

# ROBBERS' ROOST

By  
**ZANE GREY**

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To his concern and discomfiture, she ate very little. She tried, only to fall. But she did drink her coffee.

"You'll pick up," he said hopefully. "Sleep, though, is more necessary than food."

"Jim, I can't pull off my boots," she said later. "Please help me."

She was sitting on the bed when Jim took hold of the boot she elevated.

"Look to see if you have any blisters," he said. "I'll bathe your feet in a little cold water and salt."

Bringing a pan of water, he knelt before her.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Helen. Stick out your foot. . . ."

She put out her small feet. Jim lost no time in pressing them down into the cold salt water. Then he rubbed her feet until they were red.

"Put your stockings back on and sleep in your clothes," he said. "Before you crawl in, I'll bring a hot stone."

"Ooooo!" She stretched out with a slow, final movement and pulled the blankets up under her chin.

Almost instantly she fell asleep with the flickering firelight upon her face.

Jim walked out, to find the horses close to camp and making out fairly well on the grass. He patrolled his beat between the flickering fire and the sleeping girl, needless of the rain, sleepless for hours, on guard. And after that when he slept it was with one eye open.

Toward dawn he got up and rolled his bed. The air was raw and cold, blowing a fine rain in his face.

By the time breakfast was cooking daylight had broken. Finding a thin, fat rock Jim placed Helen's breakfast upon it and carried it to her bedside. Then he called her.

"I've brought some food and strong coffee," he said.

Jim repaired to his own breakfast, after which he wrapped up biscuits and meat to take on the day's ride.

She pulled on her boots, and crawling out and straightening up with slow, painful effort she asked for a little hot water. Jim fetched it.

Free then to pack, Jim applied himself with swift, methodical hands.

She mounted unaided. Jim helped her into the long sticker.

"It'll be a tough day," he went on. "But we're starting dry. Hang on as long as you can. We absolutely must get out of these brakes."

With that he fixed up the pack animals, and they were off.

Jim traveled as best he could, keeping to no single direction, though the trend was northerly and following ground that appeared passable. The pack horses led. He followed them and Helen brought up the rear.

The rain fell all morning and let up at intervals. Then black clouds gathered, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, burst upon them. Water ran in sheets off the rocks.

"Take me where you think best," she said tremulously.

"When you get out, you must go home to England."

"I have no home in England. Bernie is my only kin, except very distant relatives who hate the name of Herriek."

"Then go to a country as different from this naked, stony wilderness as day from night. Where it snows in winter, and in spring there are flowers, birds, apple blossoms. . . ."

"No, I shall not leave," she replied positively.

A flash of joy leaped up in Jim at her words, but he had no answer for her. He led on, away from that broad, fresh trail, into an unknown region. And it seemed that this point of experience had an insurmountable parallel in the tumult within his heart.

The sun set in an overshadowed sky and storm threatened all around the horizon. Far north the thunder rolled, and to the south faint mutterings arose. Jim could not hold to a straight course. He wandered where the lay of the land permitted. Rising, white and red ground, with the mounds of rock falling, and green swales between, appeared endless and forbidding. He began to look for a place to camp.

At last, as twilight darkened the distant washes and appeared creeping up out of them, Jim came to another little valley where scant grass grew and dead cedars stood up, spectral ghosts of drought, and on the west side a low curved ridge offered shelter. He led over to this and, dismounting, said they would camp there. Her reply was a stifled gasp, and essaying to get out of her saddle she fell into his arms.

## CHAPTER XII

To Jim Will it seemed a miracle that he did not snatch Helen to his breast. Like a wind-driven prairie fire his blood raced. He set her upright on the ground.

"Can you stand?" he inquired.

She essayed to and, letting go of

"We must not."  
"But that is the way to Star ranch!"  
"Yes, on the trail of desperate men, and across that Dirty Devil river. These summer rains. It will be in flood. I would not be able to get you through."  
"You know best. But just to be free. . . to see my brother, Bernie! It is unbelievable."  
Jim Will looked away across the brakes. Presently he said, "I will try



**Thanksgiving**  
*Indeed*  
By  
**Ruby Douglas**

**T**HE Mortons had moved their big round dining room table into the living room by the fireplace just for the day.

"The fire will be so cheerful for our Thanksgiving dinner and then we can sit around and listen to the radio," suggested Corinne, the younger daughter.

Mrs. Morton was trying bravely to hide the grief in her heart at the absence, for the first time from their holiday table, of her son, Tom.

There was an enforced air of cheerfulness as they all set to work to lay the forks and knives and make the centerpiece of pumpkin and chrysanthemums.

Tom had disappeared more or less mysteriously from the home town and



Arranging the Centerpiece of Pumpkin and Chrysanthemums.

the family circle more than six months before and no one, not even his mother nor his sweetheart, Beth Arden, had heard a line from him. The fact that he was a temperamental lad and had been possessed with the belief that he was a round peg in a square hole had led all those who loved him to believe that he had merely disappeared of his own volition but had not met with accident or foul play.

When the big table was fairly grunting under its weight of food and the turkey lay brown and tempting on the platter in front of Mr. Morton's place there was not a member of the party who did not want to quote the trite old lines, "There is no friend, howsoever defended, but has one vacant chair." But no one said a word about the absent Tom.

"It is so nice to be included in your family party today," said Beth as she took her seat.

"We couldn't think of anything else with your own family so far away," said Mrs. Morton, kindly.

A general discussion of drumsticks and turkey anatomy followed as each of the children tried to be polite and yet make it known to father which part he preferred.

"Tom always liked the part that goes over the fence last," piped up Johnny, the youngest Morton, regardless of the danger of bringing tears to his mother's eyes.

"He did, dear," said his mother with trembling voice. But she smiled.

"How about a little music while we eat, son," said the father after he had helped himself to what was left of the bird.

David, the family radio enthusiast, was only too eager to tune in something and drag forth from the air some of his favorite music.

"Nothing like a little good music to jazz up a family party," he said, turning the dials with masterly hand.

He got a station that advertised a good dinner program and resumed his seat.

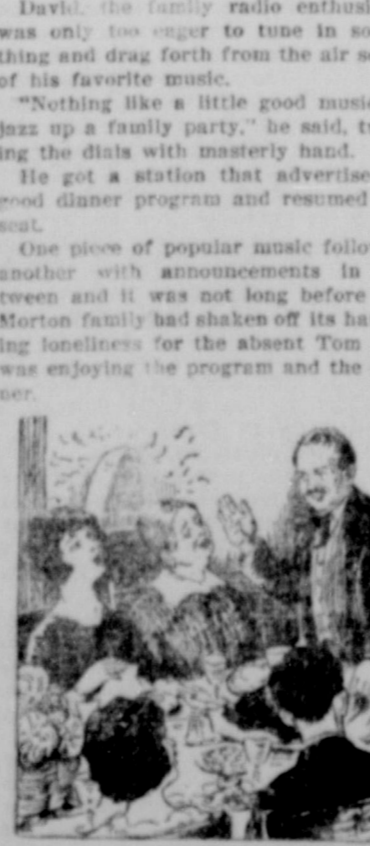
One piece of popular music followed another with announcements in between and it was not long before the Morton family had shaken off its haunting loneliness for the absent Tom and was enjoying the program and the dinner.

Suddenly came a voice from the loud-speaker—a voice that startled every member of the family—and Beth, it was, undoubtedly, Tom Morton's voice.

"It's Tom!" said every one.

"Listen!" said Mr. Morton raising a silencing hand.

The voice of the wanderer came clearly into the room.



Feeding Smutty Corn  
Silage which is made from smutty corn is harmless to cattle, according to animal husbandry authorities at South Dakota state college. During the course of an experiment at this station, cows were fed large amounts of smutty silage. These cows gained 235 pounds during the feeding period of 26 days, and all were in a thrifty condition. In general appearance the cows were more attractive at the close of the trial than at the beginning.

"In the absence of P.N.D., our announcer for this hour, who wanted to join his family for Thanksgiving turkey, I will make the announcements for W.F.K."

"But what's he doing? How does he happen to be there?" asked the incorrigible Johnny.

"No one knows more than you do, Johnny," said his mother. "Wait and see."

"Anyone wishing to request special numbers from any of our artists may call Shopkins 8888." Tom's voice said after a number of singers had done their bit.

Mr. Morton rose quickly and went to the telephone in the rear hall.

The family seated around the dwindling dinner was breathless with interest and excitement.

By the smile she saw on Mr. Morton's face and the trace of tears in his fine eyes, the mother knew that there was no bad news of her son.

Mr. Morton sat down before he told his story.

Tom, it seems, had become dissatisfied with his slow progress in the home town and was ashamed to keep on moving from one failure to another and, in spite of what he knew was not the right way to do it, he had left to try some work he had always felt would be in his line—managing a sort of spectacular advertising department for a large store.

He had found a berth in a city nearby and had been very successful in conducting a radio studio for his firm. He had wanted to let his family hear of him in just this way because he felt that it would make it a real Thanksgiving for every one—most of all for him.

**DEER HEADS MOUNTED**

I want to Mount Your Deer Heads. My Work is Guaranteed. My prices Reasonable.

TAXIDERMIST  
**MERLE HARRY**  
Friona, Texas

**TRADES DAY**

We are Doing Our Part to make Friona's Trades Day the best affair that has ever been attempted.

TICKETS GIVEN WITH ALL DEALS  
SEE US FOR FENCING, ROOFING AND ALL BUILDING MATERIALS

**Rockwell Bros. & Co.**  
"LUMBER"

O. F. LANGE, Manager FRIONA, TEXAS

**PUBLIC SALE**

On Friday, December 7th, beginning at 11:00 o'clock A. M. at my home one half mile west of Friona, I will offer for sale at Public Auction, the following described property:

**LIVE STOCK**

1 Blue Roan Mare, Wt 1400 lbs    6 Head of 60-pound hogs.  
1 Blue Roan Horse, Wt 1500 lb    140 hens, 70 white and 70 red.  
1 Good Brood Sow

5 Head good milk cows, 3 to 5 years old.  
Will give four to five gallon under proper feeding.

**Farm Implements and Machinery**

1 10-hole Van Brunt Drill	1 Two-row Sweep on wheels
1 5-hole Drill	1 6-shovel Cultivator
1 Double Disc Plow	1 Double Knife Sled.
1 14-disc Avery Harrow	1 Spike Harrow.
1 Row Binder in good Order.	1 good truck Wagon.
1 Walking Plow	1 Sod Plow
1 John Deere Lister with Cotton Seed Attachment.	
\$100.00 worth of Repairs for McCormick Binders.	
4 Tons Sudan Hay	Harness for Three Horses
2 Iron Kettles, One 15 and 1 25 gallons.	
<b>Lots of Old Iron and Repair Stuff.</b>	

Also Household and Kitchen Furniture and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash in hand on day of sale.

G. L. LIVINGS, Owner. COL. RAY BARBER, Auctioneer.  
CLYDE HONEA, Clerk.

**O. C. JONES GARAGE**

See me for new and used parts.

**End Heating Worries**

With An **Automatic Gas Fired Circulating Heater!**

You can say good-bye to half-heated rooms, the day a Circulating Gas Heater comes into your home—enjoy greater comfort than you have ever known this winter and for many winters to come.

The New Gas-Fired Circulating Heater is completely automatic; draws its fuel from the gas pipe as needed; fills the whole house with warm, healthful, moist air; assures a constant, even temperature regardless of outside weather changes.

See your gas appliance dealer today and see for yourself the many advantages of a Circulating heater.

**Best Texas Gas Co.**  
117 Main Street, Friona, Texas

# HOW MUCH DO YOU SPEND FOR ADVERTISING

The Harvard Bureau of Business Research and the Northwestern University Bureau of Business Research compile the following percentage of gross sales as usual and correct for advertising expenditures of successful retail stores:

Department Stores .....	1.9 to 3.1%
Grocery Stores .....	1.0%
Haberdashers .....	3.3%
Women's Wear Shops .....	3.1%
Furniture .....	6.3%
General Merchandise .....	1.5%
Drug Stores .....	1.0%
Shoe Stores .....	2.9%
Electrical Shops .....	2.7%
Hardware .....	1.0%
Cleaning and Dyeing .....	3.3%
Jewelry .....	3.1%
Meat Markets .....	1.0%
Florists .....	5.0%
Millinery .....	2.2%
Music Stores .....	3.3%
Restaurants .....	3.1%
Specialty Shops .....	3.8%

Does your advertising investment compare with the average? Perhaps your budget needs revising. According to Bradstreet's report, 95 per cent of all businesses that fail are non-advertiser.

If you want to cover Friona's  
trade territory, advertise in

# THE FRIONA STAR

Winter  
proof  
for

QUICKER  
STARTING  
EASIER  
SHIFTING  
SMOOTHER  
PERFORMANCE

Don't let a sudden cold snap catch you unprepared. A Magnolia Winter-Proof Job means freedom from winter driving worries. Your motor will start instantly. You'll save gas, oil and repair bills.



Magnolia Winter-Proof Service covers the 7 vital parts of your car most easily affected by cold weather. Drive to and ask about it.

Mobilize For Winter at ...



**STAR WANT ADS GET RESULTS**

**NOW IS THE TIME**

To secure complete and adequate protection for your homes and business in the form of the most dependable FIRE and WINDSTORM

INSURANCE

We shall be pleased to consult with you and write your INSURANCE.

J. W. WHITE, Insurance

1901

1934

**E. B. Black Co.**

We have Served You For 33 Years  
Hereford, Texas

**ADVERTISE IN THE FRIONA STAR**

COME SEE US

Before you buy XMAS goods. We have a stock to please you at prices that will surprise you. We invite price comparison and comparison of quality. See the gifts for older folks, toys for youngsters and gifts of enduring value. It is not necessary to go out of town to find just what you need, and avoid the tax by buying at home.

**BLACKWELLS HDW. & FURN.**

**THANKSGIVING...**

This is Thanksgiving Day. It should stand today for what it stood in that primeval wilderness of early Colonial America, when a struggling, forlornly brave little band of settlers set it aside as a day of thanks for the blessings they had received.

Today, in our comfortable surroundings, it is even difficult to imagine their sufferings. As we gather about the family board Thursday let us, as good citizens, remember the homeless and the friendless and, if possible, put a speck of sunshine into their lives.

Let us observe the occasion in the becoming and strengthening spirit of community and national service. Let us avoid the perils of indifference which has threatened our prosperity. In short, let each and every one of us be sincerely grateful in our hearts.

It is that spirit that we send this brief message to our many friends and patrons.

**TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY**

**THE ROMANS**

had a phrase for it—

“CAVEAT EMPTOR.” meaning “Let the buyer beware.” This was not used as a bit of balm to ease the ancient conscience, nor, yet, was it placarded in the booths and stalls of the market-place. It was a piece of every-day knowledge, born of dear-bought experience.

A shopkeeper knew little about the source of his merchandise. This tunic he bought from a trader, who said it came from Byzantium. So he sold it as the latest Byzantine style. The trader told him the dye was pure Tyrian—it wouldn't fade. So he sold it as Tyrian dyed. But the buyer knew the responsibility was his own. If he guessed wrongly, or his judgment was poor, it was HIS hard luck.

Today, fortunately, there are safer guides than the blanket-warning to “let your eyes be your market.”

These guides are the newspaper advertisements. In this newspaper, they are a catalog of the best values in town—signed by responsible firms. If the goods are not all that is claimed for them, their sponsors would need to “beware.” For no business can thrive on a one-time sale, or on dissatisfied customers.

A signed advertisement is, in a way, like a promissory note. The advertiser has made a statement, and affixed his signature as a sign of good faith.

So, read the advertisements before you start out on a buying trip. Make this habit, and see how much you save... in time, in temper, in money, in shoe-leather.

**The**

**Friona Star**