

# THE MULESHOE JOURNAL

Vol. 3

Muleshoe, Bailey County, Texas, Friday, October, 8, 1926.

Number 34

## W. R. Wilson To Build Eight Sets Of Improvements

W. R. Wilson, of Slaton, received a car of lumber to start the erection of eight sets of improvements on eight of his farms in this county. Mr. Wilson owns quite an acreage of land in this county, and believes this part of the state has a wonderful future, this is manifested by his plan to improve his farms.

Some of the farms will have exceptional good improvements while others will have small houses and sheds enough to take care of a small lay out for the tenants.

We are glad to see the land owners take interest in this country. We wish for Mr. Wilson good returns on his investments.

## A Special Message To All Parents

Over 300,000 babies die every year in the United States. Half of them could be saved if all births were registered promptly. 4,500 die in Texas every year under one month old because of diseased parentage.

A baby is entitled to be born free from disease. This is one reason why the United States Government says: register your baby's birth at once. Other reasons are: Birth registration is an aid in the prevention of infant blindness. Birth registration proves the child's age, an essential point in admission to school and leaving school, marriage, voting, jury or military service, admission to and practice of professions and many public offices, birth registration proves the child's identity, an essential point in administration of property, settlement of inheritances, settlement of insurance and pensions and right to enter contract, various matters in the criminal code, passports to, and residence in foreign countries, readmission to the United States after residence abroad, illegitimacy proceedings, and age of consent, as evidence of age and citizenship in order to obtain entrance to Civil Service Examinations. The Widows' and Orphans' Pension Law, which has just been enacted has created a new demand for certificates of birth.

Doctors and Midwives are required by law to register births—sometimes they forget. Be sure that your children are properly registered, it costs nothing to register a birth.

Reasons why deaths should be recorded: Settlement of estates, life insurance policies, pensions and war claims, damage suits, and death due to criminal negligence.

Proof of dissolution of martial relation in case of disappearance and desertion.

An aid to life insurance companies in the disposition of border-line cases.

Aid in sanitation and prevention of occupational and communicable diseases.

Location of Endemic Disease area, and Detection of Epidemic Diseases and indications for the adoption of hygienic measures and establishment of quarantine measures.

The State would be the Recipient of Financial Benefits and other Funds Available under Different Federal Acts.

Franking Privileges of the mail of the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

## Two Bales Of Cotton Ginned Here Monday

Bailey County's first bale of cotton was ginned at R. L. Brown's gin Monday. The cotton was grown by C. R. Brown, of Bula. The business men of Muleshoe payed him at the rate of 20c per pound for this bale. The turnout was fine and everything went off in tip top shape.

O. M. Merriman who lives two miles north and two miles east of Lariat also had his first bale ginned here, turning out fine. This bale brought market price 11c per pound.

Bailey county is expected to market more cotton this season than ever in the history of our county. Muleshoe also can say we have as good a gin as there is in the county.

The following business men contributed to the premium: H. C. Henington \$2.50; Gardner Dry Goods Co. \$2.50; R. B. Canfield \$2.00; A. P. Stone \$2.00; Dr. Matthews \$1.00; McCarty Drug \$1.00; J. H. Johnson \$1.00; A. W. Coker \$1.00; Valley Motor Co \$2.50; E. R. Hart \$2.50; D. O. Smith \$1.00; M. V. Walker \$1.00; C. F. Moeller \$1.00; J. L. Aلسup \$1.00; Dick Jones \$1.00; D. A. Dodson \$1.00; Burrow Lumber Co. \$2.50; L. S. Barron \$1.00; R. B. Boyle \$2.50; C. D. Gupton & Son \$1.00; H. A. Douglass \$1.00; Blackwater Valley State Bank \$2.50; R. L. Brown, Ginner ginned the bale free amount \$8.15.

## Methodist Church Notes

Considering the muddy condition of our roads (and our main street) our attendance at Sunday School and church last Sunday was real good, for most all who came drove thru the mud. However we had quite a number of vacant seats at each service and we noticed with real disappointment that you were not in your place and we were sorry to know that your work for Christ in those services would have to be left undone. Unused opportunities for doing good are lost opportunities we can not recall them. God has work for you to do and is counting on you to do your part in his church; can He depend on you?

May we depend on you to be present next Sunday at all services and do your part to make the work one hundred per cent? Feel that the church and her services are yours and ask your friends and the stranger in your community to come and enjoy our worship with us. This work is in our care and God requires of us that we make these services not only at ractive but helpful and inspiring as well.

Preaching both morning and evening, Sunday School ten a. m., Junior League six p. m., Senior League seven p. m.

A real hearty welcome awaits all our friends and the visitors in our midst.

J. E. Payne.

NOTICE—Farmers wanting hands leave their order at R. L. Brown's office, will be able to furnish you farm help.

WANTED—Several car loads of sudan seed, paying the top price. R. L. Brown.

A complete Mortality Report of the State will operate as an aid in the unification of the Federal Mortality Experience.

Get a certified copy of your birth certificate.

## Elsinore, Hamlet's Town, Is 500 Years Old



Elsinore, the Danish city of Hamlet, recently held an elaborate festival to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter. Pageants recalling the history of the town were acted in the courtyard of Kronborg castle, where the "Taming of the Shrew" was also presented. This picture shows nuns following the effigy of a saint which is being carried by mail-clad knights.

## Birth Registration And Its Importance

Texas has set for her goal in 1930 admission to the registration area in Vital Statistics. This area is set down by the U. S. Government and based upon a certain percentage of births and death registered. Texas is far down in the scale and we are endeavoring to raise the standard.

Every one can help in this matter by having your children registered; if you are not sure that they have been registered come in and do it now, if they have been it does not harm and if they have not been it will do some good.

Come in and do it now, don't wait, Miss Wentland will help you with it and will register them for you with the county clerk.

Every child that is registered with the State of Texas will be issued a certificate of registration and this will establish beyond a doubt their registration. Lets have a large number of registrations this month, it doesn't matter if your child is not a baby, register him any way.

## Acclimated Fruit-Shade Trees At Lowest Prices Since The War

Our late blooming sure bearing fruit trees are best suited to West Texas and Eastern New Mexico. Thousands of Elm, Ash, Poplar and other tested trees, direct to you guaranteed to please.

Send a list of your needs and let us quote lowest price.

18 years in Plainview, reference everybody here.

Plainview Nursery,  
Plainview, Texas.  
Box 1058.

33tf

## Muleshoe Has A New Barber Shop Now

M. V. Walker is making the announcement this week of the opening of the Sanitary barber shop, in the Moeller building, next door to D. O. Smith.

Everything in the shop is new and modern, right from the factory, even his barber is a new man, from Detroit, Michigan. This gives the city five barbers. There will be no long waits now, when you want a hair cut or shave.

We hope Mr. Walker finds this new business a profitable undertaking.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Miller, of Knoxville, Ill., are here visiting in the home of Orian George and wife.

## FOLLOWS TRADITION



Raymond L. Houk, son of W. C. Houk, assistant superintendent of the house office building, has left Washington for his home in Knoxville, Tenn., to take the first step toward carrying out a family tradition—a tradition that one member of each generation must get ready to serve in congress.

## Mrs. W. C. Bucy Is Hostess To The Kath-Nell Bridge Club October 4

The Kath-Nell Bridge Club was entertained Monday evening by Mrs. W. C. Bucy at her home in Muleshoe Heights.

Three tables were set and high score for the evening was held by Mrs. W. A. Milligan for the ladies and by Mr. Billy Daniels for the gentlemen.

For the visiting ladies by Miss Lola Lipscomb.

Covers were laid for fifteen guests. A delightful luncheon was served by the hostess who was assisted by Misses Amelia Spencer and Miss Lola Lipscomb.

The club will be entertained next by Miss Dorothy Wentland on October 18th.

## Epworth League Lesson For Sunday October 10

Subject—The Prophet's Call of the New Testament.

Leader—Rufus Gilbreth.

Scripture Reading—Matt. 28: 19, 20.

Address by Leader.

1. Topic by Opal Morris, 2, 3 and 4 by same.

5. Topic by Jewell Haney.

Special music.

6. Topic by Ethridge Payne.

Song.

Collection.

Benediction.

Erick Moeller, who has had employment in Lisbon, Iowa, returned last week and said, Art Stocks would be back to Muleshoe in about two weeks. Erick at once accepted a position with Clarence Milligan.

W. P. Davis, Supt., of Bula High School was in Muleshoe, Monday attending to business matters.

When you goin' pay me?

## New Stage Line From Muleshoe-Plainview Daily

On last Friday October 1st a new stage line was established from Muleshoe to Plainview, via Earth, Olton and Halfway. Car leaves Plainview 10:00 a. m. and arrives at Muleshoe 12:30 p. m. daily and Sunday service. Car leaves Muleshoe 5:00 p. m. and arrives at Plainview 7:30 p. m. The manager is offering a special fare next Saturday and Sunday. Read the ad for particulars. Make connections with Littlefield, Clovis and Lubbock stages, also good connections made at Plainview with Lubbock and Amarillo stage at Plainview. Connections at Plainview with Lone Star stage to Estelline via Lockney and direct from Estilline to Ft. Worth and Dallas.

This stage solicits your patronage. Courtes treatment and careful driving. Studebaker six now on line. Also Chrysler sedan for bad weather use.

## Dodge Bros. Cars Noted for Dependability

"According to these figures," states Mr. D. O. Smith, "over 465 pounds of costly chrome vanadium steel are purchased for making the vstal parts of each Dodge Brothers chassis. The other forgings in each chasis require less than 175 pounds of open hearth carbon steel.

"Now Dodge Brothers are using a larger weight of chrome vanadium steel in each chasis then they did a year ago and a much larger weight of this fine costly alloy steel than was used in the Dodge Brothers car which won such a good name in the militaay service during the World War.

"The front axle I-beam, steering knuckles, steering arms and connections, propeller shaft, drive pinion and ring gear, rear axle shafts, crankshaft and many other parts are all heavier than they were in 1917 and are made of the finest chrome vanadium steel and are all scientifically heat treated in the finest electric furnaces in the industry.

"For example, a 72-pound piece is cut from a three-inch bar of chrome vanadium steel for forging the present crankshaft—a year ago only a 51-lb. piece was required.

"Each axle shaft in a Dodge Brothers Motor Car of 1917 was made from a ten-pound bar. For forging the axle shaft of today a specially rolled chrome vanadium steel bar weighing over 17 pounds is used. A Dodge Brothers front spring in 1917 weighed 20 pounds. The front spring today weighs over 28 pounds and as has always been Dodge Brothers practice, every leaf of every spring is of chrome vanadium steel.

"Significant in that it accounts for the unusual endurance and long life of Dodge Brothers motor car," Mr. Smith continued, "is the fact that pound for pound Dodge Brothers chassis contains a larger proportion of this costly chrome vanadium steel than does the chasis of any other motor car regardless of price.

"In building the 207,115 motor vehicles shipped by Dodge Brothers, Inc., to dealers during the first six months of 1926, nearly forty-eight thousand tons of chrome vanadium steel were consumed approximately twice the amount used by any other maker of motor cars."

## Model of Seadrome That May Be Built in Atlantic



Above is pictured E. R. Armstrong, chief engineer of the Dupont company, with the elaborate model of his proposed seadrome, which he believes would solve the problem of transatlantic aerial travel. The drydock would serve as a midocean harbor for ships and dirigibles which could land on the dock. In the model he uses a replica of the S. S. Majestic, showing the relative sizes of the dock and the ship.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln



Felix Has a Large Following

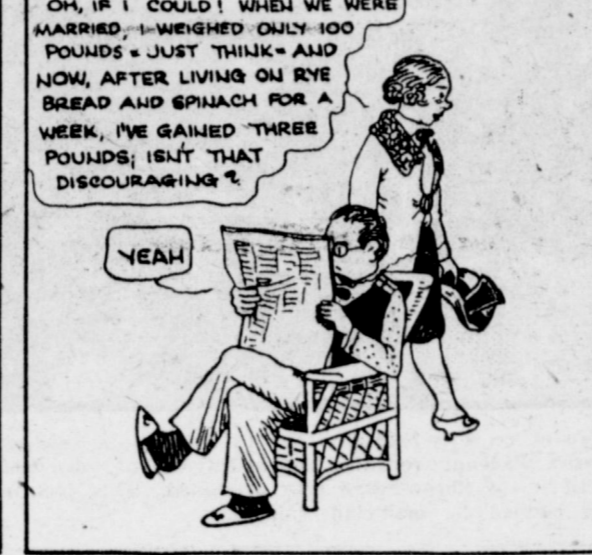


The Comic Strip JUST FOOLISHNESS SUCCESS 'YAHN ALWAYS YOU'RE READ THAT 'YAHN MUST BARE THE BREAD BY THE GREAT OF HIS BROW', SO AL WENT AND THE HANDKERCHIEF SIX - THAT'S ALL

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

One "Yeah" Too Many



Famous Last Words

Along the Concrete



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



THE CLANCY KIDS Timmie Spoke the Truth By PERCY L. CROSBY



# Youth Rides West



**WRIGLEYS**

WRIGLEYS satisfies the desire for sweets, it helps make strong healthy teeth, removes particles of food from teeth crevices, and aids digestion. So it is a wonderful help to health.



Our Colleges

Professor Bierot of France, after a visit to America, was commenting on our education. "It is most amazing and, to me, most alarming. I do not mean to say that some of the young people do not learn something but my impression of American universities was stadiums, with classrooms attached."

A telegraph-typewriter has been invented which delivers messages at the receiving end in complete typewritten form.



**More People Dyeing!**

Thousands of women give old garments latest colors, and make drapes and furnishings all bright and beautiful—thanks to home dyeing. So can you! It's fun, and how it saves money!

Deep-dyed, rich colors or faintest tints. So easy, if you just use real dye. Diamond dyes do a perfect job on any fabric—right over other colors. Dye anything; easy as washing!

FREE: now at any drugstore: Diamond Dye Cyclopedic, full of suggestions, with simple directions, actual piece-goods color samples, etc. Or write for big, illustrated book Color Craft—free—DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N11, Burlington, Vermont.

**Diamond Dyes**

Makes it NEW for 15 cts!

FLIT

DESTROYS

Flies, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Bedbugs

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

**MONEY IN PECANS**—and how to get it out—Booklet FREE. Reduced prices on banded Pecan trees guaranteed true to name. B. W. STONE, Thomasville, Georgia.

**10,000 ACRES CUT-OVER PINE LANDS** in Rapides Parish, Louisiana; 20 miles south of Alexandria, on Missouri Pacific Railroad, in large or small tracts for investors, farmers, home-sellers and colonization purposes. Suitable for fruit and other diversified farming. Prices \$10 to \$15 per acre. Reasonable terms. B. E. Smith Land & Lumber Co., Inc., Alexandria, La.

Florida Sumter Co., Bushnell, 5 acres and a town lot for \$795. Send 10c for sample copy farm paper. Free road map. A. D. POWERS, Box 1759, St. Petersburg, Florida.

**Want to Hear**

from owners of good farms or ranch for sale.  
E. HIEBERT  
532 W. Grape, San Diego, Calif.

**2076 ACRE RANCH FOR SALE**

4 wire fences; 2 good wells. Price \$10,000 per acre. Will carry \$6,000 at 5%.  
FRED SPEAKMAN, Tyrone, Okla.

By  
**Will Irwin**  
Copyright by Will Irwin  
WNU Service

ing in that technical term. But Buck was running on:

"You can scoop her out with a spoon—assays three hundred to the ton—she widens as she goes in—that stuff we hated so like pizen—"

"That sand?"

"You've called it. Shorty seen it!" Buck stopped here, fumbled through the pockets of his overalls, produced a creased paper. "Here's where you come in," he said. It was a mining claim, filled out in his name and as yet, I saw, unregistered. "Ain't our claim!" Buck hastened to explain.

"It's the ground next. And"—waved an excited hand toward the hillside—"she's crammed with it, jammed with it! You can't lose! Your play is to git this registered quick, before the rush starts. Ride, boy!"

Yet I lingered to extract the details. Two years before, Shorty, as Buck expressed it, had been "shoved out of Mexico." With a "college-bred mining expert"—Buck's phrase again—he had been looking for gold. And down in Chihuahua they had found the natives washing not gold but a brittle sand. It was lead carbonates bearing silver, the expert informed Shorty.

Further, they had tunneled into the adjoining hill, had found the parent body. Some of this ore assayed better than three hundred dollars a ton.

My roan, I had discovered, possessed a trick of speed. I let him go his best. I was in a state of mind which I can describe only as triumphant greed. I was going to be rich, rich! Rich in my own right, through my own enterprise! I had absorbed, indeed, not only the joyous greed of Cottonwood, but its indomitable optimism. I no more doubted than Buck that the piece of inert earth of which I was so strangely possessed, held fortune.

That I was already a pampered child of luxury, needing no wealth beyond that which my father had won for me, never entered my mind. I had made a fortune in my own right. I would tell Constance about it—Constance Deane. She and I—and there the rosy light which illuminated my dream flickered and went out. I could not throw this fortune into the lap of Constance. Encircling Constance Deane, a barrier and a cage, was that mysterious wedding ring.

And as I rode furiously down the creek road and into the head of Main street, another drop of acid worry curdled my triumphant mood. That morning's Courier would carry the editorial about the Curtis case, a challenge to Marshal Chris McGrath. And Chris was the official registrar of mining claims. Was he up yet? He usually slept late. If he was already in his office, he might find ways to block my claim. But when I entered, giving an impersonation of leisure, there was within only his blond, sphinx-like clerk. He glanced over the form which Buck had filled out for me.

"All right," he said, "come back tomorrow." I had not expected this; and my ingenuity was taxed to invent a lie plausible enough to suit the circumstances. I created it at last—something about having to leave camp that afternoon to be gone a week.

"It'll make a lot of trouble," said the clerk; and his manner was insinuating. By good fortune, I carried most of my money on my person, as was the fashion in Cottonwood. I drew out a gold double-eagle, balanced it carefully as I said:

"I'd be sorry to trouble you, but I want it done now." The clerk fell immediately to work; in ten minutes, I had the title, all registered and sworn; and he had, besides his fee, my twenty dollars. Another glimpse, I reflected, into the run of affairs at Cottonwood. My little piece of justifiable bribery had occurred to me just in time; for as I mounted and rode away, I passed the marshal, headed for his office.

Then, as I emerged into the head of Main street, I saw that I was not riding alone. Down the road, other horsemen, carrying awkwardly across their saddlehorns shovels, picks, mining paraphernalia, were spurring furiously northward. Dotted here and there over Hayden hill, horses were tethered or roaming at will; groups of men were digging or driving stakes; riders, fording the creek at a furious gait, were spurring on over the crest. Down by the site of our cabin, Buck's

claim next to the twin property of the partnership, had drawn up the necessary papers; and, but for Shorty's insistence on their agreement of secrecy, would have broken the news to me there and then. The samples from the tunnel assayed three hundred dollars a ton and upward; the farther you went, the richer it got. In approaching Major Brown, the Cottonwood assayer, Buck had maintained the fiction that he came from over the range. But in Brown's porter and man of all work—who was not in the office when he delivered the samples—Buck recognized an individual that had formerly delivered meat along the creek. This porter hailed him by name. "He's seen this tunnel—the boys on these here placers think I am digging for gold quartz. Only a matter of time till he puts two and two together and she gets out," remarked Buck. He swept his gaze over the hill. "By Gee, she's out now!" he said. "Looker thar!" Dim on the hillcrest, two men were digging furiously. Buck scrutinized the group for a moment. "Just as I figgered," he said; "Major Brown, the assayer, and his hired man. They put two and two together d-n quick! Shorty's sitting on your claim with a shotgun and the Swede," he added. "Already started a shaft so's you can claim development work. But you never can tell. Git this registered and git back—now vamoose!"

There, Coming Along the Pavement Toward Me, Was Marshal McGrath.

So much they extracted from the cholo workmen. Then the "Mex boss" came back. He looked at things differently. That night he tried to murder the two Americans and, failing, raised the rurales against them. They barely got out to El Paso with their lives.

And Shorty had not worked a day on our claim before he recognized that brittle sand, which had so hampered our gold washing, as the same ore. It was lead carbonates; and the sample assayed three hundred dollars a ton in silver alone. How Shorty overcame the innate conservatism of Buck did not at this moment come out. I imagine that when Buck raked over those little pellets of pure silver which the blowpipe had magicked from this inert sand, his single-minded belief in gold collapsed. At any rate, he was by now so thoroughly converted as to forget that he ever held any other faith. Of course, the sand in our stream was but a trifling overflow from some main body of ore. Where did it lie? Shorty, working merely on a hazy resemblance between the lay of this land and that in the Mexican diggings, "sort of suspected"—said Buck—the hillside across the creek.

He selected, I know now, the spot which of all locations on that hillside would have been the last choice to an expert mining engineer. But there is more luck in silver mining than any expert will admit; and the kind of man that Shorty was, always played the game of life in the spirit of one who shakes dice for the drinks.

The crafty Shorty, as I half suspected at the time, had not pazed with the last of his resources when he produced that hundred-dollar bill from the back of his watch. They bought the necessary tools, explosives and apparatus in Cottonwood, hired for assistant a Swede who not only knew nothing about minerals, but almost nothing about the English language. Mining timbers being expensive and slow of delivery, they had cast their last coin into the pot, and torn down the cabin for the purpose.

Skidding out their debris on a crude sled and a trackway of poles, in a fortnight they had driven their tunnel twenty feet from the prism and had come to a streak of carbonates. It widened to a vein, to a pocket, to Heaven knew what. Buck's conscience and kindness were troubled because I, who shared the discovery of that curious sand, had no longer any stake in the game. And Shorty refused to give me a share, maintaining with justice that hundreds of others must have seen that sand and failed to identify it; that if anyone should be favored in this transaction it was he, Shorty. So yesterday, before they visited Cottonwood to get final results, Buck had staked out for me a

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"I can give no more. Even then, I warn you that you are likely to be burned."

"But will you be burned? That is a thing which matters."

"No, it doesn't matter. I am already burned—scorched—withered."

"Constance, won't you tell me about yourself?"

"That isn't living up to the conditions," she replied. "No!" Suddenly, with one of her light movements, she slipped to the ground. "I'm going now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung unaided from a wayside rock into the side-saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important. If—" But now she looked at me, shook her head.

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily much more important in the scheme of fate.

I was awakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightshirt, holding his 45-calibre sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right. Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, antipating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspiring June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I must get through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; and beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a trampled floor.

I was hailed from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my Inexpert eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which led it. From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round; his eye rested on that ridiculous shack of thatching and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me have—as rich as—" Buck paised, as though to find a simile wild enough to express the situation. "Rich as h—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions, not all generous, I brought out another triviale.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates!"

He might have been talking Arable for all I grasped the dramatic mean-

ing in that technical term. But Buck was running on:

"You can scoop her out with a spoon—assays three hundred to the ton—she widens as she goes in—that stuff we hated so like pizen—"

"That sand?"

"You've called it. Shorty seen it!" Buck stopped here, fumbled through the pockets of his overalls, produced a creased paper. "Here's where you come in," he said. It was a mining claim, filled out in his name and as yet, I saw, unregistered. "Ain't our claim!" Buck hastened to explain.

"It's the ground next. And"—waved an excited hand toward the hillside—"she's crammed with it, jammed with it! You can't lose! Your play is to git this registered quick, before the rush starts. Ride, boy!"

Yet I lingered to extract the details. Two years before, Shorty, as Buck expressed it, had been "shoved out of Mexico." With a "college-bred mining expert"—Buck's phrase again—he had been looking for gold. And down in Chihuahua they had found the natives washing not gold but a brittle sand. It was lead carbonates bearing silver, the expert informed Shorty.

Further, they had tunneled into the adjoining hill, had found the parent body. Some of this ore assayed better than three hundred dollars a ton.

My roan, I had discovered, possessed a trick of speed. I let him go his best. I was in a state of mind which I can describe only as triumphant greed. I was going to be rich, rich! Rich in my own right, through my own enterprise! I had absorbed, indeed, not only the joyous greed of Cottonwood, but its indomitable optimism. I no more doubted than Buck that the piece of inert earth of which I was so strangely possessed, held fortune.

That I was already a pampered child of luxury, needing no wealth beyond that which my father had won for me, never entered my mind. I had made a fortune in my own right. I would tell Constance about it—Constance Deane. She and I—and there the rosy light which illuminated my dream flickered and went out. I could not throw this fortune into the lap of Constance. Encircling Constance Deane, a barrier and a cage, was that mysterious wedding ring.



There, Coming Along the Pavement Toward Me, Was Marshal McGrath.

**THE STORY SO FAR**

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold up of a stage coach, from which the express box is stolen before the bandits are scolded off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Croly, old-time partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintanceship with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a crime wave, which the marshal seems to overlook, Handy, in his newspaper, demands a clean-up. Gilson meets Mrs. Deane in a notorious section of the camp. In love with her and knowing she has a husband, Gilson, noting that she seems upset about something attempts to comfort her.

**CHAPTER VII—Continued**

But as the hammering of blood against my brain died, as the red mist cleared from my eyes, I realized that Constance had not returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support, for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood facing each other. Again that black mood lay on her face. She swayed, grasped at her saddle horn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling so—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said:

"Robert—why did you—why did we do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem. "You love me!"

"And you too!" I said. "You too!"

She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery—light, became a stone wall.

"I shouldn't have done this!" she went on, every moment becoming more the mistress of herself.

"Shouldn't have let you do it?"

"You couldn't have stopped me!" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had reared for an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Hahn't you better hitch them?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, steadied me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked.

"From me. See me no more. You will be safest so."

"Safest from what?"

"From yourself—and me!"

"What is the danger in you?"

"Robert, a man is always in danger when he loves a married woman!—unless—" here her voice grew sharp for an instant, "unless this is only a flirtation with you. Unless you are that kind of a man."

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "how much this isn't a flirtation. Don't you think I've fought it? Don't you know that I did what I did just now because my guard was down, and you touched me and I was carried beyond myself?"

"I know all that," she said. "I'm trying to be very honest now. And it isn't honest in me, Robert, to say I doubt your honor. I'm certain of that. You're not like—well, our friend Bartoo, for example."

"He was—familiar?" I asked, my hands clenching.

"Oh, somewhat. But don't let that trouble you. With you, it's different. Don't you think you'd better leave me—for your own good?"

"Constance, is it absolutely hopeless?"

"Absolutely," she said finally, firmly.

"But you're in trouble. I want to help. If there's one chance in a hundred millions to help you, I want that more than anything else that I can have in life," I said.

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"I can give no more. Even then, I warn you that you are likely to be burned."

"But will you be burned? That is a thing which matters."

"No, it doesn't matter. I am already burned—scorched—withered."

"Constance, won't you tell me about yourself?"

"That isn't living up to the conditions," she replied. "No!" Suddenly, with one of her light movements, she slipped to the ground. "I'm going now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung unaided from a wayside rock into the side-saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important. If—" But now she looked at me, shook her head.

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily much more important in the scheme of fate.

I was awakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightshirt, holding his 45-calibre sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right. Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, antipating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspiring June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I must get through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; and beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a trampled floor.

I was hailed from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my Inexpert eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which led it. From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round; his eye rested on that ridiculous shack of thatching and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me have—as rich as—" Buck paised, as though to find a simile wild enough to express the situation. "Rich as h—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions, not all generous, I brought out another triviale.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates!"

He might have been talking Arable for all I grasped the dramatic mean-

Henry Georgs George L. Seaver  
**Hill Crest Mortuary**  
 Orian George, Mgr.  
 The Same Care After You Gave  
 Before  
 Phone 47 Muleshoe, Texas

**Want Ads Phone 54**

PICTURE FRAMING— See  
 Henry George Furniture Store.  
 23tfc

Journal Want Ads get results.  
 Ask your neighbor.

WANTED—To contract 300  
 acres Sudan grass. R. L. Brown.

Pies and cakes fresh and fine  
 at City Bakery.

Ray Griffiths and Carl Elrod  
 were in Kansas City, the first of  
 the week with a bunch of fat  
 yearlings belonging to the Elrod  
 brothers.

I want the people of the Mule-  
 shoe trade territory to know I  
 have purchased the City Bakery,  
 and will appreciate your busi-  
 ness.

I am authorized to pay the toy  
 market price for your cream and  
 produce. See me before you  
 sell your stuff. Muleshoe Pro-  
 duce Co. by G. W. Soilock.

WANTED—To contract 300  
 acres Sudan grass. R. L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rantsma, of  
 Fresno, California, are here visi-  
 ting in the Snyder home. Mrs.  
 Rantsma is the mother of Mrs.  
 Snyder. They have been visit-  
 ing up in the northern states.

Tom Mercer of Littlefield, is  
 working at the White Front Ga-  
 rage as mechanic.

Get your bread from the City  
 Bakery.

**CITATION BY PUBLICATION**

**THE STATE OF TEXAS.**

To the Sheriff or any Constable  
 of Bailey County—GREETING:  
 You are hereby commanded,  
 That you summon, by making  
 Publication of this Citation in  
 some newspaper published in the  
 County of Bailey if there be a  
 newspaper published therein,  
 once in each week for four con-  
 secutive weeks previous to the  
 return day hereof, A. A. Potter  
 whose residence is unknown, to  
 be and appear before the Hon.  
 Justice Court, Precinct No. One  
 Bailey County, Texas at the  
 next regular term thereof, to  
 be holden in the County of Bail-  
 ey at the Court House thereof,  
 in Muleshoe on the 3rd Monday  
 in October, A. D. 1926, the same  
 being the 18th day of October  
 A. D. 1926 then and there to  
 answer a Petition filed in said  
 Court, on the 1st day of Septem-  
 ber A. D. 1926, in a suit  
 numbered on the docket of said  
 Court No. 136, wherein M. F.  
 Grimes is plaintiff and A. A.  
 Potter is defendant. The nature  
 of the plaintiffs demand being  
 as follows, to-wit: Suit for debt  
 in the sum of \$168.00, plaintiff  
 alleges that defendant owes him  
 for labor.

Herein fail not, And have you  
 before said Court, on the said  
 first day of the next term there-  
 of, this Writ, with your endorse-  
 ment thereon, showing how you  
 have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal  
 of said Court, at office in Mule-  
 shoe, Texas this, the 9th day of

September A. D. 1926.

R. J. Klump,  
 Justice of the Peace, Precinct  
 No. One Bailey County, Texas.  
 30-34-c

**ROAD NOTICE**

STATE OF TEXAS, }  
 Bailey County. } ss

We, the undersigned Jury of  
 Freeholders, citizens of said  
 Bailey County, Texas, duly ap-  
 pointed by the Commissioners'  
 Court of Bailey County, Tex-  
 as, at its June Term, 1926, to  
 view and establish a First class  
 Road from and to points de-  
 scribed below and having been  
 duly sworn as the law directs,  
 hereby give notice that we will,  
 on the 20th day of November,  
 1926, assemble at the beginning  
 point of said road and thence  
 proceed to survey, locate, view,  
 mark out and establish said road,  
 beginning at the N. W. corner  
 of labor 16, in league 191, Ector  
 County School Land; Thence  
 East on the Labor line between  
 Labors 15 and 16; 14 and 17; 13  
 and 18; 12 and 19; 11 and 20 to  
 the League line between said  
 League 191 and League 203  
 Roberts County School Land,  
 thence continuing East on the  
 Labor line between Labors 15  
 and 16; 14 and 17; 13 and 18;  
 12 and 19; 11 and 20; to the League  
 line between said League 203  
 and League 207 Ochiltree County  
 School Land; thence continuing  
 East on to the Labor line be-  
 tween Labors 15 and 16, 14 and  
 17; 13 and 18 to the Eastern  
 boundary line of Bailey County,  
 where it ends.

And we do hereby notify E.  
 W. Miller, S. R. Little, N. N.  
 Ross, A. L. Davis, Helen J.  
 Latham, T. C. Wiseman, J. E.  
 Dodson, T. A. King, J. D. Sum-  
 merour, J. A. Harris, and any  
 and all persons owning lands  
 through which said road may  
 run, that we will at the same  
 time proceed to assess the  
 damages incidental to the open-  
 ing and establishment of said  
 road, when they may, either in  
 person or by agent or attorney,  
 present to us a written state-  
 ment of the amount of damages,  
 if any, claimed by them.

Witness our hands, this 28th  
 day of September A. D. 1926.

John K. Milam, W. M. Pool,  
 H. E. Schuster, R. J. Tucker,  
 A. L. Totem, Jurors of View.  
 33-36-c

**Circleback Gossip**

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damron  
 and family left for League Four  
 Monday where they will pick  
 cotton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Robb Sr.,  
 and children H. A. Jr., and Lane  
 returned Saturday from Wichita  
 Falls where they have been vis-  
 iting. They were accompanid  
 home by Mr. and Mrs. Bowman  
 and daughter who make their  
 future home here.

The young folks enjoyed a  
 party at the home of Mr. and  
 Mrs. John Garner. But they  
 had to leave early on account  
 of the rain.

Jack Davis spent Saturday  
 night and Sunday with Ira  
 Berry.

Virginia Hall spent Sunday  
 with Ruby Damron.

Mr. and Mrs. Dud Kent visit-  
 ed Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kyzer,  
 of Bula, Sunday afternoon.

Bro. Booth preached at the  
 school Sunday afternoon, after  
 preaching the people enjoyed a  
 fine singing.

Jerry Phipp visited his bro-  
 ther, Charlie Phipps, of Bailey-  
 boro Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Mattie Walker spent Fri-  
 day night with Mrs. C. H. May.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berry  
 visited George Garner Friday  
 night.

Mrs. H. H. Griffiths parents,  
 of Dallas, are out here to spend  
 the winter.

Marion Walker, of Muleshoe,  
 spent Sunday afternoon with  
 his parents, wife and son in this  
 community.

Mrs. J. R. Lee returned Wed-  
 nesday from Lubbock where she  
 underwent an operation for ap-  
 pendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Damron  
 spent Saturday night, Sunday  
 and Sunday night with Mr. and  
 Mrs. Pinke Gates.

**Muleshoe Lodge  
 A. F. & A. M.**

meets at hall over McCarty  
 building on the 2nd, Tuesday  
 of each month.  
 Visitors are welcome

A. V. McCARTY, Jr. W. M.

**A. R. Matthews M. D.**

Physician  
 and  
 Surgeon

Muleshoe, Texas

**Announcement**

We are open for business  
 on Farwell main street  
 We call for and deliver

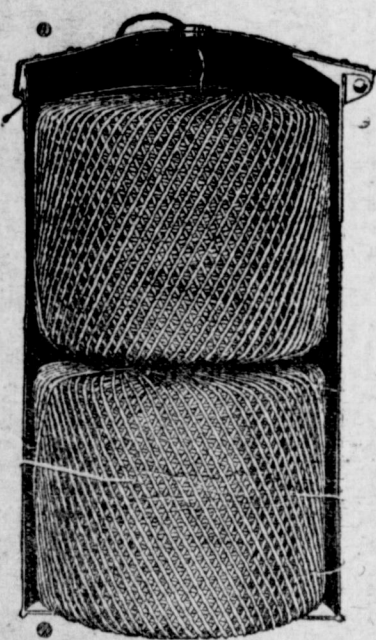
Old Mattress Made New  
**Farwell Mattress  
 Company**

**Lubbock Sanitarium**  
 (A Modern Fireproof Building)  
 and

**Lubbock Sanitarium  
 Clinic**

DR. J. T. KRUEGER  
 Surgery and Consultations  
 DR. J. T. HUTCHINSON  
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
 DR. M. C. OVERTON  
 Diseases of Children  
 DR. J. P. LATTIMORE  
 General Medicine  
 DR. NAN L. GILKERSON  
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
 DR. F. B. MALONE  
 General Medicine  
 MISS MABEL McCLENDON  
 X-Ray and Laboratory Technician  
 C. E. HUNT  
 Business Manager

A chartered Training School for  
 Nurses is conducted in connection  
 with the Sanitarium. Young wo-  
 men who desire to enter training  
 may address the Lubbock Sanitar-  
 ium.



**McCormick-Deering  
 Row Binders**

Time to think about your Row  
 Binder. Repairs for your old  
 one or a new McCormick-Deer-  
 ing. Ask for a demonstration.

Plenty of binder twine, the balls  
 will fit any binder cap.

**E. R. Hart Lumber Company**

**Beautiful New  
 Hats for the Ladies**

Announcing the arrival of a new ship-  
 ment of Ladies' hats. New season  
 colors, styles, trimmings--large, medi-  
 um, and small headsizes. Don't fail  
 to look them over before you buy.

**M. P. SMITH**

General Merchandise

**Sudan Seed**

We are now contracting sudan  
 seed, and want a chance to bid  
 on your crop.

**Bailey County Elevator**

**A Friendly Grocery**

Gladly assists you in selecting your  
 your supplies and has an efficient de-  
 livery service at your disposal.

**Henington Cash  
 GROCERY**

Phone 21, Sure We Deliver. Try Us and See.

"In Business For Your Health"

**If It's School  
 Supplies----**

You will find our stock of School Supplies the  
 most complete and the most reasonable

- Pencils    Composition books    Note books
  - Pens      Note book paper        Inks
  - Crayons   Spelling tablets         Erasers
- Plenty of tablets of all kinds

**McCarty Drug Store**

Remember we fill any Doctors Prescription

**Did You Ever  
 Stop and Think?**

How much do you profit by pay-  
 ing rent?

Build a Home, You Owe it to  
 your family. See us for plans

If it is car load prices you want see us!

**Burrow Lumber Co.**

East Main at Edward and Paul  
 Muleshoe,    ::    ::    ::    Texas

SAY! LET WEAVER DO YOUR TIRE AND TUBE WORK Muleshoe, Texas

Local and Personal Mention

Elmer Hoskins returned Wednesday from Wichita Falls where he went with the Bailey County exhibit. He said Bailey County had received one blue ribbon on a watermelon and he left before the other judges reports were given out. He also stated that the roads were sure a fright.

H. H. Carlyle is now in Hereford on business.

Mrs. J. M. Sanders, Verna, Alma and Luther, returned Tuesday afternoon from a visit with relatives at Sherman.

Mr. Meade, of St. Louis, Mo., is now employed at the Taylor Barber Shop.

Arthur Atkinson, of Los Angeles, Calif., is here this week visiting relatives, Mrs. D. K. Smith and K. K. Smith.

Shad Green, of Lubbock, was in Muleshoe last week attending to business matters.

J. W. Slone, of Causey, N. M., was in town Monday looking after some school matters.

WANTED—Several car loads of sudan seed, paying the top price. R. L. Brown.

J. L. Taylor and family have vacated the C. D. Gupton Sr., house across from Hotel James and occupied the Motherall house in Warren Addition.

Robt. A. Sone, our efficient County Attorney is sporting a new Chevrolet coupe. Some boat.

The Revival meeting at Y L will continue on in regular session beginning the 14th running to the 17th of this month. Every one is urged to attend these services. Tell your neighbor, Bro. Payne and Bro. Booth will do the preaching.

On last Monday night the members meet at the Masonic Hall to confer the master degree on Byron Griffiths and A. W. Coker there were several visiting members from Farwell, Sudan and Littlefield. After conferring the degree refreshments were served and several talks on Masonry was heard.

K. K. Smith, manager of the Valley Motor Co., Chevrolet dealers, is driving a new Chevrolet coach.

Tube work a specialty a Weaver's Tire Shop, Muleshoe, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Field and little son, who have been visiting in the Carles home left this week for Las Cruces, N. M., where they will visit with I. D. Todd and family.

Bill Pressly, of Amarillo, was here this week visiting his brother, Levi Pressly and friends.

Mr. Axtell left this week for Mobane, Mo., to be with his wife. He expects to return by the first of the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Barron were in Clovis this week.

The Yellow Jacket

Volume 1 Edited By The Muleshoe High School Number 2

Yellow Jackets Loose To Friona; Score 8 to 0

The Muleshoe Yellow Jackets fought a hard game with Friona Friday and had it not been for Broadway they would have taken home a victory. The final score was 8 to 0. We must help the boys win the next game.

The High School girls met Monday and organized their basket ball team. Marie Gwyn was elected captain, Opal Morris assistant captain.

The trucks have arranged for all girls and boys taking physical training to ride one truck leaving at 5 o'clock. The rest will leave at 3:30.

Donal Cason entered M. H. S. last week. Donal is making good and we all wish him a success in school.

S. E. Morris was absent from school Monday and Tuesday.

Marie Gwyn spent Sunday with Velma McDorman.

The High School students are looking forward to a gay time this week. Examinations???

Herrold Griffiths enrolled as a Junior Monday morning.

Misses La Vera Morgan, Opal Haney, Floris Robertson, Florence Long and Hazel DeBord were absent from school Monday.

Get behind the Yellow Jackets and push.

M. H. S. Senior Class Organized Sept. 30th

The Senior class of M. H. S. met Thursday Sept. 30, 1926 for purpose of organizing. The following officers were elected: Louis Rice—President; Beth Mardis—Secretary; Jimmie Cox—Treasurer; Thurman Glasscock—Sargant at Arms; Vance Wagner—Business Manager; Hershel Alsop, Mildred Lee and Vera Matthiesien were appointed by the President as social committee.

Supt. Leverett then introduced Clarence Crosby, Peters Jewellery Company. Mr. Crosby exhibited many different styles of rings. We were also shown invitations and diplomas. After very much discussion we selected rings, diplomas and invitations. We adjourned until next meeting.

The Seniors are proud of the enrollment of "26 and 27" over 25 and 6. The number being fifteen so far.

We are endeavoring to make this school year the best in the history of Muleshoe High School. We need your help and interest to make this possible.

Bro. Payne and Saffle were with us Monday morning in chapel. We were very glad to have them. Remember you are always welcome at Muleshoe Hi School.

We understand Jack Lawler is quitting M. H. S. until Christmas.

On Friday (tonight) night at eight o'clock all patrons are urged to meet at the High School auditorium to organize a Parent-Teachers Association. A nice literary program is also to be rendered at that time.

W. L. Collinsworth, of Detroit, Mich., is now on duty at the Sanitary Barber Shop next door to D. O. Smith garage.

Peace, Goodwill



Columbia, Peace and the Spirit of Brotherly love have been joined in one person, a beautiful woman. This young lady was one of the central figures in a pageant staged at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, celebrating 150 years of American Independence. The Exposition continues until December 1.

J. D. Thomas

Attorney  
County Attorney  
Parmer County  
Special and prompt attention given to all legal matters  
Farwell, Texas

Levi Pressly

Attorney-at-Law  
Practice in All Courts  
Muleshoe, Texas

FOR COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE SEE J. E. ALDRIDGE

at office of Blackwater Valley State Bank  
LIFE—FIRE—TORNADO—HAIL

Bailey County Abstract Company

Established in 1900  
L. S. Barron, Mgr. Muleshoe, Texas  
Abstract, Loan, all kinds of Insurance and Conveyancing, All matters pertaining to land titles given prompt attention  
[Member Texas Abstracters Association; also Member Association of Title Men]

ELITE BRICK HOTEL

ON MAIN STREET IN MULESHOE  
Simmons Furniture--Sealy Mattress  
Running Water in Every Room  
C. D. GUPTON, Prop.

FLOUR AND FEED

We Wholesale Belle of Wichita and Radiogram Flour. Give us a chance at your business.  
We retail alfalfa hay, and all kinds of feeds.  
Superior Chicken and Cow Feeds  
ICE---We Deliver it

JONES & KLUMP

Quality Groceries

It is our aim to keep the store supplied at all times with the best the market affords  
Fruit and Vegetables  
We Solicit a Share of your patronage  
We maintain a free delivery Service  
C. D. GUPTON & SON  
Grocery and Market  
PHONE NUMBER 4

NEW STAGE LINE

Now we can go to Plainview, daily and Sunday. Round trip, up Saturday and back Sunday 5.00 Good for October 9th and 10th only.

MULESHOE STAGE

"EVERYTHING TO WEAR"

Oh Boy! Stetson Hats

Have you noticed our window displaying on the Stetson Hats?

We have a hat suitable for every line of business

If you can't find, it try us

Gardner Dry Goods Co.

"The Price is The Thing"

HAM SANDWICH IS CLUE TO ROBBERS

Four Bandits Get \$250,000 in Post-Office Blast.

Pawtucket, R. I.—A ham sandwich with lettuce and mustard dressing and an envelope addressed to a Boston woman may be the means of running down the four highly skilled yeggmen who spent three and one-half hours leisurely robbing the Pawtucket post office of about \$250,000 in cash, stamps and negotiable securities.

The sandwich, peculiarly flavored, was given by one bandit to Post Office Watchman Peter D. Rafferty as he and George D. Sullivan, a substitute clerk, two weeks employed, sat bound and trussed in chairs while the yeggmen executed their carefully planned work behind a screen that hid them from the street.

The empty envelope with the name and address of a Boston woman was found near the door of the post office on Main street after the bandits left. Police and agents of various federal bureaus were seeking the woman. At the same time a check-up by their numbers was being made of the oxygen tanks used in "boiling out" the big safe.

But for the dilatory response at Washington to the request of Postmaster George W. Burgess here for a new safety vault, the robbery, one of the most daring in post-office history, might have been averted. Six weeks ago Postmaster Burgess renewed his request for a new and adequate vault, but there was no response.

Post Office Inspectors J. J. Breslin, C. H. Pendleton and C. S. Anderson were busy here investigating and gathering up loose ends in the robbery.

They established that \$55,000 in negotiable bonds in one of the three safes for delivery to a local brokerage house had been taken, together with several consignments of currency for local banks, registered mails and stamps, the total being about \$250,000.

Street railway fares in Paris have just gone up from 2 to 3 cents, and they have an excellent system of subways, too. Still Americans will say the French are bad financial managers.

The latest photograph of the president shows him in the act of writing with a fountain pen. How did it happen that the artist failed to pose him holding a copy of the Constitution?

A Minnesota man who has two sets of vocal chords announces that he has sold them to the British Medical association for \$10,000 for delivery after his death. Is there not an idea here for persons who are two-faced?

A writer tells us that poetry is declining. Perhaps he gets the idea from the fact that editors have been declining his poetry.

America's chewing gum bill in the last year was \$90,000,000, exclusive of the cost of gasoline necessary to remove it from the trousers.

Philadelphia divorce petitioner says his home was wrecked by the Charleston. A slight variation; usually it's the house that is wrecked.

What ever became of the old-fashioned housewife who, in August, kept a string of comatoes ripening along the kitchen window sill?

An auction sale of old armor is advertised throughout England, which may be the reason why so many pedestrians are sailing this summer.

Twenty-five per cent of the people display the American flag incorrectly, it is said. And the other 75 per cent hardly ever display it at all.

A keynote speech one hour and forty minutes long probably is considered long enough by the delegates, whose interest is always largely in the nominations.

The motorcycle which is now said to be twenty-five years old has still much to learn in the way of behavior. Some of that seen-and-not-heard stuff would be good for it.

The toughest irreconcilable on record was the bird who insisted his spelling was right, on the ground that the dictionary is just as liable to contain errors as anything else.

China's threat to resign from the League of Nations would be more terrifying if anyone knew just which of the innumerable chunks and slices of China was uttering the threat.

The former crown prince of Rumania has been dropped from the civil list, which is king language for pay roll, and is now free to go into the movies and get a real salary.

Here's a lady telling the courts that her husband has the suicide habit; it seems that he has attempted suicide five times during their married life. Still it isn't as if he had some dangerous habit.

Poland has a dueling code which requires that the challenge must be issued within 24 hours of the insult. An unnecessary rule; if a fellow waits any longer than that he gets over being mad.

The New York detective bureau says finger prints are valueless to identify bricklayers. Our notion is that the man who wears his fingers smooth laying brick is not very apt to commit any crime to be identified for.



**The Muleshoe Journal**  
 BOYLE, Editor  
 \$10 per year

**APPOINTMENT OF  
 TEMPORARY ADMINISTRAT-  
 RIX**

of Texas,  
 Bailey.

of any Constable  
 county,—Greetings;

hereby commanded,  
 be published once a  
 successive weeks,  
 the first day of pub-  
 the return date  
 newspaper of  
 lation published in  
 which has been  
 and regularly pub-  
 county for a period  
 than one year; the  
 The State of Texas,  
 Bailey; To all persons  
 the welfare of the  
 Robert L. Faulkner,

hereby notified, that  
 Faulkner has filed in  
 Court of Bailey  
 Texas, an application  
 temporary admin-  
 estate of  
 Faulkner, deceased,  
 28th day of May, A.  
 D. 1926, order of the County  
 Judge, said Bailey County,  
 Texas, said Mrs. R. L.  
 Faulkner was appointed tempo-  
 rary administratrix of the es-  
 tate of said Robert L. Faulk-  
 ner, deceased, and at the next  
 regular session of said Court, com-  
 mencing the first Monday in  
 November, A. D. 1926, thence-  
 being the first day of November,  
 A. D. 1926, at the Court House  
 there, in Muleshoe, Texas, at  
 which all persons interest-  
 ed in the welfare of said Estate  
 are invited to appear and  
 contest such appointment, if  
 they desire, and if such ap-  
 pointment is not contested at  
 the session of said court, then  
 the same shall become perma-  
 nent.

but have you  
 before said Court  
 on the first day of the next  
 term of, this writ, with  
 thereon showing  
 how you executed the same.

my hand and seal  
 at office in Mule-  
 shoe, Texas, this 4th day of  
 October, A. D. 1926.

his, County Clerk,  
 County, Texas.  
 comb, Deputy. 34-7

**News Report**

rain fall that fell  
 of this week has  
 on picking.

Day School elected  
 and teachers last

of Muleshoe, fill-  
 lar appointment here

attended the Tex-  
 shoma fair at Wichita

ther Askew, Mabel  
 and Frank Votaw vis-  
 Friday afternoon.

rice Booth and Bud  
 Loyd Gardan and  
 ning's spent Sunday  
 home.

th filled his regular  
 at Longview Sun-  
 was accompanied by

land.  
 a Votaw who is work-  
 shoe spent Saturday  
 Sunday with home-

Wiseman was a Circle-  
 for Sunday.

Mabel Whitmire spent  
 afternoon with Miss  
 Rogers.

death angel visited the  
 Mr. and Mrs. Willie  
 Thursday and took away  
 little son, scarlet fever  
 the cause of the death.  
 many friends offer their  
 sympathy in the loss  
 of the little fellow.

Mathis was a Muleshoe

visitor Saturday.  
 Ellis Bates spent Saturday  
 night with Orvel and Theibert  
 Booth.

Mr. and Mrs. Obey Blanchard  
 spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.  
 G. B. Prather.

Our Sunday School is progress-  
 ing rapidly. The superintend-  
 ent extends a hearty invitation  
 to everyone to come out and  
 help.

Happy-Go-Lucky.

**Muleshoe As A  
 Outsider Sees It**

The Muleshoe country's a Para-  
 adice,

The man with brains won't have  
 to look twice,

Before he can tell that the coun-  
 try 'round,

Will always be healthy, pros-  
 perous and sound,

And when you go to buy a good  
 farm,

Look up Muleshoe; twill do you  
 no harm,

Get you a home out on the roll-  
 ing plains;

And the neighbor with brains  
 can do the same.

When ever you once get a home  
 out there,

Where the country is fine, pros-  
 perous and fair,

You'll find you can grow every-  
 thing fine,

And be a prosperous farmer most  
 of the time,

But if you do not wish a good  
 farm,

Just get a place in town and use  
 a strong arm,

For there will always be some-  
 thing to do,

In a prosperous town, like the  
 town of Muleshoe,

The crops are all good in the  
 country 'round,

As good farming country as ever  
 was found,

The farms and orchards cannot  
 be beat,  
 The Muleshoe country will be  
 such a treat.

So come to Muleshoe, the Para-  
 dice,

And get you a home no matter  
 the price,

For a country like this you'll al-  
 ways do well,

Be prosperous, and happy and  
 everything to sell.

**Onchore**

The Muleshoe country's a very  
 cold place,

The Menfolks have whiskers on  
 their face,

For the North wind blows at a  
 regular gale,

It would blow the hair off a  
 Coyotes tale,

There is no wind-brake in the  
 country 'round,

But a lone fence-post and its not  
 sound,

So button up your coat and let  
 the wind blow,

You can get in a Dugout and let  
 her snow.—By Dr. J. M.

Miller, Clyde, Texas.

NOTICE—Farmers wanting  
 hands leave their order at R. L.  
 Brown's office, will be able to  
 furnish you farm help.

When ever you once get a home  
 out there,

Where the country is fine, pros-  
 perous and fair,

You'll find you can grow every-  
 thing fine,

And be a prosperous farmer most  
 of the time,

But if you do not wish a good  
 farm,

Just get a place in town and use  
 a strong arm,

For there will always be some-  
 thing to do,

In a prosperous town, like the  
 town of Muleshoe,

The crops are all good in the  
 country 'round,

As good farming country as ever  
 was found,

As good farming country as ever  
 was found,

**Sanitary Barber  
 Shop**

Shower Bath

First Class Work

Your Patronage Solicited

Union

**M. V. Walker**

PROPRIETOR

Send Your

**Abstract Work**

—To The—

**Muleshoe Abstract  
 Company**

A. P. STONE, Prop.  
 Muleshoe, Texas

Agent for Warren Addition

**One Day Develop-  
 ing And Printing**

--MAIL US YOUR FILMS FOR--

Quality Kodak Finishing

Films mailed to us can usually  
 be completed and mailed out the  
 following day.

**Fox Drug Co.**

The Drug Store in Clovis.  
 CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO

FOR SALE—Nice ten acre irri-  
 gated farm near town, on daily  
 mail route and good highway.  
 Has many improvements to  
 numerous to mention, but one  
 thing especially we want you to  
 keep in mind is the irrigating  
 plant capable of pumping 750  
 gallons of water per minute. If  
 interested see or write Geo. M.  
 Clark, Muleshoe, Texas.

Articles must be on file Wed-  
 nesday that are to receive pub-  
 lication in the Journal Friday.

Fresh doughnuts and cinimon  
 rolls at City Bakery every day.

Phone 54 all the local news.

Ask your merchant for Belle  
 Wichita and Radiogram flour.

To the Ladies of Muleshoe  
 Beginning this week I again  
 solicit your sewing, and in con-  
 nection with this, I will be glad  
 to do your quilting, my terms  
 are reasonable, and my greatest  
 aim, will be to please you.  
 337c Mrs. I. H. Robinson.

**Cleaning and  
 Pressing**

**Muleshoe Tailor  
 Shop**

**WHAT WAS IT ?**



**What was it, his Teacher Wonder-  
 ed, that made him so difficult?**

Backward, Nervous, Difficult, Awkward, Delicate  
 a hundred such names have been invented for chil-  
 dren who puzzle their teachers and parents. And all  
 because nobody realized the true and underlying  
 cause—DEFECTIVE EYES. The finest act you can  
 do is to learn whether or not your child needs glass-  
 es.

**Worrell's Optical Shop**

Lyceum Bldg. Clovis, N. M.  
 Dr. C. E. Worrell, Eyesight Specialist

**MULESHOE  
 Texas**

---One of the last and beyond all question  
 of doubt, one of the greatest agriculture  
 and gardening empires of the West.

---Now selling in 10 and 20 acre lots at the  
**Original Opening Prices, from \$50 to  
 \$125 per acre**, and terms that will enable  
 him to meet annual payments from pro-  
 ducts of his acreage.

---One of the Very Best Opportunities in  
 the West today. This rich irrigated dis-  
 trict will settle up rapidly. Land values  
 will double. Your opportunity is now!

**R. L. BROWN**

The Land Man



**Commands Respect  
 Wherever You Go!**

Amazing multiple-cylinder qualities of per-  
 formance! Elegance of appearance that is un-  
 matched in many costlier cars! These are the  
 qualities that win respect and admiration for  
 your Chevrolet wherever you go!

The smart custom-built style of the bodies is  
 doubly emphasized by new alluring shades of  
 enduring Duco! And on the Fisher-built en-  
 closed models you will find not only exterior  
 beauty of design, but a wealth of interior re-  
 finements as well! Luxurious upholstery, re-  
 Ternstedt window lifts, Fisher one-piece VV  
 windshield, rear-vision mirror, automatic  
 windshield cleaner, centralized spark and gas  
 control, a handy front-door pocket and an  
 approved stop-light, all serve to give the Che-  
 vrolet owner perfect motoring satisfaction.

Call at our showrooms—see these splendid cars!  
 Know how completely they meet your every  
 motoring requirement!

Small Down Payment and convenient terms.  
 Ask about our 6% Purchase Certificate Plan.

Touring or Roadster \$510

Coupe or Coupe \$645

Four Door Sedan \$735

Landau \$765

1/2-Ton Truck Chassis Only \$375

1-Ton Truck Chassis Only \$594

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

**Valley Motor Co., Inc.**

MULESHOE, TEXAS

**QUALITY AT LOW COST**

**The New Beatrice Is Here!**

Come in and see it. *It's a wonder*  
 And this offer means just what it says. Only  
 \$7 down—the balance in small monthly  
 payments. Use while you pay. Put this  
 separator on your farm. More cream—  
 more money for you—

**New Model BEATRICE**

**You Waste Enough Butterfat  
 In a Few Months to Pay for  
 a New Model Beatrice—**

if you are using a hard turning separator  
 with a wobbling bowl. The Beatrice will save this  
 waste—pay for itself—and put money in your bank  
 account. The Famous Double Angle Discs make  
 the Beatrice the closest skimming separator ever  
 built. Let us prove this to you.

Finest construction through-  
 out. Beatrice discs are washed clean,  
 sterilized and dried in less than two  
 minutes. All done at once with the  
 Beatrice Wonder Washer. Backed by Beatrice  
 Creamery Company with strongest guarantee  
 ever written. Come, see, judge for yourself.

C. F. Moeller

