

THE FRIONA STAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

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\$1.50 Per Year.

Attend the Chamber of Commerce Meeting Monday Night

CANYON COLLEGE PROFESSOR SPEAKS ON VALUE OF TRUTH

J. L. Dufrot Delivered Address Here Sunday To a Large Audience On Subject, "Prove All Things and Hold Fast to That Which Is Good." All Progress and Science Based On True Knowledge.

Prof. J. L. Dufrot of the W. T. S. T. C. of Canyon, addressed the people of Friona school district at the high school auditorium Sunday, October 30th. His discourse was a lecture-sermon on the subject, "Prove All Things and Hold Fast to That Which Is Good."

The speaker emphasized first of all that communities have indivisible interests, educational, religious and economic. Every community is naturally and properly a solidarity. The true concern of one family, the true concern of all families. What ever divides is destructive and should be eliminated.

He maintained that the discovery and correlation of Truth is the first consideration of man of sound mentality and moral probity. Truth equips, commissions and invariably carries on to final and lasting success. Truth fears no examination, dreads no challenge, and therefore truth courts investigation and can afford to be tolerant. To hide is or deny it for the sake of the young, unlearned and busy is criminal. The right to knowledge is fundamental and inalienable. Mental and spiritual freedom is the ultimate and supreme freedom. All other freedom is temporal, partial, relative. Many a slave has had this real freedom; many a master has lived and died a slave to his own wretched sensuous nature. Neither are deceived and unduly prejudiced free.

Developing his argument Prof. Dufrot proceeded to explain the importance of exact definition of terms. Clear ideas and accurate expressions would end most debates before they begin. It is selfishness and partiality which deal in obscurities and platitudes. It is also lamentable that the greatest scientific truths have been found and the greatest moral reformations have been begun in spite of the opposition of irreligious men in official religious positions. Astronomy, astronomical geography, geology, anatomy, medicine, unlimited democracy and universal education, has each in turn, for selfish reasons, met a storm of abuse from infidels and atheists in the ranks of the clergy. Sleep's clothing and lion skin coats are no modern dodges. Jesus blocked ruses of hypocrites with the heroism of a martyr. Why should not the age of absolute honesty come in now?

Prof. Dufrot here submitted for truth: "Man's explanation of the universe, and man's persistent and increasingly successful attempts to verify it." The speaker here with intense earnestness called attention to Jesus Christ and his doctrine of the infinite worth and glorious destiny of the soul as the first and greatest fact in the realm of truth. All that has been discovered and all that shall be discovered ranges harmoniously about and leads to this sublimate of all facts. All the laws of nature are consistent expressions of the will of God. Is it His spirit that gives man understanding. There is no pursuit more religious in its logical and ultimate achievement than that for truth in every sphere of life and being. There is that which is falsely called science; and, again, there is that which is truly called science. This true science is of God, exhaustless and imperishable.

Concluding this inspiring and instructive lecture-preacher said: "Your mind is the gift of God. It was made to think. Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good."

MISSIONARY AID.

The Baptist Missionary Aid Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Euler Thursday to decorate for its Halloween social. Ten members being present. All the black cats, bats, owls, ghosts and witches were there.

Mrs. Euler served a 12 o'clock dinner for her guests, consisting of meats, salads, vegetables, pickles, chow, pies, jellies, bread, butter and coffee. The society had great delight in having such noble, worthy friends as Mr. and Mrs. Euler.

HEREFOR LADIES HERE THIS WEEK.

Mrs. J. B. Elliston and Miss Dylalithia Stovall, of Hereford, were business visitors in Friona Wednesday and Thursday.

These ladies came over to assist the Star office in getting many of the irregularities out of our subscription list. The young ladies are very efficient in this line of work and their labors were of great service to the Star management.

NO COUNTY AGENT YET.

So far as the Star has been able to ascertain, there is no immediate prospect of Parmer county getting a county farm advisor in the very near future, but—

The ladies of the Friona Women's Club have set their heart on the securing of a home demonstration agent for the county and these ladies have formed a habit of always getting what they go after, and they will get the demonstrator.

This is a splendid move on the part of the ladies and the securing of a home demonstration agent is second only to that of a farm advisor for the county. The Star congratulates the ladies on their progressive move and wishes them success. Now, will the men have the same degree of pep and progressiveness in assuring a farm advisor? If so, Parmer county may boast of both in the no distant future.

KANSAS PEOPLE HERE LAST WEEK.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Flood and children of Anthony, Kansas, drove into Friona Wednesday of last week and remained until Sunday morning as guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Livings and family.

Mrs. Flood is a sister of Mrs. Livings. Mr. Flood is engaged in the mill and elevator business in Anthony.

They have been in the Friona country at various times before this visit, and Mr. Flood is profuse in his praise of the country as a place of wonderful possibilities.

Mr. and Mrs. Flood, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Livings, spent Thursday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Messenger at their farm northwest of town.

WILL MOVE TO ARIZONA.

Bills are out announcing the public sale to be held by F. H. Hodge at his home a half mile northeast of town on Thursday, November 10th.

Mr. Hodge has been a resident of Friona community for nearly three years, having come here from Duncan, Oklahoma, and locating on the D. H. Meade or Talkington farm a mile west of town, where he lived until the latter part of this summer when he moved to the A. O. Drake farm where he now lives.

Mr. Hodge followed general farming during the first year here, then went into the dairy work and established a milk route in Friona which business he has since followed and from which he says he has made more profit than any work he has done. Immediately after his sale Mr. Hodge will move with his family to some point in Arizona, but says he is not leaving on account of any fault with the country, but in hopes of finding a better location for his dairy. He is well pleased with Friona, the country and the people.

Mr. Hodge is a lover of fine stock and always has himself surrounded with that kind of stock only. When he moved to Friona, having driven his teams through from Oklahoma, as he passed thru town, remarks were at once heard, praising the unusually fine horses that man was driving and he still has them. His herd of milk cows are spoken of as the finest in the country, some being Jerseys and the others Shorthorns, but all good milkers. He has also a small herd of spotted Poland China hogs, all eligible to registry and a flock of Rhode Island Red chickens.

His friends and neighbors are sorry to lose him and his family from the community, but he has their best wishes for his success in the new location.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

Subject, Messengers of good cheer.

President in charge.

Scripture reading and prayer.

Memory work drill.

Business, group captain in charge.

A young woman who did a hard job cheerfully, Elizabeth Brownlee.

A boy who did a hard job cheerfully, John T. Burton.

A boy's motto, Albert Conway.

Reading.

A man who ran away from a hard job, Lee Euler.

A girl who met life with a smile, Pearl Drake.

A girl who gave all she had cheerfully, Opal Baker.

Do we cheerfully do our work? Leader.

Closing song and prayer.

BAPTIST W. M. U.

The Baptist W. M. U. met at the home of Mrs. Brownlee, October 25th, with eight members present.

The first Psalm was read by Mrs. Stevick, prayer by Mrs. Ballard.

Our work for the afternoon was the tacking of two quilts, after which same were removed from the table and a very delicious luncheon set before us by Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Brownlee.

After expressing our appreciation to these hostesses, the society decided to meet with Mrs. Brownlee next meeting as there will be more quilts to tack.

We wish to take this means of thanking all those who have contributed to the church funds for our Halloween party and sincerely wish them much joy and fun for their money.

REPORTER.

Mrs. James Jasper is visiting her grand mother at Grady this week.

TEMPLE HERE

Prominent Farwell Man Visits In Friona and Recommends a County Agent for Parmer.

Judge J. C. Temple of Farwell was a visitor in our town one day last week and while here took occasion to make the Star office a friendly visit of a few minutes.

Judge Temple is a sincere and boosting advocate of better farming and better farming conditions in Parmer county than now prevail and to this end is a staunch advocate of a county farm advisor and home demonstration agent. He says it is useless for a Parmer county farmer to compete in agricultural exhibits with the counties that are so provided.

The Judge suggested that there should be a poultry show held at some point in the county some time during this winter, and suggested the latter part of November or early December for this purpose.

In a conference of a few of Friona's more progressive citizens some of whom are deeply interested in poultry raising, it was believed a good idea to have the matter brought before the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce next Monday night with a view to getting some action on the matter.

Judge Temple, who is acquainted with people in all parts of the county, gave a list of names of people in various parts of the county who will be interested in such a proposition and will willingly lend their services towards its accomplishment.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. L. H. Hart Tuesday, October 25th, with thirteen members and seventeen visitors present.

A short time was engaged socially after which a short devotional lesson was read by Mrs. J. H. Key, followed by prayer by Mrs. J. D. Hamlin.

The honor guest was Mrs. W. F. Perry, who then showed the many gifts the ladies showered her with. The dainty refreshments of sandwiches, fruit salad, cake and iced tea were served to Mmes. Reeve, Jones, Parr, Perry, Turner, Hamlin, Whitley, Guyer, McLellan, Key, Lange, Hart, White, Porter, McLellan, Harris, Jones, Kate Brookfield, Versa Osborn, D. E. Ashcraft, Woodson Young, B. T. Galloway, Curry, Hartfield, and Misses Ina Pearl Ashcraft and Thelma Curry.

The guests all left thanking the hostess for such a pleasant evening. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. J. W. Parr, Tuesday, November 1st.

Frio News.

The ghosts were out stalking around Monday night and visited nearly every house in the community awakening the slumbers of those who had retired.

Jim Brooks and family and Miss Balnum motored to Clovis Saturday where Miss Balnum attended the Curry County Teachers' Association.

I. G. Simmons and Miss Balnum spent Sunday sight seeing in Fort Sumner.

Mrs. E. P. Houlette spent last Friday with Mrs. E. E. Owens.

Walter Freeman and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Freeman Sunday.

Mr. Phillips and family, Ike Crume, Clara Vaughn and Lloyd Vaughn attended church at Rhea Sunday.

Geo. H. McLean is rounding up his cattle, cutting out a hundred or so that he has sold.

Mrs. E. E. Crume visited Mrs. E. E. Houlette Tuesday.

E. Houlette is heading for Jim Brooks this week.

Ike Crume is finishing up some cutting with his header. He cut for C. H. Dixon last week.

Mrs. E. E. Houlette visited friends in and around Clovis Monday, on the sick list the past week.

Fay Davis and family have THE INDIAN GIRL.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Lokey of Farwell were Friona visitors on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Short and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. Short and children in Hereford.

TOMMY GALLOWAY HOME FOR WEEK END.

Tommy Galloway, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Galloway, who is attending the Tech College at Lubbock, came over to spend the week-end with his parents and his many friends here.

This is Tommy's second term at Tech and he reports that he is getting along fine with his school work and is well pleased with the college.

He returned to Lubbock Monday afternoon and does not expect to be home again until Christmas.

WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. J. W. Parr November 1st, with thirteen members and one visitor, Mrs. Rose, present.

The meeting was opened by a scripture reading, followed by a beautifully offered prayer by Mrs. L. H. Hart.

Building friendship, Mrs. Parr. What the Bible tells me about race relations, Mrs. R. Jones.

Armistice Day-Thanksgiving, by Mrs. Hartfield.

Reading, Mrs. Maples.

The above program was enjoyed by all. The business was taken care of, followed by a benediction by Mrs. Osborn.

After the meeting the hostess served refreshments of sandwiches, fruit salad, cake and cocoa. The ladies adjourned to meet with Mrs. Parr Tuesday, November 8, to tack comforts. Everybody come and be on time at 2 o'clock.

REPORTER.

A meeting of Zone 2 met at Bovina Wednesday, November 2, where the following auxiliaries met in a body: Hereford, Friona and Bovina; Vega was unable to be present. Oklahoma Lane, an auxiliary just recently organized, was represented.

It was an all day meeting. The program was well planned and the inspiration was given that will last a long time and bring worth while results.

Friona, having the most members present, carried away the certificate. Hurrah for Friona!

The next zone meeting will be at Friona on the last Saturday in March, 1928. We are looking forward to this day which is to come in the near future.

One Who Was There.

JAS. H. MEARS DIES OF AUTO ACCIDENT INJURY

The following article taken from the Cannon Courier, published at Woodbury, Tenn., was handed us by a reader and which we reproduce in part in the columns of the Star for the benefit of the friends of Mr. Mears who was well known by many Friona people:

James H. Mears, of the eighth district was struck by a Ford automobile driven by Tom Allman, 18-year-old high school student of Woodbury high school and son of Lee Allman of near Murfreesboro, and fatally injured.

The accident occurred at sundown, near the Cling West home, five miles out on the Memphis-Bristol highway last Saturday as Mr. Mears was walking along the highway and invited to ride, passed around the car and was struck by the passing car driven by Allman. Mr. Mears was knocked down, one leg crushed, one bone broken in two places. The left arm was broken and his skull fractured. He was bruised in other places and hurt internally. He was carried home and from there to the hospital where he lingered until Monday morning when he died.

Mr. Mears was nearing his 63rd birthday, November 7, and was a good, peaceable citizen, beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. Mears is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Mears; one brother, W. S. Mears; two half brothers, Samuel Thomas and Henry Thomas; one daughter, Mrs. J. C. Bryson, and five sons, Oscar Mears, Whitewright, Texas; Jim Mears, Friona, Texas; Luther Mears, of Bolivar, Tenn.; H. C. and Tillman Mears of Woodbury.—Cannon, Tennessee, Courier.

AN APPRECIATION.

To the many friends who gave us the farewell party at Mrs. B. T. Galloway's and to the Bible class for the lovely present. There will ever be a warm spot in my heart for Friona and the little Methodist church where I have so many dear friends. I thank you.

MRS. E. B. MCCLELLAN.

PRESIDENT HORTON URGES ALL MEMBERS TO BE PRESENT

Many Important Matters On Schedule for Discussion by Organization, Including Incorporation of City, Permanent County Fair and Big Poultry Show. Town and Country People Invited to Session.

HAS GOOD WHEAT PROSPECT.

I. W. Barnhouse, whose farm home lies one and a half miles east of the Syndicate Hotel and about twelve miles southeast of Friona, was a welcome caller at the Star office Monday afternoon.

Mr. Barnhouse has a good acreage of wheat planted which he says is growing nicely. It is becoming so thrifty that he contemplates turning about seventy-five head of cattle on it to graze it down. He also has some of his row crops which was caught by the frost before it matured which he will pasture. He is also interested in good dairy cows.

Mr. Barnhouse has his own feed mill and grinds his feed for his stock, thus adding greatly to its feeding value. He is also prepared to serve his neighbors with custom grinding and believes in the use of printers ink to tell them of it.

Tommy Galloway who is attending Lubbock Tech, spent the week end with home folks.

Herbert James spent Sunday with his brother, C. M. James and family at Big Square.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Buchanan, October 28th a bouncing baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lockhart and family have moved to the Henschel property east of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred White and Miss Esther Schultz attended the show at Hereford Friday night.

J. H. Aldridge of Farwell was a business visitor in Friona Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mick, C. M. James and son, Gerald, of Big Square were Friona visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim James and daughter, Erlene, of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Young.

Mrs. Louisa Wilson and little daughter, Mamie Lou, spent the afternoon one day last week with Miss Edith Galloway.

Buy at least a part of your Christmas present at the Bazaar at the Congregational church basement Tuesday, November 15.

Misses Lucille Schultz and Edith Galloway, Paul Jones, Pearl Singletery and Dick Day spent Tuesday evening as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Curry and family.

George Turner spent Sunday here with home folks, being accompanied back to Canyon Sunday evening by Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Turner and children.

Miss Irene McFarland, Stoen Osborn and Pearl Singletery spent Wednesday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Galloway.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Schlenker and daughter, Miss Amelia, spent Monday in Amarillo where they took Miss Amelia to be examined by a doctor, a specialist on infantile paralysis.

Misses Irene McFarland, Brownie McCandless, Vivian Jones, Edith Galloway, Pearl Singletery, Clifford Schultz, Fred Karns and Sloan Osborn attended the show at Hereford Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLellan moved to Hereford last week and their residence in the east part of town is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Opia Jones. We regret very much to see Mr. and Mrs. McLellan leave Friona as they will be greatly missed in the community.

The members of the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church will hold their annual Bazaar and dinner in the church basement on Tuesday, November 15th. A good dinner will be served and many pretty and useful articles suitable for Christmas present will be on sale.

Monday night, November 7, being the regular meeting time of the Friona Chamber of Commerce, it is requested by President Horton that every member of the organization be present, as there is some important business matters to be disposed of.

Chief among these are the incorporation of the town of Friona, arranging for a permanent county fair for Parmer county, a county poultry show to be held some time in November or early December, a town dumping ground and cleaning the town of rubbish and all kinds of refuse.

These are matters which should engage the interest of every public spirited citizen of the town and community, and all should be present to vote or add suggestions for the proper carrying out of the projects. Be on time at 8:30 p. m.

TELL US ABOUT IT.

During the subscription campaign recently put on by the Friona Star many irregularities have crept into our subscription lists, which, during the campaign we were unable to detect, and many of which we will be unable to detect now unless our subscribers tell us about them.

Some are getting two papers, where they should be getting but one. Others are not receiving any at all. Some who subscribed as renewals were handed in as new subscriptions, while others bought a subscription for a friend or relative and their own name was handed in instead.

The above named are among the most common errors we have encountered, but there are some we find in other forms, all of which we are willing and anxious to correct when brought to our attention.

The work of getting out the copy, both news and advertising, for the paper each week takes most of our time and thus the work of arranging and tabulating the hundreds of names received during the campaign and getting them entered on our subscription galleys is greatly retarded, but we are making steady progress and hope to have the task accomplished in the near future.

Now, we ask the help of our subscribers in weeding out the errors or irregularities above mentioned. If you are getting two papers or none at all when you should be getting one, or if there is any other irregularity, if you will kindly notify us of the fact we shall do all in our power, gladly and cheerfully, to make the matter right.

Thank you.

THRESHING IN PROGRESS.

Several threshing machines and combines are now busy threshing out the row crops for the farmers in this territory and the usually fine weather we are having is highly appreciated.

Most fields are making a good average crop and the grain appears to be of good quality. Several loads of cane seed and kafir have already come to the local elevators.

A GOOD RAIN.

Last Friday night this territory was visited by a good refreshing rain, ranging from three-fourths to a half inch and covering a strip from seven miles or more to the north of Friona to ten miles or more to the south, and extending at least as far east as Hereford.

Many of our people who were in Hereford in attendance at the movies can easily testify to this fact as they had to drive home through the rain.

L. F. Lillard who lives seven miles north says he had enough rain to penetrate to the underneath moisture already in his ground, and I. W. Barnhouse, about twelve miles southeast of town, reports as much at his place. All reports we have heard are to the effect that it was a splendid rain and sufficient in all localities to meet the present demand for moisture.

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER XI—Continued
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Although he could not shout, he found he could make inarticulate noises. He made them till his throat ached and the corners of his mouth were raw from the harsh rope. He had no idea yet where he was. He supposed Bellington must have prepared this secret place and kept its locality hidden. Perhaps through it there had come men, ere this, who had smiled upon him. Cramps seized him, whose agony left him white and feeble. Perhaps he would starve to death here. It was well known that his movements were uncertain, secretive, and that he was impatient of questioning. It would be found that his bed was unoccupied. They would not look for him here. They would hunt far afield while he starved to death in this tower retreat. No shame or repentance came to him. Instead he cursed himself for carelessness. In his former home he had preserved almost an excessive caution, but he had supposed in so large a household as this, with many servants and guests, he was safe. There were other rooms which should have attracted burglars more than these, rooms where women kept their diamonds. To come here argued a preconceived plan.

First of all he thought of McKimber. Could he, after all, have dared this? Was his dejected spirit assumed for putting the younger man off his guard? He remembered telling McKimber that those who underestimated him came to disaster. Perhaps he had made the mistake of thinking a man beaten to the ground when he was merely resting, awaiting an opportunity to spring. His assailant might even have been young McKimber. It was a tall, agile man who attacked him.

According to Barnes' instructions, Sneed, at breakfast, asked if he should arouse Mr. Raxon or see if he wanted his coffee in his room. As a rule Raxon was up early. In the end they discovered him. His mouth was swollen and discolored, and he could not rise to his feet when Bradney uncut the bonds. He was in a deplorable condition. He would tell his wife nothing. Nor would he hear of the police being notified.

"I know who did it," he lied, "and I will attend to him myself. This must not get into the papers. If it does, I shall know it comes from one of you three." He looked coldly at his wife, his butler, and the footman.

It was Bradney alone who dared to meet his gaze. In such a rage as this Mrs. Raxon trembled. Sneed could not avoid the consciousness that it was one of the wealthy employing classes who shivered with anger. Bradney welcomed the opportunity to see a man of whom he had heard so much bad, at whose hands he had himself experienced ill-treatment, at a moment when his usual control was gone. It seemed to the scientist that for a minute the mask was lifted and the terrific emotions which he had kept hidden were let loose. He cursed his wife. He called Sneed a timid, worthless creature that he had allowed a thief to break through and assault him. Bradney, towering over them all, came in for his share. Where had this hulking funkey been that the marauder had stolen upon him?

Bradney was secretly amused. Then he saw his chance to escape. He recalled some of Barnes' gestures and gave notice at once. There could hardly be a suspicion of collusion. It seemed to Mrs. Raxon that here was a courteous and efficient man servant gounded to rare insubordination. Sneed suddenly took the resolve to depart with his footman.

Raxon turned to his wife. "Pay them and see they leave at once." Sneed turned on his heel and left the room. His second-footman followed.

"If any of those other people heard any commotion, just tell them I had a fainting spell and shall be all right tomorrow." He almost pushed her from the room and turned the key.

Raxon hoped, as he walked to the safe, that he would find the robbery had been made by professionals for readily convertible plunder. He hardly dared search for the McKimber exhibits.

The envelope which had held what would have kept McKimber a pliant and obedient tool was gone. Negotiable securities and a large sum of cash were untouched. It was plain that the intruder had come for one thing only, and had been successful. The man who would have most to gain by this abstraction was young Robin McKimber, who had been in the house a week and had learned of the danger in which his father stood. In figure young McKimber was like the man of whom Raxon had one fleeting glance.

Never again would there be the opportunity to get any more incriminating letters. The page stolen from the register could not be replaced. What a fool he had been not to have them photographed. To implicate the politician without them would be almost impossible. Were McKimber to make a bold stand and accuse his enemy of attempted blackmail, the public would probably flock to the support of the older and better-known man. It was the greatest blow Paul Raxon had ever sustained. He felt that the humiliation of it would never pass from his mind. His face was bruised and sore, but he hardly knew it. He who had warned his opponent of the folly of underestimating him had fallen himself into that very trap.

It was late in the afternoon when he allowed his wife to enter. She had

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brought with her a pot of coffee and some sandwiches. The coffee he drank eagerly. He would not eat.

"I don't know what we are to do now those men have gone. It was most inconsiderate of you to talk like that to them. The maids won't wait at table and the agency can't send any men until tomorrow. If only we hadn't so many people staying here!"

"They won't be long here," he said grimly. "I think this social experiment is going to end. Pile the whole bunch in automobiles and take them to the chateau at Huntingdon. Telephone for reservations and see they get a good meal. They'll like the change. Now leave me alone."

CHAPTER XII

The evening that saw the Raxon guests taken to dinner at Huntingdon found the Japanese garden in Lower Fifth avenue occupied by the Milman conspirators. During the dinner, which was perceptibly better served because Sneed had dropped back into his old



He Was in a Deplorable Condition.

place and Achille was less hurried, there was no word said about Great Rock. It was when Sneed had taken the coffee away that Milman began. Sitting in the center of them, he showed no sign of triumph. Watching him, Nita thought that she had never seen a man more perfectly courteous than he. Milman complimented them all on what they had done, but it was her father who came in for the greatest praise. The daughter watched him growing younger as he listened to Peter's encomiums. Barnes felt that at last he had been able to do his share.

"We are now," Milman went on, "in the position of holding what Raxon was going to use to lever himself into a senatorial seat. I have little doubt in my mind but that he will pay the price asked, which is a million dollars. Without this evidence he has no actual hold on McKimber. With it he can command his absolute obedience. I feel certain that with McKimber's help Raxon can win. Without it he has little chance. The question is this: Is the senatorship worth a million dollars to Paul Raxon? If not, we are worse off than when we began. If it is, we have won."

Peter Milman looked about him as the chairman of a meeting does when he desires suggestions. None would have supposed that there was a very real risk of disgrace and imprisonment if Raxon refused to buy and determined to prosecute.

"If you had looked into his face," Bradney remarked, "and had seen all the passions of hate and disappointment, fear and despair graven on it, you would have no doubt at all on the subject. I'm certain he will buy them back."

"But he'll try and get us," Barnes reminded him. "I wasn't any too gentle."

"There's always that danger," Peter Milman observed calmly; "but when a man has so overpowering an ambition as his, he may use caution which is really abhorrent. I have no doubt he will wish he could put us in Sing Sing."

Old Ideas Revived by Experiments in Diet

Some remarkable cases of fasting have attracted attention lately, but one striking experiment in diet has met with less attention than it deserves.

This experiment was carried out by three scientists who lived for several months entirely on potatoes and vegetable margarine, with a slight addition of onion.

One of the results of this experiment is that science is now beginning to believe that there may be something in the old idea that potato water is a remedy for gout. The potato does appear to have considerable virtues where this disease is concerned.

Another result is that it is now claimed that the diet of the peasantry in some parts of Europe, in which meat figures very rarely, is healthier

But better counsel will show him that it is dangerous. Before we see him we must rehearse some of the circumstances in which we were injured by him. I want him to think that we all know very certainly by what meant he hurt us. In case he should decline to buy these letters, he must understand that he cannot prosecute us."

Floyd Malet had said little. He was watching the girl's sensitive face. He did not understand how it was the others did not realize she was suffering. They had assumed that she was wholly with them and as eager as they to win. It was because Malet loved her that he knew what was passing in her mind. He had seen her with Robin. He knew certainly that she loved the lad and suffered torture at the thought that she was going to aid in giving Paul Raxon the whip hand over him.

It was plain to Floyd Malet that this love of his for a girl, whose beauty had first attracted him because it was of a rare and finer sort, must be kept a secret. What has the world to offer but scorn for the middle-aged and unsuccessful lover? But love, he reflected, if it is genuine, finds its reward in service. How could he help her? Was it possible to bring her happiness and Robin? The other men were talking about Robin's father.

"He will suffer," said Mr. Milman impartially. "And his family will suffer. I am sorry for them; but in this case our interests weigh down the balance. McKimber, at all events, has money and an assured position."

"Why not offer to sell the letters to him, then?" Malet cried. "You will get your money just the same and you will be defeating Raxon?" He noticed that Nita listened eagerly for the reply.

"There are two reasons against it. One, that we know Raxon to be a crook used to chicanery, fraud, and blackmail. He will not protest, no matter how we obtained these letters. He will probably pay. With McKimber it is different. How shall we convince him that if he buys these letters he is safe from subsequent blackmail? He will know that his secret is shared by many others and he will never feel safe. As he probably won't run for office now, he may make a fight of it. He has money. He can retain the best counsel, while we are handcuffed from the start. It is not a matter of choosing to benefit one at the cost of the other. Personally, I am inclined to be sorry for McKimber. With us all it is merely the easiest and safest way to get the money we have been defrauded of from the man who did it."

"Who's to bell the cat?" Barnes asked. "How are you going to lure it over with Raxon?"

"I think if I telephone to him he will come."

"But he might bring a gang of thugs with him," Barnes objected. "He can get a bunch of gunmen any time he needs them. What's to prevent him going through this place and getting the letters?"

"It is not a house easy to break into, as you know. He will not be admitted if he does not come alone. If he is as desperately anxious for those letters as I believe, he will come at once and alone. I shall not mention them when I speak to him, but he will be thinking of nothing else."

Malet had the opportunity to get a few words with Nita later in the evening.

"A few mornings back," he said softly, "you met young McKimber in the grounds at Great Rock. You had a few minutes with him and then left him. You said you thought you had been breaking your heart. Nita, what did you mean?"

She smiled at him. "Did I say that? How silly. Doesn't one exaggerate before breakfast?"

"You can't deceive me like that," he answered. "You are fond of Robin and you are torn between two emotions, your love for him and your loyalty to your father. What you would like to be able to do is to take those accursed letters and give them to Mr. McKimber without letting his wife or son know they ever existed."

"I would rather do that than anything else," she admitted. She saw that it was useless to conceal it from the sculptor. And she knew, too, that this middle-aged genius with the worn face and quiet ways, loved her. "It is hard, Uncle Floyd," she said, and smiled whimsically, "to feel one is betraying where one loves."

"You are not," he protested.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
COPYRIGHT BY WILLIAM REYNOLDS UNION

MORE WISHES



Crystal's Beloved Companion

between Crystal's Joe-Joe and a real lamb when Joe-Joe bleated. Often and often she had made this same mistake.

"We should have brought Joe-Joe," Ada said. "I can't think how I could forget him."

"I want Joe-Joe," Crystal repeated. "Angelina Adorable will play with you, won't you Angelina?"

"Yes, Muvvy dear," Angelina answered. "I'd love to play with dear little Crystal."

That made Crystal happier because she, too, loved Angelina Adorable. Everyone thought Angelina was adorable so that at the time Ada had named her everyone had thought Adorable was just the right last name for her.

"I wish my friends Jim and Jerry were here," Teddy said. "Then we could play lots of games."

"We should have brought Jim and Jerry," Ada said, a little sadly. How many people and things they were now beginning to miss.

"I really need my rake and hoe," Mr. Todd said as he came along. "I want to lay out some garden beds. The soil near the woods is good and I could fix up a pretty place if I had some of my tools handy."

"We really should have brought Mr. Todd's rake and hoe," Ada sighed again.

"Do you think it's going to rain, Mr. Todd?" she added.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Mr. Todd answered, after giving the sky a good long look.

Now Mr. Todd was a very good weather prophet. He said so himself and he knew. Sometimes Mr. Todd made a mistake about the weather but it always seemed at such times that the weather should have behaved as Mr. Todd said.

"If it were going to rain," Ada continued, "I could do lots of things if only I had my paint box here."

"Maybe a little something to eat would be good for all of us," Mr. Todd suggested. He was such a kind-hearted man that he really hated to have to tell them he thought it was going to rain. That they exclaimed with delight at that suggestion and they went and found that both Mrs. Cackle and Nip had each laid another egg.

"I'll make a tomato omelette," offered Mr. Todd. It was lucky that he had brought a tin of tomatoes for two eggs would not make a very big omelette by themselves.

Teddy gathered some more raspberries, although they had eaten so many raspberries from the surrounding bushes that they were becoming a bit tired of them.

"If we'd brought the ice cream freezer I'd turn it for ice cream," Teddy suggested.

"But who'd make the ice cream? That's something I can't do," Mr. Todd answered.

"We should have brought Cooky," Ada sighed again. "She couldn't complain here about us getting her floor dirty for we almost live out-of-doors, and anyway, when I think of her she doesn't seem so fussy as she did when we were home. She was really nice. And oh, how many things she can cook!"

They began talking about all the wonderful desserts and cakes Cooky could make.

"I'm her little dear," Crystal said. "I'm Cooky's little dear."

"Indeed you are," agreed Teddy. "Maybe she'd come and make the

raspberry ice cream," he went on. "We'd bring her mop along. She wouldn't mind if she had her mop, too."

"And we'd need the ice cream freezer," Mr. Todd added.

"Where's Clocky?" Ada asked.

"Yes, where's Clocky?" they all asked.

"Clocky, Clocky, Clocky," they all called.

From a little distance away Clocky's voice answered:

"Here I am, right here."



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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

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

Credit to Motorists?

The automobile has been responsible for the development of a sturdier and incidentally a smarter race of roosters and chickens, according to Richard C. Haldeman, president of the Pennsylvania Motor federation. Haldeman asserts that the large number of chickens killed on the roads during the early days of the automobile age weeded out "mentally unfit roosters and hens." He asserts that instead of being blamed for the chickens which are still killed the motorists should be thanked, for they are aiding the farmer in developing a better grade of fowls.

Repaid Hospitality

Twenty-four years ago a hobo stopped at the home of Mrs. Sarah Haughton, Myrtle Point, Ore., and asked for a handout. Mrs. Haughton gave the man a nice, fat sandwich. She has just received a letter from him inclosing two \$1 bills and reminding her of her hospitality.

Do His Looks Belie Him?

Mrs. Hoyle—"Your husband is a bright-looking man." Mrs. Doyle—"Yes, that's the way he looks."

Fortunate is the man who doesn't go lame when he has occasion to sidestep temptation.

Finest Lines

Twenty-five thousand lines to the inch—could you draw them? No human being has been able to do such fine work, but Dr. Wilmer Souder, physicist at the United States bureau of standards, has devised a machine that will draw these fine lines. It will be of great assistance in many phases of engineering design.

Black Walnut Waffles.

1 1/2 cups flour, 1 1/2 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1/2 level teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts. Sift flour, measure and sift three times with baking powder and salt. Add milk gradually, then yolks of eggs well beaten, butter and then whites of eggs beaten stiff; then add nuts. Bake on greased hot waffle iron.

Lost Anyway

"I had my cashier watched by a detective to see that he didn't abscond with the money."

"Was that worth while?"
"No; I still have the cashier, but the detective absconded with the money."—Filigende Blaetter, Munich.

The charm of a bathroom is its spotlessness. By the use of Red Cross Ball Blue all cloths and towels retain their whiteness until worn out.—Adv.

When one man meets another that he is said to look like he usually swears.

MOTHER

A Cross, Feverish Child is Bilious, Constipated

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Fig Syrup," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless, "fruity laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When the little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for a bot-



tle of "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."



The Best Laxative He Ever Tried

Mr. W. J. Dorion, New York, writes: "Sick headache, indigestion and constipation have troubled me for years. I tried everything but I can truthfully say your CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS is the best laxative I have ever used. I find that they are small, easy to take and their action does not pain me. They keep me regular and I want to tell you how I appreciate this purely vegetable medicine, knowing, due to my experience in laboratory work that laxatives, containing Mercury, Calomel and other poisonous drugs are injurious."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are sugar coated, small, easy to swallow, and everyone in the family can take them in perfect confidence as they are a doctor's own formula.

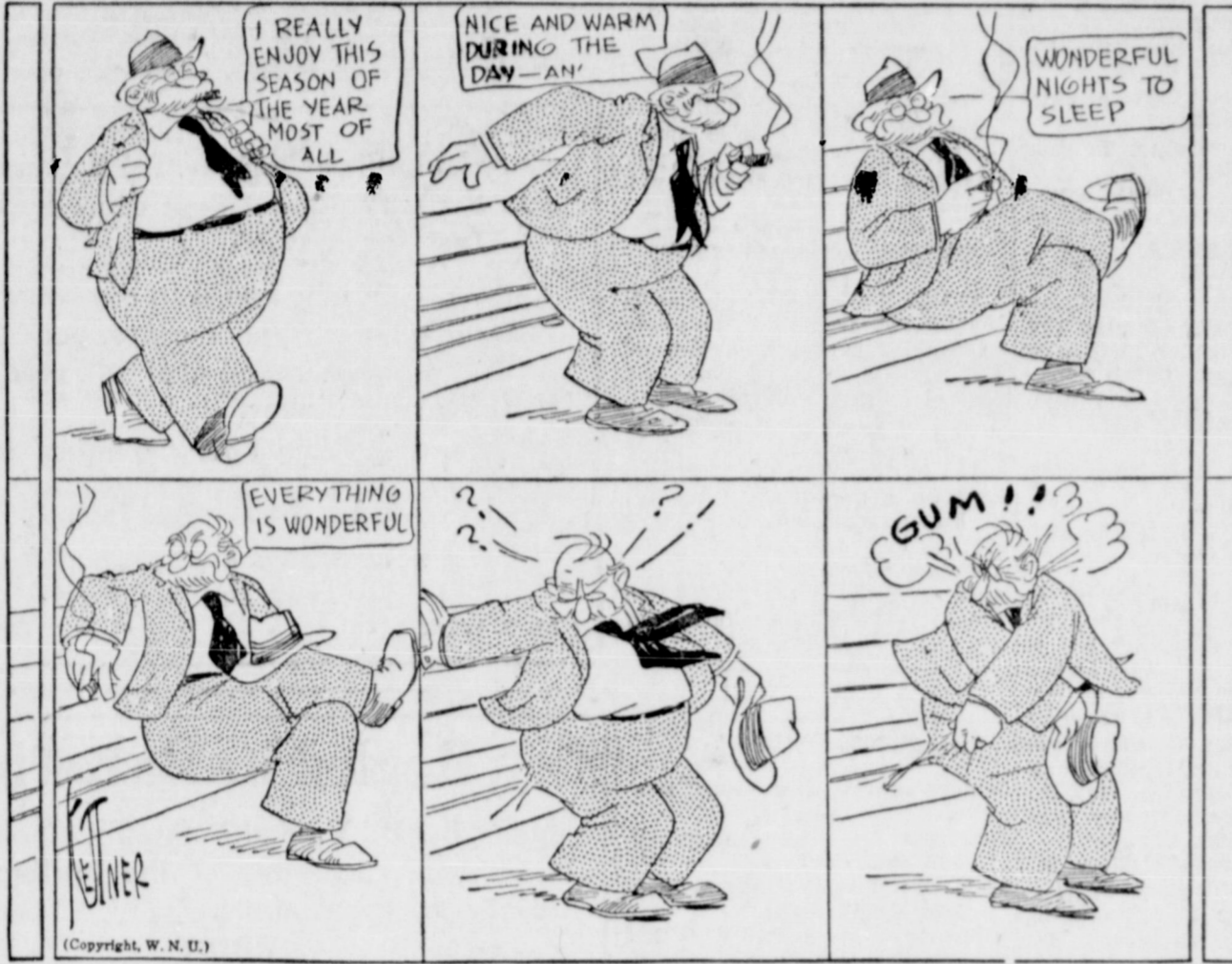
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS in red packages 25c. and 75c.



A Good Long Look.

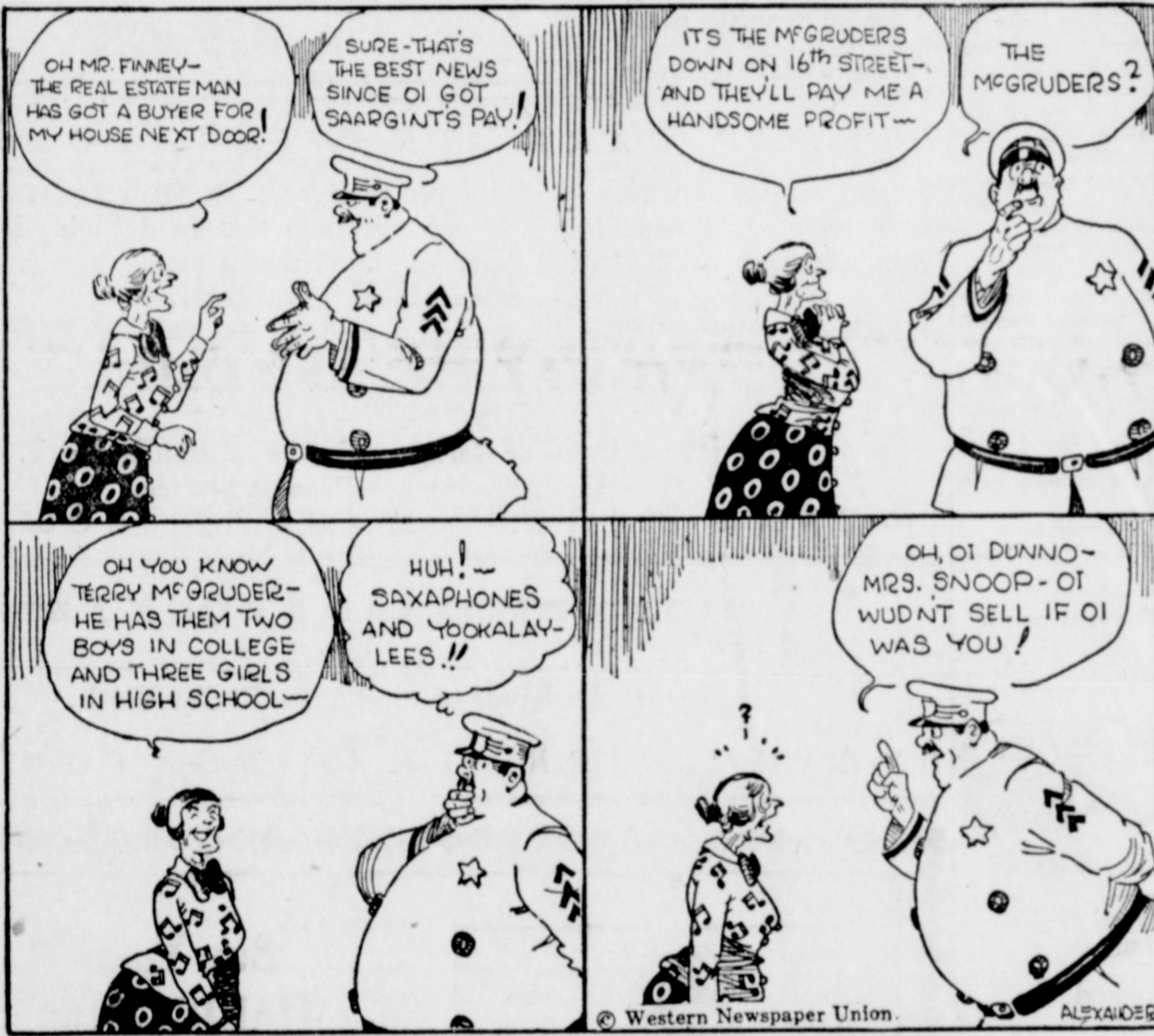
OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



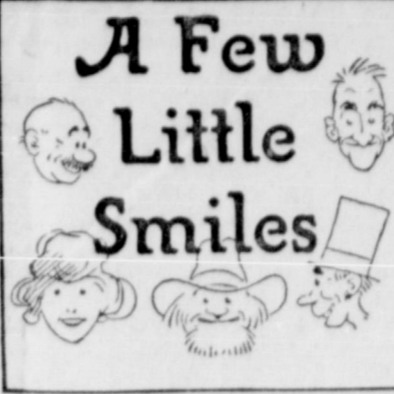
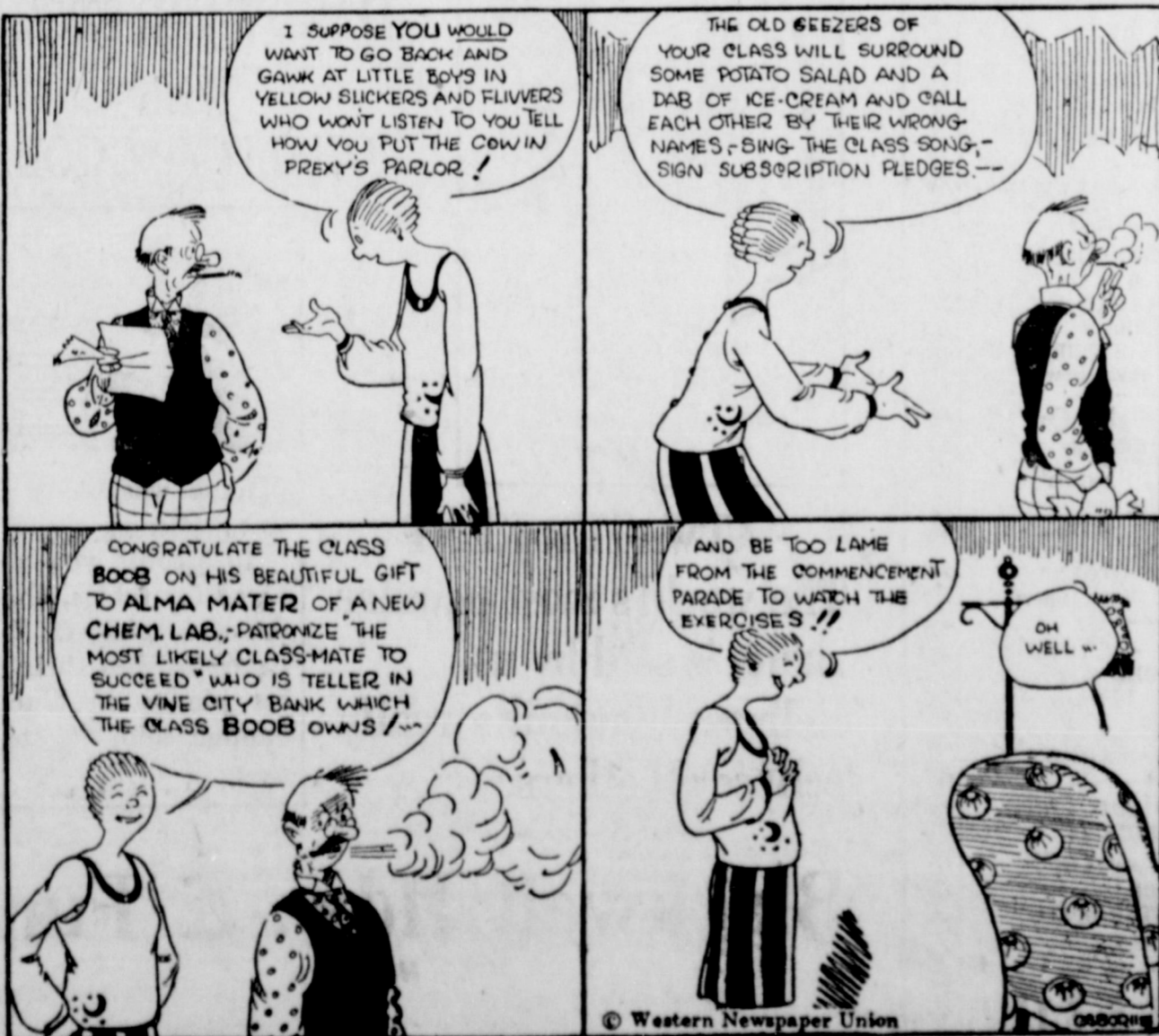
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Finney Will Put Up With Snoop



THE FEATHERHEADS

Fanny Splashes Her Oar



EASIER TO CHOOSE

Shop Girl—A pair of silk stockings, sir? Certainly. We have them in every fashionable shade. Do you prefer beige, pale fawn, champagne, pearl, blush, atmosphere, froth, grain, sawdust, melon, straw, oyster, bleached mauve, gunmetal, moonlight, or shadow?

Young Man—I—I never thought of that. Perhaps I'd better buy her a bracelet instead.

Had Him There

A man submitted to an editor a poem that clearly had been plagiarized.

"Did you write all this yourself?" the editor asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "I wrote every line it."

"Then I am glad to meet you, Lord Tennyson," replied the editor, "but I was under the impression that you had died years ago."

DOESN'T PLAY WITH FIRE



"Dearest, can't you see my heart's on fire?"

"Well, do I look like a fire extinguisher?"

Guest Towels

That guest is always welcome who by instinct seems to know which of our towels are meant for use and which are meant for show.

Vital

"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," she said, as she pulled out a green one and laid it on the top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for it's the gas bill."

STRATEGY



"A burglar broke in my house the other night when I was all alone."

"Well, how did you handle him?"

"Yuh see, I was in the next room and I said real loud 'Now fellows we'll all be on hand next Monday for football practice, so he beat it.'"

Swat the Rooster

I've always been a blithesome bird. A leader and a booster. I think this movement is absurd To swat the poor old rooster.

The Breaking Point

The doctor had taken the temperature of the stockbroker who lay seriously ill.

"It has gone up to 104," he announced in a solemn voice.

"Gone up to 104!" shouted the stockbroker. "Then sell out, man, sell out!"

Cheerful Soul

"Old Bill Smith hasn't a care in the world."

"What does he do?"

"He's a caretaker."

Dance Celebrities

He (discussing a mutual acquaintance)—Had the dashed impudence to tell me I didn't know the difference between Meams and Teum.

She—Really! How provoking for you—let's see, where are they dancing now?

Kitty! Kitty!

Betty—Jack said I'm beautiful—charming.

Jane—Now, Betty, you be careful of those fellows who deceive you.

Coal Still Leads in Production of Power

Commercial electricity has been described variously as "juice," "blue magic," "bottled lightning," etc. In the analytical realm of federal statistics, however, it rather takes on the guise of "lumpless coal," "greaseless oil," "knotless timber," "dry water," and "flameless gas."

Coal, water, oil, wood and gas are the ingredients of electricity or are the creative sources of it in the production of power. In the production of some eight hundred million horsepower or 73,791,000,000 kilowatt-hours in this country, 64.5 per cent of the energy was generated by the use of fuels and the remainder by water power, according to the Department of the Interior.

Of the fuels, coal was the leader, producing 59 per cent of the manufactured energy; oil, gas and wood totaled the remaining 10 per cent.

Small Yankees Show Skill in Arithmetic

A perfect score in addition was made in two towns in New England in a recent arithmetic contest sponsored by Boston university. Returns were received from approximately 113,000 children. The greatest accuracy as a whole was shown by pupils in small rural schools. The next highest score was the 91.6 per cent made in addition by pupils in both the fifth and seventh grades. No perfect scores were made in subtraction, multiplication or division. The highest scores in each of these subjects were made by seventh-grade pupils, who averaged 93.5 in subtraction, 57.1 in multiplication and 80 per cent in division.

To Keep Cocoons

Cocoons should be kept out of doors, where conditions as nearly as possible are similar to those they pick themselves, says Nature Magazine. Protection with netting will prevent destruction by birds. Freezing is not detrimental, and is even necessary to some species, and the dampness of the out-of-doors is desirable.

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

Sneer not at your own town. No towns are perfect.

Keep your summer health

SHREDDED WHEAT



12 Oz. in Each Standard Package

Gives you vim and energy
Easy to digest
A treat for any meal,

Paid for It

"Why didn't you engrave our initials on this car?"

"We don't do that, madam."

"I insist that it be done. We've made the initial payment."

There are two sides to every question—your side and the wrong side.

Not Himself

"Didn't I hear Jones tell that officer his name was Brown?" "Perhaps so. I heard him say he wasn't himself today."

One can't save at the spigot and waste at the bung and buy a bungalow.



MAKES BAKING EASIER

—than you ever thought possible. The always dependable quality of Calumet enables you to accomplish better results with less effort. Try it.

LESS THAN 1¢ PER BAKING

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

SALES 2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND



OAK floors add value to your home

They tone up every room, and make the house modern. Economical, permanent, beautiful. Save housework. Write for free descriptive literature.

OAK FLOORING BUREAU CHICAGO
1293 Builders' Building

Reverse Effect

A paradox pointed out by the Arkansas Gazette is that a woman can deflate a man by blowing him up.

Butter Color Depends on YOU

Don't blame the feed or the condition of your stock if market men grade you low and customers complain on account of the color of your butter. You can keep your butter always that golden June color which brings top prices by using Dandelion Butter Color. It's purely vegetable and meets all State and National Pure Food Laws—used by all large creameries for years. It's harmless, tasteless and doesn't color buttermilk. Large bottles, 35c at all drug and grocery stores.

Write for FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE
Wells & Richardson Co., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont

Shurhit Coil Points and Coils Pep Up Your Ford

Get Shurhit Coil Points from your garage or auto shop. New points, new power. Replace old coils with Shurhit Coils. Ask your dealer, or write

SHURHIT PRODUCTS Inc.
224 W. Illinois Street Chicago, Illinois

AGENTS—\$8.50 A DAY. STEADY WORK. Wonderful new proposition. Business Car furnished to workers. Write quick for offer before territory is snapped up. Americas Products Co., 1151 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 44-1927.

Maybe it requires more fortitude to meet trouble, sober, but fortitude is a good thing to cultivate.

The Friona Star

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
JOHN W. WHITE, Editor and Manager
ARTH B. HOLMAN, Publisher
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 Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

S. F. Warren said "Take out that ad, I have sold all my roosters." Star Classified ads get the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stevick, of Grady, New Mexico, drove over Saturday night and spent the day Sunday with Mr. Stevick's mother and sister and his brother, O. E. Stevick and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Randle and daughter, Miss Zella, of Amarillo, visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Burton Saturday. Zella remained as the guest of Bernal, until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Landrum and children visited friends and relatives in Amarillo Saturday and while there attended to business affairs.

Jimmie Mears who was called to

Tennessee Sunday, October 15th, on account of the death of his father, returned to his home here last Wednesday.

Sam Taylor, accompanied by Misses Alice Guyer and Opal Wemberley, arrived here Saturday to spend the week end with home folks. Mrs. Taylor came Thursday and visited relatives until Sunday, when she and Sam returned to their home in Canyon. Misses Alice Guyer and Esther Reeve were accompanied to Canyon by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Guyer and son, Reeve, and daughter, Virginia.

Miss Esther Reeve, being on a program at the college in Canyon, failed to come home Saturday, but drove through in the car with Mr. Dufoit and spent Sunday with home folks.

A good, wholesome dinner at a reasonable price will be served by the ladies of the Congregational church in the church basement on Tuesday, November 15. The public is invited.

Many nice things for Christmas and other occasions and a good dinner may be had at the Bazaar given by the ladies of the Congregational church in the church basement Tuesday, November 15. You are invited.

RETURNED TO HIS WORK.

After a three weeks enforced vacation, Ed S. White returned to his work as clerk in the T. J. Crawford store here.

His enforced vacation came as the result of a severely sprained and bruised foot, which resulted from a fall when a ladder on which he was standing slipped from under him while he was placing some goods in the ware room of the store.

Henry Brooks of the State Line community, was in Friona last Thursday. He had just completed sowing his crop of wheat that morning. He was accompanied by Chas. Fahsholtz, another highly esteemed citizen of that community.

HIGH SCHOOL SAW-DUST

THE STAFF

IRENE NEWMAN Editor-In-Chief
GRANVILLE McFARLAND Assistant Editor-In-Chief
ESTILENE HARRIS Literary Editor

MARY REEVE Senior Class Reporter
JUANITA CURRY Junior Class Reporter
FRANK TRUITT Sophomore Class Reporter
DAYTON HANSON Freshman Class Reporter
WAYDE WRIGHT Athletic Editor

ATHLETICS.

Friday, November 11, the Chiefs will play Portales at Portales. This will be one of the best games of the season and the Chiefs expect to win, although they know nothing about the Portales men. The Chiefs are in good shape and are expected to win the coming skirmish.

FRIONA VS. SUDAN.

The Chiefs ran wild Friday to defeat Sudan 13-0. Neither team scored in the first quarter but in the second all got away with a touchdown and in the last quarter Captain Whitefield ran 92 yards for a touchdown. All the Friona boys played well and although it may be a hard struggle, they expect to take a second victory from the Happy Jack Jinks today.
 The lineup: Lee, rg; Baker, rt; Whitefield, re; McFarland, c; Beazley, lf; Springs, lt; Richardson, le; J. D. Curry, rh; Guyer, lc; Hall, f; Hamlin, q.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS.

Miss McCary, who has been at the bedside of her mother, returned Friday. We are all glad to know that her mother is improving and glad to have her back with us.

Thelma Sanders was taken seriously ill Tuesday morning.

Anita Murray visited friends and relatives in Plainview this week.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Thursday, October 27th, after chapel exercises the high school was organized into two literary societies. After members were chosen the societies met and chose officers. Society No. 1 and Society No. 2 will be their names until other names have been decided upon. The following officers were chosen for No. 1:
 Edith Galloway, president.
 Eugene Richardson, vice president.
 Wayde Wright, reporter.
 Roy Hall, secretary-treasurer.
 Officers for No. 2 are:
 Luther Tannery, president.

STAR THEATRE

HEREFORD, TEXAS

Friday Night Only
 NOVEMBER 4

"Padlocked"
 with
 LOIS MORAN, LOUISE DRESSER
 and NOAH BEERY.

Saturday Matinee and
 Night
 NOVEMBER 5
 HOOT GIBSON
 in
 "The Hurricane Kid"

Monday Night Only
 NOVEMBER 7
 "The Stolen Bride"
 with
 BILLIE DOVE, LLOYD HUGHES

Also
 "COUNTRY STORE"
 at end of first show.

Tuesday Night Only
 NOVEMBER 8
 "Afraid to Love"
 with
 FLORENCE VIDOR
 and
 "COUNTRY STORE"
 At Close of First Show.

Wednesday - Thursday
 NOVEMBER 9-10
 HAROLD LLOYD
 in
 "The Kid Brother"

Friday Night Only
 NOVEMBER 11
 "The Show Off"
 with
 FORD STERLING

Ben Hur
 Nov. 14, 15, 16

Otha Whitefield, vice president.
 Marie Wilson, secretary.
 Thelma Weir, treasurer.
 June Campbell, reporter.
 Anita Murray and Red McFarland, group captains.

It was decided to let each society put on a program once a month. Literary Society No. 1 will give the first program.

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

Thursday morning a little Halloween play was given by pupils in Mr. Hyde's room. The play was quite interesting and was well presented.

CARNIVAL BIG SUCCESS.

The Halloween carnival started Monday afternoon when the school made a big parade through town. The evening program was real good and was enjoyed by all. Following the program the different booths were opened until about eleven thirty. With the hearty cooperation of the parents and people of Friona community our carnival was put over in great style. After expenses were paid the proceeds amounted to about \$85 which will be used for library funds and any other as it is needed.

A CHALLENGE!

MARIE WILSON.

Juniors, awake from your summer's dreaming!
 Don't you see those senior's colors streaming?
 They seem to think that we Juniors should blair
 When they walk around with that dignified heir.
 Let us show them, when the buggy of success rolls around.

Jackman's
 Women's Wear Exclusively

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

We can supply you with anything you may need in farm and ranch land or town lots. There is no better investment than this good Plains land and our listings include the best of Farmer and Deaf Smith county lands. See us. WE DO CUSTOM PLOWING.

DOES IT NEED FIXING?

JUST BRING IT IN.

We do all kinds of Garage and General Repair Work.

Also Draying—Prompt Service.

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned

Why Not Save Ten Pennies by Getting a Forty Cent Hair Cut?

We Do All Kinds of First Class Barber Work.

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

HIGHWAY GARAGE

FRED WHITE, Proprietor.

WILLARD BATTERIES GOODRICH TIRES

"None-Better" "Best In the Long Run"

Battery Charging—All kinds of generator and repair work

Garage Service and Welding.

PROMPTNESS AND EFFICIENCY

'Paddle Your Own Canoe'

The modern interpretation of which is "Handle your own car." BUT—never undertake it unless your gas tank is filled with the best fuel you can secure, and your crank case filled with the best lubricant.

AMARILLO GASOLINE AND OUR PENNSYLVANIA PRODUCTS FILL THE BILL.

See us for tires, tubes, accessories, garage work and welding Also the best red cedar fence posts.

FRIONA OIL COMPANY

Magnolia Gasoline A Gallon. 13c
 Wholesale

Magnolia Kerosene A Gallon. 10c
 Wholesale

Delivered Anywhere In Friona Territory.

MAGNOLIA COMPANY
 Friona Texas

AUCTIONEER
W. S. WILLIAMS
 Office, Newell and Ashbrook Building
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SEE ME OR THE HEREFORD BRAND FOR YOUR SALE DATES.

I pay the advertising on all sales that total \$1,000 or over and charge no more.

Ray Barber
 Pure Bred Live Stock and Farm Sales
AUCTIONEER
 SUPERIOR SALES SERVICE

My knowledge of Values Enables Me to Render Efficient Service.

PHONE 241

—or—
 Leave Your Sale Dates With Hereford Brand.
 Hereford, Texas.

SEE ME!
 IN MY NEW LOCATION

The Golden Rule Produce Building.

I am prepared to do all kinds of

Shoe Repairing

For Good Work and Reasonable Prices

See Me.

CHAS. S. BURNES

Mary had a little hog, she fed it every day;
 But the City Market man came by and took that hog away.

And now you may find it in our counter in the form of spare-ribs, pork chops, pork steak and sausage—all clean and cool and ready to prepare for your dinner.

Make Our Place Your "Meating" House.

CITY MARKET
 All stock always kept clean and cool.
 We Buy Butcher Stuff.

M. S. WEIR PROPRIETOR

Buckskin Batteries
 Made by R. V. Smith Supply Company, of Oklahoma City—one of the leading battery makers of the country.

PRICES
 Cash \$12.00
 In exchange for old batteries \$11.25

I Sell 'em—twelve months' guarantee.

A. B. SHORT



"I feed and clothe my family with my DeLaval" says Mrs. Smith. So Can You!



"Home was never like this," because never before could you use Duco for tables, chairs, dressers, pianos. Wur-litzer finishes their finest pianos in Duco—enough said, "Costs no more."

ATWATER-KENT
 The world's most popular radio, is sold by us. Eclipse Windmills really eclipse all others.

Blackwell Hdw. & Furn.

"We Have It"

An Armistice Day Message

FRIENDSHIP

S
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R
V
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Let Youth help shape the World while the Vision Splendid is still before its Eyes

1918 10th ANNIVERSARY 1928

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT IS peculiarly appropriate that the annual membership roll call of the American National Red Cross should begin on Armistice day, November 11. For there is no other organization in the world which better exemplifies the essential spirit of Armistice day than that which knows no race nor creed nor color—nothing but the need of suffering humanity. So when the Red Cross invites Americans to join while it is holding its eleventh annual roll call from Armistice day through Thanksgiving, November 11 to 24, we can all do so with the knowledge that there can be no more fitting observance of this solemn anniversary than by aiding in the work of the Red Cross—"the greatest mother of the world."

In the sense that Armistice day means the end of fighting, there is no Armistice day for the Red Cross. For in peace as in war it carries on its fight against disease and hunger and devastation. If "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war" then some of the peace-time victories of the American Red Cross, won when tornado or hurricane or flood or fire swept over some ill-fated community, are more to be remembered than are some of its victories won on the battlefield.

There is still another service of the Red Cross which is perhaps but little known in comparison to its other services and it may yet prove to be of a future importance which cannot now be estimated. That is the organization of the Junior Red Cross, which has for its three watchwords "Service," "Friendship" and "Health," and which will begin celebrating its tenth anniversary next year. On its scroll is written these words, "Let Youth Help Shape the World While the Vision Splendid Is Still Before Its Eyes."

If indeed youth begins to "shape the world while the vision splendid is still before its eyes," then there may come the time when there will be no more wars, for the Junior Red Cross

Siamese Temple Cats

To the most beautiful of tame cats, says the Berlin Illustrirte Zeitung, belongs the Siamese house cat with its short, smooth hair, which on the body is cream-colored while on the tail, legs, ears and face it is dark brown. The cat in Siam, as in all Far Eastern countries, is a temple animal, and accordingly highly prized and treated with religious care. That fits well with its aristocratic bearing and tastes.

ARMISTICE

Ours, ours they are—
Those dear, dead knights who won
the Golden Star;
On far French hills, here in our
churchyards lying,
Or in war's wildest wreckage—still
unfound
In these torn, piteous fields which
they in dying,
Have for us all forever sanctified.
We cannot hallow more that holy
ground;
All glory we would give them pales
beside
The eternal splendor of these men,
who thought
But of the sacred cause for which
they fought.

And now, the battles done,
They who gave all, tis they alone
who won
In their great faith there was no
dark misgiving;
They saw no base self-seekers don
the mask
Of high ideals, to batten on the liv-
ing
Their vision was a world secure
and just
Won by their victory—their only
task
To crush one hideous foe; and in
that trust
They sped with eager feet, and
paid the price,
Unstinting, of the last great sacrifi-
ce.

is literally a "League of Good Will and Better Understanding." Today it numbers more than 5,000,000 school children in the United States. Italy has a million children who are enthusiastic members and the Junior movement has taken hold strongly in other European countries. Japan has more than 200,000 children enrolled in the league.

Although the Junior Red Cross movement would be important for its instruction of the children in the rudiments of home hygiene, first aid and the fundamentals of American citizenship if for no other reason, it is this international aspect of its work that gives added emphasis to the relation between the spirit of the Red Cross and the spirit of Armistice day. Out of the faith of the millions of children in every nation of the world, en-

That faith they hold,
The peace for which they battled
was pure gold,
And in their splendid zeal they died
unshaken,
Knowing such sacred beauty fills
their sleep,
Shall we yet mourn, or wish they
might awaken
To find the golden peace so far de-
based?
Should we not rather pray that
they may keep
Their shining vision spotless, unde-
faced,
Until the world, repentant and re-
deemed,
Grow to the measure of the one they
dreamed?

So let them rest,
They gave for us their dearest and
their best,
They keep the holiest, yet for their
giving
Our fittest tribute is not grief and
tears,
But the same ardent vision in our
living
As that which shone, compelling, in
their eyes
Unconquered by death and all his
dreadful fears,
Then, when at last these glorious
dreamers rise,
The world we keep for them might
almost seem
The living substances of their lofty
dream.

—Charles Buxton Going.

rolled in the Junior Red Cross for the service of humanity, may yet come the realization of the vision held by the men whose memory is honored on Armistice day, as voiced by the poet when he said:

Their vision was a world secure and just
Won by their victory—their only task
To crush one hideous foe; and in that trust
They sped with eager feet and paid the price,
Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice.

So history may yet write down the fact that it was these children who kept

Their shining vision spotless, unde-
faced
Until the world, repentant and re-
deemed,
Grow to the measure of the one they
dreamed.

ing two of them, a light can be controlled from two places, such as up stairs and downstairs in the case of hall lights. A related switch, called a "four-way" switch, is electrically a double-pole reversing switch. Any number of four-way switches may be used with two three-way switches to control a light from any number of points.

Selective breeding applied to forest trees would produce fast-growing vigorous varieties, experiments show

THE GIFT FROM MOTHER GLENN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ROSE GLENN, her young heart beating fast and hard, paused at the door of her husband's old home. It was a stately portal, this of the Glenn house, with a Ilac now out of bloom standing on either corner and a huge brass knocker that bore the hall-mark of genuine antiquity. With her hand uplifted, Rose still hesitated to send that summoning rat-tat-tat sounding within.

It was a breathless morning and Rose looked a bit wilted in spite of her excited flush. She had ridden into town with the Pratts, who had had a careful without her. But Mrs. Pratt had insisted that she accompany them instead of taking the bus, so, unable to refuse, she had held the fourth Pratt baby on her lap all the way. In consequence her skirt was rumpled and a lollipop which the third Pratt baby had been eating had mussed up the front of her crisp blouse.

A woman passing stared curiously at the girl who seemed afraid to announce herself, and with sudden determination Rose lifted the handle of the knocker. Almost instantly, quite as if she had been peeping from the window, a woman opened the door. Rose lifted her dark eyes to the icy blue ones of her husband's oldest sister, Ada Patchen.

"Oh, good morning!" Ada said. There was no enthusiasm in her voice. She did not offer to take the hand Rose timidly advanced.

Behind the woman on the threshold an inner door cautiously opened, and a face similar to hers gave a quick look at the visitor. Rose recognized her husband's second sister, Abigail, who lived at home with her mother, and was unmarried.

"Come in," Ada Patchen held the door open far enough to admit Rose's slender shape. "Come in," she repeated and opened the inner door, from which Abigail's face had disappeared.

Rose found herself in the family sitting room in the presence of her husband's mother and Abigail. Abigail stood behind her mother's chair. There was no welcome in her icy blue eyes. But into Mother Glenn's face had sprung a look of interest. She was most unlike her daughters, for her eyes were dark and the cut of her nose spirited. As Rose shyly advanced Mother Glenn held out her hand. It was chill, the hand of an old woman whose circulation is none too good. Rose grasped the thin fingers with her warm, pulsing ones. She would have kissed the withered cheek, but she remembered in time that Glenn's sisters scorned any demonstration of affection, rating it as weakness.

Mother Glenn pointed to a chair and Rose sank into it. Very graceful and with that little air of distinction which makes even the plainest hat and blouse charming, she awaited some sign on the part of this chilly interrogative trio of women. Meanwhile there raced through her brain thoughts, memories, intuitions. These three women had opposed Rose with all their might when Hugh Glenn sought to marry her. If she had not loved him so deeply and been assured that he loved her, Rose would never have consented to be his wife. When afterward his mother and sisters had failed to accept her, Hugh had refused to go home without her. For more than a year he had never set foot in his old home. Then suddenly Mother Glenn summoned the young wife into her presence. "Do as you please about going," Hugh had said. She had thought it over carefully and had decided to put her own feelings aside and go for her husband's sake.

"Rose," Mother Glenn began in a slightly unsteady voice, Rose looked at her attentively. "I sent for you because I wanted to see you. I am seventy-six years old and my heart is weak. I may go any time. Hugh is my youngest child—the youngest of seven, all gone but three—some memory interfered with her train of thought. "I have a few articles which I want to give away now while I am here to see about it. Then there won't be any quarreling about them when I am gone. Abigail, bring pencil and paper and write as I tell you."

Abigail with compressed lips obeyed. Mother Glenn, playing with the fringe of her shawl, stared into some remote vista of her own. At last she began to speak slowly:

"I want you, Samantha, as my oldest child, to have my rosewood cabinet. You have a daughter to pass it on to when you are done with it—write that down, Abigail."

"I have," snapped Abigail.

"I want you, Abigail, to have my set of silver spoons that your father beat out of silver. There are four dozen of them, all marked with my initials. They were part of my setting out when I married Jonas Glenn—write that down, Abigail."

Abigail looked at her mother, her lips opening to speak.

"Write that down, Abigail," repeated her mother and Abigail wrote in silence.

"I want my daughter Emmeline"—Mother Glenn paused uncertainly. "No! Emmeline is gone. I remember." She touched her forehead. "Hugh! I want my son Hugh to have my one diamond ring. I want—I want my son Hugh's wife—Are you writing what I tell you, Abigail?—I want Rose Glenn to have the gold

luster pitcher that stands over there on the rosewood cabinet."

Rose gave a gasp of astonishment. Her glance went to the vessel in question. A ray of sunlight filtering through the curtains fell upon it, making it gleam like a jewel. Knowing something about pottery, she was well able to appreciate the exquisite thing. And it was to be hers. How she would love and cherish it—always!

Conscious of a strange silence about her, she turned and saw two pairs of icy-blue eyes fixed upon her in bitter anger. The color fled from her face and for an instant she almost lost her composure. Then, rising, she stood before the old woman.

"Dear Mother Glenn," she said, very, very gently. "I thank you for your gift. I'd love to take it just because you wish me to have it—but I can't. Please don't insist upon my having the luster pitcher. Anything else, any small thing, I will accept—but not that."

The old woman stared at the young one unbelieving. Samantha Patchen rustled in her black taffeta, Abigail studied the paper before her.

"I suppose the pitcher is priceless. That's why I gave it to you," Mother Glenn said at last.

"I know—I understand," murmured Rose. She shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Well—well—well," Mother Glenn said. Her head drooped, then lifted. She was laughing. "I guess my son knew what he was about when he got you," she said. "Now take off your hat and stay to lunch."

It was late afternoon when Rose reached home. Hugh sat on the steps waiting for her. He looked as if he had been anxious.

"Well, how did you get along?" he asked as he kissed her.

"Fine, Hugh! I like your mother. She sent you this"—she gave him the ring.

He looked at it, then at the bright face before him.

"I understand what she wanted you for," he said. "Well—since they have recognized you I will go and see them. We will both go—tell me what happened."

Rose told him about her visit.

"Didn't she give you anything?" Hugh asked when she had finished.

Rose nodded.

"Oh, yes! I shall treasure it always. For I know what it meant, coming from her with her repressed nature, her shut heart—"

"What is it, dear?"

Rose cuddled against his hard shoulder.

"She kissed me—right before Abigail and Samantha," she said, with a laugh.

First to Circle Globe Under American Flag

The first circumnavigation of the globe under the American flag was completed in 1790. In 1787 a syndicate of Boston merchants, headed by Charles Bulfinch, sent out Capt. John Kendrick with the Columbia, and Capt. Robert Gray with the brig Lady Washington, to engage in the new and promising North Pacific fur trade.

Exchanging commands in July, Captain Gray, with the first American ship and cargo in Pacific commerce, sailed the Columbia back to Boston via China, arriving in 1790. The Boston merchants directed a second voyage and Captain Gray in the Columbia returned to the North Pacific, arriving at Clayoquot sound, June 5, 1791.

He wintered there and built the Adventure, the first American ship to be built on the Pacific. In the spring of 1792 he set out again in the Columbia and it was on this voyage that he discovered the Columbia river, giving it that name in honor of his vessel.—Kansas City Times.

Had a Precedent

He was an elder of his kirk in a small Scottish town, and had consulted a specialist about his health. Told that he had a floating kidney he was much disturbed, for the complaint had all the terror of mystery.

He went to the minister of his church with a request that the prayers of the congregation might be offered.

"I don't know," said the minister. "I'm afraid that at the mention of floating kidney the congregation might laugh."

"I see nothing to laugh at," replied the sufferer. "It was only last Sabbath that you prayed for loose livers."

Opportunity for Meditation

Here's one of Uncle Joe Cannon's stories:

An old circuit rider of Illinois loved hunting game as well as souls and he could not always forget his sport when engaged in the divine calling. One morning as he proceeded to the camp meeting he saw signs of a fox and set a trap where he could keep his eye on it during the sermon. While preaching he saw the trap fall. Without changing the sing-song tone of his delivery, he said:

"Brethren, keep your minds on the text while I go out and kill that fox."

Clash of Wits

While Horace Mann, the famous educator, was sitting in his study one day an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to fight.

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Mann, "it would give me great pleasure to accommodate you but I can't do it, the odds are unfair. I am a Man by name and a man by nature—that's two against one."

"Oh, come ahead!" the insane man answered. "I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."—Boston Transcript.

GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful

Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seventeen years old I had to stay at home from school, I finally had to quit school, I was so weak, I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I cannot tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know what the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Mrs. FRANK SELLERS, 510 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.



Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century, women have praised this reliable medicine.

K-R-O
Kills Rats Only

This new powder kills rats and mice but nothing else

Get rid of rats without danger to your children, livestock, pets or poultry.

Think what this means to you!

K-R-O may be used freely in the home, barn or poultry house with absolute safety. Actual tests have proved that it kills rats and mice every time but other animals and poultry are not injured by the largest doses.

NOT A POISON

K-R-O does not contain arsenic, phosphorus or barium carbonate. Made of special salts—the new safe way urged by government experts. At your drugist 75c. Large size (4 times as much) \$2.00. Or sent direct from us postpaid if he cannot supply you. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

K-R-O CO., Springfield, Ohio

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

For Pale, Delicate Women and Children. 60c

For Pipe Sores, Fistula, Prolapsed Hemorrhoids

Many back for best results if not suited. All dealers.

The Brother-in-Law's Way

"My oldest boy, Conrod, took a fool notion tuther day, went over to Torpidity, picked up a gal and married her," in the crossroads store related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Pears like he picked up a brother-in-law at the same time."

"Did the brother-in-law follow him?" inquired the merchant.

"Nope. That was three or four days ago. The darn brother-in-law came right on over to our house and is a-eatin' on us yet."—Kansas City Star.

Count Above 10

Portly One—No, young man, words do not matter. It is only deeds that matter; words never count.

Young One—That depends. Have you ever sent a telegram?—Paris Rire.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all of the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster without the burn. You feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE

Better than a mustard plaster

CARBUNCLES

Carbol draws out the core and gives quick relief.

CARBOIL

GENEROUS 50¢ BOX

At All Drugists — Money back guaranteed

ASTHMA Resolved, an unvarnished account gives quick and lasting relief.

BY ARV. OLIVARY. For literature and reports, write Lincoln Hills Lab., Colorado Springs, Colo.



15¢ A Stylish Blouse

It's color these days, that makes a garment stylish! With a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes, you can make an old or faded waist smart as any on display. Keep all your clothes stylish—through the quick magic of home dyeing.

Beautiful dyeing or perfectly gorgeous tinting is easy, if you'll only use original Diamond Dyes (true dyes). Brighten the house, too; curtains, spreads, etc., are Diamond dyed in an hour or less; right over other colors. FREE: Your druggist gives you the Diamond Dye Cyclopedic; valuable suggestions, easy directions, actual piece-goods color samples. Or write for illustrated book Color Craft, post-paid from DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N16, Burlington, Vermont.

Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE

Worthless Substitute

Motorist—I killed your cat. I shall replace the animal.
Old Maid—This is so sudden, but I'm afraid you can't catch mice.

Official people think there "ought to be an organization" to act as auxiliary to the Resurrection.



This Man Can't Catch Cold!

If a sneeze or sniffle says you're threatened with a cold, you can head it off every time without "doping" yourself, or the least inconvenience.

Everyone has suggestions when you have a cold, but here's one that works! Pape's Cold Compound in simple, pleasant-tasting tablets. Even when you've let a cold get into throat and lungs—or even turn to "flu"—Pape's will knock it out.

Why daily with a slight cold, or suffer from one that is serious, when the smallest drugstore has this real relief—for thirty-five cents!

PAPE'S COLD COMPOUND

PILE REMEDY Guarantee

Every 75c tube with pile pipe and every 50c box of PAZO OINTMENT is sold by all Druggists with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. Why not try it.

In the Way

"I suppose you saw beautiful scenery out in the hill country?"
"We looked for it, but the hills cut off our view."

Contempt putteth an edge upon anger more than the hurt itself.—Bacon.

The Time to Correct Suffering is Now!

Kingsland, Ark.—"I was in poor health suffering with feminine trouble. I was all rundown, tired all the time, didn't feel like doing anything. My sister-in-law advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took two bottles and have felt fine ever since. I took the medicine during Feb. 1925 and the following May gave birth to a fine boy. I had practically no suffering and am all O. K. 'Favorite Prescription' is a fine medicine and I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. C. B. Hubbard, Route 2, Donalson, Tablets or liquid.



Put up in both fluid and tablet form.
Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of tablets.

for Flu, Colds SWAMP CHILL & FEVER TONIC

Farm and Household Topics Over Radio

U. S. Department of Agriculture Announces Program for 1927-1928.

Eleven farm and household features, forming the extended 1927-28 program of the radio service, United States Department of Agriculture, are announced for broadcast.

The new season's program includes three of last year's favorites: "Aunt Sammy's" daily housekeepers' chat, the noon-time farm flashes, and the United States radio farm school, as well as eight "special features."

"Aunt Sammy's" chats will continue as the 10-minute, five-day-per-week program which proved popular last year. These chats are written in an informal style and contain brief discussions of such important problems of home-making as meal planning, marketing, cooking, canning, health and food habits of children, sewing, home furnishing, decoration, gardening and other closely related subjects. The chats have been reduced from 15 to 10 minutes in length to comply with requests for shorter programs.

Noon-Time Farm Flashes.
Practical and useful information dealing with poultry keeping, dairying, live stock, crops and soils, fruits and vegetables, the farm woodlot, and marketing farm products will feature the noon-time farm flashes this year. The flashes are put on the air five days each week; the talks are 10 minutes long, and take the form of a rapid-fire question-and-answer conversation between a farmer and his county agricultural agent. This was a 15-minute program last year, but has been cut down to 10 minutes.

The United States radio farm school has also been reduced from 15 to 10 minutes in length. Farm school talks will be broadcast on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and will be a dialogue program devoted to crops and soils, farm economics and community life, and live-stock material. The lessons will be broadcast as popular discussions between modern, practical farmers and trained farm specialists.

The poultry chats, a new program out in answer to numerous requests for a special poultry program, will be a 10-minute program Tuesday deal-

ing with modern methods of profitable poultry production.

Other "special features," each of which will be broadcast once a week, are: The young folks' program, 10 minutes every Friday; "Uncle Abe" will tell stories with farm slants to children of different ages; the insect and wild-life allies and enemies talks, a 10-minute Wednesday program, will deal with farm insect and wild-animal pests and friends; the primer for town farmers, a 10-minute Monday release, will take up gardening, home beautification and economy with a town-home slant. And the farm news digest, a 7-minute Saturday talk, will review briefly the farm news of the week.

Last season's weekly five-minute chats by the weather man will be lengthened to 10 minutes this year and will be broadcast on alternate Wednesdays. This program deals with the ever-popular topic, the weather.

Two Special Programs.
The radio service announces two special monthly programs for this year: The agricultural situation review, to be broadcast on the first Monday of each month during the broadcast season, and the special monthly farm playlets. The review will deal with crops and general current farm conditions as well as the agricultural prospects in the various key regions. This is a 10-minute program. Timely farm problems will be dramatized into 20-minute radio one-act plays for the farm playlets.

Information for the various radio service programs is furnished by specialists of the various bureaus of the Department of Agriculture. This information is written up in popular and informal style by trained radio writers employed by the department and, after being approved by the bureau concerned with each program, is sent to the stations for broadcast. This system assures the large farm audiences of timely, accurate, and first-hand information on practical and up-to-date farming methods in America. The same general method used last year will be employed during 1927-28 in the preparation of radio programs bearing the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The new season will continue to April 30, 1928.

Huggins Has No Sinecure

THEY didn't believe in Miller Huggins when he took charge of the Yankees in 1918. They didn't believe in him when, in 1921, he won a pennant with the New York team. His scrap was called for when the Giants beat him for the world's title. His prestige wasn't appreciably enhanced in the eyes of the Gotham fans when he sent the Yanks back to cop the flag twice in the ensuing two years. Then, when Washington broke in and won in 1924 and 1925, they were ready to suspend the little manager from the Brooklyn bridge and cut the rope. But Colonel Ruppert knew his man. He stood by him loyally.

In 1926, the Yankees came back for another pennant and this year they have made history with the most crushing triumph in the history of either of the major leagues.



Ruppert and Huggins.

Five pennants in seven years! Other managers have won more pennants, but not in modern baseball history have they annexed that number of championships in such a space of time. Shades of Cap Anson and Ned Hanlon!

So, perhaps the fans of New York will yet come to recognize Miller Huggins as a great manager. A powerful team of sluggers has tended to dim the glory of victory for him. But, who was it who put this team together? Lastly superbly tending a team of stars is not a sinecure.

The photograph shows Colonel Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees as he appeared with Miller Huggins, manager, at the Yankee stadium before the start of the world series.

Sporting Squibs of Many Kinds

Never bet on a sure thing—unless you can afford to lose.

Indiana university gridmen are using white jerseys this season.

The Yankees are not invincible. The Browns beat them—once in 22 games.

Eddie Kenna, Minneapolis catcher, is slated for sale to a major league club.

Glenn Killinger is head football coach at Hensseler Poly in Troy, N. Y.

Strangler Lewis is now taking part in a series of wrestling matches in the Southwest.

Dog racing in England is more or less confined to society circles, for the sport is expensive.

Newspapers on the French Riviera are using carrier pigeons to cover important sporting events.

A crowd of 80,000 recently attended the greyhound racing at one of the big tracks near London.

The Philadelphia National league team will train next spring at Winter Haven, Fla., officials have announced.

Al Shealy, young right-handed pitcher, has been sold by the St. Paul American association club to the New York Americans.

Guy Aubrey, a pacer, recently broke the track record which had stood since 1900 at Franklin, Ind., by turning in the fast time of 2:06 1/2.

The University of Southern California will have a 175-piece band which will perform at all important football games this fall.

Adolph Sternig, pitcher for Burlington in the Mississippi Valley league, has been sold to the Minneapolis club of the American association.

Eddie Wells, leading pitcher in the Southern association, and outfielders "Babe" Ganzel, Jack Kloza and "Butch" Simmons have been sold to the Washington American league club.

The Memphis Southern association baseball club has sold Lloyd Brown, a left-handed pitcher, to the Washingtons for a cash consideration and in exchange for Pitcher Thomas and Catcher Berger.

cially in the wing and back field positions where one of the main requirements is an ability to handle the football, both receiving and passing. This factor is one of basket ball's essential requirements and the combination finds five of the Pacific coast champion quintet on the football squad.

Track has contributed six men to the football squad, while Capt. Frank Ribbel of the boxing team is a formidable representative of the leather pushers. The track men playing football include Russell Ewing, sprinter; Frank Fitz, high jumper; John Kahlitz and Irving Marcus, broad jumpers; Irvine Phillips and Elmer Gorken, weight men.

Basket ball has donated Paul (Dutch) Clymer, quarterback; Jim Dougery, end; and Eisan, another quarter. Thornton and Werdell, two likely sophomores, starred for freshmen in the hurdles last spring.

Baseball players, as a rule, especially if they are good, appear to pass up football, but are found in other nonconflicting sports. Risk of slight limb hurts which might end their careers on the diamond are against baseball men in football.

COAST GRIDDERS ARE VERSATILE Football Squad Recruited From Many Sports.

Athletes at the University of California generally are proficient in more than one sport, leading one to surmise that athletes are born and not developed, although there are instances too numerous to mention at Berkeley where men starred in only one sport and were unable to make the squads in another activity.

Basket ball players at California show an aptitude for football, espe-

Wind Dies Out and Golf Title Lost to Duncan

A real heart-breaker in the way of tough luck golf shots was that of George Duncan in playing to the final green in the 1922 British open at Sandwich.

Walter Hagen had finished with 300. Duncan could tie if he could ring up a 68.

George made a stupendous effort. He went out in 34, and, with the last nine holes very hard, there being but one short one in the lot, he arrived at the sixteenth needing 2, 4, 4. He got his 2 and first 4, and drove perfectly to the left in the last effort of that heroic battle.

The wind was left to right as George prepared to play his second "Just his shot," everyone said.

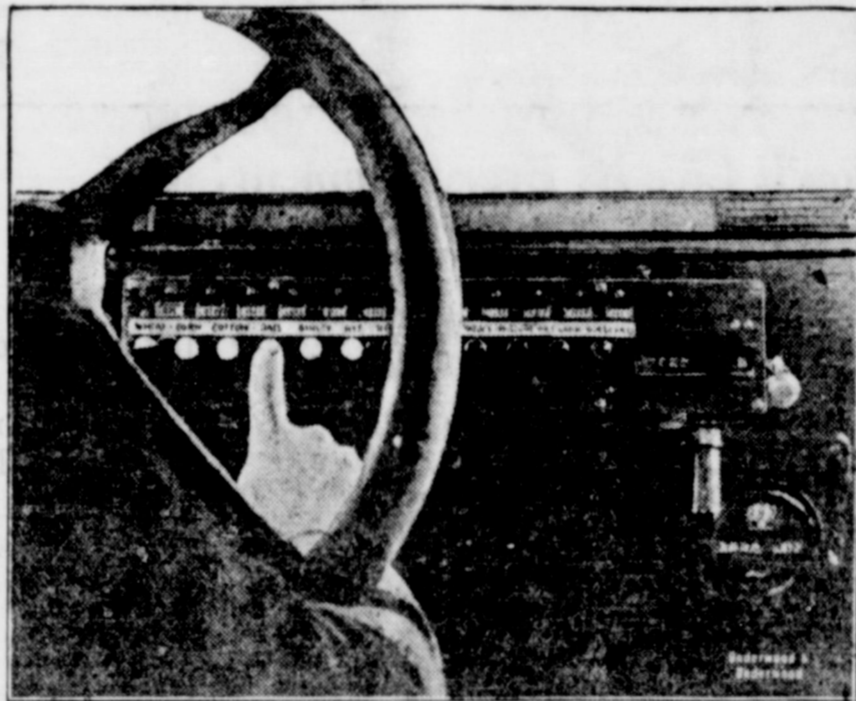
Duncan trusted the wind to bring his ball around to the green. His shot appeared perfect, but the wind played traitor. His ball didn't come around. It went into a shallow hole at the left of the green 30 yards from the hole.

At the edge of the green, squatted in front of the encircling gallery, Hagen said to a friend:

"That's strange; I played my second to that exact spot on my last round, and I took a five. Are you sure he needs a four to tie me?"

"Yes."
"It was a tense moment. Hagen stood up. Then he sat down again. Duncan clipped. He was five yards short. He, too, took a five. Hagen was champion.

Estimate of Crop Acreage



"Cropmeters," machines designed to help the Department of Agriculture crop reporting service make prompt and accurate estimates of the acreage devoted to different crops, are now being used by the department in various sections of the country. The "cropmeters" are installed in automobiles in the same manner as a speedometer. In passing wheat, for instance, the operator presses the "wheat" button and the machine clicks off the size of the field. This photograph shows how the "cropmeter" is operated from the driver's seat.

Woman Golf Champ



Photo shows Mrs. Mirtau Burns, born of Kansas City, Mo., driving during finals match of women's national golf championship in which she defeated Maureen O'Connell for the title.

Replacement Tubes

It is of utmost importance that the existing tube in the radiol power unit be replaced by the same type of tube. The substitution of another type may lead to serious trouble.

AUTOMOBILE HINTS

What happier change than for a state that once was all detours to become detourless?

All the world doesn't love the lover who decided to park in the exact middle of a side road.

Most of the folks who drive 70 miles an hour to get some place don't seem to have anything important to do after they get there.

If a man could hit as few things learning to drive a car as he does learning to drive a golf ball, that also would be dandy.

The next world war will not be fought to make the world safe for democracy but to make the highways safe for motorists.

That the pedestrian is always right is said to be the German traffic rule, but nevertheless it will be found occasionally that the German driver is right.

Kansas City dealers have organized a central wrecking company which would junk cars traded in on new automobiles but unsold for resale. It is their way of solving the used-car problem.

Rank discrimination is where a fellow breaks two legs and a collarbone in a collision or something and finds his name in a newspaper casualty list following that of some one who bruised an instep.

Automobile manufacturers and engineers testify that the operating cost per mile and the wear and tear on the car are much lower at moderate speeds.

Players of 14 States on Haskell Grid Team

Fourteen states are represented on the Haskell Indian football aggregation for 1927, a list prepared by the coaching staff shows. Oklahoma heads the list with seventeen, more than three times as many as Wisconsin, its nearest rival, with five. Four squad members have given North Dakota as their place of residence. Montana, Idaho, Minnesota and Michigan have two Braves out for practice. Washington, Utah, Nevada, Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa and North Carolina are the other states represented with one each.

Twenty tribes have warriors out for practice. Eight Cherokees, seven Chippewas, five Creeks, three Oneidas, two Sioux, Bannocks, Caddos and Winnebagos, one Gros Ventre, Ya klms, Ute-Shoshone, Menominee, Bannock-Shoshone, Omaha, Delaware Pawnee, Plaute, Assiniboine and Kiowa are out for letters.

Forty-two players have reported to Coach John Thomas and his assistants, John Levi and Egbert Ward, both former Haskell players.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and often says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills, and Fever, Dengue.
It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

Makes Life Sweet

For seven generations the National Household Remedy of Holland 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 states.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label.
At All Druggists

Bilious?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. You'll be "fit and fine" by morning—tongue clear, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten. For constipation, too. Better than any more laxative.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—

NR TO-NIGHT
At Druggists—only 25c

Boschee's Syrup

has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years.

Soothes the Throat

loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 30c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

RENEWS YOUR PEP
FORCE Tonic braces up the sagging, weary, nervous system. It's the only tonic that really works.
Force Tonic

BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee



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(Continued from Last Week.)

The brushing of the hands together Archie interpreted as a code signifying murder and the subsequent interchange of words he took to be inquiry and answer as to the danger of apprehension. He felt that Leary's attitude toward him became friendlier from that moment. There was something dashy in the thought that as the slayer of a human being he attained a certain dignity in the eyes of men like Leary. But he became interested in the transaction that was now taking place between the thief and the Governor. The Governor extracted the six, one-thousand dollar bills from his bag and laid them out on the bed. He rapidly explained just how Leary's hidden booty had been recovered and the manner in which the smaller denominations had been converted into bills that could be passed without arousing suspicion. Leary philosophically stowed the bills in his clothing.

"You're done, are you?" asked the Governor; "out of the game?" "I sure have quit the road," Leary answered. "The old girl has got a few thousand tucked away and I'm going to pick her up and buy a motion picture joint or a candy and soda shop somewhere in the big lakes—one of those places that freeze up all winter, so I can have a chance to rest. The old girl has a place in mind."

"On the whole, it doesn't sound exciting," the Governor commented, inspecting a clean shirt. "Did your admirable wife get rid of those pearls she pinched last winter? They were a handsome string, as I remember, too handsome to market readily. Mrs. Leary has a passion for precious baubles, Archie," the Governor explained. "A brilliant career in picking up such trifles, a star performer, Red, if you don't mind my bragging on your wife."

Leary seemed not at all disturbed by this revelation of his wife's lascivious affection for pearls. That a train robber's wife should be a thief seemed perfectly natural; indeed it seemed quite fitting that thieves should mate with thieves. Archie further gathered that Mrs. Leary operated in Chicago under the guise of a confectionery shop, one of the stations of the underground railroad and assisted the brotherhood in disposing of their lit-gotten wares. A recent reform wave in Chicago had caused a shake-up in the police department, most disturbing to the preying pervers.

"They're clean off me I reckon," said Leary a little pathetically, the reference being presumably to the pestiferous police. "That was a good idea of yours for me to go up into Canada and work at a real job for a while. Must have worked hard enough to change my finger prints. Some bloke died in Kansas awhile back and got all the credit for being the old original Red Leary."

This error of the press in recording Leary's death tickled the Governor mightily and Leary laughed until he was obliged to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"I'm going to pull my freight after supper," he said. "Walker's going to take me into town and I'll slip out to Detroit where the old girl's waiting for me."

Walker called them to supper and they went down to a meal that met all the expectations aroused by the Governor's boast of the Walker cuisine.

At the end of the meal Walker

left for town to put Leary on a train for Boston. The veteran train robber shook hands all round and waved a last farewell from the gate. Archie was sorry to lose him for Leary was an appealing old fellow and he had hoped for a chance to coax from him some reminiscences of his experience.

Leary vanished into the starlit dusk as placidly as though he hadn't tucked away in his clothing sixty thousand dollars to which he had no lawful right or title. There was something ludicrous in the whole proceeding. While Archie had an income of fifty thousand dollars a year from investments he had always experienced a pleasurable thrill at receiving the statement of his dividends from his personal clerks in the broker's office, where he drew an additional ten thousand as a silent partner. Leary's methods of dipping into the world's capital seemed quite as honorable as his own. Neither really did any work for the money.

The Governor, smoking a pipe on the veranda and chatting with Mrs. Walker, recalled him from his meditations to suggest that he show a decent spirit of appreciation of the Walker hospitality by repairing to the kitchen and helping Sally with the dishes. In his youth Archie had been carefully instructed in the proper manner of entering a parlor, but it was with the greatest embarrassment that he sought Sally in her kitchen.

"I was just wondering whether you wouldn't show up! Not that you had to, but it's a good deal more fun having somebody keep you company in the kitchen."

"Give me a towel and I'll promise not to break anything."

You don't look as though you'd been used to work much," she said, "but take off your coat and I'll hang an apron on you." His investiture in Mrs. Walker's ample apron made it necessary for Sally to stand quite close to him, and her manner of compressing her lips as she pinned the bib to the collar of his waistcoat he found wholly charming. His heart went pit-a-pat as her fingers, moist from the suds, brushed his chin. She was quite tall; taller than Isabel, who had fixed his standard of a proper height for girls. Sally did not giggle but acted as normal sensible girls should act when pinning aprons on young men.

"You've never stopped here before? I thought I didn't remember you. Well, we're always glad to see the Governor, he's so funny; but say, some of the people who come along—"

"I hope," said Archie turning a dial to the light to be sure it was thoroughly polished. "I hope my presence isn't offensive!"

"Cut it out!" she returned crisply. "Of course you're all right. I knew you were a real gent the first

squint I got of you. You can't fool me much on human nature."

"You've always lived up here?" asked Archie, meek under her frank approval.

"Certainly not. I was born in Missouri, a grand old state if I do say it myself, and we came here when I was twelve. I went through high school and took dairying and the domestic arts in college and I'm twenty-three if you care to know."

When the kitchen was in perfect order they reported the fact to Mrs. Walker and Sally suggested that they stroll to a trout brook which was her own particular property.

He had decided to avoid any reference to the secrets of the underground trail but his delicacy received a violent shock a moment later when they were seated on a bench beside the brook.

"Do you know," she said, "you are not like the others?"

"I don't understand," he faltered.

"Oh, cut it out! You needn't try to fool me! When I told you while ago I thought you were nice I meant more than that; I meant

that you didn't at all seem like the crooks that sneak through here and hide at our house. You're more like the Governor, and I never understand about the Governor. It doesn't seem possible that any one who isn't forced by necessity into crime would ever follow the life. Now you're a gentleman, any one could tell that, but I suppose you have really done something pretty bad or you wouldn't be here. Now I'm going to hand it to you straight, that's the only way."

"Certainly, Miss Walker; I want you to be perfectly frank with me."

"Well, my advice would be to give yourself up, do your time like a man and then live straight. The Governor has romantic ideas about the great game but that's no reason why you should walk the thorny road. Now pop would kill me if he knew I was talking this way. It's a funny thing about pop. All I know about him I just picked up a little at a time, and he and ma never wanted me to know. Ma's awful nervous about so many of the boys stopping here, for she hung on to pop all the time he was shooting up trains out West, and having a husband in the penitentiary isn't a pleasant thing to think about. Ma's father ran a saloon down in Missouri; that's how she got acquainted with pop, but ma was always on the square, and they both wanted me brought up right."

"I wouldn't be surprised if pop didn't pull out some time and beat it for the West. It must be awful tame for a man who's stuck pistols into the faces of express messengers and made bank tellers hand out their cash to settle down in a place like this where there's nothing much to do but go to church and prayer meeting. I don't know how many men, pop's killed in his time, but there must be quite a bunch. But pop doesn't seem to worry much. It seems to me if I'd ever pumped a man full of lead I'd have a bad case of insomnia."

"Well, I don't know," remarked Archie, weighing the point judicially. "I suppose you get used to it in time. Your father seems very gentle. You probably exaggerate the number of his—er—homicides."

"Well pop can be pretty rough sometimes. He and I have our little troubles."

"Nothing serious, I'm sure. I can't imagine any one being unkind to you, Sally."

"It's nice of you to say that. But I'm not perfect and I don't pretend to be."

Sympathy and tenderness surged within him at this absurd suggestion that any one could harbor a doubt of Sally's perfection. Her modesty, the tone of her voice called for some more concrete expression of his understanding than he could put into words. Her hand dimly discernible in the dusk of the June stars, was invitingly near. He clasped and held it, warm and yielding. She drew it away in a moment, but not rebukingly.

"I wonder," she said presently, "I wonder whether you would—whether you really would do something for me?"

"Anything in my power," he declared hoarsely.

"What time is it?" she asked with a jarring return to practical things.

She bent her head close as he held a match to his watch. It was half past eight.

"We'll have to hurry," she said. "When I told you pop and I didn't always agree about everything, I was thinking—"

"It is about a man?" he asked surmising the worst and steeling himself for the blow it if must fall.

"It would be a long story," she said sadly, "and there isn't time to tell it, but the moment I saw you were so big and brave and strong I thought you might help."

To be called big and brave and strong by so charming a person, to enjoy her confidence and be her chosen aid in an hour of need and perplexity profoundly touched him. "I wouldn't trust the Governor, he's too friendly with pop for that. It's just this way," she went on

dreamily. "There's a young man, Abijah Strong, who owns a farm just a little way down the road. He and I have been in love with each other ever since we went to school together, really and truly lovers. He was at college when I was, so I know him very well. But pop doesn't like him and when he found how matters stood he refused to allow me to see him any more. And he's been very hard hard about it. We've been waiting for a chance to run away and get married. I met him last night in the lane and everything's arranged for us to leave tonight, run into Brattleboro and be married there and then go on to Boston and wait till pop's disposed to be reasonable. He wants me to marry a preacher at Saxby Center who's almost as old as pop, and has three grown children. I thought maybe you could pretend to take me out for a little ride in your car and pick up Abijah and give us a lift. My things are all packed and hid away in the garage; so all I need to do is to get my hat."

"Of course I couldn't come back here," Archie suggested. "Your father would be sure to vent his wrath on me."

"I wouldn't trust the Governor, he's too friendly with pop for that. It's just this way," she went on

"Of course I couldn't come back here," Archie suggested. "Your father would be sure to vent his wrath on me."

BEN-HUR

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