

Large Crowds Attend Free Shows Brooks Theatre

Last Saturday the first of the Free picture shows which are being given by the merchants of Muleshoe and Brooks Theatre, was attended by large crowds who thoroughly enjoyed the pictures. The doors were opened at 2:00 o'clock and a program for two full houses was put on. These shows are to be given each Saturday afternoon and some of the best pictures are booked. Next Saturday "Riders of Mystery" is the name of the picture. This is said to be one of the best pictures of its class ever shown in Muleshoe. No expense is being spared to provide a first class program for Saturday visitors, so come to town Saturday and meet your friends as well as make new acquaintances and enjoy an afternoon of fine entertainment.

Missionary Society To Give Program

On March 6th and 7th the Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist Church will have programs observing Home Mission Week of Prayer. Everyone is invited to attend. Program begins at 2:00 P. M. The following program is for Tuesday, March 6, 1928. Subject: "The Indian—The Negro." Leader—Mrs. Ray Griffiths. Song: Sweet Hour of Prayer. Prayer. Devotional Lesson: Led by Mrs. A. W. Coker. Scripture Lesson: Mrs. I. H. Robinson. Leaflet: The Keeping Power of the Word: Mrs. L. J. Alsop. Prayer. Piano Solo: Mrs. D. W. Winn. Repeating Watchwords. Hymn: Jesus Calls Us. Talk: Matt. 18:10—Mrs. L. S. Barron. The Negro: By Mrs. Byron Griffiths. Round Table Discussion, on Why have I Thank Offering for Home Missions? Hymn: Near the Cross. Benediction.

Program for March 7, 1928.

Subject: "The Mountaineer." Leader: Mrs. J. P. Robinson. Devotional: Led by Mrs. Ross Glaze. Song: What a Friend. Leaflet: "The Infringe Attraction of the Word." By Mrs. Miller. Prayer. Song: He Lifted Me. "The Missionary Influence of the Mountain Schools." By Mrs. Eva Strikey. Sentence Prayers. Talk: What an Eden is Lifted Up On the Mountain. By Mrs. Ray Griffiths. "Did I Mean Anything to You?"—Mrs. Will Harper. Hymn: Jesus Calls Us. Silent Prayer. Solo: Mrs. Byron Griffiths. Benediction.

Longview News

The Methodist people had a nice day at Longview Sunday. A nice crowd was there and everybody reported a good time. Mr. Roy Bayless preached a nice sermon at Longview Sunday night. Mr. Linard Cox and wife from Dickens County were visiting folks at Longview Saturday and Sunday. Miss Floss Owen and her friends, the Carter girls, were at Longview Sunday. We will be ready to grind Saturday. Everybody come and bring your corn. Mr. J. L. Burgess has moved from Mr. Poole's to H. Shirley's. We hope he will like his new home. There was a house burned on Mr. Carpenter's place. We are sorry and am sure the people sympathize with them.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

Subject: "Two Heroes and Ten Cowards." Eunice Griffiths. Introduction—Leader. "Twelve Spies Sent Out." Junior Winn. "The Spies of Canaan."—Heber Glaze. "The Report of the Ten."—Ruth Eckler. "The Report of the Two."—Naomi Harper. "The Children of Israel Revolt."—Clifton Griffiths. "Moses Pleads with God."—Charles Alsop. "How God Punished the Israelites."—Sibyl Coker. Poem—"Keep a Goin'"—Ida Lou Glaze.

J. M. March, manager of the Gardner Dry Goods Company is making several changes at the store this week. The stock is being re-arranged and a partition, placed at the rear of the building, making comfortable living quarters for the family. They expect to move in the latter part of the week. It is understood that J. O. Jones will move where Mr. March now is. Miss Edith Kropff spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kropff.

Muleshoe Girls Win From Dimmitt In Fast Game 46-42

The basket ball game between the Muleshoe and Dimmitt girls, played at the High School Gym on Friday night, February 24, will long be remembered by all the spectators as the most spectacular game ever witnessed. Only two weeks before the same teams had played a tie game, 33-33. It was two great teams, each determined to do just a little bit better than the best, that came on the court at eight o'clock that night before the largest and most enthusiastic crowd ever gathered in the High School gym. The game opened with a bang, and it was soon evident that the Muleshoe girls were clearly fighting and outplaying the Dimmitt team. The half ended, Muleshoe 23, Dimmitt 17. The Dimmitt girls came back the second half with a rout but that Muleshoe as the game ended, Muleshoe was fouled for fouling, which gave Dimmitt a chance to tie it again. Dimmitt failed to make either of the free shots, leaving the score 46-42. The Muleshoe girls, which will be held in Muleshoe has the greatest girls basket ball team ever seen in this part of the country. They are eligible for the State Meet which will be held in Dublin, March 14. Let's see that they go.

Muleshoe Cagers Win Silver Trophy

The Trophy, a beautiful silver basket ball mounted on a carved mahogany stand, which was won by the Muleshoe High Girls' basket ball team at the Lamora Meet, is here and has been placed in the show window at McCarty's Drug Store. The trophy means that we have one of the best teams in this part of the State and wonderful coached by Miss Woods and Mr. Jenkins. We are proud of them. Let's see that they go to the State Meet at Dublin, March 14. Maybe they can bring the State Championship trophy home.

Tarwater To Run For Legislature

A. B. Tarwater, pioneer farmer living a few miles northwest of Plainview, has announced that he is a candidate for the office of representative of the 20th legislative district in the Texas Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic party in the July primary. Mr. Tarwater has been a taxpayer in Hale County for 22 years and at present holds the office of president of the Hale County Board of Education.

His written statement is as follows: "In asking the voters of this district to elect me, to consider me for the office, two questions will probably be uppermost in their minds. One will be whether I am educationally qualified and the other is where I stand on important public questions. "I am a graduate of the University of Tennessee. I am a farmer and have been actively engaged in farming in Hale County for about 12 years. The short space available at my disposal will not permit me to state in detail my position on vital public issues; but briefly stated, I stand for clean, efficient, economical government without showing undue fear or favor to any person or interests; and believe in genuine, helpful, unselfish service both in public and private life. "I shall welcome every opportunity to discuss with the citizenship fully and freely all public questions, and shall deeply appreciate the favorable consideration and interested support of every voter."

MORE BASKET BALL NEWS

If you've been around the Court House lately you have probably wondered just why there were so many groans and sighs when Miss Stoker, Miss Akorn or some of the other young ladies stepped up the stairs. The reason is very simple, and we find Dorothy Wentland and Dovie Mardis suffering from the same ailment. It seems that the girls organizing a town basket ball team Monday evening, with Mildred McDorman as captain and they got in a good practice. Not being accustomed to such strenuous activity, they are now feeling the after effects of their evening's fun. The girls went to Dimmitt Wednesday for their first game. Let's hope they hold their own as well as the school team.

D. E. Kenney was attending to business interests at Canyon the latter part of the week. Mmes. H. C. Edwards, D. E. Kenney and Mrs. Melvin were shopping in Clovis Monday.

Coming Out of His Hibernation



Saturday, March 10, Last Day For Journal Rates

Two Captured In Bootleg Operations Monday Night

Bootlegging in Bailey County is not a very profitable business, as Walter Wacasey and W. H. Burk can testify to. They were caught in the act of transporting a quantity of high power "joy juice" Monday night by Sheriff Douglass and Deputy Sheriff Hoffman. When captured, they were in a truck which was partly loaded with household goods, and upon the approach of the officers, began to break all of the jugs and bottles which contained the evidence. However, they did not have time to destroy the entire lot. Some three or four dozen bottles of beer and enough whiskey were taken for evidence, as well as a dozen empty bottles and corks which were to be used in retailing the goods.

OUR DUMP GROUND

We have been told by people who are in position to know, that Muleshoe has a dump ground. We take it for granted that this ground is at the disposal of all, and this being the case, the ground should be used strictly for that purpose. We have received this week a number of inquiries as to whether or not the city had a dump ground, and if so, to request that it be used instead of dumping rubbish promiscuously on other people's property. We believe that these people are justified in making these complaints, and at the same time suggest that the City Council or some official whose duty it is to act in such a capacity, should designate a week for Clean Up Week. The Journal does not intend to criticize any one else, for we are as much at fault as anyone, however we will gladly cooperate in one of these campaigns.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT MET

Commissioner's Court met Tuesday afternoon at the Commissioners on hand with the exception of J. M. Bell. The principal work of the Court at this time was the approving of the "Tax Collector's" records. These records seem to be in time shape.

Local Markets

Muleshoe markets on grains show an upward trend this week with the exception of cane seed. Sudan has made the largest gain of any with 40 cent rise. The Produce market is practically the same as last week with the exception of butter fat, which is 3 cents higher, while hides are 2 cents lower. The following prices hold for the week at Muleshoe Elevators and produce houses:

Maize	\$ 1.25
Kaffir	1.35
Ear Corn	.60 to .65
Shelled Corn	.76 to .82
Sudan	\$2.00 to \$2.25
Maize Heads	around \$2.00
Cane Seed	.90 to \$1.00

Retail Feeds

Coke and Meal	\$2.65
Bran	\$2.00
Shells	\$2.25
Salt	.50c

Produce

Heavy Hens	Lb. 15c
Light Hens and Leghorns	Lb. 10c
Stags	Lb. 20c
Roosters	Lb. 45c
Colored Friers	Lb. 13c
Light Springs	Lb. 16c
Hides	.08c
Eggs 18 cents—Subject to change.	
Butter Fat	.41c

Muleshoe Holds Record For Sudan Seed Shipments

Santa Fe Puts Electric Lights In Station Here

The Santa Fe has improved its facilities here by putting electric lights in and around the station. A crew of men were here the latter part of last week doing the wiring and a service line will be run to the station at once. This is an improvement which has long been needed. Muleshoe has the distinction of being almost 100 per cent electrically lighted, which is something to be proud of in a town of its size.

Show Friday March 3rd Benefit Ball-Girls

On Friday night, March 3rd, the Brooks Theatre will run a show for the benefit of the High School girls basket ball team. The name of the picture is "The Down Grade." It is the story of a Mid-Western railroad and the life of the president of the company who kicks him out to shift for himself. He goes from bad to worse until he is brought back to his senses by a merry girl. It is full of action from start to finish and you will enjoy every minute of it. The business men have purchased the show for that night and the girls get all the proceeds to go toward defraying their expenses to the State Meet at Dublin, March 15th to 17th. Tickets may be purchased from any of the girls on the team. Everyone buy a ticket and help the team out.

Wilson School Observes Arbor Day

Wednesday of last week being Arbor Day, the patrons and teachers of the Wilson School decided to improve their school yard and to hold a general cleanup meeting. There were about thirty present, and the day was spent in cleaning up the yard, taking up all of the weeds and small brush that cluttered the grounds. They also prepared the ground for flower beds and made their preparations for tree planting. They are going to plant the Chinese Elm and it will be a great improvement, because we do not have near enough trees in the Palms county. They have also made plans for irrigating the flowers and shrubs planted. This will all be taken care of by the school children. Following the work in the morning, dinner was served by the ladies of the community, and as per usual the large amount of good things to eat were enjoyed by all. A ladies club was organized with eight charter members. This club will take up the study of the home, the home care of the sick and the care of tools and the correct way to prepare food for use in the building up of under-weight children. This has been a great need in the county for a long time, and with the help of Miss Wentland, County Health Nurse, we expect to make this a very interesting club project.

BASE BALL MEETING TONIGHT

Everyone interested in the organization of a town base ball team is requested to meet at the Court House tonight, March 1st, at eight o'clock. The diamond has already been dragged and leveled and is in splendid shape. All you fellows turn out and let's have a team worth watching.

FIRE DESTROYS FEED

Quite a little excitement was caused Tuesday afternoon when a feed stack in the edge of town, belonging to Ira Robinson, caught fire from a small bonfire. The alarm was given and the Fire Boys were soon on the job. It was, then only a matter of seconds until the blaze was extinguished. The feed, however, was rather badly damaged.

F. C. Carpenter, who lives south of town and who is about to have his new house burn Monday morning. We were unable to learn the cause of the fire but Mr. Carpenter was in town Tuesday afternoon buying a bit of lumber for another modern five room house.

Tommy Wofford, of Tulsa, is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wofford.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Nutt of Lubbock, is spending a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tutis.

In the East, where people do not know very much about Bailey County, and especially Muleshoe, the question is sometimes asked, "What does Bailey County raise and 'What part does Muleshoe play?" These questions were asked not so long ago by some people from the East who were visiting our country. The following information is given for the benefit of some who have not taken the time to look up Bailey County, and it's County seat, Muleshoe, up until the present, the growing of sudan has been the main agricultural crop of Bailey County, and Muleshoe the main shipping center. From figures gathered by business firms who are interested in this industry, the section of country within a radius of thirty miles of Muleshoe, and included in our territory, raises and ships 70 per cent of the sudan seed of the United States.

Those who have considered the huge territory in which sudan is raised, it can more readily be realized the enormous crops which are produced in Bailey County's sudan. Figures on shipments of sudan, released February 28th by the Elevators of Muleshoe, show that for this season there have been 5,625,445 pounds of sudan seed shipped. These shipments have gone to all parts of the country. However, it is a certainty that next year's crop will be curtailed to a great extent from the fact that the price has been unfavorable to the grower and he is turning his attention now to diversification. This has been the rule for the past season, and sudan production will not reach the figures predicted earlier in the year. Kaffir and maize are next on the list of shipments, with 195 cars. Some of the finest of these products are raised in Bailey County, and the seed is greatly in demand by the large seed houses in the North and East.

Forty-eight cars of corn, 7 cars of cane and 7 cars of main heads are included in the reports of recent shipments of local elevators. And speaking of corn, we have heard it said by some of the growers, "Something about that subject, that Bailey County has corn land which is second to none. More corn and better beef and dairy products are being raised, and this is a combination that is hard to beat."

Items Of Interest From West Camp

Charlie Dotson and Orval Hutton have returned to school. Mr. and Mrs. Pool from Littlefield, visited Mr. and Mrs. John House last Sunday. One of our school trucks turned over during the snowy weather and Miss Clara Huber had her collar bone broken. Little George Haley spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Campbell of Farwell. Mr. E. O. Boone from Crecheback was at West Camp Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thompson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hairy. Mr. and Mrs. Halgrove visited Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Adams of YL last Sunday. Raymond Waller visited school last Monday. Our next Parent-Teachers' meeting will be held March 9th. At that time we hope to have our try-out for the one act play. Little Ruby Adair who is being treated at Dallas, is reported doing fine and will be home in a few weeks.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. Wiley entertained her little son, Lamar, with a party Saturday afternoon in honor of his eleventh birthday. An enjoyable afternoon was spent in playing games. Then the children marched into an orchard and white decorated dining room to be served jello, lemonade and the beautiful pink and white birthday cake. The following little guests were present: Sibyl Juanna and Frances Coker, Eunice and Hattie Poe Griffiths, Jess Paul Dillahunty, Houston Hart, W. B. Hicks and Clifton Griffiths.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

For March 4th, 1928. Subject: The Cleansing Blood of Christ. Mr. I. W. Harden returned home Tuesday night from Electra, where he has been with his daughter, Elizabeth, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Harden reports that she is doing nicely and will be home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harper and children, Eva and Naomi were in Clovis Monday having some dental work done. G. A. Anderson was in town Tuesday attending to business interests. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hicks, of the U. R. headquarters, were shopping in town Tuesday. Buford Butts, who is working on the State Highway near Littlefield, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Butts.

What Doctors Think of the Laxative Habit

In all history no Indian was ever known to have constipation. Nor need YOU. He chewed the bark of a tree called cascara. Today, we have the candy cascaret.

Cascaring the bowels never forms a laxative habit. If already formed, an occasional cascaret will usually break the habit. For cascara strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, and their need of any aid at all grows constantly less. What other cathartic has this characteristic? The writer knows of none.

An evacuation brought gently about by cascara will, nine times in ten, be followed by full functioning of the bowels on the morrow—and for days after. For there is no REACTION as with sickening salts, or any of the man-made purgatives that go through one's system like a bullet.

Physicians tell us cascara is the ideal laxative—and the tongue tells us



New Jail

Ralph Clark, age six, accompanied his father to Indianapolis recently. They entered the city on Road 31 and were driving along the canal toward Meridian street.

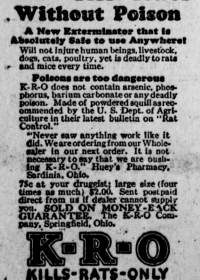
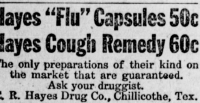
The steel frame of one of the new buildings at Fairview attracted Ralph's attention and he said to his father: "Look, daddy! I guess they are building a new jail. It takes a big one for Indianapolis, don't it, dad?"—Indianapolis News.

Helpless

"These are hard times. Why, I heard of a man the other day who couldn't raise money even on government bonds."

"Indeed! What was the reason?"

"He didn't have the bonds!"—Mon Treat Star.



FROCKS OF GAY SILK PRINT; DINNER GOWNS OF CHIFFON

SILK print frocks, which bring with them the breath of spring, are being worn earlier this year than usual. The smart world is not waiting until the actual arrival of spring, but already refreshing new silk prints are peeping from under winter coats.

Most of the new silk-print frocks are very simply made. In the majority of cases the skirt is plaited, and all around, if you please, rather than just across the front. One of the latest models is shown in the picture. It is made of printed crepe, a fabric which it is expected will be popular from now until the close of summer.

The outlook for patterned silks was never more propitious. Not only gay

ments and costumes as worn by these first Americans. Delightfully feminine "luttery" black dinner gowns are the smart thing for present and coming events. If you can afford but one formal frock, by all means let it be black and very sheer with a neckline which flutters and "dips" and dangles in rhythmic grace. If you can afford many dinner gowns, it is just as essential that at least one of the many be of illusive transparent black.

Not only does the all-black chiffon frock register 100 per cent in modishness, but it insures against the "moth-ing-to-wear" calamity which besets so many women who fail to hold in read-



A Gay Silk Frock.

erals and striking modernistic designs, but polka dots especially will animate the entire mode from scarf to frocks and accessories of every description. Not that the dotted theme is a new one, but it is always an interesting one, and this year more than usual, seeing that dots appear with good effect in such novel ways.

The early ensembles exploit dots (very conspicuously) in their construction. A navy blue three-quarter length coat, for instance, is lined with navy and beige polka dot silk, the silk repeated in the one-piece frock

ness a gown for the unexpected invitation.

It is sophistication of line which makes the simple chiffon gown in the picture smart. That it is sleeveless, that trimming on the bodice is conspicuous by its absence, that the hemline is recklessly uneven are all points which attest the good style of this model.

The interesting flare treatment given to the hemline of this Paris-made black dinner gown is characteristic of the spring and summer style trend of all sheer frocks. These fut-



Charming Dinner Gown.

which accompanies it. To emphasize the dots a scarf of the silk is drawn through slots in the standing cloth coat collar.

Printed silks made up with plaits are also in fashion. These are mostly two-piece, with the solid color employed for the skirt and the figured for the blouse.

Considerable interest is centering about unique prints which are inspired by American Indian design. These are remarkably realistic, faithfully reproducing not only the gay Indian colors, but the patterns are taken direct from the blankets, imple-

ment and costume as worn by these first Americans. Delightfully feminine "luttery" black dinner gowns are the smart thing for present and coming events.

Not only does the all-black chiffon frock register 100 per cent in modishness, but it insures against the "moth-ing-to-wear" calamity which besets so many women who fail to hold in read-

ness a gown for the unexpected invitation.

It is sophistication of line which makes the simple chiffon gown in the picture smart. That it is sleeveless, that trimming on the bodice is conspicuous by its absence, that the hemline is recklessly uneven are all points which attest the good style of this model.

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The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monroeville, Pa. U.S.A.



WATCH YOUR HORSES NOW!!! Spohn's Disterper Compound

Should be given at the first sign of a Cough or Cold. Watch them carefully during those bad months when Indigestion, Distemper, Rheumatism, Spavin, Pink Eye, Shipping Fever, Croup, Hoarseness and Colds are prevalent. Keep them working with "SPHOHN'S" Compound for 25 years. Give "SPHOHN'S" for Cough, Distemper, 40 cents and \$1.50 at drug stores. Write today for free booklet. SPHOHN MEDICAL CO., - - - Dept. 27, GOSHEN, IND.

Modern Miracle

"What rent do you pay?" "I don't pay it." "What would it be if you did pay it?" "A miracle."

No ugly, grimy streaks on the clothes when Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Good bluing gets good results. All grocers carry it.—Adv.

True

"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "Well, we can't all figure in the society column."

Relieved His Mind

When Sylvester Wronoski of Ashtabula, Wis., saw what appeared to be a large wolf sneaking through the brush he shot the animal and brought it to the county seat for the \$30 bounty. The animal was all made out and the money was about to be paid when Dan Smith came in and said the animal was his police dog. He also said other things, which cannot be printed.—Indianapolis News.

Killing time is often misnamed. It can be really resting.

TEMPTING



Put one of those wonderful Calumet Cakes on the table and see how quickly it disappears. So good it is gone before you know it. Fine food for children. Nourishing, healthful, easy to digest, and easy to make, when leavened with Calumet.

MAKES BAKING EASIER

LESS THAN 1¢ PER DOZEN BAKING DOUBLE ACTING

CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER
SALES 2 1/2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Pruning Border Roses

Border roses should have little pruning, the removal of the dead wood and the cutting of the whole bush to the ground every five to eight years being best for most varieties.

Fast Traveler

The speed of all land creatures is the ostrich, it having been known to attain a swift of 60 miles an hour, according to an answered question in Liberty.

TEACHERS!

Take a Summer vacation trip to Niagara Falls in July—see the scenic and industrial wonder of the world at our expense—give one of your pupils the thrill of a lifetime. The conditions are easy—let us tell you about it.

Write for particulars to THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY Niagara Falls, N. Y.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY, (Ch. 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

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

Announcements

The following political announcements are made subject to the action of the Democratic Primary in July, 1928.

Fees for all announcements must be paid before announcement is placed in this column.

For County Judge
 R. J. KLUMP
 PAT R. BOBO
 J. E. ADAMS
 R. L. BROWN

For Tax Assessor
 MRS. W. C. BUCY

For County and District Clerk
 C. C. MARDIS
 J. L. ALSUP

For County Treasurer
 W. T. BLACK
 MRS. VIRGIE MAE CLARK
 MRS. J. W. LEE

For Sheriff and Tax Collector
 HENRY C. EDMONDS
 H. A. DOUGLASS
 H. STERLING

For Commissioner Precinct No. 1
 M. A. GOODSON
 Wm. S. F. MATTHIESSEN
 A. J. HICKS

Commissioner Precinct No. 3
 F. N. HOOD
 A. E. ROBINSON

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4
 A. L. CARPENTER
 J. M. BELL
 W. R. CARTER

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2
 C. E. DOTSON

For Representative, 120th District
 A. B. TARWATER

M. P. Smith left Wednesday to look after business interests at Odessa.

John Davis, of Fairview, was in town Wednesday.

H. C. Henington purchased a new Chevrolet Coupe from the Valley Motor Company Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott were very jovial business visitors at Bula last week.

Patronize Journal Advertisers

READ YOUR HOME PAPER

YOU TELL 'EM

Some fellows could swallow a spoon, and still be unable to stir."

Yes! Sure! When you deal at the Bailey County Elevator you get such good service that you want to tell your friends about it.

We don't sell promises—we keep them.

Our customers know the excellent grade of our feed, also the high prices we pay for grain. Let us add your name to the list of those we serve.

We can supply a food for ... every need ...

Bailey County Elevator Co.

WASHKOWSKY'S OLD SHOE

We call the attention of the American Bankers Association to the case of Mr. Washkowsky of Brooklyn. Mr. Washkowsky is hard working and thrifty, but like so many of us his education is defective, who is to blame for that we do not know. Mr. Washkowsky has been saving a part of his weekly wages for a long time, but hadn't told Mrs. Washkowsky where he was depositing his nest egg. That was a mistake, probably, but an inquiry into it belongs to another branch of education with which it is probable the bankers association cannot be held to have any concern.

But with Mr. Washkowsky's depository it has. He chose for that purpose an old shoe. He kept the shoe and its mate in his closet, and up to the other day has tucked away in one of them savings amounting to \$350. On that same other day Mrs. Washkowsky, rummaging Mr. Washkowsky's closet like a good housewife, seeking what she could throw away or transfer to another place where Mr. Washkowsky's shoe, as it is the habit of good housewives, found this same pair of old shoes. We suppose she said to herself, Mr. Washkowsky not being present to have it said to him, "Isn't that just like a man?" and acting thereupon just like a woman she sent the shoes to the cobbler to be repaired. It was either R. as is the habit of good housewives, being frugal and Mr. Washkowsky paying the cobbler bills anyway, she sent them to the cobbler.

A straight man was Mr. Washkowsky when he next went to make a deposit in his old shoe. "What new place," he asked in that merry tone affected by husbands on similar occasions, "have you found for my old shoes?" Mrs. Washkowsky told him, expecting to be praised for her thoughtfulness. Women—but that's another branch of education.

Mr. Washkowsky went to the cobbler and found his shoes, but not the money, which we cannot but feel is not remarkable. We hope he will find it, but he hasn't yet, which again should cause no astonishment.

But what we would like to hear from the American Bankers Association is what steps it is taking to discourage people of people habit from keeping their money in stoves, shoes, mantle clocks, behind wall picture, under floor boards and similar places. We have made no exact calculation, but from casual evidence we are inclined to believe there are enough funds hidden away in such places in this enlightened and progressive country to pay off the national debt. Not that we advise paying it off, because that would leave congress nothing to fuss with Mr. Mellon about, but if deposited in banks our banker might have some to lend when we need it, which he now never has; he says money is very scarce. We hold it is not; it is merely in Mr. Washkowsky's shoe.

Seeing that we have been pursuing education, or something called that for several centuries, we cannot but feel this is a bad showing and that the bankers association is somehow responsible. It hasn't sufficiently impressed on the people that it has banks and what they are for. Mr. Washkowsky hasn't heard. And there are a lot of him in this country.—Kansas City Star.

Texas produces commercial well waters to the value of \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year.

Texas has a priceless water supply in her underground waters, and the development of these is said to be the outstanding fact in the state's development in the last 35 years.

One of the noteworthy spring water areas of the United States lies in Southwest Texas.

Announcement Of R. L. Brown For Office Of Judge

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of County Judge of Bailey County, Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries in July. I have always voted the Democratic ticket, and if elected I have no promises to make other than to render you faithful and efficient services to the best of my skill and ability. I have resided in Bailey County for more than five years, and have at all times done my utmost to promote the best interests of our County and citizenship in all respects.

As to my qualifications for the office, I have little to say other than the fact that I consider myself well qualified, having attended the public schools and then finished with an A. B. Degree at Kenzie Male and Female College, one of the leading Colleges of Louisiana, after which I taught school for several years. I have also had a great deal of practical business experience and altogether my training has been such that I feel that I am qualified from the standpoint of business ability as well as that of educational training to handle the affairs of Bailey County in an intelligent and business like manner. My duties as County Judge would also require that I be Ex Officio Superintendent of our public schools, hence my reason for stating my educational attainments and my experience as a teacher. I promise you an honest and economical administration of the county finances, and at all times I will be at your service if elected. I have received numerous solicitations from my friends to offer my name as a candidate, and after giving the matter due consideration I have concluded to make the race. If you consider that I am qualified for the office and believe that I merit your support, I will be pleased to receive your vote.

R. L. BROWN

MULESHOE TOWN GIRLS DEFEAT DIMMITT GIRLS

Muleshoe now has another basket ball team. It is called the Town Team. They are Ex-Yellow Jackets, still young enough to play basket ball. The new team played its first game Wednesday night at Dimmitt and defeated that team in a fast game 26-9.

Mozelle Alsop and Jewell Harvey accompanied Miss Wentland to Alamo Tuesday afternoon, where she inspected the children of that school.

Fred Miller, of Floydada, was a Muleshoe visitor Wednesday.

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

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

A chartered Training School for Nurses is conducted in connection with the Sanitarium. Young women who desire to enter training may address the Lubbock Sanitarium.

READ YOUR HOME PAPER NOTICE

THE STATE OF TEXAS, TO THE SHERIFF OR ANY CONSTABLE OF BAILEY COUNTY—GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Bailey, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for a period of twenty days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE—THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To all persons interested in the Estate of R. L. Faulkner, deceased, Mrs. R. L. Faulkner, Administratrix of said estate has filed in the County Court of Bailey County, an application for an order to sell the following property of said estate, to-wit:

South one-half Section No. 11, Doud and Keefer Sub-division of Farmer County, Texas and

The undivided one-half interest, and all of Section No. 55 Block "H" Thomas Kelley Subdivision, Farmer County Texas, and

Fifty feet immediately south of Hayney lots, in Block No. 37 W. D. and P. W. Johnson Subdivision, Block "Y" Bailey County Texas, Hicks Block, which will be heard at the next Term of said Court, commencing the 1st Monday in March, A. D. 1928, at the Court House thereof, in the Town of Muleshoe, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why such application should not be granted.

HEREIN FAIL NOT. But have you then and there before said Court this writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed same. Given under my hand and seal of said Court, Bailey County, Texas, 8th day of February, A. D. 1928.

C. C. MARDIS, Clerk County Court, Bailey County, Texas.
 By Lola Lipscomb, Deputy.

I WILL SELL Seed Sweet Potatoes at auction next Saturday on the streets of Muleshoe. W. D. McDorman, tip

Misses Fanny and Jewell Anderson entertained a few of their girl friends with a week-end party at their ranch home.

Those who enjoyed the good eats and fun of ranch life were: Jack Aldridge, Opal and Jewell Harvey, Annie Woods and Maurice Arnold.

Bland Dennis, of West Camp, was in town Wednesday.

Don't experiment with Incubators and Brooders



IT DOESN'T PAY to experiment with incubators and brooders. An incubator that fails to hatch a lot of hatchable eggs, a brooder that lets your chicks die—that is expensive equipment at any price. You lose the value of the eggs and chicks. You lose your profits.

If you want to be certain of getting time-tested and reliable equipment—the best buy on the market—we invite you to visit our store. We will tell you how Buckeye incubators and brooders have proved their profit-making ability. We will tell you how they will save you money and how they will make money for you. Don't buy poultry-raising equipment until you see what we have to offer.

Saves Money for a Million Users More than a million users are making money with Buckeye poultry-raising equipment. It is making money for many poultry raisers right in this vicinity. It will make money for you.

Visit our store. See what amazing new Buckeye equipment we have to offer you. It will pay you—and pay you big—to do this.

Buckeye coal-burning brooders
 Buckeye Rite-Heat Brooder

E. R. HART LUMBER CO

Your Insurance Business Appreciated

All Kinds Written, Old Line Connections

J. E. ALDRIDGE
 Office at the Blackwater Valley State Bank

F O R D

See And Drive The New Ford

Greater even than its beauty is the performance of the New Ford Car. Millions of People have seen the new Ford since it was first announced and have been delighted with its smart low lines, its sturdy rugged strength, and its beautiful colors.

Your greatest thrill will come when you can sit behind the wheel of the new Ford and know the thrill of driving it. Then you will have a full appreciation of what this car can do. Then you will know that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model—but the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

The outstanding performance of the new Ford is the direct result of the quality that has been built into it. Its beauty is not confined to externals only, but goes deep down into every part of the car—even to those hidden, covered parts which you may never see.

So we say to you—Make it a point to carefully inspect the new Ford and arrange for a demonstration as soon as possible. In short, everything that you want and need in a motor car is given to you in the new Ford—Speed, comfort, safety, reliability and economy.

For Emergencies

In case of accident or illness it's good to have the means of forestalling disaster. Take immediate advantage of our economies in drugs. Our stock is of the best.

McCarty Drug Store
 Muleshoe, Texas

MULESHOE MOTOR CO

"Everything to Wear"

Clothing Needs

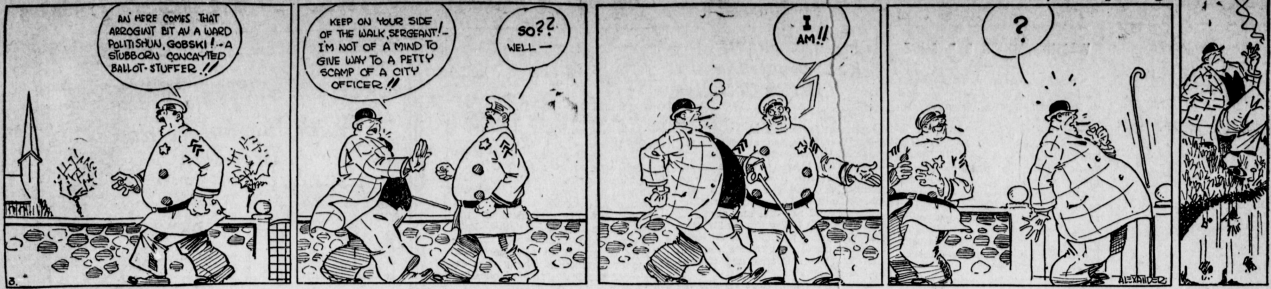
See Our New Line Of Goods That Have Just Arrived

Gardner Dry Goods Co.
 "The Price is The Thing"

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander
© Western Newspaper Union

Gobski Gives Finney an Opening



THE FEATHERHEADS

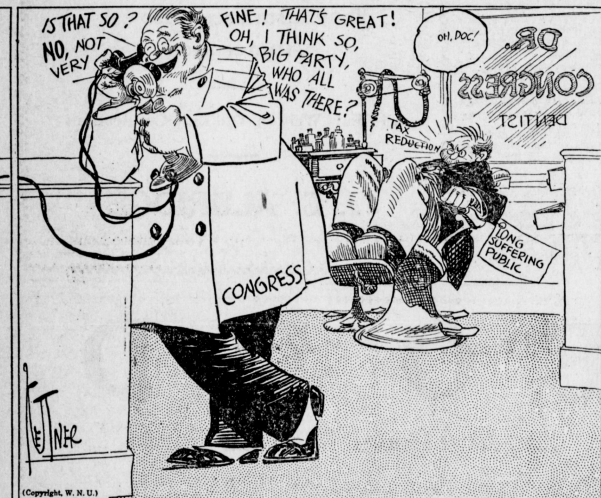
By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

Featherhead Contributes His Opinion!



Talk, Talk, Talk

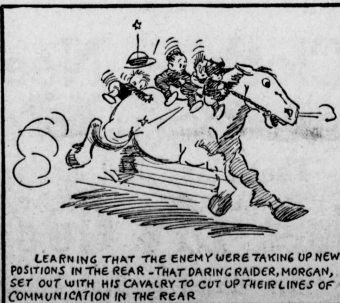
Our Pet Peeve



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Saphroe
© Western Newspaper Union

Dusting Off an Old One



A Novel From the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

STORY FROM THE START

Defying all efforts to capture him, after a long series of murders and robberies, a super-crook known as "The Bat" has brought about a veritable reign of terror. The chief of police assigns his best man, Dale Anderson, to get on the trail of the Bat. With her niece, Miss Corneilia Van Gorder, living in the country home of the late Courtleigh Fleming, who until his recent death had been president of the Union bank, wrecked because of the theft of a large sum of currency, Miss Van Gorder receives a note warning her to "keep the place at once on pain of death. Dale returns from the city, where he had been to visit a gardener. The gardener arrives, giving him the name as Brooks and admits he is not a gardener, but needs work. Miss Corneilia tells Doctor Wells of the threatening note. They are interrupted by the smashing of a window in the house. They find another warning note. The detective, Anderson, arrives. He told of the situation, and announces he will stay on watch that night. Miss Van Gorder tells Anderson she has an inheritance Fleming left her in her own bank and concealed the money in the house, but the detective believes the cashier, Bailey, who is missing, is the guilty one. The detective is really Bailey, the search-for-cashier, and Dale's niece is the girl he knows there is a hidden room in the house. Dale telephones Richard Wells, Fleming's nephew, asking him to come over. Dale tells Richard Fleming of her knowledge of the hidden room. He gets rid of her while he seeks for fingerprints of the house.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Dick Fleming's lips set in a thin line. "Just a moment," he said, putting the table between them with an swift movement. Once more he stole a glance at the scrap of paper in his hand by the flickering light of the candle. Then he faced Dale boldly. "Do you suppose, if that money is actually here, that I can simply turn this over to you and let you give it to Bailey?" he said, looking at his niece—how do I know that Bailey's name is a million dollars?"

Dale felt as if he had dashed cold water in her face. "What do you mean to do with it, then?" she said.

Fleming turned the blue-print over in his hand. "I don't know," he said, tentatively. "What is it you want me to do?"

But by now Dale's vague distrust in him had grown very definite. "Aren't you going to give it to me?" he put her off. "I'll have to think about that." He looked at the blue-print again. "So the missing cashier is in this house, under the gardener?" he said, with a sneer in his tones. Dale's temper was rising.

"If you won't give it to me—there's a detective in this house," she said, with a stamp of her foot. She made a movement as if to call Anderson—then, remembering Jack, turned back to Fleming.

"Give it to the detective—and let him search," she pleaded.

"A detective?" said Fleming, startled. "What's a detective?" "People have been trying to break in."

"What people?" "I don't know."

Fleming stared out beyond Dale, into the night. "Then it is here," he muttered to himself.

Behind his back—was it a gust of air that moved them?—the double doors of the alcove swung open just a crack. Was a shadow crouched behind those doors—or was it only a trick of carpentry—a gesture of chance?

The mask of the clubman dropped from Fleming completely. His lips drew back from his teeth in the snarl of a predatory animal that clings to its prey at the cost of life or death.

Before Dale could stop him, he picked up the discarded blue-prints and threw them on the fire—retaining only the precious scrap in his hand. The roll blackened and burst into flame. He watched it, smiling.

"I'm not going to give this to any detective," he announced, tapping the piece of paper in his hand. Dale's heart pounded sickeningly, but she kept her courage up.

"What do you propose, then?" she said fiercely. "What are you going to do?"

He faced her across the fireplace, his airy manner come back to him just enough to add an additional touch of the sinister to the cold self-revelation of his words.

"Let us suppose a few things, Miss Ogden," he said. "Suppose my niece is a million dollars. Suppose I need money very badly and my uncle has left me a house containing that amount in cash. Suppose I choose to consider that that money is mine—then it wouldn't be hard to suppose, would it, that I'd make a pretty nice attempt to get away with it?"

Dale summoned all her fortitude. "If you go out of this room with that paper I'll scream for help," she said defiantly.

Fleming made a little mock-bow of courtesy. He smiled.

"To carry on our little game of supposing," he said easily. "Suppose there is a detective in this house—and that, if I were cornered, I should tell him where to lay his hands on

Jack Bailey. Do you suppose you would scream?" Dale's hands dropped, powerless, at her sides. If only she hadn't told him—too late!—she was helpless. She could not call the detective without ruining Jack—and yet, if Fleming seemed with the money—how could Jack ever prove his innocence?

Fleming watched her for an instant, smiling. Then, seeing she made no move, he darted hastily toward the double doors of the alcove, flung them open, seemed about to dash up the stairs. The slight of him escaping with the only key to the hidden room galvanized Dale into action. She followed him, hurriedly snatching up Miss Corneilia's revolver as she went. In a last gesture of desperation,

"No! No! Give it to me! Give it to me!" and she sprang after him, clutching the revolver. He called for her on the bottom step of the stairs, the slight smile still on his face.

Pausing breathless in the darkness of the alcove—a short, furious scuffle—he had wrested the revolver away from her, but in doing so had unguarded the precious blue-print—she saw it glint in the darkness of the alcove stairs like a sword—a spot of brilliance centered on Fleming's face like the glare of a flashlight—focused from above by an invisible hand. For an instant it revealed him—his features distorted with fury—attempts to rush down the stairs again and attack the trembling girl at her feet.

A single shot rang out. For a second the fury on Fleming's face seemed to change to a strange look of bewilderment and surprise. He started back.

Then the shaft of light was extinguished as suddenly as the snuffing of a candle, and he crumpled forward to the foot of the stairs—struck—lay on his face, in the darkness, just inside the double doors.

Dale gave a little whimpering cry of horror.

"Oh, no, no, no," she whispered from a dry throat, automatically stuffing her portion of the precious scrap of blue-print into the bosom of her dress. She stood frozen, not daring to move, not daring even to reach down to her hand and touch the body of Fleming, lest she see if he were dead or alive.

A murmur of excited voices sounded from the hall. The door flew open—set stumbling through the darkness—the nurse came from this room.

That was Anderson's voice—"Holy Virgin!" that must be Lizzie!

Even as Dale turned to face the assembled household, the house lights, extinguished since the storm, came on in full brilliance—revealing her to them, standing beside Fleming's body with Miss Corneilia's revolver between them.

She shuddered, seeing Fleming's arm flung out awkwardly by his side. A living man could lie in such a posture.

"I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" she stammered, under a tense silence that followed the sudden reillumining of the light at her eyes wandered

Miss Corneilia summoned every ounce of inherited Van Gorder pride she possessed and went to the phone. She took off the receiver. The ringing stopped.

"Hello—hello—," she said, while the others stood rigid, listening. Then she gasped. An expression of wondering horror came over her face.

"Somebody groaning!" gasped Miss Corneilia. "It's horrible!"

The detective stepped up and took the receiver from her. He listened anxiously for a moment.

"I don't hear anything," he said. "I heard it! I couldn't imagine such a dreadful sound! I tell you—somebody in this house is in terrible distress."

"Where does this phone connect?" queried Anderson practically.

Miss Corneilia made a hopeless little gesture. "Practically every room in this house!"

The detective put the receiver to his ear again.

"Just what did you hear?" he said, stolidly.

"Dreadful groans—and what seemed to be an inarticulate effort to speak!"

Lizzie drew her gaudy wrapper closer about her shuddering form.

"I go somewhere," she walked in the voice of a lost soul, "if I only had somewhere to go!"

Miss Corneilia quailed her with a glare and turned back to the detective.

"Won't you send these men to investigate—do you yourself?" she said, indicating Brooks and Billy.

The detective thought swiftly.

"My place is here," he said. "You two men, Brooks and Billy, move forward to take his orders. Take another look through the house—don't leave the building—I'll wait you pretty soon."

Brooks and Billy, as we may as well call him through the remainder of this narrative—started to obey. Then his eye fell on Miss Corneilia's revolver, which Anderson had taken from beside Fleming's body and still held clasped in his hand.

"If you'll give me that revolver," he began in an offhand tone, hoping Anderson would not see through his little ruse. Once wiped clean of fingerprints, the revolver would not be such a telling evidence against Dale Ogden.

fessional thoroughness. At last he rose. "He's dead," he said quietly. A shiver ran through the watchful group. Dale felt a stifling hand constrict about her heart.

There was a pause. Anderson picked up the revolver beside Fleming's body and examined it swiftly, careful not to confuse his own fingerprints with any that might already be on the polished steel. Then he looked at Dale.

"Who is he?" he said, bluntly.

Dale roared hysteria for some seconds before she could speak.

"Richard Fleming—somebody shot him," she managed to whisper at last.

Anderson took a step toward her. "What do you mean by somebody?" he said.

The world to Dale turned into a crowd of threatening, accusing eyes—a multitude of shadowy voices, shouting "Guilty! guilty! Prove that you're innocent—you can't!"

"I don't know," she said wildly. "Somebody on the staircase."

"Did you see anybody?" Anderson's voice was as passionless and cold as a bar of steel.

"Yes—but there was a light from somewhere—like a pocket flashlight—she could not go on. She saw Fleming's face before her—furious at first—then strangely calm—then a look of bewildered surprise—she put her hand over her eyes to shut the vision out.

Lizzie made a welcome interruption. "I told you I saw a man go up that staircase!" she called, jabbing her forefinger in the direction of the alcove stairs.

Miss Corneilia, now recovered from the first shock of the discovery, supported her gallantly.

Anderson's only explanation, Mr. Anderson," she said decidedly.

The detective looked at the stairs—at the terrace door. His eyes made a circuit of the room and came back to Fleming's body.

"I've been all over the house," he said. "There's nobody there."

A pause followed. Dale found herself helplessly looking toward her lover for comfort—comfort he could not give without revealing his own secret.

Then, through the tense silence, a sudden tinkling sounded—the sharp, persistent ringing of a telephone bell.

Miss Corneilia rose to answer it automatically. "The house phone!" she said. Then she stopped. "But we're all here."

"I looked at each other aghast. It was true. And yet—somehow—where—where—one of the other phones on the circuit was calling the living room."

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"I go somewhere," she walked in the voice of a lost soul, "if I only had somewhere to go!"

Miss Corneilia quailed her with a glare and turned back to the detective.

"That revolver will stay where it is," he said with a grim smile.

Jack Bailey knew better than to try and argue the point. He followed Billy reluctantly out of the door, giving Dale a surreptitious glance of encouragement and faith as he did so.

The Japanese and he mounted to the second floor, as stealthily as possible, prying into dark corners and searching unused rooms for any clew that might betray the source of the startling phone call from nowhere. But Bailey's heart was not in the search. His mind kept going back to the figure of Dale—nervous—shaken—ungrateful—the terror of the third detective at Anderson's hands. She couldn't see about Fleming, of course—and yet—unless he and Billy found something to substantiate her story of how the killing had happened—it was her own, unsupported word against a damning mass of circumstantial evidence.

He plunged with renewed vigor into his quest.

Back in the living room, as he had feared, Anderson was subjecting Dale to merciless interrogation.

"Now I want the real story!" he began, with calculated brutality. "You lied before!"

"That's no time to use! You'll regret," cried Miss Corneilia indignantly. The detective paid no attention—his face had hardened—he seemed every inch the remorseless sleuth—bound and determined. He turned to Miss Corneilia for a moment.

"Where were you when this happened?" he said.

"I was in my room," Miss Corneilia's tones were icy.

"And you?" he asked, to Lizzie.

"In my room," said the latter pertly, changing to the corneilia's hair.

Anderson broke open the revolver and gave a swift glance at the bullet-chambers.

"The shot has been fired from this revolver!"

Miss Corneilia sprang to her niece's defense.

"I did it myself, this afternoon," she said.

The detective regarded her with grudging admiration.

"You're a cold thinker," he said—with obvious disbelief in his voice. He put the revolver down on the table.

Miss Corneilia followed up her advantage.

"I demand that you get the coroner here," she said.

"Doctor Wells is the coroner," of the Andersons brushed off her suggestions aside.

"I'm going to ask you some questions," he said menacingly to Dale.

"I'll answer them," cried her niece. Dale was not going to be bullied into any sort of confession, true or false, if she could help it—and from the way she looked at the doctor's eyes, she was not going to be so easily fascinated toward the ghastly scene on the floor that had been Fleming's.

She knew that she was on the edge of a precipice.

"Do you mind covering that body first?" she said crisply. The detective eyed her for a moment in a rather unbecomingly gratified.

Closely, and, taking Fleming's raincoat from the chair, threw it over the body. Dale's eyes telegraphed her aunt a silent message of gratitude.

"Now—shall I telephone for the coroner?" persisted Miss Corneilia. The detective obviously resented her interference with his methods—but he could not well refuse such a customary request.

"I'll do it," he said, with a snort, going over to the city telephone.

"What's his number?" he asked at the Johnson's."

Miss Corneilia took the telephone from Anderson. "I'll get the Johnsons," Mr. Anderson," she said firmly. The detective seemed about to rebuke her. Then his eyes recovered some of its former suavity. He relinquished the telephone and turned back toward his prey.

"Now, what was Fleming doing here?" he asked Dale in a gentler voice.

Should she tell him the truth? No—Jack Bailey's safety was too treacherously bound up with the whole sinister business. She must lie—and she again—while there was any chance of a lie's being believed.

"I don't know," she said weakly, trying to avoid the detective's eyes. Anderson took her the question another way," he said. "How did he get into the house?"

Dale brightened—no need for a lie here.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Miss Corneilia gave her a look that set her scuttling back to her former

post by the door. But nevertheless, internally, she felt thoroughly in accord with Lizzie.

Anderson's questions pounded at the rigid Dale—striving to pierce her armor of mingled truth and falsehood.

"When Fleming came in, what did he say to you?"

"Just—something about the weather," said Dale weakly. The whole scene went on horribly vivid before her eyes for her to furnish a more convincing alibi.

"You haven't had any quarrels with him?"

Dale hesitated.

"No."

"He just came in that door—said something about the weather—and was shot from that staircase. Is that it?" said the detective to tones of utter incredulity.

Dale hesitated again. This baby put, her story seemed too flimsy few words—she could not even blame Anderson for disbelieving it. And yet—what other story could she tell that would not bring ruin on Jack?

Her face whitened. She put her hand on the back of a chair for support.

"Yes—that's it," she said, at last, and swayed where she stood.

Again Miss Corneilia tried to come to the rescue.

"Are all these questions necessary?" she queried sharply. "You can't for a moment believe that Miss Ogden shot that man?" But by now, though she did not show it, she too, began to realize the strength of the appalling net of circumstances that drew with each minute tighter around the unhappy girl. Dale gratefully drew the momentary respite and sank into a chair. The detective looked at her.

"I think she knows more than she's telling. She's concealing something!" he said, with deadly intensity. "The nephew of the president of the Union bank—shot in his own house—the day the bank has failed—that's queer enough." Now he turned back to Dale. "But you, the only person present at his murder is the girl who's engaged to the guilty cashier?" he continued, watching Miss Corneilia's face as the full force of his words sank into her mind. "I want to know more about it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WESTERN GIRL STRENGTHENED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Manchester, So. Dakota.—"I was in a terribly weak and run-down condition when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it and after a short time I felt better. We are a family of five and live on a 300-acre farm, so I have quite a good deal to do both indoors and out. At first I was unable to do anything and but after taking the Vegetable Compound I gained my strength back and also gained considerable weight. I will gladly answer letters from women who need good medicine."—Mrs. Otto J. Garza, R. F. D. 1, Box 20, Manchester, So. Dakota.

Makes Life Sweet

For seven generations the National Household Remedy for Kidney and Bowel troubles has helped make life brighter for suffering men and women. Begin taking them today and notice how quickly your troubles will vanish. At all druggists in 3 sizes.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

We always keep some of our illustrations. One of them is that we are fair and just.

Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salts if Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally. It is a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, or shows signs of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid uric and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active. Pure and pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

for Rheumatism and Gout. SWAMP CHILL & FEVER TONIC

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole Just Rub It In

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of a mother's mustard, but without the pain and irritation. You feel warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation. It relieves colds, croup, coughs, and sore throats. It is safe for all ages. Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients. Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for rheumatism, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, bronchitis, lumbago, cramps, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back, joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and influenza. Jars & Tubes. MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER Better than a mustard plaster



The Mask of the Clubman Dropped From Fleming Completely.

From figure to figure, Lily, noting unimportant details, Billy was still in his wild hunt for his face, impulsive as ever, showed not the slightest surprise. Brooks and Anderson were likewise completely dressed—but Billy's eyes had evidently begun to retire for the night when she had heard the shot—her transformation was awkward and she wore a dressing-gown. As for Lizzie, that worthy shivered in a gaudy wrapper adorned with incredible orange flowers, with her hair done up in curl-papers. Dale saw it all, and was never slow to forget one single detail of it.

The detective was beside her now, examining Fleming's body with pro-



"I Think She Knows More Than She's Telling."

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"Yes—that's it," she said, at last, and swayed where she stood.

Again Miss Corneilia tried to come to the rescue.

"Are all these questions necessary?" she queried sharply. "You can't for a moment believe that Miss Ogden shot that man?" But by now, though she did not show it, she too, began to realize the strength of the appalling net of circumstances that drew with each minute tighter around the unhappy girl. Dale gratefully drew the momentary respite and sank into a chair. The detective looked at her.

"I think she knows more than she's telling. She's concealing something!" he said, with deadly intensity. "The nephew of the president of the Union bank—shot in his own house—the day the bank has failed—that's queer enough." Now he turned back to Dale. "But you, the only person present at his murder is the girl who's engaged to the guilty cashier?" he continued, watching Miss Corneilia's face as the full force of his words sank into her mind. "I want to know more about it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cheerfulness a Factor in Symphony of Life

Cheerfulness is more precious than great riches. If I were founding a new religion its first commandment would be: "Thou shalt be cheerful." If I were instituting a new school of medicine its fundamental principle would be: "Cheerfulness on the part of the doctor, and for the patient good cheer."

The cheerful optimist makes his progress of humanity; the growing pessimist would turn back the wheel of time. A man with pessimism! Low cheerfulness reign supreme. —E. J. change.

Blindness Reduced

The underlying cause of blindness whether the result of disease or accident, is percentage of crystalline. In 18 years the percentage of children in the schools for the blind who lost their sight because of cataracts, neovascularization (babbling) now eye)—constitutes the principal cause of blindness—has been reduced more than 10 per cent.

H. M. Shoffner of the YL community was transacting business in Muleshoe Thursday.

**Jeff D. Bryant & Son
Disc Rolling**

**Clean Stables Greatest
Factor Against Disease**

The greatest factor in the eradication of bovine tuberculosis is declared to be proper cleanliness of dairy barns. It is significant that one of the greatest troubles experienced in British Columbia during the testing for the establishment of a T. B. free area was to get farmers to properly clean up.

"Fortunately," says the Dairy Farmer, "our friend the sun has prodigious curative powers, and will help to kill off the germs of tuberculosis wherever he gets a chance to do so." The farmers who are adopting open-air conditions for dairy cows have strong supporters in their claim that it is often the expensive codded animal which develops T. B. and that the disease is comparatively unknown among cattle which run out practically all the time.

To properly keep clean a cow barn is so difficult that it is rarely done but the development of disease may be prevented by allowing the animals to exercise in the open rather than by confining them in tight barns which, in fact, have been proved to be among the worst factors in the spread of T. B. among cows.

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—No. 3943—

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School News

FRESHMAN NOTES

The basket ball girls won the game here Friday night with Dimmitt by a score of 46-44. Come on Yellow Jacks, we can beat 'em all.

Virgie Roach has a crick in her neck the last few days. Wonder why? (From looking back of the room so much at about desk 11. Can you imagine—)

Jane Bucy staying at her seat five minutes at a time during study period? Leon Morris winking at Virgie?

Mr. Kendrick not dropping a piece of chalk or an eraser during math class.

The class getting over a whole lesson in History? Alice Ragsdale being solemn while the rest of the class are laughing.

Lovene Rice without a silly grin on her face? Mildred West (Fish) with clean ears. Miss Chapin chewing gum in school? Leon Morris winking at Virgie?

Floyd Nettles being on time to English class? Beniah Kistler knowing her History lesson? June Glascock disturbing peace in the study hall.

Miss Chapin—Jane remember what I told you about sliding down the banisters? Jane (weakly)—"You said, why—oh—er, I forgot. Tell me again."

WHEN WE CAN'T WELD IT, THROW IT AWAY. JEFF D. BRYANT & SON

Neil Rocky spent the week-end in Portales with home folks.

DENTAL NOTICE
Dr. Frost, Dentist, will be in Muleshoe again Monday, March 12th, for one week. 2-1c

Judge Wm. G. Kennedy visited in Lubbock over the week-end.

Miss Dorothy Wentland was a Lubbock visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Lilla B. Daniel, of Parwell, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. R. L. Faulkner, of this city.

H. A. Doughas was a Clovis visitor Monday afternoon.

Jack Johnson, of Littlefield, was back in town Sunday visiting with old friends.

C. A. Wade of Abilene, was in Muleshoe Wednesday on business.

**Longview Junior
Club Holds Meeting**

On Thursday of the past week, the Junior Club of the Longview School held its regular meeting with the President, Marjorie Young, presiding and all members present. This group of young boys and girls are learning the care of themselves as well as the care of the sick, and they are also learning the way their homes can be taken care of from the Health standpoint. This makes an interesting study and they are all proving apt students. These students will all be awarded the Junior Health Button at the next meeting of the club.

School inspections were made at both Stigall and Circle Back schools the past week. We find that the rural schools are showing a lower rate of under weight children for the current year than are the city schools. In re-checking many of the children, we find that it takes only a little time on their part to stop and eat the proper foods and drink their quota of milk each day. This is being impressed upon their minds by the teachers and also in several of the schools we find a nutrition class being taught.

**GAS LINE BE BUILT FROM
AMARILLO FIELD. REPORT**

According to recent newspaper reports, the new proposed gas line will be started soon. The gas company plans to run a line from the Amarillo fields by way of Herford, Texas, and then down the railroad to Muleshoe, Sudan, and Littlefield. We understand that the franchise has been practically secured at Littlefield. We should put forth some effort to arrange for a franchise for our city. We understand that there was a representative of the gas company in Muleshoe recently, looking over the situation and was very much impressed with the number of water and light meters we have. Let's get busy and make Muleshoe modern in every respect.

We notice that they are getting busy up around the Methodist church for planting trees and also preparing the lawn for the planting of grass. Everybody take the hint and do likewise. Let's beautify the town with trees and flowers.

Rex Stigall of Amarillo, attended Commissioner's Court here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. B. visitors Tuesday.

R. A. Standtler visited with friends and relatives at Lamesa and Floydada last week.

T. A. Nelson, realty attending to business Tuesday.

Maple Wilson, of Lubbock, was among the out-of-town court visitors Tuesday.

John McMurry, of community, was in town Tuesday.

Commissioners Wm. Mathieson, of YL, and C. E. Dodson, of West Camp, were attending to court duties Tuesday.

Judge J. E. Dryden, of S. Landed Court here Tuesday.

WHEN WE CAN'T WELD IT, THROW IT AWAY. JEFF D. BRYANT & SON.

Messrs. Joel Lee and T. E. Arfons, were Clovis visitors Monday. While there, T. E. purchased a new Buick sedan.

HEADACHE

You can't do an honest day's work, have a moment of comfort or pleasure or make a favorable impression on those with whom you come in contact when you have headache.

Why don't you take
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