 26.

#### Gin Company Employees Enjoy Banquet at Hotel

T. J. Browning, manager of the Friona Gin Company, honored his employees with a sumptuous banquet at the Friona Hotel on Monday night of this week.

All the employees with their wives and children were included in the guest list and all were present at the banquet.

Just before the hour for assembling, Mr. Browning received an urgent business call to Clovis and was therefore obliged to be absent, which was a great disappointment to his guests.

After the various courses of the feast had been served, two of the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, entertained the group with some excellent violin music with guitar accompaniment.

The affair was pronounced by all the guests to have been one of the most enjoyable and highly appreciated by them of any they had ever had the pleasure of attending and their thanks go out to Mr. Browning for his courtesies.

#### BAPTIST LADIES AID.

The Baptist Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Trullitt Monday afternoon of this week with a splendid representation of the Union.

Devotional Bible quiz. Leader, Mrs. Wedel. Sentence prayers.

Sewing for Easter bazaar and making plans for serving during the school fair in April took up the entire afternoon.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Trullitt next Monday. Leader, Mrs. Dilger.

#### LEWIS HARRY TO ARIZONA.

Lewis Harry, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Friona for the past few weeks, departed Monday morning for points farther west.

He expected to stop for several weeks at various places in Arizona, planning to get through to Pasadena, California, where his brother lives by March.

After a few months visit with his brother he may return to Friona. He has his car so arranged that he is at home wherever he may chance to stop.

#### THINKS SIGHT RESTORED.

John Gischler, who went to Amarillo two weeks ago to secure treatment for his eyes from which the sight had practically gone, returned to his home here the latter part of last week.

Mr. Gischler's eyes are not yet ready to be exposed to the light fully, but all indications are that the operation has been successful and his friends feel confident he will be able to see from the eye which was treated.

#### B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

February 3. Devotional meeting, the Only Gospel.

Introduction and Scripture reading. Group Leader.

What is the Gospel? Mr. Brock. Salvation by Grace: Olive Baker. Christ the only Saviour: Mabel Wimberly.

Elements of the True Gospel: J. W. Wood. Duet: Misses Askew and Watson.

We cordially invite everyone to attend our young people's meeting at 7:30 each Sunday evening.

#### Friona Men Attend Banquet At Farwell

Three prominent citizens of Friona were honored guests at a Lions Club banquet in Farwell Thursday of last week. These three citizens were F. W. Reeve, S. F. Trullitt and J. M. W. Alexander, who were the special guests of B. N. Graham of Farwell, former county and district clerk of Parmer county.

The three Frionians expressed themselves as well pleased with the banquet, which included the business and social features of the club as well as the bountiful supply of the delicious eats which were served by members of the Baptist Ladies Aid, and felt themselves highly honored with the entertainment and the invitation.

#### OF INTEREST TO POULTRY-MEN.

Oscar Vanderworth, of Old Glory, knows this to be true, for he tried to get along without such a mash last summer when eggs were cheap, and saw his flock of 392 hens shrink from a big spring production to a point in August and September, when five or six eggs were considered a day's work for the flock.

At this juncture the county agent, Fred S. Reynolds, came to his rescue. Mr. Vanderworth enrolled as a demonstrator and the flock was vaccinated, the two houses equipped with dropping boards, roosts, feed hoppers, nests and water containers, and the flock put again on a laying mash ration.

By the end of October daily egg production had increased to 100 eggs and a month later the flock averaged 160 to 165 eggs each day. Two-thirds of the flock is mixed, but due to careful culling of old hens, good daily management and feed and marketing through the Central West Texas Poultry Association, Mr. Vanderworth is making such a success as to be visited by others who wish to learn his methods.

#### TO VISIT IN L. H. HART HOME.

Mrs. L. B. Fawver and son, L. B. Jr., arrived here last Friday evening to spend a few days visiting relatives in and near Friona.

Mrs. Fawver is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hart and will spend the greater part of her visit with them. Other relatives here are C. M. and Leon Hart and families north of town and V. E. Hart and family who live in town.

### POULTRY SHOW PREMIUM LIST IS ON INCREASE

List of Prizes Growing, and Many Worthwhile Premiums Await All Entrants In Event.

The following prizes have been offered to the poultry show committee for distribution to entrants of poultry at the show here Friday and Saturday of this week for the winning singles and pens entered at the show:

H. P. Eberling & Company, 50 pounds laying mash.

T. J. Crawford, 24 pounds Ever-lite flour, 10 pounds sugar.

R. B. R., 82 cash.

Rushing's store, 24 pounds Great West flour, gallon peaches.

Wentworth's store, galvanized bucket for best pen of S. C. Rhode Island Reds.

American Cafe, two meals.

Sander's Cafe, three meals.

Pemberton's barber shop, \$1.50 in trade.

M. A. Crum, \$2 cash.

F. L. Spring, pair Goodrich tennis shoes, set of Look-toe under-wear.

A. B. Short, five gallons gas.

J. C. Wilkinson, \$2 cash.

D. H. Meade, \$1 for S. C. pen Rhode Island Reds.

#### Building Operations Progressing Nicely

Work on Dr. McElroy's brooder house is almost completed and the building will be in readiness to receive the first brood of chicks to be hatched.

V. E. Hart is rapidly pushing work on his new poultry house which will be quite a commodious affair as compared to the ordinary poultry house of the Plains, and especially to those built within the town limits.

Work on the new dwelling recently begun by C. M. Stevens has been completed and a family moved in to it last Saturday. In addition to the new building Mr. Stevens has remodeled and refinished the small structure that was already on the lot so that it forms a comfortable addition to the new building.

Other houses already begun or proposed will be ready for report within a few days.

Our local constable and deputy sheriff, W. D. Kirk, was a business visitor in the county capital Wednesday.

#### Ladies Render Splendid Program Friday Night

Members of the Ladies Aid of the Congregational church, rendered the playlet, "The New-fangled Baby Show" at the school auditorium Friday night of last week to a well filled house.

While the play was a burlesque and intended for entertainment only, it contained some true characterizations of the various phases of human nature and this instance was positively an all-star cast and the observer was unable to select any particular actor as the star.

The splendid personalities of the various characters brought round after round of applause from the audience and riveted the attention continually upon the players and brought forth roars of laughter and held the audience in a state of expectancy which was continually gratified throughout the entire performance.

#### MOVED TO PERRYTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Musick arrived here from Lockney last Saturday evening on their way to Perryton where they will make their home. They remained here until Wednesday visiting relatives and friends before pursuing their journey to their new home.

These fine young people formerly lived in Friona, having spent most of their lives here, and here for several years Mr. Musick was employed with the Wilkison Implement Company, he having left to go to Lockney where he entered the employ of the International Harvester Company store. He now goes to Perryton to assume similar duties with the International people at that place.

#### SENTENCE SERMONS.

By Rev. Porter.

There are only two places where God can dwell—in heaven and in the human heart.

There are only two places where the devil can dwell—in hell and in the human heart.

Man has never seen God or the devil except in human form. Every one wants to see God, but no one wants to see the devil. Are you Godly?

The church of God is the bride of Christ, through which the kingdom of heaven is propagated.

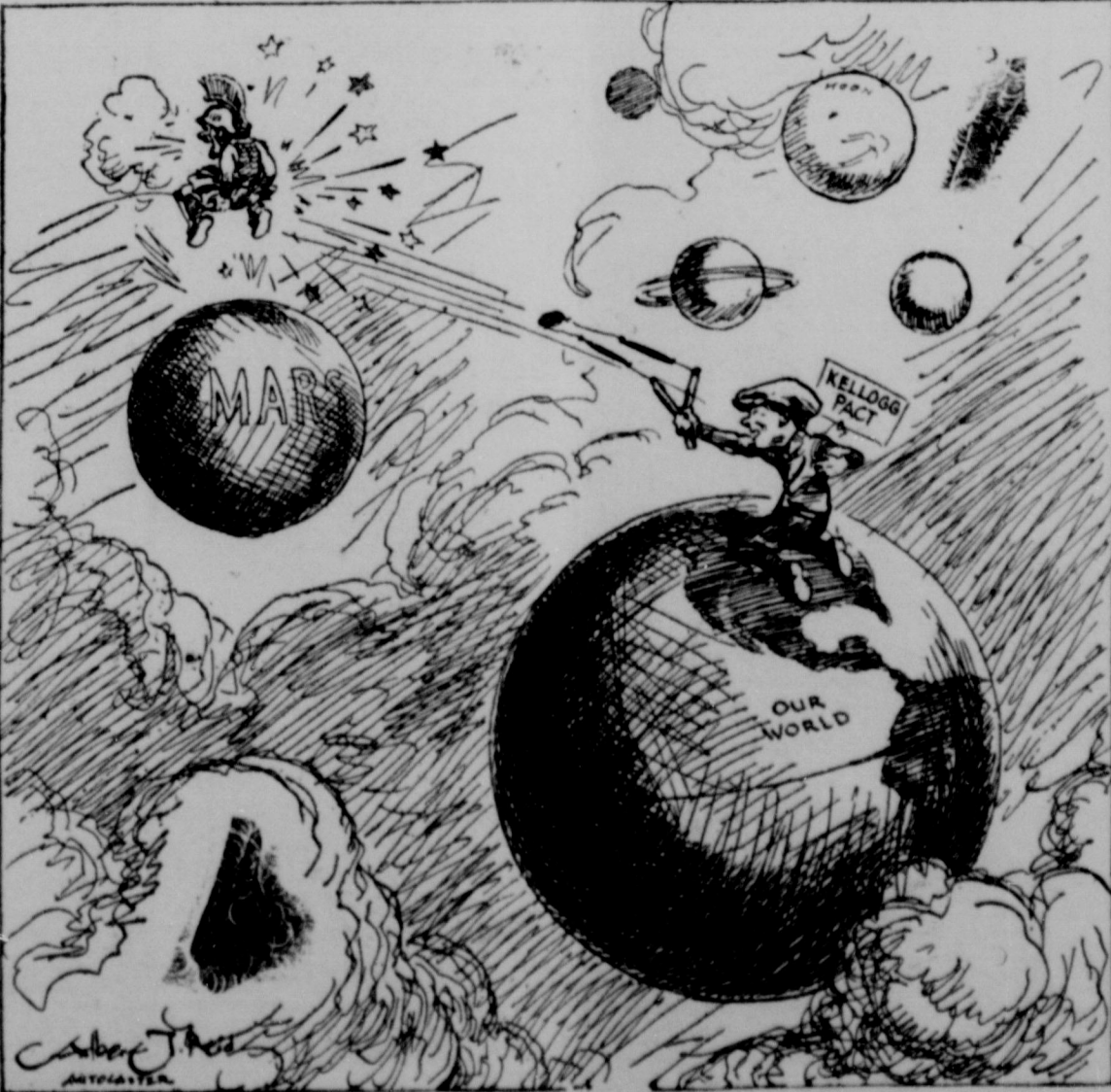
If we know that we are born of God, we die in God.

The reason why so many of the world are unsatisfied, is because they are not living according to their soul's desire.

Truth is the only thing that a soul honors, and God is truth.

#### Sniping

By Albert T. Reid



### CRUSHED IN CAR WRECK, BODY OF YOUNG MAN FOUND WEDNESDAY MORNING AT SIDE OF ROAD

*Cause or Time of Accident Unknown, Employer, Uneasy at Boy's Absence, Instituted Search Early Wednesday Morning, Which Led to Discovery of Wrecked Machine and Body; Buried at Bovina.*

#### Methodist Revival Is Scheduled for April

The Methodist church wishes to announce that it has secured the services of Rev. J. Ed Morgan and his singer and young people's worker, Harry Rankin, to hold a genuine old-time Gospel revival meeting, beginning April 26.

Knowing Rev. Morgan as I do, it is with pleasure that I am able to present him to you as the sweet-spirited, consecrated man of God that he is. He lives but for one thing, and that is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, showing to all people their vital need of salvation, and which comes only through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Mr. Rankin is a consecrated young man who has given his life to work among young people and as a choir leader.

Everyone of you is cordially invited to share with us the unsearchable riches, the blessings and the glory that comes to all who will but meet together in the name of Christ.

We need the help of the Lord and the help of each other in the name of the Lord. We ask you to pray with us for a great revival in Friona.

CARTER C. PORTER, Pastor.

#### MISS MOORE WRITES.

A very interesting and highly appreciated letter was received at the Star office from Miss Celia Moore, itinerant state health nurse, who spent several weeks here working in the various educational institutions of Parmer county, and who made so many warm friends among the Parmer county people and especially at Friona, where she had her headquarters.

These same friends truly appreciate her efforts for their good here and consider her as the highest type and most efficient in her line of work, and knowing that they will all be pleased to read what she has to say regarding the health nurse of Parmer county we are giving her letter, which follows:

Austin, January 22, 1929.

Dear Mr. White:

I want to thank you for the splendid cooperation received for my work while in Parmer county. The Friona Star was my mouth-piece, if you know what I mean.

I sincerely hope that the parents and teachers will carry on the work as outlined and that all will work for a permanent nurse. People situated like those in Parmer county can't afford to be sick. It behooves them to learn the ways of keeping well—physically fit.

May I have another copy of last week's paper, please. The office is keeping articles for a scrap book and I'd like the clipping for my own files.

Sincere good wishes, More and Better Health.

CELIA MOORE.

I am putting you on the mailing list of the Weekly news letter. We would like for you to publish some of it each week—that part which will be applicable to your county.

#### HEREFORD FOLK HERE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir of Hereford arrived here Friday evening and spent the week-end with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Weir has been a victim of influenza for the past several weeks and this was their first visit here for some time. Her friends here are pleased to see her able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Messenger were shopping and attending to business in Amarillo Monday and Tuesday.

Early Wednesday morning the mangled form of a young man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ellison, highly respected citizens of the Bovina community, was found cold in death a few miles north of Bovina.

The young man had been driving a tractor several miles north of Bovina for a man named Barnes, and it is supposed he had started for his home east of Bovina early in the night Tuesday, when from some cause unknown his car had turned over, resulting in his death which had apparently been instantaneous with the wreck of the car.

The young man failing to arrive at home, Mr. Barnes became uneasy about him and started to search for him quite early Wednesday morning and found his remains near his car a few miles north of town, and from appearances life had been extinct for several hours.

The car showed that it had turned completely over, righting itself on its wheels and was considerably wrecked and the tool box of the car was lying between the young man's knees.

Mr. Barnes at once secured help and the body was taken direct to an undertaker at Hereford to be prepared for burial before being taken to the home. Funeral services were held in Bovina Thursday, with interment in the Bovina cemetery.

#### WHO HELPS THE FARMER AND HOW?

Farm relief is a subject that is being discussed in almost every newspaper, trade paper, business magazine, agricultural paper and every place where business men in agricultural sections, and farmers gather together. T. C. Richardson, well known field editor of Farm and Ranch has for the last few years been making an intensive general survey of the field, and in a recent issue of Farm and Ranch he writes: "Did you ever stop to count up those who are in the business of helping the farmer?"

"I do not mean the individuals, but the organizations, the institutions and the private corporations who devote all or part of their time to activities designed to aid agriculture. Just in case you have never set them down and added them up, I will tell you at the outset that they outnumber the famous pickles of which everybody has heard. And some of the farmers, teeth on edge, in spite of their well meant efforts to spread sweetness and light in his workaday life.

"Second only to baseball, helping the farmer is the great American sport. Maybe it takes first place, for it is a year around game, while baseball and football together do not fill up the twelve months. Its devotees range all the way from the country school house, where the farmer and his family indulge in more or less self help, to the national capitol where the two major parties match farm relief platforms with each other. In between we find farm organizations of various hues—chambers of commerce and luncheon clubs in the towns and the cities; private corporations in numerous lines which maintain agricultural departments; tax supported state agricultural departments, agricultural colleges, with their teaching, research and extension activities, and finally the U. S. department of agriculture, with its divisions and bureaus too numerous to mention. Even the department of the interior has a hand in farm affairs. It has been stated on good authority that for every 1400 farmers there is a government employee in agricultural service.—Farm and Ranch.

#### REPORTER.

#### GOES TO FORT WORTH.

Pearl (Big Boy) Taylor who has been employed as one of the operators at the Friona gin during the past season, departed for his home in Fort Worth Tuesday, having given up his position with the gin to take up training as an athlete in the role of boxing.

Mr. Taylor is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sylvester and has formed quite a wide circle of acquaintances while here. He has already achieved some distinction on the mat as a wrestler, and his friends here expect to hear of even greater results from his athletic skill in the future.

#### J. W. SHULTS SAYS:

"Take that ad out this week, they're worrying me to death about renting that farm. I have received over a dozen applications for the place and ought to be able to choose a satisfactory one from that number."

# The Double Cross

By  
A. E. THOMAS

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W. N. U. Service

## CHAPTER XIII

In the dead of night Doris was awakened from troubled dreams by a muffled knocking at her door. Startled, she sat up, wondering if the sound were not a part of her dream. But the knocking was repeated. "What is it? What is it?" she cried, and a voice said: "Mrs. Waterman!" "Yes—yes—"

"Something terrible has happened! I think you had better come down at once!"

"What is it? What is it?" she cried again. But there was no answer. She snatched on the light, slipped swiftly out of bed and hastily began to dress.

At the same moment O'Hara, summoned from the garage over the house phone, walked into the library. Wilson stood across the room, looking from the open French window.

"What the devil's the matter?" cried the chauffeur.

Wilson turned a white face upon him. "Thank God, you've come," he said; "thank God!"

"What's the matter?"

"Something's happened—something dreadful."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Stanley has disappeared."

"What?"

"Yes."

The three maids rushed in, almost on the housekeeper's heels, in various stages of negligee—frightened, shivering, inquiring. Their idea seemed to be that the house was on fire.

"No—no—no—shut up, for heaven's sake," ordered Wilson. "There isn't any fire."

The whole group advanced upon him with frantic inquiries, but he waved them away, crying, "Stand back, all of you—stay where you are! Don't touch a thing in this room. There's been a struggle. Can't you see? I'm afraid Mr. Stanley's been murdered."

Silence fell upon the little group. Awe-stricken they looked about the room. Their eyes fell upon the disorder of the place—the overturned table, the broken glass, the twisted rug, the papers covering the floor swept from the desk. Upon this silence Doris entered, pale as moonlight, in a negligee of emerald green, which she had hurriedly cast over her nightgown, her bare feet gleaming from a pair of little mules.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" she cried, advancing into the room. There was no answer. "Where's Mr. Stanley?"

"That's just it, Mrs. Waterman," agreed Wilson, "we don't know."

"Don't know?"

"Mrs. Waterman," continued Wilson, "I'm afraid something has happened to Mr. Stanley."

"Something? What?"

"I'm afraid he's been murdered!"

With a gasp Doris sank into the nearest chair.

"What's this? What's this?" said a new voice.

The group turned and looked at the door. Waterman stood there. He still wore his dress trousers, and he had donned a silk dressing gown. There was a handkerchief tied about his neck. "Who says Mr. Stanley's been murdered?"

"I'm afraid it's a fact, sir," answered Wilson.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"We can't find him anywhere."

"And therefore he's been murdered," cried Waterman, ironically. "But! He's probably gone out to take a walk."

"At midnight?" Doris put in.

"Why not? Any law against it?"

But Wilson turned to the chauffeur and pointed to the open French window.

"O'Hara, go out through that window. Have you got a flashlight?"

"Sure," answered O'Hara, "always carry one for use about the car."

"Some one has been through that window," Wilson continued. "If there's a trail, follow it. See where it leads."

"Right," responded the chauffeur. He disappeared through the window.

"What did I say?" resumed Waterman lightly. "O'Hara will find him mooning about the lake somewhere. He'll have the laugh on us. I say, Wilson, what the deuce do you mean getting us all out of bed for a mare's nest like this?"

Wilson regarded him obliquely. "It isn't a mare's nest, sir."

"No?"

"No, sir. When I come into this room and find it littered with evidence of a desperate struggle, as you see—"

He pointed to the wreckage. "When I find this table overturned, everything that was on this desk swept upon the floor and—here he pointed to a dark red stain upon the twisted rug—"blood upon this rug—"

A murmur of approval came from the little group of servants.

Doris drew her negligee closer about her with a little shiver. "Who saw him last?" she asked.

"The last I saw of him," replied Wilson, "he was talking here with Mr. Waterman."

Doris fixed her eyes upon her husband.

"Rollin, what happened between you two?"

"Why nothing," he answered easily. "We just talked for an hour or so, and then I went to bed."

"Leaving him here?"

"Yes. He said he was going to write a letter or two. You remember, he told O'Hara to sit up a while, so as to take them to the village post office tonight."

O'Hara stood in the French window again. His face was grave.

"Did you—did you find anything?" asked Wilson, speaking with difficulty.

"No—but some one has walked down that path to the lake tonight."

Wilson continued the inquiry. "Did you go as far as the lake?"

"I did."

"And the boat?—The boat?"

"It's gone. And I found this caught on one of the bushes." He produced a large white handkerchief.

There was silence in the room for a moment. Doris broke it.

"Here," she said, "give it to me."

The chauffeur obeyed.

She took the handkerchief, examined it carefully, dropped her eyes, and said faintly: "No, there's no mark upon it." She rolled the handkerchief into a ball.

Wilson turned to Waterman. "Well, sir, he said, 'are you convinced now that it isn't any mare's nest?'"

"No, I'm not," was the prompt response. "It's ridiculous—all this fuss. I'll bet you anything you like that if you sit here quietly for an hour or so, Jim Stanley will walk in and—Lord! How he will laugh!"

Doris rose. "Well," she announced, "I'm not going to sit here quietly for an hour. Wilson, call the police."

Wilson started for the telephone. Waterman stopped him.

"Doris, don't be a fool," he cried. "Call the police," she repeated imperiously.

Again Wilson started for the telephone. But as he did so, a quiet voice was heard to say, "What is this?"

Startled, the little group turned as one. The Swami, clad in his customary robes, stood in the doorway.

"By gad, it's the Swami," cried Waterman. "Come in, sir. We had forgotten all about you. I suppose we woke you up with all this tempest in a teapot?"

"No—no—" he said quietly. "I was awakened from a dreamless sleep by a sense of trouble. Then something led me here."

He walked slowly to the center of the room and looked about the startled group.

"Ah—it's Mr. Stanley, is it not? He is not here."

"Yes, sir," Wilson informed him. "Mr. Stanley has disappeared."

"Ah!"

"We have every reason to fear foul play."

"Foul play?"

"Yes, sir, murder."

The faintest possible smile flickered over the Swami's face. "But you look so shocked," he said mildly. "It is amusing. If, as you say, Mr. Stanley has been murdered, he has but passed to another cycle, where perhaps he will be happier than here. He was my friend and his heart was clean."

The Swami's ear caught the ghost of a sob. He turned to Doris—she had covered her face with her hands.

"Ah, my child," he said, "you suffer. Do not—I beg you. It would grieve

"Sarah?"

"Just before dinner, sir, as he was leaving his bedroom."

"Bridge?"

"Sure, I didn't see him today at all. I been in the kitchen all day. What in the name of all the saints would I be knowin' about—"

"Hush, hush, hush!" murmured Wilson. "Mrs. Burkett?"

"I haven't seen him since the middle of the afternoon," replied the housekeeper, "when I looked out the window and saw him playing with Henry Cabot."

"Henry Cabot?" inquired the Swami, puzzled.

"That's the cat, sir."

"How do you happen to be fully dressed at this hour of the night?" inquired Wilson.

"I fell asleep in my chair and slept till you come knockin' on the door."

Wilson turned to the butler.

"Jefferson?"

"I saw Mr. Stanley last, sir," replied the butler, "when I fetched a bottle of port to the library, not long after dinner."

"You looked up, as usual?"

"Yes, sir, about ten o'clock. And then I went to bed."

Wilson turned to the Swami. "Do you wish to question them further?"

The Swami did not answer him but turned to the chauffeur.

"And you?"

"Well, sir—" answered O'Hara. "Mr. Stanley sends for me about ten o'clock and says he wants me to sit up. He's going to have some letters for me to mail. So I gets busy around the garage, and about midnight Mr. Wilson rings me up on the house phone and says will I come in."

"How did you get in?" demanded Wilson.

"I got a key to the kitchen door."

The Swami raised his hand.

"Let them go," he said, "they know nothing."

"Jefferson, O'Hara, wait in the hall," said Wilson; "the rest of you go to bed."

The servants departed, whispering excitedly among themselves, with many backward glances.

Wilson closed the door behind them, and turned and said to the Swami, "Let me tell you everything I know sir."

The Swami checked him. "I have eyes," he said. "I have seen. There was a struggle, a table overturned, ornaments broken, that desk swept clean, and there, I perceive, is an article of wearing apparel."

As he pointed to it on the floor, Wilson stooped and picked it up. It was a black dress tie.

"And," continued the Swami, "upon the rug is blood. Hu," he paused a moment before he went on, "the secret is here—let us find it."

Slowly he turned his somber gaze upon Waterman. No one spoke, till Doris said sharply:

"Rollin, why don't you answer him? Waterman started violently.

"Tell him everything you know—everything!" she commanded.

"I don't know anything, I tell you."

Waterman answered her. "After you left us, we talked for an hour or so, and then I went to bed. That's all I know about it, if any—"

"Hush, hush," breathed Doris.

He followed her gaze till it rested on the Swami. The Hindu lay back limply in his chair. His eyes were closed. After a time he began to speak in a level emotionless voice.

"I see—I see—a weapon—a revolver—it's here—in this room—search—"

Wilson wandered about the room, his eyes darting here and there. Suddenly he gave a cry and stooped.

"Take care," came the Swami's voice, "there are fingerprints upon it."

Thus warned Wilson picked up the revolver gingerly by the tip of the barrel, and laid it upon the desk. The Swami opened his eyes. It was as though a spell had been lifted.

"Well, what next?" demanded Waterman impatiently.

"You have told us all you know? inquired the Swami gently.

"Yes, everything," snapped Waterman.

"That's not true," cried Wilson.

"What?" said Waterman, rising and denying, in a rage.

"No," said Wilson, nothing daunted. "It's not true. You say nothing happened while you were here. Well, I know of one thing that happened and that's a quarrel."

"What say you?" said the Swami.

"I say a quarrel!"

"That's enough," Waterman interrupted sharply. "If you think I'm going to sit here while you pour out your insane fancies, you're mistaken. I'm going to bed and tomorrow morn'g you'll be in jail. There was no quarrel." He turned to the Swami.

"There's not a word of truth in what he says—not one word. And now good-night."

He turned on his heel.

"Wait," commanded Doris. "Do you want us to call the police?"

"No, of course not," answered Waterman. "It's too silly! Jim'll walk in here any minute. I tell you."

But the Swami only said to Wilson: "Speak on."

"Well, sir," said the little clerk, "I was busy over some accounts in the office desk—when about ten thirty my bell rang. I came in here. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Waterman were here. Mr. Stanley gave me an order and I went out. It happened I didn't close the door quite tight, and pretty soon, though I was not listening, I heard their voices raised. Then I listened, naturally enough, because they seemed to be angry. Finally one of them, I think it was Mr. Waterman, said, 'That's a lie!' Then some one came and closed the door and I heard no more. These doors are very old and very heavy, you see. No sound comes through. I finished my work and about midnight I came in here,

and found—what you know. Then I roused the house." He ended.

The Swami turned to Waterman and inquired slowly, "All this, you say, is a lie?"

"Every d—d word of it!" cried Waterman.

The Swami rose. "Approach," he said.

Waterman slowly recoiled, his eyes fixed upon the Swami, as if hypnotized.

At this moment Doris held out the handkerchief, saying in a barely audible voice, "I was mistaken. There is a mark upon this handkerchief—R. W."

Waterman slowly collapsed in a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

"And now," murmured the Swami, "the truth, my son."

And presently, after one false start, in a low voice Waterman began to speak.

"After my wife went to bed and left me here alone with Jim—I—I didn't want to stay. I had a presentiment that something would happen, and I—"

"Presentiment?" prompted the Swami.

"Yes—and now I look back upon it, it seems to me that every word he spoke to me from the time I entered



**FOR COLDS**

**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

**Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetioicacidester of Salicylicacid

**Resting on Dad**  
Harrington—Is your son lazy?  
Carrington—No; he was simply born tired and has been getting his rest out of me ever since.

**It Isn't Being Done**  
"Here's woman charged with stealing a pair of silk stockings and hiding them under her skirt."  
"How out of style!"

## What's become of the "Superfluous Woman?"

THESE were the women that the census taker used to put down as "Females without Occupation." You know. Women with grown-up families. And the familiar ailing relatives that had to be supported by some other member of the family.

What's become of these so-called "superfluous women?" Health has everything to do with it. Just talk to women who've been successful along their own particular lines. They'll all tell you they take Nujol regularly.

"I learned that good habit from our school doctor," you'll be told. "She advised all the girls to take it, especially whenever we had to cut down on our regular exercise. You know how headachy and dull you're apt to feel. Well, you'd be surprised to see what a difference it makes if you take some Nujol for a few days beforehand."

No harm trying. For Nujol can't possibly upset you, even when you're below par. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. Perfected by the Nujol



**Times have changed**

Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. Sold only in sealed packages.

Nujol not only keeps any excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal. Buy a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today.

## SCHOOLGIRLS NEED HEALTH



**Daughter of Mrs. Catherine Lamuth**  
Box 71, Mohawk, Michigan

**Daughter of Mrs. Eva Wood Howe**  
1006 South H. Street, Danville, Ill.

"After my daughter grew into womanhood she began to feel rundown and weak and a friend asked me to get her your medicine. She took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine. Her nerves are better, her appetite is good, she is in good spirits and able to work every day. We recommend the Vegetable Compound to other girls and to their mothers."—M.S. Catherine Lamuth.

"I praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for my fourteen-year-old daughter as well as for me. It has helped her growth and her nerves and she has a good appetite now and sleeps well. She has gone to school every day since beginning the medicine. I will continue to give it to her at regular intervals and will recommend it to other mothers who have daughters with similar troubles."—Mrs. Eva Wood Howe.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



Doris, in a Negligee, Hurriedly Cast Over Her Nightgown.



Waterman Slowly Recoiled, His Eyes Fixed Upon the Swami, as if Hypnotized.

**Modern Educated Man**

An educated man is one who can tell the difference between a great critic and a common scold.—Nashville Tennessean.

# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



### THE FEATHERHEADS



### FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Lucky Finney Is Talking to Himself



**Not the Right Effect**  
"So she isn't reducing any more?"  
"No. All she lost was time and money."

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Adv.

**Not Many of Them**  
Lady (to cook)—So your sweetheart is called Timotheus—that is a very uncommon name.  
Cook (battered)—Yes, ma'am, I have only had two sweethearts who have been called that.

**Fortunate He Looked**  
A workman's lunch probably averted a tragedy at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. A house that had been built about sixty years ago was being wrecked. The workman found a pint bottle between the walls and was in the act of hurling it among the rest of the debris when he had his lunch to examine the bottle. It was marked "nitroglycerin." The bottle was dumped in a river.

**With Every Dose, I Say: "God Bless Milks Emulsion"**

"At last, after nine and one-half years, I am really getting well. I feel perfectly well (think of it!) and I am sure no one came so near to the pearly gates and missed going through."  
"Yesterday a doctor said to my mother: 'My God, Mrs. Stultz, this thing is a miracle that she will get well!' My mother smiled her radiant smile and said: 'It is time you gave the public something for their money; tell them to take Milks Emulsion.'"  
"I have spent fifteen thousand dollars in doctoring, climates, etc., and one bottle of Milks Emulsion is worth more than all they did for me put together, and I have had the best medical advice in the world."  
"As I said before, I am feeling fine and the rales are all gone from my chest; have no cough, but I am not taking any chances of getting a relapse, so I am going to stay right in bed and take Milks Emulsion until I get my weight back."  
"I look down at my feet sticking up in the bed and say: 'Tty golly, babies, you are going to do some walking now. Cheer up; your day is coming.'"  
"I can't tell you how happy I am, and I love the Milks Emulsion Company. Faithfully and affectionately yours, ANAMAE STULTZ, Colfax, Calif." Jan. 28, 1927.  
Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

A man never has to go halfway in order to meet trouble.

Hot Breakfasts Without Fuss or Work

# SHREDDED WHEAT



12 ounces full-size biscuits

Heat biscuits to restore crispness  
Cover with hot milk—salt or sugar to taste. Delicious—nourishing  
CHILDREN WHO CAN PAINT WILL WANT TO SAVE THE PAPER INSERTS IN SHREDDED WHEAT PACKAGES

**Spellbinding**  
"You have held many audiences spellbound!"  
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.  
"But I didn't seem able to keep everybody well hypnotized after they got into the voting booths."

**Increased Their Thirst**  
Wife (seeing husband attacked by bees)—Run, honey, run!  
Husband—Don't call me honey, for heaven's sake! You're making them desperate.—Pearson's

Honor is the reward of virtue.

## Health Giving Sunshine

All Winter Long  
Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful desert resort of the West  
Write Cree & Chaffey  
**Palm Springs**  
CALIFORNIA  
Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Prominent surgeon, WATSON E. COLLIER, Palm Springs, 124 9th St., Washington, D. C.  
**WOLF**  
COYOTE, FOX AND SKUNK EXTERMINATOR CAPTURED. 60¢ 100¢ 100¢ one night. Through EEL. 50¢ Free Circular. Free Formulas and Instructions. GEORGE EDWARDS, Livingston, Montana

GET RID OF DANDRUFF BY USING **Cuticura Soap** ASSISTED BY **Cuticura Ointment**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free  
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B6, Malden, Massachusetts

**Estopped**  
"When unexpectedly called on to speak at the banquet I couldn't open my mouth."  
"Why not?"  
"It was full of spinach."

**Chewing Gum**  
Professor—What is the most common obstruction in the speech of American people?  
Freshman—Chewing gum.—Chicago Tribune.

**Variety of Eras**  
Anno Domini 1928 corresponds to the year 1346-47 of the Mohammedan era; 2587-88 of the Japanese era; 5088-89 of the Jewish era; and 7430-37 of the Byzantine era.

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.—Adv.  
A man doesn't have to be a millionaire in order to be a sinner.



## Why children should eat KARO on cereals

LEADING physicians now recommend Karo as the ideal energy-giving food for growing children—  
Not only is Karo delicious and fully satisfying to a child's craving for sweets—  
But Karo does not cause a child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets—nor does it affect the digestion or appetite.  
There are 120 calories per ounce in Karo—nearly twice the energy value of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.  
Serve the children plenty of Karo—keep them strong, healthy and happy.



Note—Compare the price of Karo, pound for pound, with other staple foods. Isn't Karo economical?

The Friona Star

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

JOHN W. WHITE, Editor and Manager

GERTH B. HOLMAN, Publisher

Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

Two blocks of sixth street, those adjoining Main Street on the east and west, have been graded and put in fair condition so far as a dirt street can be said to be in good condition.

These two blocks constitute what is now the business portions of Sixth Street and they may remain in fair condition until our next wet spell, then what? It seems to me to be labor thrown away unless something is done to protect its surface from the wear of traffic when the ground is wet.

A friend of mine, a traveling man who lives in Amarillo, stated in my hearing recently that "Selfishness is the greatest bugbear of the human race." It seems that he should be in a position to know.

This same friend was in a car wreck a few months ago and had one arm badly mangled, and was only a few weeks out of the hospital, his arm not yet well and badly wrecked at best, and will be so the remainder of his life.

During his daily trips to the hospital after being discharged, he saw a man who had two deforming cancers, one on his temple and one on his throat, by which he was virtually being eaten alive. He had thought his condition rather pitiful until this sight met his eyes. He said he went home and told his wife, "There is nothing at all the matter with me; I'm feeling fine and I'm all right."

It seems that I can just not keep my ruminations of the things I hear my friends say from day to day, and do you know there are some mighty fine and sensible things being said all the time by people, some of whom occupy the most commonplace walks of life.

Last week I was in the local newspaper office and overheard a man talking to the editor about turkeys, and he was talking about good turkeys, separate and apart from the good, bad and indifferent.

The good kind is the kind he is raising and the saying, "He knows his stuff" in his case might well be paraphrased to read, "He knows his turkeys." He secured his foundation stock for his breeding pens from the foremost turkey breeders in the state and paid a high price for them, but he is glad he did so, as they are making it worth his while in the superior grade of fowls he is growing.

Another wise and good friend seemed mystified as to why some man of apparent superior talents seem to meet with reverses at every turn, in every transaction, and in every effort to accomplish something for the good of the old world, while others without any special talent, and some times apparently none, succeed at every turn and in every effort.

It occurred to him that it was pure luck and that preparation, consideration and effort had nothing to do with it. My cogitation is that it is not luck, but pick and of the rarest kind, that is responsible for such conditions. The talented man more frequently has a refined and honest mind and through this honesty of opinion frequently allows opportunities for worldly gain and distinction to pass by him, feeling that they were honestly intended for another whose rights he will not usurp, while the apparently lucky man not having these fined and more honest sensibilities, grasps everything that comes his way, as the monkey said, regardless of the rights or privileges of his fellow men.

From what was said to one of our foremost citizens while in Friona on court business last week,

The Farwell people are almost deploring the fact that they did not assist the Friona people in chaingling the county seat to Friona when they had the opportunity to do so last November. They say there is no disputing the fact that Friona needs a jail and a commodious one at that, and one of them volunteered to circulate a petition praying the commissioners court to make an appropriation for building a jail at Friona, including office rooms for the local peace officers.

A room for the sheriff was also suggested under stress of circumstances. I like sympathy, but too much of it is not good for us—it weakens the backbone.

Present indications are that there will be more cotton planted within Friona territory this season than ever before. I think this is a healthy sign.

The Arrow

The Tomagua and Montezuma Literary Societies held their meetings together in the school auditorium January 24. The enjoyable program prepared and rendered by the two societies was as follows:

Song, "A Student's Way" by the societies.

Flute and violin duet, Helen Crawford and Virginia Lillard.

Reading, Doris Kimbriel.

Violin solo, Pearl Drake.

A talk, "Team work in the Societies," Mrs. Conway.

Song, "Flow Sweet Afton," by the group.

The announcement was made that there will be a debate between the two societies next Friday afternoon.

THE LOVING CUP.

The silver loving cup to be awarded by the Santa Fe Grain Company to the best all-around student of the Friona High school was put on display here Friday, January 24.

If there was ever anything worth working for in Friona High school, it is this beautiful loving cup. It is about twenty-two inches high and the engraved design is very beautiful.

Anyone may feel greatly honored who gets his or her name engraved on the cup. To keep the cup one person must have his name appear three times on it. He must make very good grades and enter into many of the school activities. The high school faculty will decide who is the best qualified for the award.

CHAPEL.

Chapel exercises were opened last Thursday morning by the song, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

The second grade, under Miss Haynes' direction sang, "Good Morning to You," and the Ten Commandments were recited and then the Lord's Prayer. Mr. O'ne-way then talked to us a while.

Announcement was made concerning a \$52.00 loving cup offered by Leo Pottishman, of the Santa Fe Grain Company, to be given to the best all-around student.

CLASSES.

The Spanish classes in high school came to the auditorium on Tuesday night, January 29, to see some picture slides about Argentina. Miss Holmes got them so the students would learn more of the Spanish countries. As they were shown Helen Crawford read the explanations for the pictures. They proved to be very interesting and well worth our time.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The Sophomore class is the peopliest in school? We boast three straight A students.

Miss Phillips said that we could write better themes than any class in high school?

We were first to raise \$10 in the P. T. A. contest?

We have four boys who are excellent basketball players?

We are the only high school class that has a given program in chapel?

We gave a rip-snorting sophomore vanderlille?

Our vice president is the best all around girl in school?

We received a sophomore tag-day and went on a hay ride?

The editor-in-chief of the Arrow is a sophomore?

We have asked for the next chapel exercise?

Taking it all around we are the best sophomores that ever were sophomores in Friona high school? PRESIDENT.

Sunday School Lesson

International Sunday School Lesson for February 3.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

Psalm 19:7-14; 2 Timothy 3:14-17. Rev. Samuel D. Price, D. D.

The Christians Sacred Book is a descriptive statement of the Bible. In fact it is a library consisting of sixty-six books, divided into the Old and New Testaments. "How We Got Our English Bible," by J. Patterson Smyth answers many questions in the mind of every investigator. Beyond all human source this Book comes from God. Rev. F. B. Meyer, D. D., says, "Inspiration consists in the divine quality that inheres in the Bible." It is certainly different and superior to every other book and is well called the Book of Books. One cannot claim to be well educated who is not conversant with the general content thereof. Dr. Meyer also states, "The best argument for the Bible is the character it creates," and William E. Gladstone declared, "The Sunday school is the world's greatest institution for popularizing the world's greatest book."

Read this book through and do so as often as possible. Then commit many chosen passages to memory. One of these will be the nineteenth Psalm, from which the first Scripture portion is taken today. If you wish to note many terms in the Scriptures read Psalm 119, where there is some mention in each of the 176 verses. In spite of its age, the Bible is still the best seller each year in all literature, both modern and ancient. A very simple and yet most comprehensive statement is:

"Sin will keep you from this Book; this Book will keep you from sin."

Study carefully each of the following selected portions that are a part of this lesson. Deuteronomy 6:4-9; Joshua 1:8-9; 2 Kings 22:8-20; Nehemiah 8:1-8; Psalm 19:7-14; Luke 24:25-32; Acts 17:12-2; 2 Timothy 3:14-17.

The first reference indicates a portion that the Hebrew places in their mezuzah and phylactery. This Word has a place on his doorposts and it is taught to his children. The Jew has made an incalculable contribution in giving this Book to the world. Well does the Psalmist say, "The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul." The Word was indeed law and its precepts were to be accepted and obeyed for they are "right." Psalm 19:7-8. Take the other descriptions in that Psalm, "pure, clean, true and righteous altogether."

As is stated in Psalm 119:105: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my path."

Paul in charging Timothy refers him to the "sacred writings" in which he had been instructed from his youth. Thereby "the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

Great Favor.

We've heard of the height of this and that, but the height of politeness, we insist, is the following sign:

KINDLY KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THIS WIRE IT CARRIES 20,000 VOLTS THANK YOU!

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

The honor roll for the past six weeks in high school is as follows: Helen Crawford, 3A, 1A; Mary Kathryn Crawford, 3A, 1A; Thelma Osborn, 3A, 2Bx; Elin Johnson, 2A, 2Bx; Edith Brookfield, 2A, 1B, 1Bx; Albert Conway, 1A, 3Bx.

PRE-SCHOOL CLUB STUDY MEETING.

All mothers and others interested in the organization of a Pre-school child study club are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. T. J. Crawford, instead of with Mrs. J. A. Conway, on Wednesday afternoon, February 6.

The meeting will be held from three to four o'clock when officers will be elected and other necessary business transacted.

The following short program will be rendered. Living Conditions in the Home, Mrs. Fred H. Rose.

The Spirit of Your Home, Mrs. S. F. Warren.

Duet, "Back to the Faith of My Childhood," Mrs. Hanson and Crawford.

Miss Moore, state health nurse, was very anxious that we organize a pre-school club as a branch of the P. T. A., to study and discuss together the many problems of early child training and care. All young mothers are especially urged to attend this first meeting.

STUDIED THE KELVINATOR.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blackwell and son, Bobby, returned last Saturday from Lubbock where they had spent the entire previous week. Mr. Blackwell has taken the local agency for the Kelvinator electric refrigerator for this territory and was in Lubbock attending a school for dealers.

The family spent a very pleasant week although Mr. Blackwell was very busy all the time he was there, but feels well repaid for his time and labor and feels also that he will be handling the best electric refrigerator on the market, and that he fully understands its mechanism for perfect servicing.

Guy Powell is the new Wise county agent according to the Deatur News. He has had practical and college experience in every department of farm and rural life, having graduated from A. & M. He was manager of the first cow testing organization in Texas.

What's Doing IN WEST TEXAS

One of the major projects of the Rock Springs vocational agriculture class is construction of kid boxes for ranchmen. This is done with no expense to the ranchmen provided they supply the desired amount of materials.

A swimming pool to cost approximately \$20,000 is one of the objectives of the Kerrville Chamber of Commerce. Visiting engineers assure the city of a supply of water that will be as pure as drinking water. This will be the initial step in the building of a large recreational center.

Work of remodeling and enlarging show rooms of the Chevrolet company at Olney is about complete, doubling the floor space.

A \$75,000 school building program is under way at Stamford and will be completed March 1. A manual training, home economics department, new elementary schools, keepers cottage, etc., are being erected. An addition is being built on the high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Hale of Hereford were Sunday visitors at the B. C. Roberson home.

L. L. Cannon made a business trip to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ky Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kendall spent Sunday in Plainview visiting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lookingbill went to Tulla Sunday to visit their son and daughter at that place.

How She Put It.

The grocer's little daughter had been punished by her mother for breaking her toys and she spent the rest of the afternoon crying.

PLENTY OF 6% Money FOR FARM LOANS See Me FRANK BARBER Representative Southwest-ern Life Insurance Co. Hereford, Texas

DR. J. W. HENDRIX CHIROPRACTIC MASSEUR Residence Phone 46J Hereford, Texas Second Floor Lambert-Buckner Building. FREE CONSULTATION AND ANALYSIS.

Have You Had Your Ride In the NEW BUICK? I will be in your town every Thursday. Will trade for anything of value. For Used Cars No where can you find greater bargains than I will be able to show you. Call me, collect, phones 450-J or 392, Hereford, Texas. E. C. EVERETT Representative Norton Motor Co. Hereford, Texas

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF FRIONA STATE BANK OF FRIONA, TEXAS AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31, 1928

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and Discounts, Bills of Exchange, County and School Warrants, Overdrafts, Banking House, Fixtures, Other Real Estate, Liberty Bonds, Cash and Exchange. Liabilities include Capital Stock, Surplus, Undivided Profits, Deposits, Dividends, Rediscounts, Bills Payable.

The above Statement is Correct. JESSE M. OSBORN, Cashier. OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS—M. M. Henschel, President; H. J. Farwell, Vice President; Jesse M. Osborn, Cashier; Raymond Wright, Assistant Cashier; J. G. Weir and Mrs. Geo. W. Maurer, Directors

When her father came home he asked, "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Nuffin, nuffin," replied his daughter sorrowfully. "But you wouldn't cry for nothing," persisted her father. "It must be something." "Oh, all right. If you must know, I've been having a scrap with your wife." An Irishman who had just arrived in London was taking his walk under escort of his brother, who had been there several years. In the window of a shop he saw a great amount of fresh cranberries. "Them is cranberries," said his brother. "Are they fit to eat?" repeated his brother. "Why, when them cranberries is stewed they make better apple sauce than prunes does."

MARCELLING, FINGER WAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, MANICURE AND FACIALS —of all kinds. In fact any kind of beauty work you may require will be done scientifically and skillfully. THE MODERN BEAUTY SHOP Phone 95, Hereford, Texas. Mrs. Sam Hutson, Proprietor.

A POULTRY SHOW? Not quite—but the best poultry market in the county. Bring along your poultry, eggs, hides and cream—best price—best test. We grind your sausage for a cent a pound. H. P. EBERLING AND COMPANY.

Have Served You the Past 26 Years. E. B. BLACK CO. Furniture and Undertaking Ambulance Service—Day or Night. Hereford Texas.

For Sale Block of town lots, located in the north part of Friona. Price \$250.00 if sold at once. M. A. CRUM, FRIONA, TEXAS

Permit Me To Suggest —That you book your Auction Sale at your earliest convenience in order to secure the date you prefer to sell on. I am booking sales over a large territory for this season. The splendid results obtained in recent sales of livestock, farm equipment and real estate has convinced the property owners to sell at auction, the well-known method by which you can convert your property into ready cash in a day and receive full value. My knowledge of values enables me to render an efficient service which means dollars and cents to you the day of your auction Sale. The many satisfied people I have sold for are my best references. YOURS FOR A REAL SALE. Ray Barber, Auctioneer SUPERIOR SALES SERVICE PHONE 241 HEREFORD, TEXAS

THE LITTLE THINGS TELL! "Mama, Rastus stole a chicken last night, and when they brought him into court this morning, what did the Judge do?" "He married them, my dear." Well, that's one way of fixing things up; when you get ready to get "fixed up" in the matter of gas and oil always remember that good gas and oil is cheaper than mechanics bills. By using Magnolia gas and oil you avoid the motor trouble too often occasioned by inferior products. Wholesale and retail. Free crank-case service. Magnolia Petroleum Co. J. C. WILKISON, Agent FRIONA TEXAS

**CLASSIFIED**

FOR SALE—One \$700 Hobart M. Cable player-piano. Good as new and can be bought for less than half of cost price. Call at Star office. 27-3t

FOR SALE—One 175 egg Safety Hatch incubator, and one 200 chick out door brooder, at bargain prices. H. P. HAMILTON, seven miles south of Frona. 2-d

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One sixteen holo Peoria wheat drill. Used this season. A bargain for \$90.00. Also one '26 model Ford truck, with new tires and a new engine. \$250.00. See LEO McLELLAN, Frona, Texas. to-2t

WANTED—To run your ad in the Star classified column for anything you may have to sell or want to buy. These ads get the lucre.

**Texas & Texans**

By WILL H. MAYES

**Texas Railroad Extensions.**

The Texas railroads are planning to change the railroad map in many sections of Texas during 1929. All of the principal lines are actively making or considering extensions. Construction activities are especially noticeable in the South Plains section, in West Texas, and in parts of South Texas. Expenditures in the Eastern part of the state will be in the improvement of trackage, yard and station facilities. Railroads will continue to do great things for the state.

**Railroad-Bus Combinations.**

Many Texas people who have been watching the development of bus traffic and truck transportation are apprehensive that the railroads have well defined plans to absorb this new competition and they say this is already being evidenced in the efforts to take over bus lines through subsidiary organizations. Should this be done to any large extent highway building in Texas will be largely to the advantage of the railroad corporations rather than the people who build and maintain the roads. Texas needs just the kind of transportation competition that the busses and trucks are now giving. It not only makes for cheaper rates but for greatly improved service.

**Big Spring Growth.**

Post office receipts are usually considered pretty accurate barometers of business. Under this way of estimating Big Spring must be making stupendous progress as the post office receipts for the last quarter of 1928 were about 40 per cent larger than for a corresponding period of the previous year. Oil development has had much to do with this growth although Big Spring disclaims being an oil boom town.

**Polo Pony Trade.**

West Texas is said to be the best section in the United States for raising and training polo ponies. This is due largely, horsemen say, to the bracing atmosphere in an altitude neither too low nor too high for the best lung development, to the wonderful hard turf of the pasture lands, and to the soil chemicals absorbed through the native grasses. A Menard ranchman who specializes in polo ponies has recently sold a car of the ponies at prices ranging from \$300 to \$1,000 each and has a demand for more trained polo horses than he can supply.

**University Oil Lands.**

The quick action of both branches of the legislature in repealing the University oil lease lands by unanimous votes shows the feeling of Texas people in regard to conserving the University revenues. Equally diligent and rapid action should be taken to provide a way for the University to invest its permanent funds in a way to realize a better revenue than can be obtained by investing it in United States bonds. Under the present law the University has to be content with a ridiculously low income from the vast fortune it is accumulating through oil development on its lands.

**Galveston Beauty Show.**

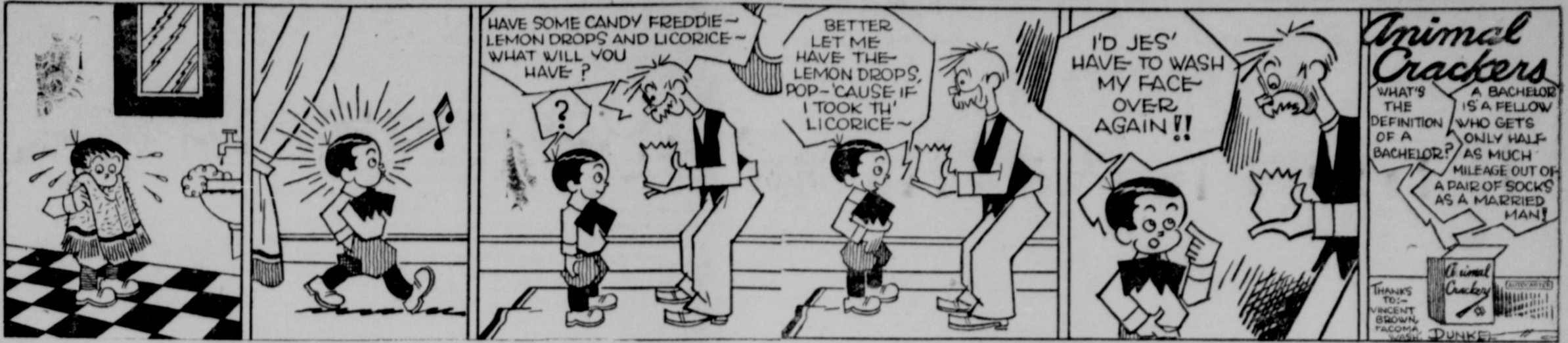
Galveston is often spoken of as "the old lady of the seas." Once a year the old lady arouses herself and puts on a "punchline" contest that puts to shame anything done by Ziegfeld's Follies and that partakes pretty closely of the nature of the New York bath tub party that shocked the whole country a couple of years ago. People flock to the contest to view the most unclothed young women of the country like they once attended Tex Rickard's prize fights. The "Old Lady" smiles as she pockets the proceeds and wonders how much longer the public will pay to look at young women shamelessly exposed. At present she is promising for next summer a show of a kind to startle the most remote sections of the world.

**Texas Ice Plants.**

Texas has now more ice manu-

**THE FUMBLE FAMILY**

by Dunkel



facturing plants than any other state in the country, the number being 225. Pennsylvania follows closely with 224, while California is third with 175. A bill pending in the Texas legislature would place ice manufacturing under control of the Railroad Commission with a view of equalizing the price of ice in all sections of the state. At present there is a large variance in ice prices in different parts of the state, which is said to work to the disadvantage of some sections in marketing products.

**Gas Line Extensions.**

A ten inch gas pipe line to be run from the Brown and Coleman county gas fields to Waco, work to begin about February 1 and construction to cost around \$2,000,000. Charters have been obtained to supply Goldthwaite, Lampasas and other towns between Brownwood and Waco. The line will carry sufficient gas to provide for the needs of many Central Texas communities and the field from which the gas comes appears to be inexhaustible, new wells being brought in every week by operators searching for oil.

**Poultry Industry Grows.**

Calling attention to the fact that the poultry industry in Texas now amounts to more than \$100,000,000 annually, both the East and West Texas chambers of commerce will urge the present legislature to make sufficient appropriations to conduct investigations of poultry disease and other troubles of the industry. With poultry flocks constantly increasing, the necessity for safeguarding against spread of diseases grows.

**Improving Rural Conditions.**

A meeting of 175 farmers at Jacksonville to discuss rural improvement gives this columnist occasion for saying that the chambers of commerce and other organizations in East Texas have certainly worked faithfully the last two years for improving farm conditions and rural life in that part of Texas and the results are apparent even to the casual observer. The towns and country have cooperated in every way until East Texas today bears very little resemblance to the East Texas of a few years ago. Most of the big change has been brought about through soil conservation and by upbuilding and diversifying farming.

**Inviting Trouble.**

Texas auto owners who defer the payment of their automobile tax until after February 1 in the hope that the legislature will reduce the tax and make it retroactive are probably inviting trouble. A Dallas legislator has announced that he has not paid and will not pay the tax and advises others to follow his example. Perhaps the auto tax will be reduced, but there is

hardly a chance that any reduction will apply to the tax collected the first of January, for such things are not done by legislative bodies. A ten per cent penalty and a fine for driving a car without paying the year's license fee will likely be the cost of delay beyond February 1.

Work is to start on road paving in Fabens, according to County Judge McClinton and County Engineer Fred Wilson. Paving is to extend from below the Fabens compress through town and to the Hansen road on the Island.

**Webster Mutilated.**

"Rastus, who is that solvent-looking gentleman speculatin' up

an' down dis aisle wid de gold obstacles?" "Don't you organize him?" "No, I don't organize him." "Ise franchised yuh don't organize him. He's de most confiscated man in our whole diaphragm. He's de new pasture of our own church." "Give me a sentence using the words detail, detail, deduct and defense." "Defeat of deduct went over defense ahead of detail."

Voice Over the Phone: "Is this the lady who washes?" Society Snob: "Indeed, I should say not!" Same Voice: "Why, you dirty thing!"—DrexerD.

**Summerfield**

SUMMERFIELD, January 29.—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Davis motored to Amarillo Sunday to spend

the day with relatives and friends. The Westway school will bring their basketball team to play at this place Wednesday. A very interesting game is looked forward to. Miss Jewell Owens entertained the Sunday school class to which she belongs with a very pleasant social Friday night.

Bervard Roberson spent a very pleasant day in Clovis Monday, combining business and pleasure. A number of young folks of this place went to Amarillo Sunday to spend the day sight-seeing and otherwise. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beckman of UMBERGER were Sunday night visitors at the L. Johnson home.

"What steps would you take if you saw a dangerous lion on the campus?" "Long one!"—Ollaped. "Do you take a cold shower each morning?" "Yes, I have grapefruit for breakfast."

**What the Gray House Hid**

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion by Wyndham Martyn

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**STARTLING** story of mystery; of a house within a house. The owner was totally unaware of the uninvited guests he sheltered. Romance, strange events and sinister proceedings all find lodgment in a charming old mansion, the country residence of a millionaire. You will be fascinated by the mystery and delighted with the plot and characters.

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Well worth while to visit our store and inspect that new line of Silk Bloomers and other Silk underwear which we have just received. These articles are regularly priced at from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Special price next week, 99c. We have also received a splendid new stock of stylish assortments of new Prints, Cretonnes, Voiles and Non-Cling Fabrics, in all the latest shades and colors. Also many new Oil Cloth patterns. See us for Harvest Queen and Everlite Flour.

**T. J. Crawford**

**All Comes Out In The Wash---**

If a Faultless Aluminum washer is used. We claim the Faultless is the very best in the washing machine field today. It washes just as clean in less time. It will wash more clothes at one time. It will last longer. It will require less attention and servicing and perform more satisfactorily and dependably than any other machine. It has soft rubber rolls that do not break buttons. The machine cut steel gears run in oil and last a lifetime. The motor is four cycle, splash and pump lubricated. The oil and gas tanks are separate, making it easy starting. The gyator fins are wide and give more water action and quicker washing. The tub is cast aluminum and will not rust or wear out. A trial is most convincing of its superiority over other kinds. We are distributors for this section. Ask for your demonstration today.

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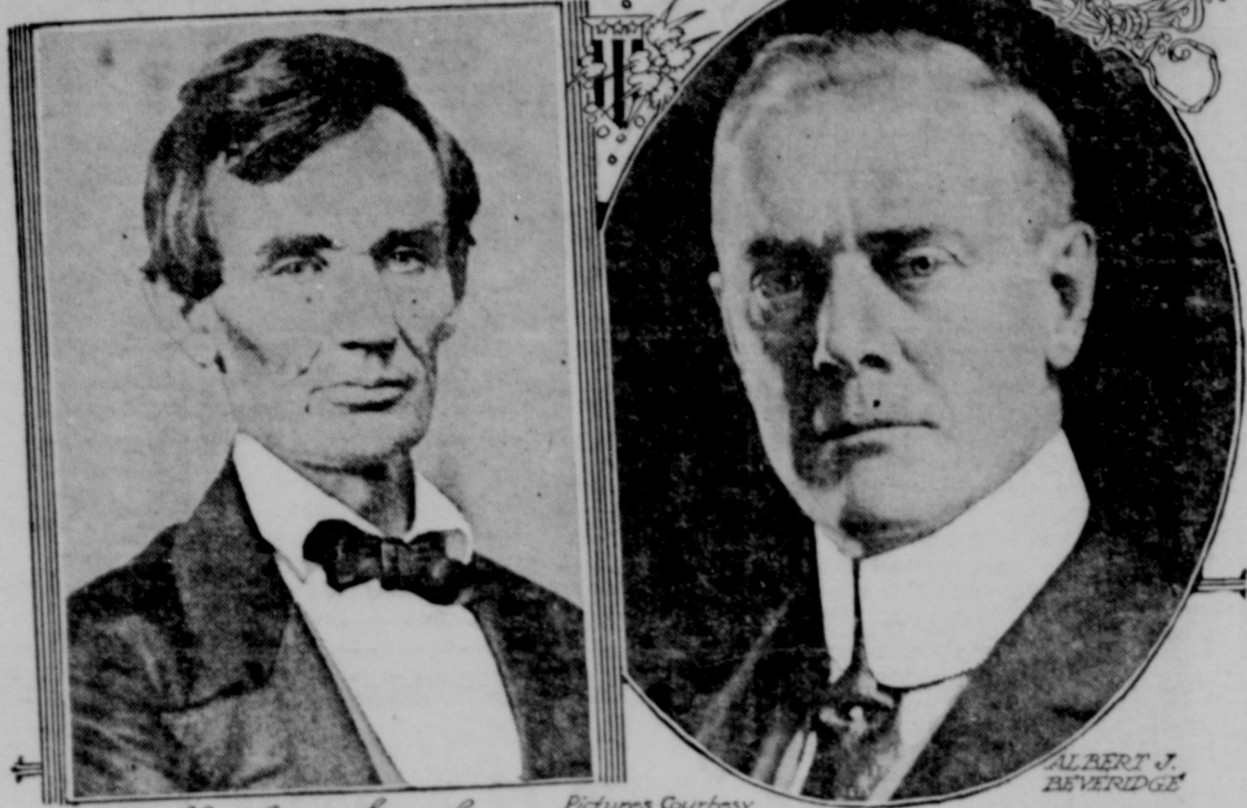


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STAR BRAND SHOES

**F. L. Spring**

# A Statesman Looks at Lincoln



Abraham Lincoln

Pictures Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Company

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ONLY about once in the proverbial "blue moon" is there published a book which is so important as to justify its appearance as "news." In order to deserve attention as a news event, it usually has to reveal some hitherto unknown facts about a subject which is of considerable interest to a large number of people. In some cases a new biography will measure up to that standard, but it is a comparatively rare occurrence for anything, both new and of vital importance, to be discovered about a man great enough to answer the qualification of "considerable interest to a large number of people." In America about the only men of whom this would be true would be Washington and Lincoln.

There have been so many books written about Abraham Lincoln—the number runs into the hundreds—and the whole field of Lincolniana has been so thoroughly combed that it does not seem possible to discover anything new about him. Nor is it likely that a new Lincoln book would ordinarily excite more than casual interest and discussion. However, within recent months there has appeared a new work on Lincoln which has been "news." In that news stories have been written about it. This addition to the store of knowledge about the Great Emancipator is the two volume work written by the late Albert J. Beveridge, former United States Senator from Indiana, under the title of "Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858," and published by the Houghton Mifflin company.

It is a striking fact about this "Lincoln" that the literary critics have been unanimous in pronouncing it the most important study of Lincoln that has yet been written and one newspaper devoted no less than a full page to a review of it by a man of national prominence. He is Claude G. Bowers, "keynote" at the Democratic national convention, at Houston, last year, a friend of Beveridge and himself a biographer and historian of renown. In his review he said: "It seems incredible that we have had to wait for almost seventy years for a biography of Lincoln dealing adequately with the first fifty years of his life. The monumental biography of Nicolay and Hay was written with frank partisanship and, worse still, under the critical eye of Robert Todd Lincoln, who, until the end of his long life, appeared more prone to concealment than to revelation. The Herndon biography was unquestionably the most starkly honest but its very honesty damned it in the eyes of those who preferred to deify rather than to explain its subject. By that time we had entered upon the myth-making period, followed with a flood of biographies written in the spirit of extravagant praise, and the result has been that the Lincoln who lived before the debate has been comparatively unknown until now."

So we have had the great number of books on Lincoln written by every type of person—by biographers and professional historians, by teachers and preachers, by lawyers, by poets and by novelists. And, as one reviewer has pointed out: "Hitherto every new book on Lincoln has been

So-and-so's conception of Lincoln Senator Beveridge, however, undertook to present, not Beveridge's Lincoln, but Lincoln. What is more, Beveridge did what he started out to do."

How does it happen then that the real Lincoln has at last been revealed by a biographer? Perhaps the answer can be found in a statement by Mr. Bowers in which he commented upon the fact that Beveridge does justice to the true greatness of Stephen A. Douglas as it has never been done by historian before. He writes: "There was probably a psychological reason for the Beveridge understanding of Douglas—for there are some striking resemblances in both the gifts and careers of the two men. Both were orators, fighters, possessed of dash and a certain masterfulness of manner; both won renown early; both were chairmen of the senate committee on territories and helped mold legislation that made states; both incurred the enmity of powerful elements in their own party." In the same way it may be said that Beveridge had an understanding of Lincoln because both were skillful politicians who became statesmen in the truest sense of the word and in his own disappointment in the arena of politics, Beveridge could appreciate the disappointment which came to Lincoln early in his political career. So it seems entirely plausible that when "a statesman looks at Lincoln," especially at the period in Lincoln's life when the evolution of the politician into the statesman was taking place, as it was in the period which Beveridge covers in his two volumes, there should result an adequate understanding of the forces which were shaping his life and which were to make him the great man that he was.

The story of how this latest Lincoln biography set about and accomplished his task is in itself a romantic one. Several years ago Beveridge noted principally as a brilliant orator and one of the outstanding personal allies in the United States senate amazed the literary world with his two-volume "Life of John Marshall." It was hailed by scholars not as only one of the finest biographies that had ever been written by an American, but as a noteworthy contribution to American history because Beveridge had made a sweeping and magnificent interpretation of the early days of the republic through the life of the great chief justice. When in 1922 Beveridge suffered his final disappointment in politics and saw that he had missed a promised greatness in this field of activity, he again turned to writing and determined to take up again the thread of the American story. Interpreting a later phase of it than the Marshall phase in terms of the career of a man greater even than Marshall—Abraham Lincoln.

Of that ambitious project and what it involved Bowers says: "Needless to say, Mr. Beveridge did not approach his colossal task in the spirit of an iconoclast, nor in that of a blind worshiper, willing to prostitute his art as a biographer to the preservation of a myth. We have heard him say that he would hardly have had the courage to undertake the task at all had he had the slightest conception of the superfluity with which the field had been searched before."

It was a tremendous task. It meant weary months with dusty manuscripts searching the long deserted avenues that promised the possibility of new light, examining thousands of old let-

ters, turning the innumerable pages of old, yellowing newspapers and traveling before him the not too laborious mission of a new interpretation. He found himself confronted with the necessity of subjecting himself to the hardships of pioneering for facts and he grimly buckled down to his job.

As he proceeded, the task grew in magnitude until, at times, he felt so utterly discouraged that he half-wished to abandon it. Instead of having before him the not too laborious mission of a new interpretation, he found himself confronted with the necessity of subjecting himself to the hardships of pioneering for facts and he grimly buckled down to his job. One day he half-seriously told Justice Holmes, a neighbor at Beverly farms, that should he hear of the finding in the woods of a haggard old man, dead from exhaustion, he would know that it was a friend of his who had been foolish enough to attempt a "Life of Lincoln."

One instance of the painstaking labor which Beveridge gave to his monumental task is that wherein he obtained his information about Lincoln's career as a member of the Illinois legislature. Other biographers have hurried over this period partly because the only first-hand information on it is contained in the legislative reports which are included in several huge volumes, printed in small type and having no index. What Beveridge did was to go to Springfield, dig out these dust-covered volumes and with the aid of a magnifying glass go over them all. The result was, instead of a few hasty paragraphs such as other biographers have written about Lincoln the legislator, Beveridge's study devotes 137 pages to this period which had a vital importance in shaping the character and later career of Lincoln. Another instance lies in the statement that he wrote and rewrote the chapters of his books, not once, nor twice, but many times. One of them was rewritten 12 times before he was satisfied with it!

"At this point the pen of the writer stopped, leaving the chapter in its first draft." Such is the statement made at the end of the chapter on "The Great Debate" in the second volume of Beveridge's Lincoln. "At Mr. Beveridge's elbow were the volumes of the Debates and Schurz's autobiography, open at the pages where he had taken the last quotations or references. On the table near his hand, were the heaps of notes prepared for the chapter, extracts from letters, newspapers, proceedings of conventions and legislatures, and photostats of the more important manuscripts he had found in public and private collection." For Deat, had stayed the hand of the great biographer of a great man. In April, 1927, Albert J. Beveridge died suddenly in the prime of his life with his story half told. Barton, another noted Lincoln biographer, has well said of Beveridge's "Lincoln": "It ends like Schubert's Unfinished Symphony." "This is one of the greatest tragedies in literary history," says Bowers, who pays this final tribute to Beveridge: "However, we may rejoice in the realization that he has done for the first fifty years (of Lincoln's life) that which has never been done before, and no other could do so well. He has raised in his Marshall and Lincoln a monument to himself which will outlast marble and before which future generations will pay homage to his genius as an interpreter of the American spirit."

special process of their own invention till they are doll-like in size. These heads are much valued by collectors of queer relics in London, but an expert says that there are a number of fakes going about. It appears that medical students at Quito have discovered the drying process and are now helping themselves to heads which have not fallen in battle.

Rewards offered by the Indian government for snake killing resulted in 57,000 snakes being killed last year.

## Adopted Elephants

It is a well-known fact in the elephant camps of India that a calf, when left an orphan for any reason, is looked after by the herd and, if a suckling is taken over by a foster mother. This has happened again and again and on one occasion in our experience at a teakwood logging camp a calf that lost its mother at the stage when it was being weaned was taken over by a tusker of uncertain

temper, to be brought up by him. He allowed it to be suckled by a female until weaned, and so strong did his affection for the calf become that he refused to work except with the calf at heel—Major A. W. Smith, in Atlantic Monthly.

**Dried Human Heads**  
Growsome little dried up human heads are appearing in London. These heads have long been treasured as spoils of battle by certain South American tribes, and contracted by a

## WHEN OLD DON PRAYED

(By D. J. Wash.)

OLD DON threw another slice of bacon into the frying-pan, and cried. He was alone in the cabin now, so it didn't matter. Johnny was gone; Big Red was gone. Only a blood spitch on the floor near the little stove, where it had dried, showed signs of a terrible struggle. But now it was over, Johnny was in jail awaiting trial, while his victim lay fighting death in Lorene.

As Old Don emptied the frying-pan into a tin dish and sat at the rough table, the terrible scene repeated itself before his eyes.

He saw Big Red, snow-covered, eyes bloodshot, appear in the doorway. Big Red was not himself, and he had come to tease Old Don. Everybody teased Old Don—that is, everybody from Prigly's lumber camp, for Don's cabin was situated just below Prigly's hill, four miles from the camp and five miles from Lorene. Referring from town on a Sunday night, the men would stop at Old Don's cabin and laugh at him through the shuttered windows. Old Don was the only one that prayed; that's why everybody laughed at him. They laughed, those sturdy men of the North, laughed at the old pictures he had hanging about the wall. They didn't mean it, but it made Old Don angry, because they thought he was crazy. But Johnny looked a little surprised as he caught Old Don once crying before a broken crucifix. He didn't understand, but he always removed his cap when he entered the cabin after the discovery.

Old Don didn't like to be laughed at, so he asked Big Red to go out. Red laughed—his condition, of course—and said he wanted to listen to Old Don pray. That was the climax. Old Don pushed Red toward the door, and the brute struck him. And then Johnny entered and stood motionless by the door, with the soft, white snow falling about him. He didn't say a word. He watched, until Red made another clubbing swing at Old Don. Quick as a flash his left arm shot out and caught the brute above the eye. Old Don didn't remember any more until he saw the sheriff clamping handcuffs on Johnny. On the floor against the wall lay Big Red in a stream of blood. That was all. They freed Old Don after a questioning, but Johnny was taken to jail to face a murder charge if Big Red should die without recovering consciousness. Of course, Don had told them that Johnny struck the brute who had fallen with his head against the stove, but they wouldn't believe him. Johnny had used a club. Old Don didn't know what he said; he was a fanatic—a little "loony."

Old Don raised his grizzled head to the crucifix above the table and whispered as a tear skinned down his cheekbone and dropped, flavoring his untouched meal. He had given up physical hope; and this was his means of saving the boy from death.

He knew they would hang Johnny if Red died. That was his code. And the sheriff had come in only a few moments before to tell Old Don that Red wouldn't live. Red would die unless an operation was performed immediately. And Doctor Bromey, Lorene's only surgeon, could not operate, as he had broken an arm under a crashing pine a week ago.

Johnny, the smiling youth from the big city, would hang, because the Prigly crew said Old Don was crazy. No man could knock out Big Red with his fist, they testified. Johnny would feel the twang of the noose, because Old Don was crazy and couldn't help.

And then, as if in answer to his prayer, a sudden thought flashed through Don's mind. Big Red dying—Johnny to hang—an operation! The jumbled phrases burned sharply against his brain.

Seven miles from Prigly camp lived Deacon Lome. He had been a doctor once—a famous surgeon. He had invested heavily in oil and lost, and then had come North to forget. If Don could only make it through the snow.

Five frozen miles along the gorge, across Lake Mullet—five frozen miles of snow and ice, the shortest way. And Old Don was past sixty. Yet he did not hesitate. He tied the snow shoes to his feet—they seemed heavy without the snow. One look at the figure on the cross and he plunged in to the white sharpness.

It took his breath away. He reeled and hesitated, then diagonally cut across Prigly hill. There was no wind, but the sharpness cut his lungs and made him gasp for breath. He plugged along. Halfway down the gorge he labored, puffing heavily. Suddenly it drew darker. A wind rose above him and the crisp snow cut his nose and cheeks.

Straight ahead, across Lake Mullet, the timber line grew dimmer and spotted with red and burnished gold. The snowshoes were getting heavy—unbearably heavy. Old Don wanted to rest. But always to his mind went the jumbled phrases—Big Red dying—Johnny to hang—an operation! He swerved to the right and onto the frozen lake with the wind to his back. In the momentary relief he could discern the faint light of the doctor's cabin in the distance. Shoe after shoe he hauled through the snow. His weary legs trembled unsteadily. He could have sat down for just a minute but—Big Red dying! He must save Red for Johnny—for Johnny,

who removed his cap when he entered the cabin.

Only a hundred yards ahead was the doctor's cabin. A million little stars danced, and sparkled before the lighted window as Don struggled. A few more steps and the drooping figure stumbled against the door, which slowly opened against his weight, disclosing an aggressive woman just forty.

"Well!" she challenged, eyeing Don fearlessly.

Old Don gasped for breath.

"The—deacon—" he forced out.

"Lorene, for grub," she said curtly and turned to piling the wood near the stove.

Like the snap of a crushed human back was the sound that escaped Don's lips. He staggered out.

His legs, tottering weakly under him as he crawled up the stumpy slope to Lorene, buckled under him. He stumbled over a snow-covered stump—and breathed a word of prayer. And then bright spots began to dance before his eyes growing brighter with every step. He did not feel the cold.

How long he struggled he could not tell. He had lost trace of time and place. His chin hidden in the softness of his collar, he bowed ahead. Somewhere in the distance was Johnny—and death. And then, sudden as the swoop of a falcon, the snow flared before him and he dropped, burying his face in the snow.

Faint were the voices that reached Don's ears as he awoke.

"Johnny!"

There was a sudden hush, and the tobacco smell grew more pungent. Presently the doctor reached Don's side.

"It's all right, Don," he soothed. "How do you feel?"

Old Don felt his face. It was oily and burning.

"But, Johnny, how—"

He turned his head from the pillow to the grimy, smiling face of the men seated along the walls.

"Talking to Big Red in the other room," replied Doctor Bromey, adjusting the sling on his left arm.

And then the doctor left him, and one of the men rose and put out his hand. Old Don took it.

"Big Red's comin' through fine. Johnny's talkin' to 'im in the other room. The deacon fixed 'im up the day before yesterday. But you sure took a long time to come through, pardner."

Old Don lay still for a minute, then smiled.

"Who picked me up?" he asked after a pause.

"Deacon. Was goin' back after Red admits the kid laid him out with his fist."

Old Don squirmed out from under the covers and stood shakily on the bare floor. There was silence in the little room. The door squeaked as the doctor and Johnny watched the solemn act.

For, kneeling against the bed, Old Don was whispering a prayer; while, seated against the walls, the lumberjacks bowed their heads. They did not laugh.

## Comets Chiefly Made Up of Gaseous Matter

While we have no reliable data as to the precise mass of comets we are pretty sure that the biggest and showiest of the lot are no greater than about 10 per cent of the earth's atmosphere. If they came bigger than this they would produce effects on the planetary paths.

Whether they should be regarded as mainly gaseous matter or finely divided solid matter is not just here material, but we may, if we like, imagine them as being equivalent to the 10 per cent of our air, water vapor and so forth, and see just what might happen to it when it gets fairly extended as a comet.

The head of the comet would not take up so much of the atmosphere of which we will imagine it is made, for diameters exceeding 150,000 miles are unusual, but when it comes to the tail there has to be some stretching.

Our atmosphere we may take as fifty or seventy-five or a hundred miles deep, but the upper layers are so thin that we might as well take the 50-mile limit and let it go at that. But to make a comet's tail with only a tenth of this air, the extension staggers the imagination. Tails are common with lengths of 50,000,000 miles and comets have been known with tails longer than from here to the sun, over 100,000,000 miles, with a diameter at the big end of easily 1,000,000 miles.

To get at the extreme attenuation figures of speech are better than those of arithmetic. There was an Arabian tale of a man who never went broke because each day he spent only an exact half of whatever money he had left. If this chap had started with ten cents and kept up his system for a thousand years he would have been able to money than a comet's tail is in matter, and it is probable that to get a close comparison we will have to imagine a single oyster in a stew containing as much milk as the Atlantic ocean holds water.—Kansas City Star.

## Over the Phone

"Is that the secretary of the Oil-ers club?" asked a hazy voice. "Can you tell me when the club opens again?"

"It opens at six o'clock tomorrow evening," replied the secretary shortly. "But what on earth do you mean bringing me out of bed at this time of night to ask that?"

"Very sorry, old chap," came the apologetic voice, "but, you see, I've just woken up in the lounge."

## Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

For Caked Udder and Sore Teats in Cows Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Never strike a man for a loan when he is down.

## Attend the Party In Spite of Cold!

Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret! Pope's Cold Compound soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

In common parlance—slang.



## Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

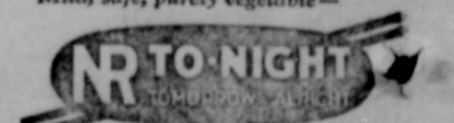
Kills Headache Also in Tablet Form

## DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER

25¢ Relieves Pain

## Feel Good

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or excessive constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—Nature's Remedy—all-vegetable correctives—not just an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lumpy, gassy feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—



At Drugists—only 25c  
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 4-1929.

# Portsider Best Hurler in A. L.

E. Garland Braxton, whom everybody overlooked while admiring performances of Crowder and Hoyt and Robert Moses Grove, was the American league's leading pitcher in 1928. While the angular Washington southpaw won only 13 games and lost 11, which isn't so impressive, his earned run average—the best thing yet devised as a criterion of a pitcher's worth—was only 2.52 per nine-inning game.



E. Garland Braxton.

In a few more, they would win, writes Gordon Cobbledick, in the Cleveland News. That he lost 11 decisions is merely a commentary on the Washington club's ability to get three runs.

It was the second year in succession in which Braxton has yielded less than three earned runs a game, so he must be a pretty fair sort of pitcher.

On the basis of games won and lost, perhaps the most trying feature of life with a roving football team is practicing a sweeping end run in a pullman washroom.

Tia Juana has the distinction of distributing more prize money at its annual racing meeting than any other single turf association.

Burly Horne, right hand pitcher sold to the Cubs by Jersey City, is of slight build, but one of the hardest workers in the game. He pitched in 42 games last year.

## Interesting Squibs of Sports

Of the 150 freshmen at Yale nearly 100 of them are said to be six-footers.

The Army loses five regulars this year. Oh, well what are five or ten regulars—there's still Cagle.

No wonder there are football casualties, Dora says, if every game starts with somebody kicking off.

William Muldoon, athletic commissioner of New York state, was a drummer boy during the Civil war.

Why all the fistcuffs and divorces? There are situations in bridge where it is good policy to trump a partner's ace.

Baseball is different: There, you play 154 games and win a championship instead of eight or nine and claim it.

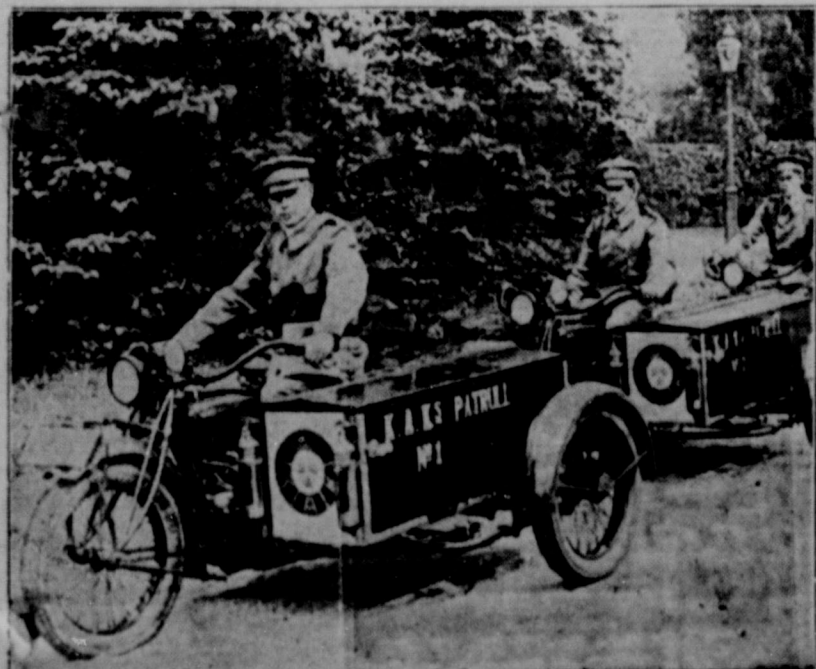
Apparently a winning ball team won't do a St. Louis Cardinal manager as much good as a winning personality.

Fairy Story: "Oh, there a plenty of time," said the general hockey star to an opponent. "You take the puck for a while."

Falt Elkins, all-around Indian athlete, has signed a contract with the Rochester Internationals. Elkins was a football and track hero at the University of Nebraska.

Hai Wilts, left-handed pitcher obtained from the Boston Red Sox in exchange for Walter Gerber, was sent by the Browns to the Wichita Falls club of the Texas league as part payment for Outfielder Jenkins.

## Emergency Repair in Sweden



A part of the emergency repair patrol which has been organized by the Royal Automobile Club of Sweden for the convenience and service of Swedish motorists.

## AUTOMOBILE ITEMS

Most traffic reformers are just persons who would change the ways of others.

Give the radiator hose connections a good coating of shellac to keep oil away from the rubber.

To careful drivers, slippery pavements offer a test of their ability to drive carefully; to reckless drivers they are merely a field day.

Fashion says that in the splashy season the proper idea is to carry spare stockings. Some of them seen on the streets certainly look spare enough.

A most annoying rattle is sometimes caused by a spare wheel, carried on a bracket attached to the body of the car. This equipment should be kept tightened at all times.

Within twenty years street car transportation will be a thing of the past, according to F. R. Fageol, auto coach manufacturer. It will be replaced by the motor bus and coach, he asserts.

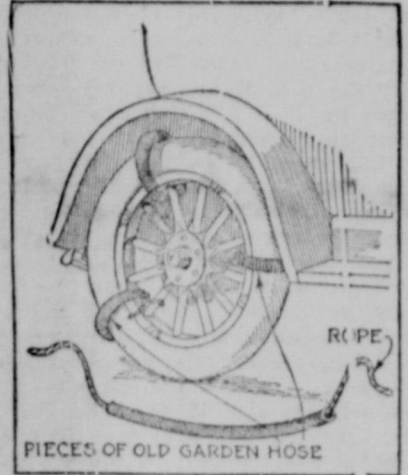
Motorists usually go forward into their own garages, but all car owners ought to do it in cold weather. When the radiator is near the door, it is more likely to freeze, for the best garage doors are drafty.

Safety experts and psychologists who have studied the "jay walking" problem liken it to the "beat the train to the crossing" situation. In both cases a spirit of race causes the careless pedestrian or reckless autoist to court danger.

## Emergency Tire Chains Made of Old Garden Hose

While chains of the ordinary type usually will give you traction in snow or mud, it is a dirty job to apply them. And when most of the route is clear, with only a short section of road in bad shape, chains will come in for a lot of unnecessary wear besides chafing the tires.

The illustration shows a staple solution of the problem. Take pieces of old garden hose and through each piece pass a length of strong rope.



Emergency Tire Chains Made by Threading Rope Through Hose and Tying On.

When you reach the bad place in the road it is the work of but a few moments to tie them in place as shown. They can be removed with equal facility when the bad part of the road is left behind. Pieces of hose attached in this way are particularly effective in deep, soft snow but they are, of course, no good on ice, where ordinary chains should be used.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Hogan and Cohen Are Cage Stars



Frank "Shanty" Hogan, catcher of the New York Giants, and Andy Cohen, second baseman of the Giants, as they appeared at the new Winter garden in the Bronx ready for the basketball game they played against the Everlay team. The baseball stars star equally on the basket ball court.

## Baseball Called Good for Gridiron Players

Baseball ranks next to gridiron play as the best conditioner for football, says R. V. Borleske, coach at Whitman college, near Walla Walla, Wash.

Borleske declares the judgment derived from the timing of a ground baseball, that which comes from locating the probable resting place of a fly ball and the exact endeavor necessary to the execution of double plays help make better football players.

Conversely, he says, forward passing in football is beneficial training for throwing in baseball.

On the coast and Pacific northwest baseball is still a major sport and some of the biggest gridiron stars are also diamond stars. Carroll Washington's football scoring ace; Rohwer, of Washington state; Cheyne, of Idaho; Maple, of Oregon state and Gould, of Oregon, are all baseball men.

## Elect Crane Captain of 1929 Grid Team



Russell J. Crane of Chicago, six American guard selection of 1927, was recently elected captain of the Illinois football team, champion of the Big Ten. Crane is a junior and besides his football activities is the heavy weight champion boxer of the school. He is a husky youth weighing 182 pounds, and has been a bulwark of the Illinois line for two seasons.

# The DAIRY

### DAIRY FARMER OF FUTURE IS ALIVE

#### Will Not Permit Cow to Eat Up Profits of Another.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The dairy farmer of the future will own a modern farmhouse. He will be supported by a high-producing herd of well-bred dairy cattle, which will be fed largely from luxuriant, home-grown crops, raised on well-tilled fertile soil. In short, the dairy farmer of the future will know how to live better and will live up to the best that he knows. That is the prophecy of J. C. McDowell, of the bureau of dairy industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

"The dairy farmer of today is progressive," he says, "but in many cases he is passively progressive. He knows what to do but he does not always do it. The farmer of the future will never allow one cow to eat up the profits another cow is making. He will allow only high-producing and profitable dairy cows on his fertile farm."

"At the present time the average dairy herd produces about 180 pounds of butterfat a year per cow. The time will come when our dairy herds will double that production. This, however, will not result in overproduction of dairy products, because we shall then keep fewer and better cows. By doubling the average production per cow, it is possible to triple the average income over cost of feed. Thus the dairy farmer will make more money."

"But why do dairy farmers want more money? They want it in order that they and their families may have a better living, which includes better homes and better schools. The time is coming when our dairy farmers and their families are going to have not only a good living and the advantages of the open country but also many of the opportunities and conveniences that are now enjoyed by the people of the cities."

## Washing Udder Helpful in Stimulating Yield

When cows are stabled much of the time the udders and rear quarters usually become more or less soiled. This can be prevented in a measure by clipping the long hair around those parts but even then frequent washing is necessary.

If the best quality milk is to be produced the udder should be washed before each milking. One man should go through the barn with a soft cloth and a pail of warm water doing this just before milking is started.

Such a plan not only insures cleanliness but it induces the cow to let her milk down more freely so that when the milker comes to her the udder is ready for the process of milking. Some cows are slow to "give down" and for them the massaging or manipulation of the udder that is inevitable in the process of washing is especially useful.

## Sterilizing Utensils Is Recommended for Dairy

Utensils such as cans and pails may be sterilized by inverting them over a steam jet, although this system is not to be recommended for general farm use. The effectiveness of the jet will depend upon the size of the opening through which the steam is ejected, and the length of time the utensils are steamed. It usually requires about a half a minute to steam a ten-gallon can thoroughly if the steam-gauge pressure is 20 to 25 pounds. If a steam jet is used, the utensils should be steamed until they are too hot to handle with the bare hands. After treatment in this manner, they will become dry from their own heat if placed right side up and uncovered for a few minutes before they are inverted on the rack.

## Grading Up Dairy Herd by Using Pure-Bred Sire

At what rate will a grade animal be "bred up" by the use of a pure-bred sire and the resulting offspring of each cross? The offspring from the first cross of a pure-bred sire on a grade female will be 50 per cent grade and 50 per cent pure-bred. This offspring then bred to a pure-bred sire will produce an offspring whose make-up is 25 per cent grade and 75 per cent pure bred. By continuously repeating this operation, the grade blood will theoretically be bred out, though for registration such an animal can never become eligible. In the seventh generation the animal will be 99.219 per cent pure bred.

## Marketing Crops

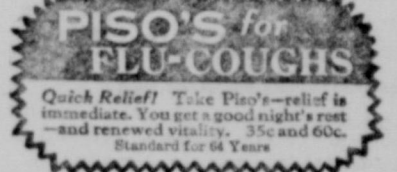
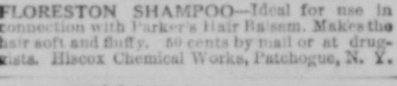
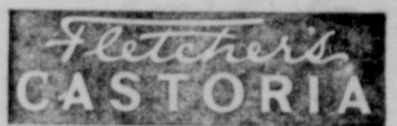
On most dairy farms quite a large part of the crops grown are marketed through cows. The kind of crops grown and the way these are fed have a lot to do with their ultimate value when marketed as dairy products. It is true, of course, that the kind of cow fed has much to do with establishing the value of the feeds used but the right kind of skill in feeding cows avoids the sending of good crops to market through poor cows.

# It May Be Urgent



## When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



Trusting to luck at least saves worry beforehand.

## STOP THAT ITCHING

Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, itch, tetter, ringworm, poison oak, dandruff, children's sores, cracked hands, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restores the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, \$1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

If time is money the lazy man's time must be counterfeited.

## IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

You stand on—with a cough, a cold or gripe, and your blood impoverished. You must do something! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood—builds health and strength.

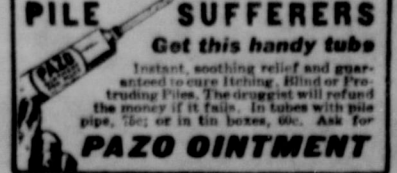


Mrs. Beatrice Morrison of 413 Terry St., Dallas, Texas, remarks: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a splendid family medicine and one that I generally keep in the house. I always give it to my children for coughs and colds. My little girl has been especially benefited by taking this medicine. Diphenheria left her with bronchitis weakness and she got run down, thin and puny. I gave her the Golden Medical Discovery and it built her up in health."

All druggists. Tablets or fluid. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 100 if you desire a trial pkg. of tablets. Write for free medical advice.

## How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against Colds, Influenza or Grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (DR. PIERCE'S) does more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infection.



# THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by Zane Grey

As he looked down upon her, a slight, slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep, and her long, dark lashes lying on her cheeks, he seemed to see her fragility, her prettiness, her femininity as never before. But for him she might at that very moment have been a broken, ruined girl, lying in that cabin of the blands.

Tomorrow she would be gone, among good people with a possibility of finding her relatives. He thanked God for that; nevertheless he felt a pang.

She slept more than half the day. Duane kept guard, always alert, whether he was sitting, or standing, or walking. The rain pattered steadily on the roof and sometimes came in gusty flurries through the door. The horses were outside in a shed that afforded poor shelter, and they stamped restlessly. Duane kept them saddled and bridled.

About the middle of the afternoon Jennie awoke. She cooked a meal, and afterward sat beside the little fire. She had never been, in his observation of her, anything but a tragic figure, an un-

happy girl, the farthest removed from serenity and poise. That characteristic capacity for agitation struck him as stronger in her this day. He attributed it, however, to the long strain, the suspense, nearing an end. Yet sometimes when her eyes were on him, she did not seem to be thinking of her freedom, of her future.

"This time tomorrow you'll be in Shelbyville," he said.

"Where will you be?" she asked quickly.

"Me? Oh, I'll be making tracks for some lonesome place," he replied.

The girl shuddered.

"I've been brought up in Texas. I remember what a hard lot the men of my family had. But poor as they were, they had a roof over their heads, a hearth with a fire, a warm bed—somebody to love them."

"And you, Duane, oh, my God! What your life must be! You must ride and hide and watch eternally. No decent food, no pillow, no friendly words, no clean clothes, no woman's hand. Horses, guns, trails, rocks, holes—these must be the important things in your life. You must go on riding, hiding, killing, until you meet—"

She ended with a sob and dropped her head on her knees. Duane was amazed, deeply touched.

"My girl, thank you for that thought of me," he said with a tremor in his voice. "You don't know how much that means to me."

She raised her face and it was tear-stained, eloquent, beautiful.

"I've heard tell—the best of men go to the bad out here. You won't. Promise me you won't. I never—knew any man—like you. I—I—we may never see each other again—after today. I'll never forget you. I'll pray for you and I'll never give up trying to—to do something."

"Don't despair. It's never too late. It was my hope that kept me alive—out there at the bland place—before you came. I was only a poor weak girl. But if I could hope—so can you. Stay away from men! Be a lone wolf! Fight for your life! Stick out your exile—and maybe—some day—"

Then she lost her voice. Duane clasped her hand and with feeling so deep as hers he promised to remember her words. In her despair for him she had spoken wisdom—pointed out the only course.

Duane's vigilance, momentarily broken by emotion, had no sooner reasserted itself that he discovered the bay horse, the one Jennie rode, had broken his halter and gone off. The soft, wet earth had deadened the sound of his hoofs. His tracks were plain in the mud. There were clumps of mesquite in sight, among which the horse might have strayed. It turned out, however, that he had not done so.

Duane did not want to leave Jennie alone in the cabin so near the road. So he put her upon his horse and bade her follow. The rain had ceased for the time being, though evidently the storm

was not yet over. The tracks led up a wash to a wide flat where mesquite, prickly pear and thornbush grew so thickly that Jennie could not ride into it.

Duane was thoroughly concerned. He must have her horse. Time was flying. It would soon be night. He could not expect her to scramble quickly through that brake on foot. Therefore he decided to risk leaving her at the edge of the thicket and go in alone.

Suddenly there came an unmistakable thump of horse's hoofs off somewhere to the fore.

Then a scream rent the air. It ended abruptly. Duane leaped forward and tore his way through the thorny brake. He heard Jennie cry again—an appealing call quickly hushed. It seemed more to his right and he plunged that way.

He burst into a glade where a smoldering fire and ground covered with footprints and tracks showed that campers had lately been. Rushing across this, he broke his passage out to the open. But he was too late.

His horse had disappeared. Jennie was gone. There was no rider in sight. There was no sound. It came to him then like a blow that he loved the girl.

For three long and terrible years Buck Duane rode up and down the Texas border.

His fame grew steadily until he was the most noted and most misrepresented outlaw of his day.

Hundreds of men in the border towns claimed friendship with him. Every honest rancher between El Paso and Brownsville would have been glad to shake his hand and hide him. Every outlaw along the river feared him; every crooked gambler in the monte dens played fair when Duane happened to drop in; every imitation bad man in the southwest of Texas wanted to kill him, bragged on his name, hunted him when fired by drink.

The better half of that widely scattered populace especially in localities Duane had visited was loath to believe him perpetrator of the crimes laid to him. The ignorant and outlawed class fastened on his name all the rustling, hold-ups, robberies, murders, when direct evidence did not point to someone else.

In a sense, the reputation of every famous outlaw developed by these wild years had suffered more or less from this natural exaggeration and misrepresentation. But no outlaw before him had ever had such a host of admirers and partisans who fiercely gave the lie to any accusation of robbery or crime attributed to him.

It was widely known that he had never earned a dollar in his outlaw career. It was sworn by many and reputable men that he had never stolen one. Few towns or villages on that border had no storekeeper who had not a tale to tell about Duane, the Lone Wolf.

One afternoon, from the top of a long hill, Duane saw the green fields and trees and shing roofs of a town he considered must be Shirley; and at the bottom of a hill he came upon an intersecting road. There was a placard nailed on the cross road sign-post. Duane drew near it and leaned close to read the faded print:

**\$1,000 REWARD FOR BUCK DUANE, DEAD OR ALIVE.**

Peering closer to read the finer, more faded print, Duane learned that he was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Jeff Aiken at her ranch near Shirley. The month of September was named, but the date was illegible. The reward was offered by the woman's husband, whose name appeared, with that of a sheriff's, at the bottom of the placard.

Duane read the thing twice. When he straightened he was sick with the horror of his fate, wild with passion at those misguided fools who could believe that he had harmed a woman.

When Duane reached the crossing of the roads the name Fairfield on the sign-post seemed to be the thing that tipped the oscillating balance of decision in favor of that direction. He answered here to unfathomable impulse.

In Duane's state of mind clear reasoning, common sense, or keenness were out of the question. He went because he felt that he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode

into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairfield. Captain MacNelly's camp was stationed just out of the village limits on the other side.

(To be continued next week.)

## Local Notes

Miss Holmes, Spanish and typing teacher, was absent from the school Wednesday afternoon, January 20, on account of being ill with a cold. Everyone missed her and hopes she will be able to return to hold her classes soon.

## Jackman's

Women's Wear Exclusively

Mrs. Jesse Osborn and Mrs. L. F. Beckner were Hereford visitors Monday.

M. A. Crum was transacting business in Plainview Thursday.

J. J. Horton is the possessor of a new car.

Mrs. Ollie Browder and daughter Retta, sons Bob and Jack, Mrs. J. D. Porter and son, Jack, Mrs. Virgil Whitley and daughter and Leo McLellan were called to Amarillo Tuesday on account of the death of Billie Smith, an uncle. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Gilliam of Bovina who was Mr. Smith's pastor in Oklahoma many years ago.

I will teach beginners in piano, also do plain sewing at my home west of the school building. MRS. (SAM) ARVIS TAYLOR. 2833

## Jackman's

Women's Wear Exclusively

Everyone who has not paid the dollar to Elvin Johnson for the picture for the annual, please see that you bring the money to school at once.

## Ready Made Dresses

Comprising a nice line of Wash Goods and Delicate Silks. Also latest styles in Bolt Goods—Just received a line of splendid Ladies' Hose and Half Hose for children, and a New Stock of Ladies' Hats in Latest Styles and Shades.

## Rushing's Grocery Store

## CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Methodist.

February 1 and 2, dinner served by W. M. S., poultry show. February 3, Sunday school 10:15 a. m. church services 11:15. W. M. S. meets at 2:30, February 5. Board meeting 3:00. Mission study hour for whole church February 6. Epworth League Council, February 7, 8:00 o'clock.

The text book "The Methodist Evangel" used in missionary study has arrived and classes begin on Wednesday night, February 6. We have only a limited number of books, but will have an outline for study. The Discipline requires a study of this book by the church. Enrollment begins Sunday morning. Let all enroll for a study of missionary work.

Any who are ill and desire services of a pastor in prayer, Scripture study or communion, let me know and I will be glad to visit.

not aware of cases of illness. This request is non-denominational. CARTER C. PORTER, Pastor.

### Baptist.

Preaching Sunday February 10, at 11:00 and 8:00 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cameron. Sunday school at 10:00 o'clock, D. H. Meade, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. each Sunday evening.

### Congregational.

Preaching services Sunday, both morning and evening at 11:00 and 7:30, by Rev. Beattie, pastor. Sunday school at 10:00 o'clock. Christian Endeavor at 6:30.

The building of a new modern two story brick Masonic Hall at Falls is under way, the corner stone having recently been laid. The building is to cost \$20,000, the upper story to be used exclusively for lodge activities and to include lodge rooms, banquet space, kitchenette and modern conveniences.

## Abstract of Title

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.

PARMER COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY  
E. F. Lokey, Manager

Farwell

Te

## Violence Is Weaker Than Serenity!

While the rest of the world may be beating the air with its fists and raising a great "hubbub" in a violent attempt to attract the attention of the public, we go serenely on about the business of selling Lumber and other high grade building materials at the lowest possible price consistent with high quality and service.

## Rockwell Bros. & Company

LUMBER

O. F. Lange

Manager

## Is Your Car Or Truck

## Ready For Emergency Errands

A motor that starts fast and runs smoothly is a valuable servant! The smoother your automobile the better your temper—and your day's work.

## Let the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Help You

For every machine of every degree of wear, there is a scientific SINCLAIR oil to suit its speed and seal its power.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL is made in several grades. One of these is exactly right in your car. We also carry a complete stock of Sinclair Mobiline oils. This unsurpassed oil is guaranteed to be 100 per cent pure Pennsylvania oil. F. W. REEVE, who is owner and operator of the Friena Public School Bus System, and also president of our company, has used this oil both in his tractors and in his fleet of school busses and pronounces it as unsurpassed by any oil he has ever used. We also carry a high grade of gasoline, kerosene and distillate, together with a stock of United States tires and tubes, also accessories, greases and lubricants.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL—THE EXTRA SERVICE MOTOR OIL, Sold and Recommended by

## Consumer's Oil Company

FRIONA

TEXAS

## Orthophonic Victrolas

### And Records



SCHAEFFER'S PENS AND PENCILS



DRUGS AND MEDICINES



REGULAR PHARMACIST ALWAYS IN CHARGE

We Fill Any Doctor's Prescription

## City Drug Store