

# The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

23.

Friona, Parmer County, Texas, Friday, December 28, 1928.

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

## New Year's Greetings



### WILKISON-CHEVROLET COMPANY ERRECTION OF NEW FRAME DING TO HOUSE BUSINESS

The New Home Now Going Up South of the  
and Will Care for Growing Business of  
; Expect to Carry Full Line of Cars and  
s at All Times; Wilkison Is Manager.

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### RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Minnie E. Goodwine, who has been visiting her son, L. E. Goodwine and family in Kimes, California, for the past several weeks, returned home Saturday night.

Mrs. Goodwine says California is a nice place to visit and she surely had a most pleasant time, but that country does not appeal to her as a place of permanent abode. While there Mrs. Goodwine visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schlenker, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Schlenker and Mrs. Adaline Reeve and daughter, Miss Rachal, all of whom are former residents of Friona, and she says all are living well and contentedly.

### Dairy Association In Meeting at Plainview

J. E. Ware, who represents Friona on the board of directors of the Texas Panhandle-Plains Dairy Show Association, has favored the Star with a copy of the minutes of the meeting.

The meeting was presided over by President D. F. Eaton of Plainview, and according to the minutes there were nineteen of the thirty seven directors present. Mr. Ware was unable to be there on account of sickness in his family and the urgent work on his farm.

April 2 to 5 was made the date for the 1929 show, the days of the week being, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Among the items of business transacted or presented to the assembled directors was the report of the catalog committee, which was approved with a few minor changes.

A membership drive was discussed and P. C. Bennett of Amarillo was authorized to define a breeder, producer, etc. for the purpose of settling the annual dues for applications for membership.

The annual meeting of the Texas Jersey Cattle Club in Amarillo on January 10, was discussed and the directors voted to cooperate as an organization in rendering every assistance possible in helping to make the meeting a success.

P. C. Bennett announced that the Amarillo Board of City Development had included in its budget for next year a sum of \$100 for membership in the Panhandle-Plains Dairy Show Association.

Mary Ansley, P. C. Bennett and Bob Anglin were named as a committee to ask the Panhandle-Plains Incorporated to include a dairy exhibit in its program next year with the pledge that the Panhandle Plains Dairy Show Association assemble such exhibit.

A committee was appointed to correlate the work of this association with that of other agencies in this territory which are working for dairy development.

Neva Jones spent Christmas holidays with friends and relatives at Lubbock and was accompanied home by Misses Burchette Rayson and Louise Pate and Messrs. Rufus Brewer and Johnnie Rayson.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Pierce of Hedley, Texas, spent Christmas in the home of Mrs. Pierce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bockner here.

### Flour Mill Will Likely Open Early Next Year

The Star has it on good authority that the flour and feed mill located on the south side of the railroad here will open its doors for operation in the very near future.

It is stated that the feed and whole wheat flour department of the mill will begin within the next few days and the flour department is expected to begin by the tenth of January.

Many of our people will welcome this new enterprise as a worthy industry for Friona, and are all ready making plans to patronize the mill for any and all of its products which they may be in need of.

The mill is owned by Mr. Eddins, who lived west of town for some time, but has since removed to a lower altitude. Mr. Eddins has leased the mill to F. M. Nanny of Ben Franklin, Texas, who will move his family here as soon as he can prepare a home for them. Mr. Nanny is a miller of long experience and well versed in the art of making good flour, and comes recommended as an exemplary citizen.

### COLLEGE STUDENTS HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Quite a number of Friona's young people who are away this winter attending various educational institutions, arrived home last week to spend the Christmas holidays with home folk and friends.

Hurd Whitfield and Reeve Guyer who have been attending the state military college at Stephenville, arrived home several days in advance of the others owing to the fact that their school was dismissed earlier than the others on account of the prevalence of influenza at that place.

Among others who have come home during vacation are Floy Goodwin, C. I. A., Denton; Chas. Conaway, A. & M., Colago Station; Frank Spring, Tech. Lubbock; and Misses Esther Reeve and Mary Reeve, Mary Lou Truitt and Mary Spring, who are attending the W. T. S. T. C., Canyon.

Buel Sanders spent Christmas holidays with friends and relatives here.

### FIRE WIPES OUT THE RAYMOND JONES HOME

Most of Furnishings Saved, But Blaze Had Too Much Headway When Seen to Save the House.

Another destructive fire visited Friona Christmas afternoon and completely consumed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramond Jones in the southwest part of town.

Origin of the fire is unknown, as Mrs. Jones and little son were in the country spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Jones, and while Mr. Jones was in town, he had had no fire in the house. He was working near the house when he discovered the fire by the smoke that was pouring from the roof. The fire seemed to have originated in the bath room but as there had been no fire at all there, its origin seemed still more a mystery. Several neighbors came to the rescue and the greater part of the contents of the lower part of the house were saved, and a part of the things that were on the upper floor.

ough there is absolutely no fire protection in that part of town, it is said that the house could not have been saved after the fire was discovered. The walls of the building were of adobe and were still standing after the other parts of the house were consumed. It is thought Mr. Jones will be able to rebuild on these walls.

### MARKET REPORT

Cotton, 14 to	17c
Maize, threshed, cwt.	\$1.05
Kafir	95c
Corn, shelled	75c
Cane seed	\$1.10
Maize, heads, ton	\$15.00
Kafir, heads, ton	\$13.00
Corn, ear	70c
Heavy hens, lb	16c
Light hens	11c
Eggs	30c
Butterfat	46c
Coal, ton, \$13.00 and	\$14.00

### Buff Orpingtons the Favorite of This Man

O. G. Turner one of Friona's most progressive farmers and business men, and who is also deeply interested in poultry growing, has a very profitable flock of Buff Orpington hens on his farm two miles west of town.

Mr. Turner has over three hundred of these fine hens on his place many of which are just coming into their first laying period and he is now getting from three to four cases of eggs each week with a constantly increasing number each day.

Mr. Turner keeps his hens in the barn all the time except on bright afternoons, when he lets them into a scratching pen on the south side where they may be in the warm sunshine. He keeps grain and a balanced ration where they can help themselves at all times and also plenty of fresh clean drinking water for them.

Mr. Turner is partial to the Buff Orpingtons, as he says they will lay as well as any breed he has ever kept and are in his opinion the best table fowl as their bodies are large and their flesh quite tender. He expects to begin hatching about the middle of February.

### ENTERTAINED AT CHRISTMAS DINNER

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Crawford entertained at Christmas dinner Rev. J. I. Beattie and family and Miss Cella Moore.

A part of the time was spent most pleasantly with the radio as a feature of entertainment. Rev. Beattie is the pastor of the Congregational church and Miss Moore is the health nurse who is now serving the schools of Parmer county.

### LOCAL CATTLEMAN SELLS GOOD CALVES

Kansas City, Mo. Clyde Seamond, of Friona, was on the market this week with 20 calves averaging 311 pounds, at \$11.25.

Mr. Seamond is a prominent feeder of the Friona community and always makes his cattle good. The sale was made by Martin Bros. & Lee, L. S. Cow Co.

### TRADES DAY TO BE OBSERVED IN FRIONA ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 5; TO CONTINUE INDEFINITELY

Lack of Something Better, Helps Chamber of Commerce to Decide to Keep Institution Going. Will Stage One Trades Day Each Month Until Further Notice; Everybody Urged to Call for Tickets.

### SENDS GREETINGS.

The local Chamber of Commerce, by its local secretary received a very neat Christmas card from Barthold A. Henschel of Kansas City, Mo., on which he expressed his sincere Christmas greetings to his many Friona friends.

Mr. Henschel spent the greater part of the summer and fall in Friona, assisting in the work of the Friona State Bank and while here made many warm friends among our people who will truly appreciate his greetings and his remembrance of them. The card reads as follows:

"To My Friona Friends:  
"Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.  
"BARTHOLD A. HENSCHEL."

### Car Wrecked East of Town; Nobody Hurt

Last Monday afternoon the Friona Garage received a call to send its wrecking crew out on Highway 33 east of town to the scene and bring in a wrecked car.

The call came from Clovis and the car was represented to be near Summerfield, but it was found only about two miles east of Friona and proved to be a practically new Oldsmobile. The car was found to be badly wrecked, having struck the end of a concrete end or railing to a large culvert. The car must have been traveling at a good rate of speed as the force of the blow broke away a large triangular section from the corner of the concrete railing and knocked the front axle clear of its fastenings and still left sufficient momentum to carry the car the full length of the railing and land it on the ground at the further end where it turned over, and thus the wrecking crew found it. The car was righted and the front end swung to the rear end of the wrecking truck and brought to the garage.

The call, when received at the garage here was supposed to have come from a hospital in Clovis, and one of the occupants was represented to be seriously injured and in a semi-conscious condition, but this proved to be a mistake as the only injury received by any of the occupants was a skinned finger.

It is reported that the car was occupied by a group of musicians on their way from Amarillo to Clovis to furnish music for a Christmas dance, and the driver turned his head to spit out of the window and the car struck the concrete railing while his head was turned.

### SIGMUND TO DALLAS.

John Sigmund, a reader and friend of the Star, formerly of Aransas Pass, Texas, writes us asking that his address be changed to 601 Slaughter Building, Dallas. Mr. Sigmund is a noted oil field promoter and has for the past year or two been deeply interested in the development of a field near the gulf coast and Aransas Pass.

It is said that he has drilled more miles of hole than any other man in Texas in wild cat oil wells. Mr. Sigmund owns a fine tract of land a few miles southwest of Friona.

M. A. Cram spent Christmas with home folks at Floydada.

The first 1929 Trades Day of the Friona Chamber of Commerce will be held on Saturday, January 5, with the usual number of prizes to be given away.

Merchants in all lines of business in Friona will give the Trades Day Tickets, giving one ticket for each dollar's worth of cash trade. Everybody eligible to receive tickets but those who are in business here. Do not fail to call for your tickets when trading at any store, lumber yard or filling station, hotel, restaurant, or barber shop.

At the last meeting of the local Chamber of Commerce it was decided to continue the Trades Day program, which will probably be until something better is devised to take its place, which may be hard to do.

The business people of Friona want all the people to realize that they are their friends and do appreciate their patronage and will make all honorable efforts to merit it.

Trades days will be held at the rate of about one per month and each one will be announced in the columns of the Star. So watch for the dates, trade in Friona and call for your tickets.

### Cheese Factory Favored By Many Parmerites

The question of a cheese factory for Friona is receiving some agitation, but farmers and business men are too busy just now with other affairs to give it the necessary attention to produce results. It is estimated that the Friona territory now has about 250 or 300 producing cows, which will form a very desirable nucleus for the support of a cheese factory.

The city of Slaton is going ahead a cheese factory and creamery in dead earnest. A finance committee consisting of two Slaton bankers and a banker of Southland has been appointed by the Slaton Chamber of Commerce. It is contemplated to finance the cheese factory on the co-operative basis. It is estimated that a supply of 1,000 gallons of milk will be necessary to support the factory.

Hereford will soon have a co-operative creamery in active operation. Financing arrangements are already completed and plans are drawn for the building that will house the plant. This building will be 44 feet wide and 74 feet long and it is said to be one of the most complete plants ever shown in the Panhandle. The finance committee consists of R. O. Dunkie, A. B. Schultz and J. H. Olson.

The Panhandle may boast of a cow that is attracting state and national attention on account of her profitable production. She is Agatha's Pride, a three year old Jersey cow owned by S. J. Underwood of Hale Center and has secured an outstanding record among cows of the Jersey breed in Texas and in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Horton and sons left Sunday for Norman, Oklahoma, where they will spend the holidays. They were accompanied as far as Norman by the Misses Ruby Haynes and Gladys Elam who will go on to Wichita Falls to spend the holidays.

Dick Bales of Hedley is spending this week as a guest of Mrs. Nina Newman and children.

Groping

By Albert T. Reid



Albert T. Reid  
ARTIST

### BORK-O-GRAMS.

Born... and Mrs. Otto... at their home at Lazbuddie, a daughter, Clara Emma, Sunday, December 23. F. E. McMurray at their home southeast of Friona, a son, Tuesday, December 25.

# THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

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### THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk-telephone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rolfe Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes tossing a coin to determine which shall first propose to Doris. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman says he is penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Doris admits to her father her interest in both men, but is unable to decide which to marry. Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise that Doris will not tell the source of her information. Doris is convinced of Stanley's duplicity and is broken-hearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He arranges with his secretary, Frank Wilson, to take charge of his other business interests. He is going to India. Doris tells Waterman part of Nina's story and he promises to "try" to find the girl. Frank Wilson, aware of Waterman's crookedness, leaves his employ. The latter begins to importune Doris for money. Bromfield, the gambler, is pressing Waterman for payment of gambling debts. At Waterman's urging Doris wears her magnificent diamond necklace to the opera. That night it disappears. Doris' father enlists Bromfield's aid in tracing the stones. Stanley returns to New York with an East Indian friend, Swami Ramanara. Doris realizes now that she loves him, and always has.

### CHAPTER X—Continued

"Oh, quite, quite," he said, "and many thanks, old girl." As he spoke he took her hand, and tried to draw her to him. But she said quickly, "Please, don't do that. I don't like it."

"I was only trying to show you how much I appreciate it."

"Do it some other way, if you please."

He drew himself up stiffly. "As you like."

He turned to go, and she stopped him. "Rollin, one moment. What's the use of our going on like this?"

"Like this?"

"You know what I mean. You're not happy with me—I'm not happy with you. Why not end it?"

"You mean divorce?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

Waterman was taken wholly unawares. He knew, of course, that he had imposed upon the generosity of his wife. He knew, too, that he had neglected her. He had taken her too much as a matter of course. But he was so self-centered that he had not realized that she was as yet in any danger that she would resent it. It now became suddenly clear to him that he had gone too far.

"Doris, old girl," he exclaimed, "you don't mean that! I know I haven't been as good a husband as I should, but I've been distracted and worried and bothered by so many things that perhaps I—"

"No," she said, "no, Rollin. That isn't it at all. If you really loved me, all these things would only have brought us closer together. As it is they have driven us further apart. From the very beginning I had my doubts, and now I know that it's all been a terrible mistake. I wish to end it. I've been thinking about it for weeks. And now I want your consent to an undefended divorce."

Strangely enough, though it had not been above an hour since Doris realized for the first time that she loved Jim Stanley, her present conversation was not consciously an outcome of that realization. That realization had, however, clarified like magic her growing point of view about her husband. Doris' realization that she loved Jim Stanley had made clear to her the intensity of the longing that she felt for the life she was now leading with her husband. This aversion became almost intolerable as she waited for his answer.

Waterman tossed his cigarette into the grate and turned upon her, frowning. "I'll never consent," he said.

"Why not?"

"I don't believe in divorce. Also, despite certain obvious drawbacks, I like my home as it is, and I've no intention whatever of being separated from the society of my wife. And besides that—"

"Oh, please, please," she said, "let's not discuss it any more just now. Try and look at it from my point of view. I'm sure that before long you'll see that I'm right."

"Not a chance," said he. He turned to go.

"By the way," said Doris, "Jim Stanley is back."

He turned sharply on his heel. "Ah-h!" he said.

"Why do you speak like that?"

But Waterman knew better than to say anything that might lead to the

of Jim Stanley's name had inspired, so he only asked, "When did he turn up?"

"He telephoned me this afternoon. He's coming here tonight."

"Oh, good, good. How is he?"

"Very well, he said."

Waterman was startled by this news. He had known, of course, that some day Stanley would return, but he had not expected it so soon, and he was not prepared. The announcement flung him with uneasiness, yet he swiftly reassured himself. Stanley's return could do him no harm. He was safe. In fact, it was probably a good thing. He was perfectly aware that Stanley's affection for him was genuine. He had pulled him out of many a hole in the past, and it was more than likely that he would come to his help now. Yes, yes—on the whole he was glad.

His wife had been regarding him with a reflective air. "You're glad that he is coming here?" she asked.

Instantly Waterman saw his mistake. He covered it. "Well, of course," he said, "it's going to be awkward, feeling as we do about him."

"I don't feel as I did about him."

"Eh?"

"No. I don't believe a word of that girl's story."

He was startled. Had Doris found out anything?

"May I ask why you have changed your mind about it?" he asked.

"I don't know, but I have."

"Well, I must say," said he, vastly relieved, "I've heard a lot about the illogical quality of the feminine mind, but this beats anything in my experience. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to behave exactly as if I had never heard that story."

"But late, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said darkly, "it is—very late."

"Well, you can do as you like, I suppose."

"And as to that check," said Doris, "you'll find it on your desk tonight. Or, if you're not in a condition to notice it then, it will still be there in the morning."

"Are you insinuating that I'll be drunk?"

"You often are, aren't you?"

"Well," he said insolently, "there's a key in your bedroom door, isn't there?"

"The end of our romance," she murmured. "A key in my bedroom door."

He shrugged his shoulders and went out.

It will be seen that Doris had solved one of her problems—how to behave toward Jim. She was going to behave as if nothing had happened, and she was sure that nothing had happened—except that her life was spoiled.

Thus she sat and waited for the man she loved.

my first thought was to put you in touch with him."

"That is very sweet of you, Jim."

"You see," continued Stanley, "the Swami is a mystic of uncommon powers. Many things dark to us are clear to him. I am sure, for example, that though it is not two minutes since he saw you, he knows quite well the kind of person you are. Yes—more than that. I am sure he knows whether you are happy or not, and why."

"Really?"

"Don't be alarmed," he laughed. "He speaks English quite well, though with some difficulty, but he has an astounding gift of reticence. You see, he speaks only when he has something of importance to say."

"How charming. If the rest of us were like that, what a lot of trouble it would save."

"Wouldn't it, though! But come now—how are you? Well, I hope—awfully well?"

"Oh, yes, yes—awfully."

"Splendid! And—happy?"

"Of course."

"Fine! You'd better be happy! I remember that about the last thing I said to Rolly was that he must make



"Doris, Doris, My Dear Doris!"

you awfully happy, because if he didn't he would have to answer to me."

"I remember." But the blue eyes did not meet his gaze quite frankly.

"Hm. Well, where is the oldascal? I want to see him—trot him out."

"He'll be here presently."

"Lord! But it's good to see you again. Your letters were not so numerous—just a line from Rollin once, but I don't remember getting any from you."

"No."

"No—not one."

"That's strange, though perhaps it isn't. Whenever I send a letter across the world I always marvel if it is received. It seems a miracle. But how surprising to see you—we had no idea!"

He noted her avoidance but he passed it over and replied, "I didn't warn anyone—just woke up one morning homesick, for the first time, and started the same day. I haven't quite got my bearings yet, but it does seem as if of the town is noisier than ever. I wish Rollin would hurry up. I can't stay but a moment. Lots to do. You see I'm going down to the country tomorrow to open up the place."

"Has it been occupied while you've been gone?"

"No—locked up just as it was. There'll be lots to do if I'm to be a going concern in a few days. But I want you and Rolly to spend a week end with me pretty soon."

### Bad Handwriting and Genius Often Linked

Are great writers necessarily afflicted with bad handwriting? A French paper puts the question. But there seems to be no hard and fast rule.

The writing of Victor Hugo, one of his publishers said once, "resembled a battle-field on a piece of paper." The typesetters who succeeded in deciphering Balzac were often desperate, and one is said to have gone crazy after hours of vain effort.

Robert Louis Stevenson was even worse. No printer ever could make out what he had written. Stevenson had to assist in copying what he had put down in the first place. Sydney Smith could not decipher his own handwriting after twenty-four hours.

On the other hand certain English

writers like Arnold Bennett, Thomas Hardy and H. G. Wells, write legibly and even elegantly. But it should not be forgotten either that none of these three started out on a writing career in youth. Arnold Bennett was destined for the bar and served his time in a lawyer's office. Thomas Hardy began as an architect, and H. G. Wells started out in life as a dry goods clerk.

"Old King Cole"

King Cole was a British king of the Third century, who is said to have taken Camulodunum from the Romans and to have named it after himself Colchester. According to some of the old chroniclers, he was the father of the Empress Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine. He is the subject of a well-known nursery rhyme.

Language Comparisons

There are THREE more words in the English language than in the French. There are SEVEN more words in the English and Spanish languages com-

"Why, of course."

"How about next Saturday?"

"I think, perhaps, if Rollin has nothing else."

"Good—next Saturday, then."

With this, Waterman stood in the doorway. Stanley made a rush and seized him by the shoulders. "Old man! Old man!—By George! This is great!" He shook him playfully before he took his hands.

"I'll say it is," said Waterman. "How're you, old thing? Quite a surprise."

"Yes, yes—I didn't tell a soul I was coming. Oh, beg pardon, Swami—this is my old friend, Rollin Waterman. You've heard me speak a lot of him. Rollin, the Swami Ramanara."

"The what?" said Waterman.

"The Swami Ramanara," repeated Stanley.

"Oh, yes, yes, I know—Wag down upon the Swami river—what?" He laughed noisily at his own joke. A moment's silence fell upon the group. Doris dropped her eyes. A faint flush mounted to her cheeks.

Stanley looked at his friend, between narrowed lids. Only the Swami seemed indifferent. Swiftly Stanley took control.

"Well, Rollin, old fellow, it's fine to see you again—simply splendid. I've got a million things to tell you—but not now. I must be off again. This Swami has an appointment to meet some friends of mine and I've got to chaperon him. I'll look in at your office before long, if that's agreeable to you?"

"Sure, sure, come along."

Stanley turned to Doris, and took her hand again. "Good night," he said. "Remember—on Saturday."

She looked at him a little pitifully. "Good night," she said, and to the Swami, "Good night, sir. I do hope you will come and see me again."

"Madame, I thank you. Good evening." The Swami turned to Waterman. "Sir," he said and bowed again.

"Sir to you," responded Waterman genially, swaying ever so slightly on his heels.

Stanley glanced uneasily from his friend's wife to his friend—but there was nothing to do. Unhappy, he departed.

Stanley passed an unhappy night. His first impulse was to get in touch with Wilson. Not, he reflected, that Wilson was likely to know anything that he wished to know, and yet he might. Still, ought he to talk to anyone about it? How far had this kind of thing gone?

Returning to his hotel in the taxi, the silence was presently broken by the Swami. "The lady has a sweet spirit," he said.

"No one knows that better than I," answered Stanley.

"She is not happy."

"I'm afraid not."

"Her life is not harmonious. There are discords."

"What do you mean?" But the Swami would say no more.

Stanley did not go to Waterman's office the next morning. He did not wish to see him at present. He found it difficult to pardon what he had seen the night before. In the past he had forgiven his friend for many things and now he tried to do him justice. "Idiotic of me," he thought, "to be so disturbed about such a trifle!" Yet disturbed he was and he decided to postpone his talk with Waterman. Instead of keeping that appointment, he telephoned to Wilson, got a motor, and after lunch started for the country.

The sun was warm, the air was still. The motor moved silently, smoothly, with effortless power, as if traveling through the picture of a dream. For a time Jim Stanley was at peace. He said little to Wilson, and asked no questions whatever. Wilson on his part respected his companion's mood. He, too, was happy—happier than he had been in a long time. He was content to be near the man he loved.

Stanley's place in the country had many characteristics of the English manor house. It was rather low rambling and informal, comfortable and cheerful.

A winding private road, perhaps an eighth of a mile in length, brought the motor to the door. Jefferson, a middle-aged servant who had grown up in the Stanley family and who had been the caretaker during Jim's absence, stood upon the doorstep to greet his employer.

The tour of the house which followed was brief. Stanley knew that with Jefferson in charge all had been well. Presently the trio reached the library.

"Jefferson," said Stanley, "I mean to occupy the house from now on, at least until spring. So you had better get things going at once. How much of a staff have we at present?"

"Just myself, the gardener and the house-keeper sir."

"You see, Mr Stanley," explained Wilson, "when you went away so suddenly, you didn't give me any instructions: so I did what I thought you'd like and cut down expenses to the minimum."

"Why, of course."

"How about next Saturday?"

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"She is not happy."

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Stanley did not go to Waterman's office the next morning. He did not wish to see him at present. He found it difficult to pardon what he had seen the night before. In the past he had forgiven his friend for many things and now he tried to do him justice. "Idiotic of me," he thought, "to be so disturbed about such a trifle!" Yet disturbed he was and he decided to postpone his talk with Waterman. Instead of keeping that appointment, he telephoned to Wilson, got a motor, and after lunch started for the country.

The sun was warm, the air was still. The motor moved silently, smoothly, with effortless power, as if traveling through the picture of a dream. For a time Jim Stanley was at peace. He said little to Wilson, and asked no questions whatever. Wilson on his part respected his companion's mood. He, too, was happy—happier than he had been in a long time. He was content to be near the man he loved.

Stanley's place in the country had many characteristics of the English manor house. It was rather low rambling and informal, comfortable and cheerful.

A winding private road, perhaps an eighth of a mile in length, brought the motor to the door. Jefferson, a middle-aged servant who had grown up in the Stanley family and who had been the caretaker during Jim's absence, stood upon the doorstep to greet his employer.

The tour of the house which followed was brief. Stanley knew that with Jefferson in charge all had been well. Presently the trio reached the library.

"Jefferson," said Stanley, "I mean to occupy the house from now on, at least until spring. So you had better get things going at once. How much of a staff have we at present?"

"Just myself, the gardener and the house-keeper sir."

"You see, Mr Stanley," explained Wilson, "when you went away so suddenly, you didn't give me any instructions: so I did what I thought you'd like and cut down expenses to the minimum."

"Why, of course."

"How about next Saturday?"

"I think, perhaps, if Rollin has nothing else."

"Good—next Saturday, then."

With this, Waterman stood in the doorway. Stanley made a rush and seized him by the shoulders. "Old man! Old man!—By George! This is great!" He shook him playfully before he took his hands.

"I'll say it is," said Waterman. "How're you, old thing? Quite a surprise."

"Yes, yes—I didn't tell a soul I was coming. Oh, beg pardon, Swami—this is my old friend, Rollin Waterman. You've heard me speak a lot of him. Rollin, the Swami Ramanara."

"The what?" said Waterman.

"The Swami Ramanara," repeated Stanley.

"Oh, yes, yes, I know—Wag down upon the Swami river—what?" He laughed noisily at his own joke. A moment's silence fell upon the group. Doris dropped her eyes. A faint flush mounted to her cheeks.

Stanley looked at his friend, between narrowed lids. Only the Swami seemed indifferent. Swiftly Stanley took control.

"Well, Rollin, old fellow, it's fine to see you again—simply splendid. I've got a million things to tell you—but not now. I must be off again. This Swami has an appointment to meet some friends of mine and I've got to chaperon him. I'll look in at your office before long, if that's agreeable to you?"

"Sure, sure, come along."

Stanley turned to Doris, and took her hand again. "Good night," he said. "Remember—on Saturday."

She looked at him a little pitifully. "Good night," she said, and to the Swami, "Good night, sir. I do hope you will come and see me again."

"Madame, I thank you. Good evening." The Swami turned to Waterman. "Sir," he said and bowed again.

"Sir to you," responded Waterman genially, swaying ever so slightly on his heels.

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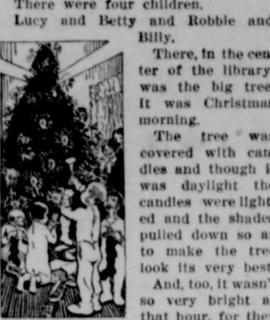
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**Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale**  
By MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
ONCE A YEAR

There were four children, Lucy and Betty and Robbie and Billy.



There, in the center of the library, was the big tree. It was Christmas morning. The tree was covered with candles and though it was daylight the candles were lighted and the shades pulled down so as to make the tree look its very best. And, too, it wasn't so very bright at that hour, for they were always up very, very early on Christmas morning.

They began to see the things on the tree they had asked Santa Claus for, and then they looked to see if he had taken the notes they had written to him wishing him a Merry Christmas. Sure enough! He had taken them, and they hoped very much that he had.

All these thoughts went through their minds very quickly and then they began to say:

"Ah," and "Oh," and "Isn't it wonderful!" and "Look!"

"Well," said their daddy, "let us sit down and look at all our presents."

They sat down on the floor. Each one took a stocking which had been hanging in front of the mantelpiece—each was named.

Every stocking was well filled. Every stocking stuck out queerly so that no one could have guessed what was in it.

What a guessing match there was though before they emptied the stockings—just to keep the surprise a little longer, for they had an idea that Santa Claus wanted them to be as surprised as possible.

And when they did guess what was in some of the stockings it was such fun!

After the stockings had been looked at and the oranges and apples had rolled out of the toes, the presents were taken from the tree.

The candy canes and candy animals and the decorations were kept on, for the candy would be eaten later on and the decorations would be kept through the Christmas season.

There were many presents around the foot of the tree. And now they felt how marvelous it was that on just one day of the year all these wonders and treats and surprises and delights should happen.

They ate Santa's oranges for breakfast and their mother said:

"Dear me, I wish I could find such big juicy oranges as Santa finds. He's a better shopper than I am."

And their daddy laughed and said:

"He's a smart old fellow."

"It's hard to get ahead of him. And even if we can't find quite such delicious oranges we get them every year through his goodness!"

"He's the dearest soul in all the world," said Lucy, "except the family."

"He's wonderful," said Betty, "and oh, my dollie is so adorable. He gave me just the kind of a dollie I wanted."

"He's a wonder," said Robbie, and Billie said:

"He's great!"

Then every one shouted:

"Three cheers for Santa Claus, and three cheers for Christmas, the great, great day that we have once a year."

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## Old Kitchens for New

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

"THIS is a really satisfying color scheme," said Marion, looking about the lovely roof garden where we were lunching.

"Why so interested in color schemes?" asked some one.

"We've sold our house and are going to build a smaller one. The old house is far too large. It takes three maids to keep it in the order in which it should be kept. Since I find it hard to get even one maid, I am planning to be independent and make our new house into a servantless one. Jim and I are alone most of the time, now that the boys are in boarding school.

"I know you will be amused when I tell you that the reason I am taking note of the color scheme here is that I am going to use something of the sort for my kitchen. It is going to be one of the nicest rooms in the house, for I shall spend most of my time in it and I am going to make it so attractive that it will be a pleasure to work in it. I know too well what the faults of my other kitchen were and I am not going to repeat the mistakes I made there."

"Then you will not have as large a kitchen as you had," she was interrupted.

"I have not decided on the size," Marion rejoined. "It's going to be planned for convenience and equipped with labor-saving devices. And above all, things will be properly placed to save time and energy in the cooking and cleaning processes."

"You speak by the book," laughed one of her friends.

"I am far more interested in the books on home-making that I am in studying up the latest bridge leads, and I find it more fascinating the more I go into it. I expect you will all envy me when you see my model plant."

It is an easy matter to make plans and carry them out in building and equipping a model kitchen, if, like Marion, you do not have to regard expense. But it is quite a different

have the chance to make it into a convenient workshop. If you have too many doors to make it possible to group your equipment, close up one of the unnecessary ones with a cabinet that is built in to fit the space, or else purchase a cabinet from a reliable house-furnishing store.

You can save many steps if the utensils in use all the time are placed near the sink or the work table. If your closets make it impossible for you to arrange your utensils conveniently, build a rack on your table to hold them. Fasten rigid uprights to either end of your table or to the floor, and on these place a horizontal bar a little above the level of your head. Sometimes a narrow shelf is added on top to hold bottles and jars of seasonings, sugar, salt, and other foods much in use. You can hang aluminum saucepans and frying pans on your overhead rack and they will add much to the appearance of the kitchen, for, with the use of steel wool and a nonalkali soap, your utensils will shine like polished silver.

Look about your kitchen. See what can be done to improve it. A fresh coat of paint on the walls will work wonders. If your kitchen is painted a gray or dull buff, the color should be changed. Use instead some bright, cheerful tone. Sunshine yellow, a soft buff, cream, or some other color that reflects the light will raise your spirits and you will find that the day's work will go much faster. Light colors are more practical than dark ones in a kitchen. Dark colors absorb light, while light ones reflect it, and therefore, they reduce lighting expense.

I always thought enamel paint would be best for a kitchen, but now I know better. I found, to my sorrow, that it is not a good thing to use. Even with the best of care, things will splatter in a kitchen and it is impossible to wash enamel paint without removing some of the gloss. A friend of mine used what is called an egg-shell finish on her kitchen wall, and it is not only better looking, but it is far more practical.

One reason we women hate being in our kitchen so much is because we get so tired looking at the same old things day in and day out. We change the other rooms in our homes and leave the kitchen. Usually, it is left year after year without any improvement and it is a dull and uninteresting place in which to work.

Because kitchens have always been



A Conveniently Arranged Work Table.

proposition to try to make an inconvenient old kitchen into a convenient one when you have many limitations to consider. This subject is uppermost in my mind, for it is a problem that I have met lately.

Of course, there are certain things that everyone can do to make an old kitchen into a pleasant workshop, and every housewife should see to it that she has her things arranged in the way that will save her time and strength.

Good business men do not try to get along with old worn-out machines. They are always on the lookout for the devices that will save time and reduce the cost of labor. So it is with the professions and so it should be with the important business of home-making.

But some of us are like a banker I knew, in a little town, who boasted proudly that he was the only man in his state who still used a slate for casting up his daily balances. His business grew away from him and went to more progressive men who used adding machines. I suppose to this day he wonders why he lost his business and probably claims that the other men used unfair methods.

It is the same principle applied on a small scale that makes a woman do without a double-boiler because it is expensive. She loses much valuable time trying to make something else take the place, and burns up food in the attempt to do without it. In the end, the amount of waste would more than pay for several double boilers.

Think of the time lost in walking to and from closet to sink and then the table, and from the table to the stove in a big old-fashioned kitchen. Just a little adjustment, and time and energy will be conserved. The old closet in the far end of the kitchen should be abandoned and a kitchen cabinet installed. The work table which has always stood in the center of the kitchen may be moved so that it will be nearer the stove and the sink.

If your kitchen is a large one with a wall space that is not broken into by many doors and windows, you still

painted either tan, gray or green, with the woodwork to match or else finished with varnish or oil is no reason yours should not be painted in a new way. For instance, a white wall would be more interesting if the woodwork was painted a soft apple green, than if it was stained or varnished. Or a cream-colored wall with blue woodwork would be most attractive. I know that this color scheme is a good one for a kitchen, because I have it in mine.

Then consider the question of floor finish. If it is uneven from many years of hard wear, have it planed smooth, if possible, and then covered with linoleum, choosing a design to carry out your color scheme. In case, however, the flooring is warped, do not try to use linoleum, for, even with a lining, it will not give good service. It will be better for you to keep the old flooring and to use it in its natural state until such time as you feel you can have it replaced.

I have seen many cases where people spent more money than a few floor would cost in attempting to remedy the condition of one that was old and worn.

In former days, when expensive utensils were turned over to the tender mercies of careless servants, a housewife was wise in considering the initial cost. But now that she is handling her own pots and pans and is cleaning her own kitchen, she is justified in making everything as pretty and convenient as possible.

Get the best labor-saving equipment and use it for all it is worth. Have flowers and pretty curtains in the windows, if you like them. An artist cannot paint unless the setting of his studio pleases him, and you are the artist who must blend all the elements of your household into one perfect and harmonious whole.

Study your kitchen from a new angle and see if something cannot be done to lighten your labors.

(Copyright.)

### Money, Fools and Menaces.

Money is but a tool; as soon as it becomes other than a tool in use it is a menace—American Magazine.

## Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, (©. 1928. Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 30

REVIEW—PAUL, THE WORLD CHRISTIAN

GOLDEN TEXT—For me to live is Christ.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Stories of Paul.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—What Paul's Life Teaches Us.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Secret of Paul's Greatness.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Life and Achievements of Paul.

Two methods of review are suggested.

1. The application of the principles to modern everyday life. This can only be applied to adult classes. Assign a week ahead the task of finding in each lesson a vital application to the current interests of life. The following are offered as examples:

Lesson 1. The bearing of Christian doctrine upon magical arts.

Lesson 2. How to love everybody.

Lesson 3. The standard of Christian giving.

Lesson 4. The measure of pastoral responsibility.

Lesson 5. How to overcome the drink habit.

Lesson 6. Brotherhood in Christ the way to abolish war.

Lesson 7. The civil rights of a Christian.

Lesson 8. Prayer, the index of the genuineness of the Christian's life.

2. Make a summary of the facts of each lesson and study the leading teaching thereof.

Lesson for October 7. Paul boldly preached the gospel at Ephesus in the synagogue and in the school of Tyrannus. God accompanied his preaching with miraculous deeds.

Lesson for October 14. The infallible test which determines the reality of spiritual gifts is one's conception of and attitude toward Jesus Christ. The best of the Spirit's gifts is love, within the reach of all.

Lesson for October 21. The source of Christian generosity is the grace of God. God's gifts are reckoned by the degree of willingness.

Lesson for October 28. Paul, knowing that false teachers would arise in the church at Ephesus, called the elders of the church together that he might instruct them how to meet the difficulty. The ground of the charge he gave them was that the church had been purchased with the blood of Jesus Christ.

Lesson for November 4. The believer in Christ is a citizen as well as a Christian, loyal to the state as well as to the church.

Lesson for November 11. The believer is in the world but not of the world. He sustains a relationship to God which is absolute devotion to Him, a relationship to his fellow-believer which is genuine love, and a relation to the unbeliever which is to do good for evil, live honestly before them and be at peace with them.

Lesson for November 18. In order to remove prejudice from the mind of the Jews, when Paul went to Jerusalem he took a Jewish vow.

Lesson for November 25. Paul's prayer life explains the power and efficiency of his ministry.

Lesson for December 2. Though Paul was brought before powerful rulers, he not only defended himself against the charges, but used the opportunity to witness to them of Jesus Christ, making a personal appeal.

Lesson for December 9. Paul's longing to see the Romans was now about to be realized. After a stormy voyage he was met by the brethren from Rome some forty miles out of the city. Though in the capital city and treated with leniency, he remained under the guard of a soldier. This gave him an opportunity to preach the gospel to the soldiers.

Lesson for December 16. Paul had many real friends. This reveals his humanness, for he who would have friends must show himself friendly. He not only prayed for his friends, but furnished them with letters of introduction when on business errands. He also wrote letters to his friends. One of the most tender and beautiful letters ever written was that of Paul to Philemon, a model of tactfulness and the first antislavery petition ever penned.

Lesson for December 23. As Paul came to the end of his life he presented the true view which a Christian should have concerning death. He presents it under two metaphors; one an offering, and the other a departure. He not only had the right view of death, but he could look backward upon his life with the consciousness of having finished his course, and forward with confidence of an eternal fellowship with God.

### The Believer

The believer is the Bible of the street. If he can reveal that he has found a secret, his life is more eloquent than any preaching. For it reaches men, not from a distant pulpit, but from the levels of their every day, where life is so often difficult and cheerless. A Christian is not a man who is resigned; he is meant to be a man who moves rejoicing. God meant him to be the spiritual alchemist, transmitting the baser metals into gold.—G. B. Morrison.

## Making War on Pestering Flea

Important Matter to Eliminate Breeding Places of Little Pests.

When fleas become annoying or dangerous to health it is necessary to take steps to alleviate immediate discomfort, but the important thing is to act energetically to eliminate the breeding places of fleas, and so put a check on the supply. This is the advice offered by the bureau of entomology in Bulletin 897-F, "Fleas and Their Control."

F. C. Bishopp, author of the bulletin, says fleas breed in greatest numbers on soil or in dust containing vegetable and animal matter protected from rain, wind and sun, but at the same time furnished with a certain amount of moisture. Spaces under buildings and porches fit these flea requirements, and it is well to prevent all animals and poultry going into such places. The vegetable and animal matter should be cleaned up carefully, the area sprayed with creosote oil, and the ground where the immature fleas are developing covered with salt and thoroughly wet down.

House infestations may be prevented by eliminating pet animals and applying gasoline to the floors after all rugs have been removed and the floors thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water. Applying derris powder to pet animals or washing them in a comparatively weak solution of saponified creosote or kerosene emulsion will destroy the fleas upon them. The skin of cats is tender and dips and washes must be milder than for dogs.

About 500 species of fleas are known to exist, Mr. Bishopp says, but less than a dozen are of special interest as pests to man and domestic animals. "But any individual of these few species, when bent upon satisfying its appetite, fully occupies the attention of its chosen host." The human flea, dog flea, cat flea, sticktight flea, chicken flea, and the rat flea (which carry bubonic plague) are the principal species that annoy man and domestic animals in the United States.

Relieve Bites. Various cooling applications give relief in case of flea bites. A three per cent solution of carbolic acid in water applied to the bites will be beneficial. Menthol, camphor and carbolated vasoline will help allay irritation. Iodine in the form of a tincture will alleviate irritation, but should not be used by persons afflicted with any form of eczema.

Mr. Bishopp notes that the greatest horizontal distance fleas can jump is about 13 inches, and not more than half this distance vertically. It is possible to prevent them from gaining access to a bed by placing sticky fly paper about 13 inches wide on the floor around the bed, provided fleas are not breeding under it, or by placing the legs of the bed in pans of water covered with a film of kerosene.

### Profitable Garden Plan to Prepare Soil Right

Prepare now to have a year-round garden. You will find that a well planned and properly cared for vegetable garden will cut the grocery bill in half. Spend more time in your garden and less time in your car, suggests Prof. C. C. Newman, chief of the horticulture division at Clemson college, who believes that the time spent in the garden will pay handsome returns at harvest time.

In preparing the spring garden bear in mind that thorough preparation of the soil is absolutely necessary—if best results are to be obtained. Plow the land to a depth of eight to ten inches and harrow repeatedly until a perfect seed bed has been formed.

Apply an 8-4-4 fertilizer broadcast at the rate of 1,500 to 2,000 pounds per acre, where vegetables are to be planted in rows 18 inches apart and cultivated by hand, the fertilizer being worked into the first three or four inches of soil. Vegetables planted in three or four-foot rows are best fertilized by applying the fertilizer in the drill and thoroughly mixing with the soil, and then covering with two or four furrows preparatory to planting the seeds.

### Farm Notes

Little pigs may be vaccinated against scours, if a veterinarian can be employed.

Sheep should be protected from cold rains and cold-hearted dogs. They are both dangerous.

Cull beans fed to hogs should be cooked in water that has a small amount of salt in it.

You might as well make up your mind that you have got to fight "them bugs" if you get any crop—so arrange to do it as efficiently as possible.

The use of sweet clover pastures is safe; so is also, in nearly all cases, the first year hay crop and also the second year crop when it is entirely free from mold.

If the pasture on the other side of the fence always looks greener, as the proverb has it, maybe it's because the man on the other side of the fence uses lime and acid phosphate, with occasional reseeded.

## Life look

Health worth more than fortune

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself."

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly."

Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York.

### Heir to millions



Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it. Be sure you get the genuine. Sold only in sealed packages.

### Ancients Got Copper

From Arabian Mines

Detective work by chemists recently trailed the copper used in ancient Mesopotamian weapons to the mines where it was obtained. Archeologists wanted to know where the men of Sumer, oldest of Mesopotamian kingdoms, got their copper. Inscriptions on bricks failed to tell them. So they sought help from metallurgical chemists. These men examined the copper of the old weapons, comparing it with specimens from Persia, the Black Sea region, Cyprus, Egypt and other neighboring countries to see if they could find the same impurities. At last in copper from mines on the Arabian peninsula, near the Persian gulf, a similar amount of nickel in the metal was discovered, indicating that these were the mines from which the metal for the ancient weapons had come.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Allies Now Play at War

For the first time in history army maneuvers were conducted by the soldiers of two nations at a recent mobilization in the occupied Rhine territory. Before beginning their cavalry maneuvers the French infantry of King's Royal Irish Hussars to participate, and the invitation was gladly accepted.

### Valuable Oil Cheap

Rubber planters at Singapore are interested in demonstrations of a process for extracting oil and spirits from rubber scrap. Production costs for oil are said to be about 10 cents a gallon. It has been found useful in combating mosquito pests and in malaria prevention work.

### 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 disease. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restoring the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, \$1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

### Human Weakness

There are times when most of us feel like consigning our good intentions to the place that is already paved with them.

Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blued with Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adv.

In twenty years these will be "the good old days."

Every nature demands commendation from somebody.

# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

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

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacraftcenter of Bayerlaboratory

### Oklahoma Direct

"Our Best on Every Head"

The National Commission of Oklahoma, Inc. STOCK YARDS - OKLAHOMA

Ship Your Livestock to the OKLAHOMA NATIONAL OKLAHOMA

MERIT MILK That Good Feed is HARDEMAN-KING

Prest Machinists and Motor Repairing Oklahoma City, Okla.

MERIT EGG MASH Best for Laying Hens That Good Feed Satisfies Their Need HARDEMAN-KING CO., Oklahoma City

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 51-1928.

Well-Preserved Ham

A petrified ham, thought to be at least one thousand years old, was found in an old rock fence near Danville, Ky. Persons who have examined it declare that the rock was undoubtedly a fine ham at one time. It has the exact shape and size of a ham which would weigh about 15 pounds. In its petrified state it weighs 25 pounds.—Indianapolis News.

The original settler in Tennessee was probably the first person that tennis saw.

You can say this for flaming youth: It does not weep much.

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Entered as second-class mail matter, July 21, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**SONGITS AND APHORISMS**

Editorial attracted my attention which illustrates the fact that like insects newspapers are. Bear in mind I am not comparing them insects nor so much making a comparison, but—

A bee for instance has the ability to make honey which serves as food and helps to sustain life for those who are able to secure it, and helps to fill life with comfort and consolation. An editor cannot make honey but he can exercise the power of spreading comfort and consolation.

Another characteristic of the bee is its sting, which causes its victim a great deal of irritation and some pain, but rarely causes death. However, it invariably causes the death of the bee and yields no benefits to the world.

The sting of the editor, if he chooses to sting, may annoy and irritate his victim, but rarely kills—while the bee's fate is imminent, though it may be a lingering death.

It occurs to me that it is a small wonder that the Great and Good Creator is all-wise, when the wisest of mortal men are continually telling him of everything goes on here and how he will regulate these doings.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away" does not mean, as a man told me, that it has no effect at the doctor himself.

When I heard the doctor, I heard him recently that increased business activities was that began to be shown in the less fortunate people of every community. A few years ago contributions to the unfortunate had to be urged by committees, but conditions have changed and but little urging is done now. People feel as never before that it is a privilege to render assistance to others and they gladly aid worthy causes. Christmas time is a forceful reminder that there are people who need help and that we should open our hearts and our purses to make others happy. For that reason it has become popular with all classes, whether they are Christians or not.

Prosperity in Texas. It is doubtful if Texas has ever had a year of more general prosperity than that which is drawing to a close. There may have been years when certain interests have made more money, but certainly none when all the people taken collectively have been better satisfied with the results of the year's work. This applies to all sections of the state. We have had no serious droughts or floods, failures in business have been few, there have been no disastrous epidemics, the masses have had plenty. There are in every community, always will be, individual cases of misfortune and distress. Instances of failure and suffering are even more noticeable when they are rare than when they are the common lot of a people. In Texas these have been comparatively few this year.

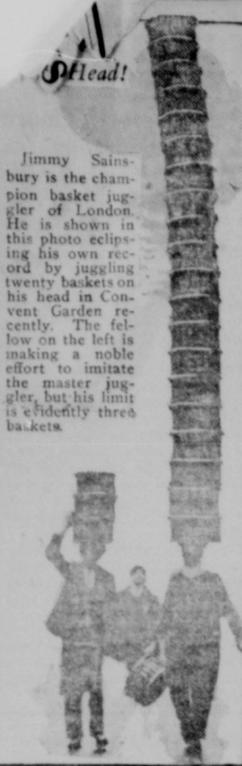
Oil Activity Increases. Oil promotion activities increased largely in Texas during the

It does not pay to be too practical or too skeptical about anything. If it is for the good of your town or community do not hesitate to boost it, push it or back it as the case may be and put self in the background when self is concerned.

If a good deep gutter in front of your property or place of business is necessary to carry the drainage water away without spoiling our streets, then let us have the gutter and proceed to construct a suitable crossing that will not interfere in the least with the drainage.

A deep ditch was cut in front of some houses that it was necessary to build two bridges in order to get to and fro over it, and it still fails to carry the water away but the men who cut the ditch thought it would, so the bridges were cheerfully built, and I am glad to see the people of Friona manifesting that kind of spirit.

I am not complaining of our present system of education, for we are doing about as well as we know how—but, mark me, there



**Head!**  
 Jimmy Sainsbury is the champion basket juggler of London. He is shown in this photo eclipsing his own record by juggling twenty baskets on his head in Convent Garden recently. The fellow on the left is making a noble effort to imitate the master juggler, but his limit is evidently three baskets.



is coming a system that will make this one seem like a dead language.

**Texas & Texans**

By WILL H. MAYES

**Christmas Goodwill.**

As early as the first of December every place in Texas from the smallest village to the large cities began getting ready for Christmas. Stores were redecorated, Christmas merchandise was displayed, additional clerks were employed, and business began to take on unusual activity. People were urged to shop early and they soon began to throng the stores and soon they too had caught the holiday spirit.

More noticeable though than the increased business activities was that began to be shown in the less fortunate people of every community. A few years ago contributions to the unfortunate had to be urged by committees, but conditions have changed and but little urging is done now. People feel as never before that it is a privilege to render assistance to others and they gladly aid worthy causes. Christmas time is a forceful reminder that there are people who need help and that we should open our hearts and our purses to make others happy. For that reason it has become popular with all classes, whether they are Christians or not.

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**Oil Activity Increases.**

Oil promotion activities increased largely in Texas during the

month of November, according to figures compiled by the railroad commission. New operations for the month numbered 2404, almost as many as in the month of April, which has been the peak month of the year, and 200 more than in any other month than April. Perhaps this will be news to some who are saying that the oil business in Texas is playing out. Oil development in most sections is out of the wildly speculative stage and is setting down to a steady business basis.

**Sonora's Complaint.**

Sonora seems to have a just grievance about being mistreated in an "Industrial Map" recently issued from one of the Texas cities. The map showed the county to be "poor" as to buying facilities. The Sonora Chamber of Commerce points out that the county is one of the wealthiest in the state in buying power in proportion to its population; that it purchases more automobiles per capita than almost any other county in that part of Texas; that there are few mortgages on file; that one bank has \$1,000,000 in deposits. Sonora county has a right to be indignant at being classed as "poor."

**Some Spinach Crop.**

Can your mind grasp the magnitude of a spinach crop of 6,500 solid car loads? That is the amount that is expected from some 28,000 acres now being harvested in Southwest Texas alone. Last season's crop in that part of the state known as the "winter garden" ran to 5,500 cars and the crop this year will be fully 15 per cent larger. This is only one of several districts in the state in which spinach is grown. Texas is certainly supplying the country with the iron, the vitamins, or whatever it is that makes spinach in such demand as a health building food.

**Brady Turkeys.**

It would be interesting to know just how many turkeys will be marketed in Texas this season and how many are eaten by Texas people. Brady is only one of the many turkey markets of Texas. A report from there is that 15 cars were sold for the Thanksgiving trade and twice that many will be ready for the Christmas market. The sum paid the growers for them will approximate \$350,000. Texas is becoming the greatest poultry growing state of the country.

**Cutting Up Pavements.**

Something needs to be done to stop or at least to minimize the cutting of pavements by various utility companies that seem to take special delight in making good streets as bad as possible and leaving that way long as possible. This condition is not found in just one town or even in a few places—



**Grand Champion Herford Steer**  
 Photo shows Clarence and Emma Goecke, with their prize steer, which won the Grand Champion King of Cattle Title at the International Stock Show at Chicago. Clarence, who is 12 years old, raised the steer.

seemingly it is everywhere. It is necessary at times to get under the streets to lay or repair pipes or wires, but this should be done with as little inconvenience as possible to the public.

**Orient to Pacific.**

The Santa Fe system is known to have under careful consideration the extension of the recently acquired Orient line to a point on the Pacific coast in Mexico, possibly to the port of Topolabampo. Such a line would be very advantageous to that section of Texas traversed by the Santa Fe and connecting lines as it would shorten the route to the Pacific by some thing like 400 miles. A survey being made now will probably determine whether this shall be done soon.

**Ribbon Cane Syrup.**

Can anyone tell why there is not more ribbon cane syrup made in Texas? There is no county where ribbon cane can be grown to greater perfection or where it is juicier or more deliciously tasteful, but there are few places where the Texas-made syrup can be bought. It does not seem to have been standardized as a table product, although it is known to be made in a few places and some farmers make it for local sale. A certified Texas ribbon cane syrup ought to find a broad market where ever syrups are used.

**Texas Turkey Crop.**

It is not generally known that turkey production of the United States has been decreasing steadily for the past 25 years because of losses due to blackhead and other diseases, but that the Texas production is increasing rapidly, conditions in this state being better for turkeys than in most other sections of the country. Almost all parts of Texas seem adapted to turkeys and other poultry and they thrive especially well on the open range suited to sheep and

**IF THERE ARE BETTER GIANT BRONZE TURKEYS, BUY THEM—**It pays to have the best. I have some choice young Toms and Hens for sale out of hens weighing 22 lbs. and the best blood lines in Texas. Best breeding stock. Toms, \$10.00, hens, \$6.00. It will pay you to see these turkeys.  
**MRS. R. L. CHILES**  
 One Mile North of Friona.

**Hats! Hats! Hats!**  
 —We have just received a new and complete stock of hats, of a line, style and quality that will fit and attract any man or boy. See them. Cure your meat with Prepared Meat Smoke. Do your baking with Great West Flour.  
**Rushing's Grocery Store**

**The Last Day**  
 —Saturday of this week, December 29, will be the last day when you can receive PROFIT-SHARING CASH COUPONS on OVER-DUE accounts. Make your payments NOW while you can secure this beautiful REGAL CHINA tableware free.  
 —GET A FREE COOK BOOK—One for each family, to be given with the first dollar cash purchase, beginning Saturday, December 29. The author of the book is Ida Bailey Allen, noted food specialist.  
**T. J. CRAWFORD**

goats. It is not unusual for a single Texas county to market from a half to a million dollars' worth of poultry products a year. Those who make a special study of poultry invariably find that poultry raising pays, but perhaps the greatest volume of business is from the small farm flocks.

Delegates to the Carnegie Institute convention at Pittsburgh envisioned houses made entirely of coal. If it's the kind of coal some of us have been getting we may be sure these houses won't burn down.

Del Rio recently celebrated the opening of the new Roswell hotel, with the Hawaiian Welcome Ceremony.

Idalou carried a \$2,000,000 road bond issue on December 1 by almost unanimous vote. With the new Fort Worth and Denver extension this road when completed will make the markets very accessible to the Idalou section of the country.

Fred Elmenberger of Berlin talked for 120 hours in succession, he sleeping only eight hours in between, and wasn't even hoarse at the finish. This seems remarkable to those who have never heard an American Senator.

Definition: A politician is a man who blames it on the weather when the crops are bad and then takes the credit himself when they are good.

Clifton is to have a modern and electrically operated dry cleaning plant installed in the tailor shop of Sam M. Ringness. This is a service the town has been needing for some time, and Mr. Ringness is receiving congratulations on the installation of it.

**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.

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

**For Sale**  
 One hundred forty seven acres of unimproved land within about ten miles of Friona—Price \$17.50 per acre.  
**M. A. CRUM, FRIONA, TEXAS**

A NEW SHIPMENT OF  
**Star Brand Shoes**  
 Some New Ones—Come In and Look Them Over.  
**F. L. SPRING**  
 Friona, Texas

**NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS**  
 The old year has about reached the end of its trail, and 1929 like a candidate waiting to be initiated into a secret order is about to be admitted. We stand in wonder and anticipation on the threshold of the New Year and wonder what is behind the door which bears the name plate 1929. Let's all be truthful in 1929; lying is a fault in a boy, an art in a bachelor, a necessity to a married woman and a duty to a diplomat. We know of one family in Friona where the male is boss, and he isn't four years old yet. That's the truth. Here's wishing you a prosperous 1929.  
**Magnolia Petroleum Co.**  
 J. C. WILKISON, Agent  
 FRIONA TEXAS

CLASSIFIED

FOUND—Pair of shell-rimmed spectacles. Owner may have same by calling for them and paying for this advertisement.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of choice level, unimproved land six miles west and one mile south of Frona, R. W. HOOTEN, Route 1 Lockney, Texas.

FOR SALE—Southwest quarter of section number 13, of block B, Rhea Brothers subdivision, Capitol Bend, Zones 458 and 459. WHITE C. L. ROBINSON, Aransas Pass, Texas.

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.

FOR SALE—Make offer for Frona corner business lots, Lots 11 and 12 in Block 49. M. R. WISE, Hotel Ansonia, Broadway and Third Street, New York City.

FOR SALE—Practically new Round Oak heater, No. 16, including pipe and zinc. RAY BARBER, Hereford, Texas.

"Let there be light," murmured the raven-haired beauty as she drew forth the peroxide bottle.

An Iowan has chucked up his business in disgust because he has been robbed six times since 1914. Chicagoans have it all over him in endurance.

Every tramp seeking shelter at the poor house at Chelmsford, England, must submit to a cold shower bath. This automatically, we presume, solves the problem of over crowding.

Quantities of soap have been discovered in Moscow bearing portraits of the Czar and the Russians are greatly shocked. What we wonder at is how they came to notice it.

By order of the city council at Crosbyton elm trees are being planted in the city park to replace locust trees that have died. The city square has been much improved by bermuda grass that was set out in the spring. Crosbyton people do their part in civic beautification by keeping attractive lawns.

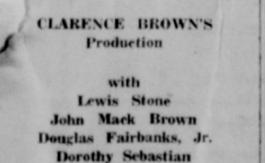
STAR THEATRE Wednesday - Thursday January 2-3



The greatest romantic stars east and director of the screen today in an unforgettable love drama!

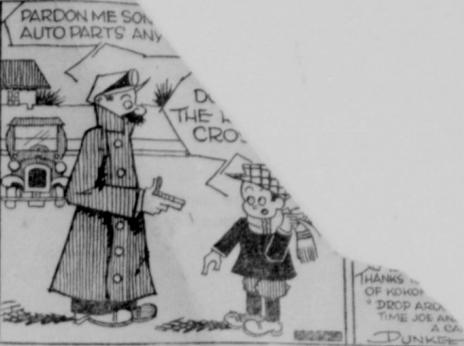


CLARENCE BROWN'S Production with Lewis Stone John Mack Brown Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Dorothy Sebastian



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE FUMBLE FAMILY



Sunday School Lesson

International Sunday School Lesson December 30.

Review PAUL THE WORLD CHRISTIAN

Golden Text: Philippians 1:21

REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

With this lesson a study of six months in the life of Paul is concluded. It will be helpful to look back over the entire life as well as of the events covered during the present quarter. Begin with Acts 13 for the quarter's lessons and with Acts 7 for the entire life.

For this quarter begin at Ephesus toward the close of the second missionary journey. There was a return to that city after the trip to Antioch. Meanwhile, Aquila and Priscilla had been active there. Two long and hard years were passed in Ephesus. He preached in the synagogue and later used the school room of Tyrannus for his teachings. The climax came when even the great theatre was not large enough to hold the crowd that, in opposition, loudly shouted for two hours, "Scent is Diana of the Ephesians."

Then it was time for Paul to leave town again. He used the old route in visiting the various places where he worked during the second missionary journey and went as far as Corinth. Four letters were written, I and II Corinthians, Romans and Galatians. When it was discovered that there was a plot to waylay him and get the large offerings for the poor Jews in Jerusalem the itinerary back to Jerusalem was changed from ship to land. A stop was made at Miletus and the elders were called there from nearby Ephesus. Careful instruction was given about the future course of the work in that city and vicinity. Then in the midst of an intense prayer service farewells were said and the journey continued to Jerusalem where trouble surely awaited the Evangelist.

At first effort was made to satisfy certain critics by making a concession—sacrifice and payment of vows, but only trouble resulted. The arrest was made and there was no release for more than four months. A declaration of Roman citizenship alone saved him from a severe flogging and the quick action of a lad made it possible to avoid a death plot. There was safety at Caesarea but it took two years to get through the hearings before the accusers who came from Jerusalem and before Felix, Festus and Agrippa. The journey

to Rome, where the case was adjourned, was filled with dangers and climaxed in the shipwreck at Malta.

Two years made another long period but much was accomplished as Paul was free to have audiences at pleasure in his own hired house but always with a chain holding him to a Roman soldier. Four more great letters were written meanwhile: Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon. There was a release which gave opportunity for other itineraries and a second arrest which was closed with decapitation. Throughout Paul was the victor as he wrought for Jesus Christ.

LEWIS HARRIS VISITS HERE

Lewis Harry, of Canon City, Colorado, arrived in Frona Friday of last week to spend a few days visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. Harry is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Bertha Harry, who has charge of the central offices of the Standard Telephone Company here, and a friend and former neighbor of Grandma and Logan Simpson and of the editor and wife while these families lived in Illinois. He was here for a few days visit about twelve years ago when he was the last time we had met until his recent arrival.

After a visit of a few weeks here Mr. Harry, who is traveling in his own cabin car, will travel on to Pasadena, California, to visit his brother, J. W. Harry and family.

Dr. Frank Crane Says

ASTRONOMY AND THEOLOGY.

Astronomical studies and conclusions will be found to have had much to do with our theological theories.

Think of the different view of the universe and its regulation taken by people now and those that lived before Copernicus and Galileo.

When David wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the sun, moon and stars, that thou hast made, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" how much smaller a conception of both the universe and man he had from what we have now!

It must have a humbling effect upon every thinker to reflect upon the vastness of the universe and the smallness of the speck upon which we live. All of these discoveries may but increase our awe and reverence for Him who made the universe, but they alter our notion as to how He did this.

Victor Hugo in his "Intellectual Autobiography," wrote:

"The locomotive travels fifteen leagues an hour. The hurricane travels sixty leagues an hour. The cannon ball travels seven hundred leagues an hour. The locomotive drags, the hurricane limps, the cannon ball is a tortoise."

"Let us bestride a ray of light. This is to mount 4,000 times faster than the cannon ball, 4,200,000 times swifter than the hurricane, and 17,000,000 times swifter than the locomotive. It makes as you know, 70,000 leagues a second."

"Start. Light launches you from the Earth to the Sun in eight minutes, from the Sun to Oceanus in

but says the continued moving or traveling from city to city takes most of the joy out of home life and he is contemplating some other employment.

Nine thousand girls in Ireland have joined a modest crusade and promise not to wear short skirts. We may prepare ourselves for a new influx of Irishmen to these shores.

Einstein, discoverer of the Relativity of Space and Time, says he is on the eve of making a new announcement that will shock the world. But no one who can understand the apparitions of the universe will continue to loom.

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

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU —We announce that we are still ready business and to help you make this the profitable year ever for you. Feed those cows well with Purina Cow Chow. Hens with Purina Laying Mash. "We Have It" H. P. EBERLING AND COMPANY PRODUCE

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 341 HEREFORD, TEXAS

As the Old Year passes and with the New Year, we wish to express thanks and appreciation for the mess each of you have trusted in in the past year, and we will strive to serve you better each coming year. Wishing each and everyone a Happy and Prosperous New Year. FRIONA STATE BANK M. M. Henschel, Pres., H. J. Farley, V. P., Jesse M. Osborn, Cashier, Raymond Wright, A. C., Mrs. George Maurer, J. G. Weir, Director

WITH OUR NEW YEARS GREETINGS TO YOU —We announce the arrival of the New Chevrolet Six—the outstanding car of Chevrolet History. Visit Our Sales Department for Demonstration. Wilkison Chevrolet Co. CARROLL BOWLIN, Local Representative Friona TEXAS

Happy & Prosperous New Year —We wish you the best of good as the New Year is ushered trust that your success this year will be up to your most optimistic expectations. —We shall strive to serve you better than we have ever served you before. Visit our store and pick up our "after inventory bargains" of odds and ends at below cost prices. For example buy one of our indoor chemical toilets, regular price \$10.00, at \$5.00. Family Scales, \$4.50 value, at \$3.25; Lard press at \$10.00. Blackwell Hardware & Furniture Company A Hardware Store When Women Like to Shop.

# With 1929?

After the Roman deity Janus—the god of all beginnings—the god with two opposite faces, one looking back into the past and the other facing forward.

Isn't that the cue for you and me and for everyone else as we begin this new year of 1929? Should we not be as Janus, looking backward and looking forward, studying the past for the lessons it will teach, and facing the future with strength and confidence?

Isn't this a good time to review the past, not only the past of the past life. What things have we done, what things we've left undone? What have we learned from the things done and from things undone? Based on all that has gone before, what will we do with 1929? What will we do for ourselves, for our families, for mankind?

Have we heard the remark, he or she has a past. Who is there who has not a past? One's past, no matter how ignoble, is a valuable part of his life, because from it he can draw a commendable future.

But in reviewing the past make not the mistake of viewing it with regret. Regrets are useless things; they inject helplessness into the soul, and waste valuable energy. Most folks learn by making mistakes. If one has to learn on one's feet through having one's feet slip, there is no time to regret the slip. The child learns to walk by falling down. Man learns to live the same way. Repent—face about—but do not regret.

Do not worry about that water that has gone under the bridge; there is more coming down stream; keep your eye on that.

1929 is another year. We have a brand new chance to begin life all over again; you and I; to mold things afresh with the knowledge gained from all our past experiences to guide us.

Let us not fret about the mistakes we made in 1928, but make sure we do not repeat them in 1929.

Wickes Wamboldt

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**  
But It Was Cold  
By Clara Agee Hays

GRANT BARKER sneaked into his bedroom slippers and bathrobe, slipped on a pair of rubbers at the back door, and shivered out into the gray New Year's dawn. Murder burned in Grant's eyes. He forgot the sprinkle of goose flesh which covered him, the shivers which wrenched him as the frosty air blew up his pajama legs. Viciously, he tossed the revolver onto a bank of snow by the door. Too noisy! Somebody'd hear, and there'd be so much for the papers. He picked up a stick. That would get him. Grant's teeth grated in hate. Stealthily he slipped alley-ward until he neared a large yellow cat. He paused. Better catch him and call the Humane society to kill him. Then, nobody'd know. There'd been such a fuss about killing pets already.

It was like Rolland Watts to have a cat—and let him howl in people's back yards all night. Grant remembered when they had been pals before they had married and tried living side by side. Now, they never spoke. Why should they? Watts was unreasonable. He'd even called the police about Grant's dog! Couldn't prove anything. Teddy's never bitten anybody, let alone the Watts brats. Grant snatched at his yellow enemy. The cat darted through his hands and up the alley.

Barker hesitated, listening to a suspicious crunching of snow near him. Quickly realizing that his yellow hair stood on end, his ankles

red with the cold, were bare, and his pajamas flapped below his ridiculous bathrobe he sunk against the garage. "Sh!" he heard. "Daddy, did you get Barker's dog?" called a childish voice. Grant bristled angrily. "Sh! Not yet—Go back to bed," a voice stage-whispered near him. Grant could stand no more. He lunged across a snowdrift toward the sound. "No!" he said accurately. Rolland Watts jumped back in astonishment. He, too, wore a frayed bathrobe. Under it Grant saw a trace of sitting nightshirt and bare legs. Watts held a piece of meat. Grant's teeth chattered in the cold.

"Trying to poison my dog, huh?" he sneered. Rolland looked at the meat guiltily; then glared. "What're you doing, yourself, with that stick—after my cat, huh?" The two men stepped closer, menacingly. A tinkle halted them. Whirling, they saw the milk man eyeing them in amusement. He turned quickly and respectfully. "Happy New Year, gentlemen!" he called. Something like the old boyish twinkle showed slowly in Rolland's eyes.

"Honest, Grant, I didn't know the cat bothered you," he said at last. Rolland looked up. The rotund, baldish man with the silly night shirt and the meat was, after all, old Rolland. He laughed. "I'm going to muzzle Teddy right away," he said and dropped the stick. "Happy New Year, old man! Lord, ain't it cold?"

**The Best RESOLUTION**  
By Katherine Edelman

FOR several days Billy Gibson had been racking his brain to find a rattling good resolution to make for the New Year. He wanted something that would be different, something that, while difficult, would not be at all hard to keep. He counted over and over again the list of resolutions he knew—all of them good enough in their way—but none of them seemed to be just the thing that he wanted. There surely must be some one resolution that would combine in it all that he wanted to do. But on the last night of the old year as he went to sleep he was as far from finding it as ever.

Unconsciously he drifted into sleep, then crashing upon the night came the sounds of welcome to the New Year. Billy was now wide awake and the first thing he thought of was the resolution still unmade. "What would it be?" he asked himself. He must decide on something and at once. Suddenly into Billy's mind there came the thought of a little verse that his mother had taught him in childhood:

"So many kinds, so many creeds,  
So many ways that wind and wind,  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all the old world needs."

## THE DEALERS IN PEARLS

A BEAUTIFUL wooded section on the lower Illinois river. Clear to the water's edge grew the weeping willows, their branches drooped to kiss the purring ripples below. The chatter of red squirrels mingled with the melodies of song birds and the stridulating drone of winged insects. A muskrat swimming from the shore to a small island, a turtle sunning itself on a log and the occasional splash of a finny denizen. Infinite peace and contentment.

Old Joe Henderson had regarded the scene with complacent enjoyment, but now a frown of apprehension spread over his rugged face as he stood erect toward the west bank. A motor boat had pulled up to the landing before a small white cottage that was all but hid in a willow grove. "It's that pesky Sam Danks again," muttered Joe, "the crookedest pearl buyer that ever skinned an honest clam fisherman. What's he going up there to pester Mary for? She ain't got no pearls to sell."

But Joe was only partially correct, for Mary did have a pearl to sell. Joe took a very personal interest in the welfare of Mary Birken, a comely middle-aged widow who dwelt alone in the small cottage. "Wherever Sam Danks goes there's trouble to follow," proclaimed Joe. "I'm just going to sneak up there and see that he don't make some kind of trouble for Mary." He had been dragging the river bed for clams with a crowfoot grapple. Now he hastily pulled this contrivance over the gunwhales and with lusty strokes rowed for a point about fifty yards below the white cottage. A few minutes later he stood beneath an open kitchen window effectually concealed by a huge rosebush. Very cautiously he peered over the sill. Sam Danks was expertly appraising a beautiful pearl that lay in the palm of his hand. Fully fifty grains in weight, pear-shaped and bluish black in color. A most lustrous gem of iridescent sheen.

"I've been saving it for years," Mary was saying. "And all the river men tell me it's easy worth \$200." "Not by itself," answered Danks. "Now if you only had a mate to it to make a matched pair of eardrops I'd give you \$500 for the pair. But alone what good is it? Just fit for a lavaller or a pendant. I'll give you an even hundred for it, that's the best I can do."

"No, I must have \$200," insisted Mary. "I've got to roof and repair this house before winter and that's the figure the carpenters have named. So it's \$200 or nothing." For ten minutes they dickered and wrangled but to no avail. Mary persisted in her price and all Danks' wiles proved futile. Finally he prepared to leave.

"I'm going to stop at the boat livery for gas," he stated, "then I'm going over to Greer's Island to see what the shanty boaters over there have got in my line. Better think over my offer. I'll stop in again on my way back."

When Danks arrived at the Island Joe Henderson was already there waiting for him. The old river man was sitting in an armchair on the sunny porch of his trim little houseboat which was moored first in a long line of similar craft. "Hello there, old timer," shouted Danks as he approached the island and shut off his motor. "Got anything in my line today?"

"Maybe," answered Joe. Joe drew a small pill box from his pocket and removed the cover. There in a soft bed of cotton lay a beautiful pearl. Fully fifty grains in weight, pear-shaped and bluish-black in color. A most lustrous gem of iridescent sheen.

Dank's eyes glittered as he examined it. An undisputed pearl expert, he recognized it at once as a perfect mate for the pearl Mary had shown him. An expression of avarice spread over his face. He would hold out on his firm, buy the two pearls himself and have them mounted, thereby reaping all the profit.

But Joe Henderson seemed reluctant to sell, and Danks spent a half-hour in persuasive argument. Finally Joe consented to sell, but demanded a stiff price. After considerably more dickered they settled upon the sum of \$200 and the gem changed hands.

Sam Danks rushed back to the mainland with all possible speed. Mary was in her little garden weeding a cabbage patch. "Say," blustered Dank, "seeing as how you need the money and me liking you personally maybe I can do a little better than a hundred on that pearl you showed—"

"Oh, you're too late," responded Mary. "Just a few seconds after you left Joe Henderson came in and gave me two hundred for it."

watched Joe sell you that pearl. He bought it a few minutes before from Mary, and he didn't tell you where he got it. In fact, you didn't ask. Now, Sam Danks, you just make yourself scarce around here. I've been watching you, and I don't like your way of doing business. Always robbing the clam fishermen—"

As the afternoon was waning Joe rowed over from the island and joined Mary in the garden. He procured a hoe and helped the widow with her weeding. Soon the patch was finished and Mary invited Joe to stay for supper.

After an ample and happy repast they repaired to the cozy parlor, where an old-fashioned oil lamp lent its rather feeble brilliance to the proceedings. Following an interval of casual conversation, Joe finally ventured:

"Mary, I'm fifty-five years old and you're forty-seven." "Yes," she replied. "We've known and liked each other for a long time now," Joe continued "and—"

Suffice to say, Joe asked Mary to become his wife, and the good lady acquiesced. "Mary," said Joe tenderly, "I know that you have no money, and that you have a hard time keeping this little house up. And it makes me feel good to know that you accepted me thinking that I was just a penniless old river rat."

"Oh, we'll get along somehow," Mary answered cheerfully.

"The truth is," continued Joe "that as long as I've been on the river I've never sold a single pearl of my own. I've dragged up hundreds of tons of clams in the last twenty years, and sold the shells to the button factories. That, with my trapping, fishing and herb gathering, has furnished me a good living."

"But you surely must have found some pearls in all those clams," said Mary. "I have, lots of them," replied Joe, "and here they are." He drew from his pocket a small leather case, opened it and displayed to her astonished gaze a most amazing collection of fresh-water pearls, slugs, eardrops and seed pearls.

"Didn't just know what I was saving them for," Joe said, "but now I know. For you and me for later on—to take care of us in our old age."

### First American City to Have Town Clock

The first American town clock was set up in the steeple of a church in Guilford, Conn., something like two centuries ago. Made almost entirely of wood, it was built by a Yankee mechanical genius, Ebenezer Parmelee. This is the story of how it came about that Guilford was the first town in the United States to own a town clock.

The village was founded by Rev. Henry Whitfield in the autumn of 1639. He was a clergyman in the Church of England and came to this country for greater religious liberty. He had not been here long before the first church was founded.

The members of his flock met with him at his home, which is now the State Historical museum. In 1643 the first church building was erected, on Guilford green, and stood until early in 1700, when a new edifice was put up to replace the old building torn down.

Just as soon as the new church was finished members of the congregation began to make plans for a bell. The bell was secured, but then a steeple had to be built to put it in.

In 1706 the steeple was completed, but the church tower looked lonely to the townspeople without a clock. There was no such thing as a town clock in the colonies. Ebenezer Parmelee was the mechanical genius of Guilford and the church officer called upon him to see what he could do in the clock line.

After considerable experiment, Parmelee turned out the clock which has since borne his name and which made him famous in the colony. It is a big, cumbersome affair, made entirely of wood. It was wound by means of a large crank, which the sexton of the church had to operate every Monday morning. Dials were placed on four sides of the steeple.

### SMART WINTER RESORT WEAR; IN LOVELY LACE AND CHIFFON

TO FLORIDA, to California, to the Bermudas, to Havana! That is, if you are among the fortunate who are planning to winter under sunny skies and waving palms.



To the fashionable winter resorter the momentous question, "what to wear," ever presents itself. Well, one simply must have several practical, chic colorful silk frocks for wear during informal daytime hours. The model in the picture is offered as a suggestion. This attractive two-piece need not necessarily be limited to

size. For these geometric motifs are used more often than flowers, and the most thing is tone-on-tone treatments, such as, for instance, four tones of red or brown or green, as the case may be, on a contrasting ground, usually white.

Winters' "sweet sixteen" and her lovely sister arrayed in filmy lace to greet the dawn of the New Year—this is the picture from fashion parlors. What an alluring portrait can imagination paint than that of youth

clad in lovely an ingenue party frock like the one which charming Kathryn Crawford, a favorite in screen, is wearing in the picture herewith. Perhaps the only thing lacking this portrayal of joyous youth is a mistletoe 'o'erhead.

The lace yoke, as you see it here, is a new styling feature in evening frocks. The full skirt, too, longer the back if you please, is maintaining its own in spite of the intrusion of this season of the more stately lines. Lace? What a feast of beautiful laces we are having these days. One of the happiest misadventures is to unite with chiffon in the making of gowns beautiful.

Chiffon a dress medium for both afternoon and evening is an outstanding feature of the mode. Not always lace-trimmed, for many of the latest stress chiffon pure and simple about an lot of trimming save that achieved by fabric manipulation. Beguiling silhouette is the desideratum reached through unique floating panels, picturesque bertha and graceful necklines, making a specimen of unequalled hemline.

A new departure in the mode is that of the ornate or evening frock of chiffon which depends on color and styling as trimming for effect. To wear these designers are creating fantastically jackets which glitter with satin embroidery. Thus one can at all be garbed in chiffon unadorned less formal occasions, adding the elaborate coat or jacket for pretentious evening functions.

Then, ribbon accessories are imparting and charm to frocks of chiffon. One of fashion's whims is that of huge butterfly bustle bow of wide ribbon with long, almost trailing streamers. These bows may or may not be of the same shade as the chiffon dress with which they are worn. All times, however, they are

TWO-PIECE COSTUME

### AS YOUTH GREET THE NEW YEAR

linens, cottons and even light woolsens bear promise of flaunting gay printed designs. Modernism is a pronounced influence in the new patternings and bright color plays a spectacular role.

Costume prints are a new inspiration among patterned fabrics for winter resort wear, which means that they will also register for early spring and summer days. These prints are unique in that they show the same design and coloring on a sheer weave for the dress and on a heavy weave for the making of the coat completing the ensemble.

Foremost also among prints are hand-blocked silks made with bandana-

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

subscribers, its ad  
 Nineteen Hundred and  
 to give you "just a good newspaper," fifty-two times during Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Eight.  
 good will we hope to give you a much better paper in Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine.  
 over the future outlook for this country right now than we have been during our experience of many years in this work. To our  
 almost "over the hill." For years this country has struggled for recognition, for increased population, for its rightful place among  
 prosperous sections of the most prosperous nation in the world. While the full measure of this recognition and success is in front of us,  
 to its rapid realization. The City of Friona is slowly but steadily expanding, growing, developing in every direction. The country  
 is slowly but steadily settling up; thousands of acres of sod land are being broken out; many trades and many new farmers are noted every  
 There's an air of confidence and assurance that can be felt—yes, we sincerely believe that the long struggle to "make" this country is about to end  
 triumph.  
 With this consciousness of success achieved, with a united citizenship, and with the live stock and agricultural outlook as good as it is, it seems to us that  
 the people of Friona and surrounding territory should be thankful for this beautiful Holiday season, and should tackle the problem of Nineteen Hundred  
 and Twenty-Nine with steady confidence.  
 Here's to a Happy, Busy, Prosperous Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine to You!

# THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by Zane Grey

"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Haven't you any plan?"  
 "Oh, no. But take me away."  
 "I'll try," said Duane simply. "That won't be easy, though. I must have time to think. You must help me. There are many things to consider. Horses—food—tools—and then the best time to make the attempt. Are you watch- ed—kept prisoner?"  
 "No, I could have run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euphene has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband. She's been good to me as that and I am grateful."  
 "She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growingalous. There was a man came the name of Spence—so he tried to beget him, she wouldn't let him to love with him. She's a man."  
 "She shot Spence and she's a bit. She's been jealous. I hear her fight about me. She'll kill me before he gets in. Bland laughs in her when I've heard Chess Al-

then took on a singular zest. Euphene came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over twenty-five and not quite so prepossessing at close range. Her eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color. Her mouth, too, was large, with the lips full, and she had white teeth.  
 Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.  
 Mrs. Bland appeared pleased, and her laugh which followed was loud and rather musical.  
 "Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euphene said, didn't he?" she asked. (To be continued next week.)

## What's Doing IN WEST TEXAS

It is the aim of the Woman's Book Club, pioneer study club of Canyon, to develop a county library for Randall county from the subscription library which has been in use for fifteen years. A great number of books will be available from this source.  
 Ground was recently broken for a new \$30,000 Baptist church at Quitman. The church building will include a basement, a number of class rooms and a large auditorium. It will be furnished with the best and most modern of seats and other fixtures.  
 An extensive road improvement program has been started by the citizens of Plainview. Five city blocks have recently been ordered paved by the city council. This will include paving of the streets on two sides of the Plainview sanitarium and widening Seventh street. A dip in Seventh street will be eliminated.  
 A summer resort that will make Del Rio known throughout the state and beyond the borders of the state as a summer resort is the dream of citizens of that town who plan to use water backed up by a power dam for recreational purposes and are spending a large sum of money for the purpose.

## Local Notes

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. James and children, Evelyn and Bobby, of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodson Young, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Young and daughter Christmas Day.  
 Carroll Bowlin who spent a part of the past week in El Paso in interest of the Wilkison Chevrolet Company, returned Wednesday. He was making his home at the Raymond Jones home and it is reported lost most of his clothing in the fire that occurred there Tuesday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Rushing of Ada, Oklahoma, arrived here on Christmas afternoon to spend the remainder of the week visiting in the home of their son, E. V. Rushing and family. It is reported that Mr. Rushing becomes more and more attached to Friona each time he visits here and it is confidently expected by his many Friona friends that he will wake up some morning to find himself a bonafide citizen of the town.  
 Carroll Bowlin was in Portales, New Mexico Thursday.  
 Misses Mary Reeve, Edith Galoway, Irene Newman, Mary Spring, Esther Reeve and Marlon Trull who have been attending W. T. S. T. C. Canyon, arrived in Friona Friday to spend the Christmas holidays with home folk.  
 Carroll Bowlin spent a few days of the week in El Paso.  
 F. D. and Juanita Curry spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and children at Portales, New Mexico.  
 Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Meade and son, Wilbur, are spending this week as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Nellie Campbell of Las Cruces, New Mexico.  
 Frank Spring who is attending Texas Tech, Lubbock, is at home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLellan entertained as Christmas dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cole and children, Mr. and Mrs. Talkington and children and O. D. McLellan.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Alton Tedford and children, Herman, Raymond and Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Porter and son Jack were Tuesday dinner guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks at Black.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Singletary and daughter and sons Glenn and Bryan of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico, Mr. Rutledge and children and Mrs. Dessie McLaughlin and Miss Faye Singletary of Clovis, New Mexico, visited Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Singletary at Hereford and called on friends in Friona on their return home.  
 Charles Conaway who is attending A. & M. College, is at home for the holidays.  
 FOR SALE—Complete farming equipment, including work stock and implements. At my farm 7 miles south and a half mile east of Friona. M. H. CLARK 2td  
 Jim Wilson and son Elroy who spent the past week here, left for Dallas where they will spend Christmas.  
 Mrs. Ernest Gallin and little daughter Ernestine of Hart spent the Christmas holidays in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parr.  
 Homer T. Walker of Dallas is spending this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker.

**Jackman's**  
 Women's Wear Exclusively

RETURNED FROM LOUISIANA.

Carroll Bowlin of the Wilkison Chevrolet Company, returned on Thursday evening of last week from a three weeks visit with his parents and other relatives and friends at Bernice, Louisiana.  
 He says he had a most enjoyable visit with the folk, or at least as good as could be when it was pouring down rain all the time he was there, but his desire to remain permanently in that country has all vanished. He doesn't want to live there any more. He says "The Plains for me henceforth," and as long as the Friona people treat him as well as they have in the past, right here in Friona they will find him, and he is sure glad to be with his Friona friends once more.

FRIONA WEATHER.

We challenge either the Magic Valley, Southern California or Florida to put out any finer winter weather than we have experienced around Friona for the past week.  
 Saturday, Sunday and Monday would have been ideal weather for spring, and while the wind blew a little on Christmas day, it was not severe or cold. In fact it was just what many of our people wanted as some of them were entirely without water and several others very near it.  
 Since Christmas the weather has again been ideal, being calm and balmy, with plenty of moisture still in the ground for good wheat conditions, and plenty of good warm sunshine for threshing and cotton picking.

**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  
 Texas

**OUR CREED**

—We believe in the goods we are selling in our ability to succeed. Honest goods can be sold by We believe in giving value believe we have done so given a man the full satisfaction and service.

—We believe in working laughing, not weeping selling our goods. the work we are do work we have to do which the future holds. tesy, in generosity and

**Rockwell Bro**  
 LU.  
 O. F. Lange

**STAR THEATRE**  
 HEREFORD, TEXAS

Saturday Matinee and Night  
 DECEMBER 29  
 RIN TIN TIN  
 in  
 "JAWS OF STEEL"

Monday - Tuesday  
 DECEMBER 31, JANUARY 1  
 "The Goodbye Kiss"  
 Special Cast

Midnight Matinee  
 DECEMBER 31  
 BEBE DANIELS  
 in  
 "The Fifty-Fifty Girl"

Wednesday - Thursday  
 JANUARY 2-3  
 JOHN GILBERT AND GRETA GARBO  
 in  
 "A Woman of Affairs"

Friday Only  
 JANUARY 4  
 "Love Me and the World Is Mine"

TIME OF SHOWS:  
 Evenings 7:00-8:45  
 Saturday Matinee 2:00-3:30

**HAPPY 1929**

GREETINGS—We thank you for your co-operation in Nineteen Twenty-Eight and hope that the friendships that have existed will grow even stronger this coming year and that we shall all enjoy happiness and prosperity.

**GISCHLER & SON**

With 1929?

After the Roman deity Janus—the god of all beginnings—the god with two opposite faces, one looking back into the past and the other facing forward.

Don't that the cue for you and me and for everyone else as we begin this new year of 1929? Should we not be as Janus, looking backward and looking forward, studying the past for the lessons it will teach, and facing the future with strength and confidence?

It is a good time to review the past, not only the past but the past life. What things have we done, what things we have left undone? What have we learned from the things done and from things undone? Based on all that has gone before, what will we do with 1929? What will we do for ourselves, for our families, for mankind?

Have heard the remark, he or she has a past. Who is there who has not a past? One's past, no matter how ignoble, is a valuable part of his life, because from it he can draw a commendable future.

But in reviewing the past make not the mistake of viewing it with regret. Regrets are useless things; they inject uselessness into the soul, and waste valuable energy.

Most folks learn by making mistakes. If one has to learn it too late to regret the slip. The child learns to walk by falling down. Man learns to live the same way. Repent—face about—but do not regret.

Do not worry about that water that has gone under the bridge; there is more coming down stream; keep your eye on that.

1929 is another year. We have a brand new chance to begin life all over again; you and I; to mold things afresh with the knowledge gained from all our past experiences to guide us.

Let us not fret about the mistakes we made in 1928, but make sure we do not repeat them in 1929.

Wickes Wamboldt



HAPPY NEW YEAR But It Was Cold By Clara Agee Hays

GRANT BARKER sneaked into his bedroom slippers and bathrobe, slipped on a pair of rubbers at the back door, and shivered out into the gray New Year's dawn. Murder burned in Grant's eyes. He forgot the sprinkle of goose flesh which covered him, the shivers which wrenched him as the frosty air blew up his pajama legs. Viciously, he tossed the revolver onto a bank of snow by the door. Too noisy! Somebody'd hear, and there'd been so much in the papers. He picked up a stick. That would get him. Grant's teeth grated in hate. Stealthily he slipped alley-ward until he neared a large yellow cat. He paused. Better catch him and call the Humane society to kill him. Then, nobody'd know. There'd been such a fuss about killing pets already.

It was like Roland Watts to have a cat—and let him howl in people's back yards all night. Grant remembered when they had been pals before they had married and tried living side by side. Now, they never spoke. Why should they? Watts was unreasonable. He'd even called the police about Grant's dog! Couldn't prove anything. Teddy's never bitten anybody, let alone the Watts brats. Grant snatched at his yellow enemy. The cat darted through his hands and up the alley.

Barker hesitated, listening to a suspicious crunching of snow near him. Quickly realizing that his yellow hair stood on end, his ankles

red with the cold, were bare, and his pajamas flapped below his ridiculous bathrobe he stunk against the garage. "Sh!" he heard. "Daddy, did you get Barker's dog?" called a childish voice. Grant bristled angrily. "Sh! Not yet—Go back to bed," a voice stage-whispered near him. Grant could stand no more. He lunged across a snowdrift toward the sound.

"So!" he said accusingly. Roland Watts jumped back in astonishment. He wore a frayed bathrobe. Under it Grant saw a trace of outing nightgown and bare legs. Watts held a piece of raw meat. Grant's teeth chattered in the cold.



"Trying to poison my dog, huh?" he sneered. Roland looked at the meat guiltily; then glared. "What're you doing, yourself, with that stick—after my cat, huh?" The two men stepped closer, menacingly. A tinkle halted them. Whirling, they saw the milk man eyeing them in amusement. He turned quickly and respectfully. "Happy New Year, gentlemen!" he called. Something like the old boyish twinkle showed slowly in Roland's eyes. "Honest, Grant, I didn't know the cat bothered you," he said at last.



"Goah, we'll shut him up nights after this!" Grant looked up. The round, baldish man with the silly night shirt and the meat was, after all, old Roland. He laughed. "I'm going to muzzle Teddy right away," he said and dropped the stick. "Happy New Year, old man! Lord, ain't it cold?"

The Best RESOLUTION By Katherine Edelman

FOR several days Billy Gibson had been racking his brain to find a rattling good resolution to make for the New Year. He wanted something that would be different, something that, while difficult, would not be at all hard to keep. He counted over and over again the list of resolutions he knew—all of them good enough in their way—but none of them seemed to be just the thing that he wanted. There surely must be some one resolution that would combine in it all that he wanted to do. But on the last night of the old year as he went to sleep he was as far from finding it as ever.

Unconsciously he drifted into sleep, then crashing upon the night came the sounds of welcome to the New Year. Billy was now wide awake and the first thing he thought of was the resolution still unmade. "What would it be?" he asked himself. He must decide on something and at once. Suddenly into Billy's mind there came the thought of a little verse that his mother had taught him in childhood:

"So many kinds, so many creeds, So many ways that wind and wind, When just the art of being kind Is all the old world needs."

Reverently he repeated the four lines to himself, then he jumped up in bed with a start: "Why can't this be my resolution for this year?" he shouted. It is probably much better than that new and unique one that I was seeking, for the world needs kindness more than any one thing."

(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

THE DEALERS IN PEARLS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

A BEAUTIFUL wooded section on the lower Illinois river. Clear to the water's edge grew the weeping willows, their branches drooped to kiss the purling ripples below. The chatter of red squirrels mingled with the melodies of song birds and the stridulating drone of winged insects. A muskrat swimming from the shore to a small island, a turtle sunning itself on a log and the occasional splash of a finny denizen. Infinite peace and contentment.

Old Joe Henderson had regarded the scene with complacent enjoyment, but now a frown of apprehension spread over his rugged face as he stood erect toward the west bank. A motor boat had pulled up to the landing before a small white cottage that was all but hid in a willow grove.

"It's that pesky Sam Danks again," muttered Joe, "the crookedest pearl buyer that ever skinned an honest clam fisherman. What's he going up there to pester Mary for? She ain't got no pearls to sell."

But Joe was only partially correct. For Mary did have a pearl to sell. Joe took a very personal interest in the welfare of Mary Birken, a comely middle-aged widow who dwelt alone in the small cottage.

"Wherever Sam Danks goes there's trouble to follow," proclaimed Joe. "I'm just going to sneak up there and see that he don't make some kind of trouble for Mary."

He had been dragging the river bed for clams with a crowfoot grapple. Now he hastily pulled this contrivance over the gunwales and with lusty strokes rowed for a point about fifty yards below the white cottage.

A few minutes later he stood beneath an open kitchen window effectually concealed by a huge rosebush. Very cautiously he peered over the sill. Sam Danks was expertly appraising a beautiful pearl that lay in the palm of his hand. Fully fifty grains in weight, pear-shaped and bluish black in color. A most lustrous gem of iridescent sheen.

"I've been saving it for years," Mary was saying. "And all the river men tell me it's easy worth \$200."

"Not by itself," answered Danks. "Now if you only had a mate to it to make a matched pair of eardrops I'd give you \$500 for the pair. But alone what good is it? Just fit for a lavaller or a pendant. I'll give you an even hundred for it, that's the best I can do."

"No, I must have \$200," insisted Mary. "I've got to roof and repair this house before winter and that's the figure the carpenters have named. So it's \$200 or nothing."

For ten minutes they dickered and wrangled but to no avail. Mary persisted in her price and all Danks' wiles proved futile. Finally he prepared to leave.

"I'm going to stop at the boat livery for gas," he stated, "then I'm going over to Greer's island to see what the shanty boaters over there have got in my line. Better think over my offer. I'll stop in again on my way back."

When Danks arrived at the island Joe Henderson was already there waiting for him. The old river man was sitting in an armchair on the sunny porch of his trim little houseboat which was moored first in a long line of similar craft.

"Hello there, old timer," shouted Danks as he approached the island and shut off his motor. "Got anything in my line today?"

"Maybe," answered Joe.

Joe drew a small pill box from his pocket and removed the cover. There in a soft bed of cotton lay a beautiful pearl. Fully fifty grains in weight, pear-shaped and bluish-black in color. A most lustrous gem of iridescent sheen.

Dank's eyes glittered as he examined it. An undisputed pearl expert, he recognized it at once as a perfect mate for the pearl Mary had shown him. An expression of avarice spread over his face. He would hold out on his firm, buy the two pearls himself and have them mounted, thereby reaping all the profit.

But Joe Henderson seemed reluctant to sell, and Danks spent a half-hour in persuasive argument. Finally Joe consented to sell, but demanded a stiff price. After considerably more dickered they settled upon the sum of \$200 and the gem changed hands.

Sam Danks rushed back to the mainland with all possible speed. Mary was in her little garden weeding a cabbage patch.

"Say," blustered Dank, "seeing as how you need the money and me liking you personally maybe I can do a little better than a hundred on that pearl you showed—"

"Oh, you're too late," responded Mary. "Just a few seconds after you left Joe Henderson came in and gave me two hundred for it."

"What!" shouted Danks. "Say—say, I think you're a couple of crooks, and—"

"Hold on, three. Don't get insulting."

It was a deep masculine voice. A sturdily built young man stepped from behind a grape arbor and confronted the dazed pearl buyer. It was the game warden, who patrolled that section of the river.

"Oh, you're in on this, too," sneered Danks. "Never mind that," answered the warden. "I stood on the bank and

watched Joe sell you that pearl. He bought it a few minutes before from Mary, and he didn't tell you where he got it. In fact, you didn't ask. Now, Sam Danks, you just make yourself scarce around here. I've been watching you, and I don't like your way of doing business. Always robbing the clam fishermen—"

As the afternoon was waning Joe rowed over from the island and joined Mary in the garden. He procured a hoe and helped the widow with her weeding. Soon the patch was finished and Mary invited Joe to stay for supper.

After an ample and happy repast they repaired to the cozy parlor, where an old-fashioned oil lamp lent its rather feeble brilliance to the proceedings. Following an interval of casual conversation, Joe finally ventured:

"Mary, I'm fifty-five years old and you're forty-seven."

"Yes," she replied.

"We've known and liked each other for a long time now," Joe continued "and—"

Suffice to say, Joe asked Mary to become his wife, and the good lady acquiesced.

"Mary," said Joe tenderly, "I know that you have no money, and that you have a hard time keeping this little house up. And it makes me feel good to know that you accepted me thinking that I was just a penniless old river rat."

"Oh, we'll get along somehow," Mary answered cheerfully.

"The truth is," continued Joe "that as long as I've been on the river I've never sold a single pearl of my own. I've dragged up hundreds of tons of clams in the last twenty years, and sold the shells to the button factories. That, with my trapping, fishing and herb gathering, has furnished me a good living."

"But you surely must have found some pearls in all those clams," said Mary.

"I have, lots of them," replied Joe, "and here they are."

He drew from his pocket a small leather case, opened it and displayed to her astonished gaze a most amazing collection of fresh-water pearls, slugs, eardrops and seed pearls.

"Didn't just know what I was saving them for," Joe said, "but now I know. For you and me for later on—to take care of us in our old age."

First American City to Have Town Clock

The first American town clock was set up in the steeple of a church in Guilford, Conn., something like two centuries ago. Made almost entirely of wood, it was built by a Yankee mechanical genius, Ebenezer Parmelee. This is the story of how it came about that Guilford was the first town in the United States to own a town clock.

The village was founded by Rev. Henry Whitfield in the autumn of 1639. He was a clergyman and came to this country for greater religious liberty. He had not been here long before the first church was founded.

The members of his flock met with him at his home, which is now the State Historical museum. In 1643 the first church building was erected, on Guilford green, and stood until early in 1700, when a new edifice was put up to replace the old building torn down.

Just as soon as the new church was finished members of the congregation began to make plans for a bell. The bell was secured, but then a steeple had to be built to put it in.

In 1706 the steeple was completed, but the church tower looked lonely to the townspeople without a clock. There was no such thing as a town clock in the colonies. Ebenezer Parmelee was the mechanical genius of Guilford and the church officer called upon him to see what he could do in the clock line.

After considerable experiment, Parmelee turned out the clock which has since borne his name and which made him famous in the colony. It is a big, cumbersome affair, made entirely of wood. It was wound by means of a large crank, which the sexton of the church had to operate every Monday morning. Dials were placed on four sides of the steeple.

Whenever the clock got out of order Parmelee was called upon by the church committee to repair it. After some years of labor of this kind, his services as clock tinker were rewarded by the citizens of Guilford, who voted, December 15, 1741, to free him from service in town offices so long as he continued to keep the clock ticking. The old clock did service until a new one replaced it in 1830.

Amid the cobwebs and the owls it was left neglected and forgotten for years. Then some one asked what had become of the old timepiece, and searching parties found it, covered with the dust of a century, in the church tower. With it were the weights, composed of barrels of stone, that had been used for years to run it.

Not so many years ago it was voted at a church meeting to lend the clock to the local historical society, and it took its final journey to the Whiteford house, now a museum.—Washington Star.

Woman's Dangerous Age

The Salvation Army, completing a survey of "moral hazards confronting women in industry" is led to the conclusion that eighteen is the dangerous age for women and that "women cooks possibly have the highest moral standing." Home girls, school girls and domestic servants were lowest on the list.

SMART WINTER RESORT WEAR; IN LOVELY LACE AND CHIFFON

TO FLORIDA, to California, to the Bermudas, to Havana! That is, if you are among the fortunate who are planning to winter under sunny skies and waving palms.

To the fashionable winter resort the momentous question, "what to wear," ever presents itself. Well, one simply must have several practical, chic colorful silk frocks for wear during informal daytime hours. The model in the picture is offered as a suggestion. This attractive two-piece need not necessarily be limited to

size sizes. For these geometric motifs are used more often than flowers, and the newest thing is tone-on-tone tonalities, such as, for instance, four tones of red or brown or green, as the color may be, on a contrasting ground, usually white.

Winter "sweet sixteen" and her lovely dearest sister arrayed in chiffon or filmy lace to greet the dawn of the New Year—this is the picture worn fashion paints.

What an alluring portrait can imagination envision than that of youth



TWO-PIECE COSTUME

resort apparel classification, for it is the sort which is always so happily ready-to-wear under one's winter wrap. The comfort and satisfaction one does get out of such a frock!

Red and white, an extremely smart combination in the sports realm, gives animation to this frock. The tiny cravat-patterned silk is one of the new bordered types which fashion foretells for spring. Especially in narrow versions such as this, borders sound a new note in advance sportswear. Sometimes the bordering is in a single bright color. Then again it is in two contrasting colors. An innovation in silks is for both selvages to be bordered. Many of the newer silks are just like that.

To the question—for of course it is in every woman's mind who keeps abreast with fashion trends—as to the "to be or not to be" of prints the answer is decidedly in the affirmative. Not only silks but rayon weaves.

clad in lovely an ingenue party frock like the one which charming Kathryn Crawford, a favorite in screen is wearing in the picture herewith. Perhaps the only thing lacking in this portrayal of joyous youth is a bit of mistletoe o'erhead.

The lace yoke, as you see it here, bringing styling feature in even modes. The full skirt, too, longer the back if you please, is maintaining its own in spite of the intruder this season of the more stately dress lines. Lace? What a feast of beautiful laces we are having these days! One of the happiest missions due is to unite with chiffon in the action of gowns beautiful.

Chiffon a dress medium for both afternoon and evening is an outstanding emblem of the mode. Not always is lace-trimmed, for many of the latest stress chiffon pure and simple about an iota of trimming save that achieved by fabric manipulation. Beguiling silhouette is the desideratum reached through unique floatings, picturesque berthas and graceful necklines, making a speck of unquiet hemlines.

A new departure in the mode is that of the afternoon or evening frock of chiffon which depends on color and styling as trimming for effect. To wear with these designers are creating fantastical jackets which glitter with satin embroidery. Thus one can still be garbed in chiffon undisturbed less formal occasions, adding the elaborate coat or jacket for pretentious evening functions.

Then, ribbon accessories are imparting and charm to frocks of chiffon. One of fashion's whims is that one huge butterfly bustle bow of wide ribbon with long, almost trailing streamers. These bows may or may not be of the same shade as the chiffon dress with which they are worn. All times, however, they are



AS YOUTH GREET THE NEW YEAR

linens, cottons and even light woollens bear promise of flaunting gay printed designs. Modernism is a pronounced influence in the new patternings and bright color plays a spectacular role.

Costume prints are a new inspiration among patterned fabrics for winter resort wear, which means that they will also register for early spring and summer days. These prints are unique in that they show the same design and coloring on a sheer weave for the dress and on a heavy weave for the making of the coat completing the ensemble.

Foremost also among prints are hand-blocked silks made with bandana

chosen to harmonize, thus entering into a delectable color scheme. Bows worn at the hip line are equally as modish and effective. They, too, are very large, using only the softest of supple ribbon.

For girlish chiffon gowns handmade flowers of the self-same chiffon make most fascinating trimmings. The love liest flowers are in the identical color of the frock, the petals tinted into deep tones toward the center with dye-fast paint. It enhances their appearance if artificial flower centers or stamens are interworked.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

**and  
Squirrel**

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of  
Illinois.

The gray squirrel is a shy, timid little thing, but not a coward. I sit on the porch in the afternoon with a few nuts in my hand and in my lap. Up in the branches of the maple tree the gray squirrel is watching me. He is rather nervous and restless but in time comes down from his perch and reconnoiters. He approaches gradually, retreating at each snarl not quite so far as he has needed. He comes within my reach, but I do not stir. The nuts temptingly in my lap. He overcomes his shyness shortly and though his little body is trembling with apprehension he is not a coward, as I have said. Courage does not mean to without fear—it means to go on in of fear—and the gray squirrel takes the nuts out of my lap. The blue jay is a bully, overbearing, mouthed, blatant, and a coward. He sticks his nose in and he is rather on, however, after him



limb joined the trunk of the maple tree. The blue jay would come at him with a terrible rush and a loud harsh cry that set the gray squirrel all a-quiver. He didn't run; he was too brave for that but it was quite clear that his little heart was beating wildly. The more the gray squirrel quivered the more violent was the blue jay's onslaught. I threw a clod at the insolent bird and he flew away silent—the fight all out of him.

How much like human beings the two are. Swinton's secretary is a shy, little, capable, modest, easily frightened person. A harsh word puts her all a-tremble. Loud and flamboyant talk confuses her. She never runs, but she says nothing. Swinton is a bully, he likes nothing better than to browbeat shy, inoffensive people, and the less they resist his attacks the louder he squawks. It is quite unnecessary that there should be anything important to start him on a rampage. He seems stimulated only by his success in terrifying inoffensive

**TO MANAGE CARDINALS**



Billy Southworth, outfielder on the St. Louis Cardinals' world championship team of 1926, and manager last season at Rochester, N. Y., a Cardinal who has been named manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, succeeding William McKechnie, who led the 1928 team to a league championship, will pilot the Rochester club next season.

How much like human beings the two are. Swinton's secretary is a shy, little, capable, modest, easily frightened person. A harsh word puts her all a-tremble. Loud and flamboyant talk confuses her. She never runs, but she says nothing. Swinton is a bully, he likes nothing better than to browbeat shy, inoffensive people, and the less they resist his attacks the louder he squawks. It is quite unnecessary that there should be anything important to start him on a rampage. He seems stimulated only by his success in terrifying inoffensive

people and making them unhappy. But let some one come along who fearlessly turns the attack on him, and he is the mildest man imaginable. It is the blue jay and the gray squirrel.



This granite monument at Camp Kearney, San Diego, Calif., was dedicated to the famous "Lost Battalion" and the Fortieth division, which trained at that camp. Miss Anita Baldwin, who gave several hundred thousand dollars to the Fortieth division, is seen placing a wreath on the monument as Brig. Gen. F. S. Strong looks on.

**"Swap" Whole Families**

New Auburn, Wis.—Two Chippewa county farms are the scene of a strange trade. The deal involved eleven children, two husbands, two wives, and untold quantities of household furniture.

Mrs. Lizzie Heidelberger, forty years old, has packed up her household goods and six children and moved to the home of William Brown, forty.

Mrs. William Brown, forty years old, also packed her beds and trunks, and, taking three of her five children to Edward Heidelberger, thirty-

nine, announced: "This will be your new papa."

The Heidelbergers and the Browns had been intimate friends for years. But Mrs. Heidelberger believed her husband was just a little more cruel than Mr. Brown. And Mrs. Brown believed that Mr. Heidelberger was an angel compared to her own husband.

So Mrs. Brown sued her husband for a divorce on grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, and Mrs. Heidelberger followed suit against her mate, making the same charges.

One morning Mr. Brown said to Mrs. Brown: "Mrs. Heidelberger is coming to keep house for me and she is bringing her six children. You can do as you please, but it would be best if you went away." Mrs. Brown took the hint. On the way out she met Mr. Heidelberger.

Said Mr. Heidelberger: "Well, you might as well come and keep house for me. Bring the three boys along to do the chores. It's too bad that your two grown girls aren't here to help with the housework."

Other than the numerical disadvantage suffered by Mr. Heidelberger in the exchange of children—and they are considered an asset around a farm—the deal was consummated amicably enough. The two husbands helped each other in moving the heavy furniture and they conversed in friendly terms.

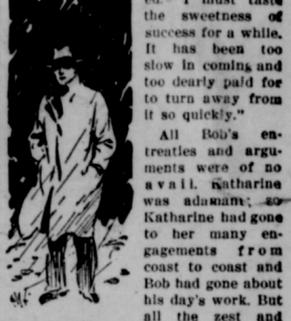
Mr. Brown paid Mrs. Brown to relinquish the engagement ring which he gave her 20 years ago and the circlet now flashes on the hand of Mrs. Heidelberger. Mrs. Brown shows no jewelry to designate her new status, although Mrs. Heidelberger says she also gave up the ring which her husband placed upon her finger when they were betrothed 17 years ago.

Neither husband is contesting his wife's divorce suit. Mr. Brown has been ordered by court to pay his wife \$25 a month for the support of the children.

"We have never been happier in our lives, and the children also," the wives agreed.

The six Heidelberger children are from one to sixteen years old, four boys and two girls. Charles Brown, fourteen; Richard, twelve; and Billy, seven, will have to do most of the work around the Heidelberger place. Their sister, Bessie, sixteen, was married three weeks ago, and Mary, seventeen, is attending New Auburn high school and working.

festivities of any kind or...  
A year ago he and Katharine welcomed the New Year together...  
No, not even for you, Bob," she had smilingly, albeit seriously replied to his ardent pleadings. "At least not yet," she had added. "I must taste the sweetness of success for a while. It has been too slow in coming and too dearly paid for to turn away from it so quickly."



All Bob's entreaties and arguments were of no avail. Katharine was adamant; so Katharine had gone to her many engagements from coast to coast and Bob had gone about his day's work. But all the zest and inspiration was taken from his labors. Absent-mindedly Robert turned to his radio and tuned-in on something—anything, he didn't care what.

The words, "Katharine Mulder will now sing—" finally cut into his wandering thoughts.

Bob did not wait to hear what Katharine would sing. Out into the night he rushed and aimlessly he trudged through the softly falling snow oblivious of direction or time. He could see nothing but Katharine's smiling, resolute face, hear nothing but her rich contralto voice as she used to sing the old song favorites for him and that never one, "At Peace with the World with You," which seemed to just fit in with their mood when together.

"Peace," he muttered. "There is no such thing!"

It was nearing midnight when he approached his club, still unaware of time or place.

Bewildered he looked about him and gradually he realized that for some unknown reason he was the center of attention. The breezy remarks penetrated his consciousness:

"Pretty good New Year, old chap, after all, isn't it?"

"Thought you'd get around to share your glad message with us."

"Great of you, I'd say, to come back to us for the last song."

"About time for it now, isn't it? Let's tune in."

It was then Bob roused enough to stammer:

"What's it all about? What do you mean?"

It was Bob's best friend, Hal, who grasped the situation first:

"He doesn't know fellows!" Hal threw his arm about Bob's broad shoulders and led him apart from the others.

It's Katharine, Bob; she sang over the radio tonight for you."

At the mention of Katharine's name Bob started to move away. But Hal held him firmly and the words "For you" brought an immediate response:

"For me! What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. The announcer announced that Katharine Mulder would sing for Bob Holden and she hoped he was listening in. And that's what you suppose she sang?"

Hal didn't wait for any reply:

"She sang that old song 'How Can I Leave Thee?' Only Bob, now get this, she changed it..."

How could I leave thee?  
How could I from thee part?  
Thou only hast my heart,  
Dear one believe,  
Thou hast this soul of mine  
So closely bound to thine,  
Naught else can I love,  
Save thee alone."

Do you get that, Bob? She said 'Naught else can I love.' Now wait a minute, I'm not through—when she finished the announcer said Miss Mulder would sing again at midnight, and in the meantime her address was right here in this city."

But the last remark fell on the desert air. Bob was at the door.

As the New Year was ushered in with pealing bells and shrilling whistles, over the radio at the club Bob's friends heard a rich contralto voice singing:

"At Peace with the World with You."

show his power, as most of the time when one of the big boys in grammar school would get a...  
**CH**  
**IS**  
**LIFE**  
by Charles Hughes  
**Ambiguous!**



**Last Flamingoes?**

ington.—An expedition has been sent out from Andros island to search traces of the last colony of flamingoes in North America, feared wiped out by the hurricane in September. Arthur Newton Pack, president of the American Nature association, has been informed.

From Andros island, off the Florida coast, Elgin W. Forsyth, commissioner of wildlife at Mangrove Cay, says a hurricane passed over the flamingo areas and no doubt destroyed large numbers of the birds. He says he sent out an expedition in June to locate the flamingo colony because it was nesting time.

The men roused the Grassy Creek area and reported seeing only three birds. He concludes: "I fear the bird life of the colony generally has suffered disastrous losses and the need of conservation is greater than ever."

Andros was declared a flamingo sanctuary by the British government after bird lovers of the United States and England became aroused at the wanton killing of the birds by natives.

"After the disastrous hurricane of 1926," Mr. Pack says, "Forsyth was appointed special hurricane commissioner for all of Andros, with the tremendous task of providing for the injured, homeless and starving natives. Then he hunted for his flamingoes and found thousands killed."

"Last year several hundred young were saved and watches were posted for the present season."

The Andros negroes, cruising for two or three months at a time in their sponging schooners, trap the flamingoes by breaking their legs with ropes and eat the meat.



**Assure Helium Supply**

Amarillo, Texas.—When the new helium plant of the United States government, under construction near here, is completed and in operation next January, it will be run on a 24-hour, seven-days-a-week basis. It is announced. Railroad tank cars of a special design are now being built for transporting the refined helium to the dirigible airports of the army and navy. Each of these cars will consist of three enormous cylinders, one on top of two, py. mid-fashion, secured together and firmly fixed on a railroad-car chassis. The drums, or cylinders, will each be approximately 40 feet in length, with an inside diameter of 48 inches and a shell of two-inch thickness.

They will be gas-tight, with suitable safety valves, and carry their loads under a pressure of 2,000 pounds a square inch. Under this pressure a car will carry 200,000 cubic feet of helium. Each cylinder is tested to 3,300 pounds pressure a square inch. At this time there are three cars of this type available. The army has two and the navy one.

An interesting fact in connection with these cars, from an engineering point of view, is that a cylinder of this magnitude can carry a load under such heavy pressure.

The first unit of the new helium plant is made up of nine buildings, together with storage tanks and equipment. The principal structures are the separation building where the helium is recovered and the administration building and shops. As it stands the plant represents roughly one unit of what will ultimately evolve into a project capable of handling 5,000,000 cubic feet of raw gas, and more, every day. Its present capacity will range between 2,000,000

and 4,000,000 cubic feet daily. This however, is not actual helium recovered but the amount of raw gas passed through the compressors in a day.

**MAY CLOSE BREACH**



Lenauer B. Schofield has been appointed director of public safety of Philadelphia to succeed Harry C. Davis, resigned. The change in the department is seen as a step towards ending the bitter feeling caused by the findings of the special grand jury of graft and corruption in the bureau of police.

Berlin has a hotel at the Tempelhof airfield to accommodate airplane passengers.

**IN SCOTCH TWEED**



**Help "Santy" to Find Them This Year**



**Father Sage Says:**

If a woman only knew her husband as well before marriage as she does after the chances are that she would marry some other fellow.

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