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**New Materials Used for Models**  
 Manikins and other decorative figures formerly made of wax are being formed of a new material known as "dextique" which has the plasticity and appearance of wax combined with a durability greater than paper mache. This material can be shaped or molded into any sort of figure or design. It is claimed, and will not break even if hurled to the floor or stepped on. Many colors and combinations are possible and the color is laid so the figures are easy to clean. Arms made of such material will stand much stretching and twisting without permanent distortion.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Restaurant for Dogs**  
 For thirty years Paris has had a dog cemetery, situated on an island in the Seine near Asnières. A dog restaurant, said to be the only one in the world, is the latest innovation. It has been opened in a cafe in the Champs Elysees. The menu includes soup, "Caniphos" (a biscuit of dry vegetables and meat), meat pudding, carrots, green beans, spinach, rice and noodles. For vegetarian dogs a vegetable dish is obtainable. Soup is free in this restaurant; other dishes range in price from 2 to 4 francs.

**Chickens Watch Traffic**  
 Why does the chicken cross the road just ahead of an auto? That question is "out" in England, for the biddy no longer does. Farmers report that fowl are cultivating traffic sense, and stop, look and listen before entering the highway. One man says he saw a pheasant look out from a hedge and deliberately wait for cars approaching from both directions to pass and, when the road was clear, walk across at its leisure.

**Teeth Found in Stone Coffin**  
 Farm workers unearthed two coffins, believed to belong to the early Christian period, in a potato pit near Dirlston, Scotland, recently. They were made of stone slabs, and were nearly five feet long, a foot wide and a foot high. One was empty, but the other contained a number of human bones and a set of teeth.

**Saug Little Neighborhood**  
 Teacher—Johnny, do you know the population of London?  
 Johnny—Not all of them, miss. We haven't lived in London long enough.—Vancouver Province.

**Around Boston**  
 Woman—Aren't you able to do anything?  
 Tramp—Oh, yes'm—if I had de price of a rhyming dictionary I could write magazine poetry.

**Experienced**  
 Boss—What does "pro" and "con" mean, Jack?  
 Jack—Sport terms, Boss! "Pro" for "professional" and "con" for "amateur"!

**Picking Up**  
 "Smoking again?"  
 "Yes, the wolf is no longer at the humor."

With the number of colored children under five years of age born to women from fifteen to forty-four years of age decreasing from 429 to 303 per 1,000 mothers during the 1929-1930 decade, census figures recently released indicate colored mothers are having fewer children than white mothers.

For the period, from 1900 to 1930, while there was a decrease of 122 children to each 1,000 white mothers, the decrease among colored mothers was 139 children. In the South this decrease among colored mothers was 196 per thousand, in the West the decrease was 39, and in the North 22.

During the period from 1910 to 1930, in the country as a whole, there was an increase in colored mothers of 666,696, accompanied by a decrease in children of 83,082. California, New York, Illinois, Missouri and the District of Columbia reported the lowest ratios, while increases were noted in Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

# ROBBERS' ROOST



By ZANE GREY

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## CHAPTER IV

When the group of riders reached the point where the lane crossed the brook, just out of pistol range, they halted, and one, evidently the leader, came on to the bridge.

"Hi, thar," he yelled, reining his horse.

"Hi, yourself," shouted Jack Jim. The man, who, of course, Jim took to be Heeseman, walked his horse half the intervening distance and stopped again.

At this juncture Happy Jack emerged from the cabin and carelessly propped a rifle against the wall.

"Who's callin'?" he boomed.

"I don't know," replied Jim.

"I'm Bill Heeseman, an' I come to talk," called the visitor.

"Friendly talk?" queried Jim.

"Wal, if it ain't you'll be to blame," "Come right over."

Jim leaned his rifle against the rail and stood aside. Heeseman did not look up as he mounted the steps. He took off an old sombrero to disclose the tanned, clear-skinned face of a man under forty with narrow, blue eyes reddened by wind and dust. It was a more open visage than Jim had expected to see. Certainly Heeseman was a more prepossessing man, at first sight, than Hays.

"Mind if I set down?" he asked.

"Make yourself at home," replied Jim.

"Air you Wall?"

"Yes, that's my name. And this is Happy Jack, another of Hays' outfit."

Heeseman nodded to Jack, who replied with a civil "Howdy," and went back into the cabin. Then Heeseman leaned against the wall and treated Jim to a frank, shrewd gaze.

"You're Hays' right-hand man, just late from Wyoming?"

"Last is correct, anyhow."

"Do you know him?" queried Heeseman, in lower voice.

"Perhaps not so well as you," replied Jim, who suddenly reminded himself that he knew Hays but slightly.

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin'!"

"Heeseman, you'll only waste your breath," declared Jim, impatiently.

"Wal, I don't waste much of that," decried the other. "But if you wasn't nes to Utah I'd save myself this trouble. An' you're goin' to believe what I tell you."

"Why will I?"

"Because it's true."

No argument could galaxy that, moreover, the man had truth in his blue slits of eyes and in his voice.

"Did Hays tell you I was a rustler?"

"I think he mentioned it."

"Did he tell you we was pardners?"

"No."

"Wal, I'll let it go at that," returned Heeseman, coolly. "Much obliged for bein' me come up. An' if you got curious just ride over to see me."

He rose, stretched his long length, and walked off the porch to mount his horse, leaving Jim about as surprised as he had ever been. Happy Jack came out in time to see him join his comrades and ride back with them toward the corral.

"Short visit. Glad it was. What'd he want?"

"Dern if I savvy altogether. Didn't you hear any of our talk?"

"No. I reckoned the less I heard the better. Then Hank couldn't razz me. But I had a hunch of what he was up to."

Jim did not press the question. He carried his rifle back into the cabin, rather ashamed of his overblown, and feeling already curious enough to call on Heeseman.

They had supper, after which Jack smoked and talked, while Jim listened. Evidently Happy Jack had taken a liking to him. Jim went to bed early, not because he was sleepy, but to keep from calling on that fellow Heeseman.

How many nights Jim Wall had laid late down under the dark trees to wakefulness, to the thrashing thoughts that must mock the rest of any man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path! It tormented him at certain times. But that never kept the old concentrated pondering over to-morrow from gaining control of his consciousness.

There had been no hesitation about Hank Hays declaring himself in regard to Heeseman. Callous, contemptuous, Hays had indicated the desirability of riding the range of Heeseman. But Heeseman had been subtle.

Unquestionably his motive had been to undermine Hays in Jim's regard. And a few questions and an assertion or two had had their effect. Jim made the reservation that he had not accepted Hays on anything but face value. Still the robber had gradually built up a character of intent force, cunning, and strength. These had crashed, though there was no good reason for that. Jim had not accepted Hays' word for anything.

Hays was not a square partner! This stuck in Jim's craw.

Why this seemed true puzzled Jim. Heeseman had simply verified a forming but still disputed suspicion in Jim's mind—that Hank Hays had evil designs upon Herrick's sister. Heeseman and Hays had probably known for weeks that this English girl was expected to arrive.

Suppose he had! What business was that of Jim's? None, except that he now formed one of Hays' band and as such had a right to question activities. Rustling cattle, at least in a moderate way, was almost a legitimate business. Ranchers, since the early days of the cattle drives from Texas, had accepted their common losses. It had been only big steals that roused them to ire and action, to make outlaws out of rustlers. Nevertheless, it was extremely doubtful, out here in the wilds of Utah, that even a wholesale steal would be agitating. To abduct a girl, however, might throw western interest upon the perpetrators. Hays' object assuredly was to collect ransom.

Still that had not been Heeseman's intention, nor had it been Jim's original suspicion. He gave it up in disgust. Time would tell. But he did not feel further inclined to call upon Heeseman. He would stick to Hays, awaiting developments.

The ensuing day passed uneventfully. No one of Smoky's outfit showed up, nor did Hays return. Jim waited for Herrick to give him orders, which were not forthcoming. The rancher was chasing jackrabbits and coyotes with the hounds.

Next morning Jim made it a point to ride over to the barns. The rancher came down in a queer costume. The red coat took Jim's eye. A motley pack of hounds and sheep dogs was new to Jim, as he had not seen or heard any dogs about the ranch. Jim was invited to ride along with Herrick and the several cowboys. They went by Heeseman's camp, which was vacant. Jim was to learn that the rancher had put the Heeseman outfit to work on the cutting and peeling of logs up on the slope, preparatory to the erection of a new barn.

Jack rabbits were as thick as bees. The cowboys led the dogs, which soon became unmanageable and bolted. Then the race was on. Where the ground was level and unobstructed by brush or cut up by washes Herrick did fairly well as to horsemanship, but in rough going he could not keep to the English saddle. He would put his horse at anything and he had a jarring fall.

Notwithstanding this, Herrick finished out the hunt. He was funny, and queer, but he was game, and Jim liked him. On the way back Jim amused the Englishman by shooting jack rabbits with his revolver. He managed to kill three out of five to Herrick's infinite astonishment and admiration.

"By Jove! I never saw such marksmanship," he ejaculated.

"That was really poor shooting."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## SNAPPY TAKE-OFFS

**Don't Always Register**  
 "Do I look like a fool?"  
 "What difference do looks make?"

**Just Like Her**  
 "She sure gave you a dirty look."  
 "Who?"  
 "Dame Nature."—Detroit News.

**Won't Even Dodge**  
 "Is this applicant steady?"  
 "Steady? He's practically motionless!"—Kansas City Star.

**Getting a Start**  
 "Are you on speaking terms with your wife yet?"  
 "Well, I'm listening again."

**Technocracy**  
 "Mr. Smith, your mouth is open."  
 "I know it. I opened it."—Answers Magazine.

**Road Was Rough**  
 "He comes from a good family."  
 "He seems to have come a long way."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

**Then and Now**  
 Before marriage she says: "When do we eat?"  
 After marriage he says it.

**A-wa, A-wa**  
 "My fiancé gave me a guinea-pig for my birthday."  
 "Just like him!"  
 "What! Have you seen it?"

**Curtain!**  
 "You think that actor conceited?"  
 "Conceited! If he heard a clap of thunder he'd walk to the window and bow!"

**A Fool There Was**  
 "The worst of Augustus is that he looks such a fool."  
 "Yes, it's dreadful when they look like it as well."

**Rare Elements Supplied**  
 by Air Needed to Live

Science has now proved that life will not persist in an atmosphere of pure oxygen and nitrogen. Yet hardly a generation has passed since school children were taught that these two elements made up the air that they breathed. Had this actually been the composition of the air, no one would have been alive to know it. The school-book statement holds good for all but 1 per cent of our atmosphere, but in that 1 per cent lies the secret of the adaptation of air to life.

As long ago as 1785 the Great Cavendish—who discovered the composition of water—found that, after he had taken all the oxygen and all the nitrogen out of a body of air, a small bubble of gas remained. Over this bubble the chemists have been working ever since. They have found in it argon, helium, neon, krypton and carbon dioxide. The latest discovery in this narrow field was made by Dr. J. Willard Hershey, of McPherson college, Kansas, and makes plain that, without these rare elements in our air, life on the earth, if it existed at all, could not be the life that we know.—Providence Journal.

**World's Largest Business**

The largest business in the world under one management—the Post Office department, celebrated its one hundred and fifty-eighth birthday a short time ago. Benjamin Franklin, first postmaster general was appointed on July 26, 1775. Practically all records of the first 60 years of the postal service were destroyed in 1836 by fire that swept the post office building at Washington. The first line of post was between Massachusetts and Georgia. The famous pony express was started in 1830 with a scheduled time between St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco, being eight days. Today practically every form of transportation is used by the mail service.

## JODOK—

(Continued From Page 1)

gave in a fair contest of skill and endurance with those of other schools, thus making our school a more completely up-to-date school for balanced educational purposes.

Along the same line of thought I would not deplore but will rather encourage the building of a public swimming pool for the purpose of providing healthful recreation and exercise for all those who might choose to swim therein.

A public playground for the smaller people of the town, conveniently located where they could congregate or visit singly or in small groups at least once each day for good wholesome outdoor exercise and play in the health-giving sun-light, should not be ignored as a means of building a better town.

"Y-o-a-h!" I hear somebody say, that might be all right for a place for the kids to quarrel and fight."

Yes, verily, there are exceptions to all rules, but I have noticed that as a rule, children usually get along together very nicely, so long as the demure parents will keep their nabs out of it.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating the building of these

any helpful things just now, but why not? It seems that money is available from some of the many government agencies, and if it is to be had we may well put some more of our idle men to work during the winter months that are coming and help them to keep body and soul together, even though it be "hard times."

It's always hard times, if you're thinking that way.

And prospects are gloomy and blue.

But, while the sun's shining if you will make hay,

You'll get what is coming to you! Don't let hard times floor you and steal your good rep.

Don't dream about "green fields afar;"

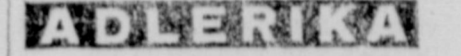
If you are a winner—now show us pep—

Make good on the job where you are!

—James Edward Hungerford

## Stomach Gas

One dose of ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas bloating, checks out BOTH upper and lower bowels, allows you to eat and sleep good. Quick, thorough action yet gentle and entirely safe.



CITY DRUG STORE

**"AND NOW IT'S GAMBLING."**

Is the caption of an article in a leading magazine,—

**BUT — There is Absolutely NO Gamble in it**

**WHEN YOU BUY YOUR BUILDING MATERIALS**

**AT OUR YARD. YOU GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH WITH EVERY TRANSACTION**

See Us for Quality Materials, Satisfactory Prices, Courteous Treatment and Efficient Service

**Rockwell Bros. & Co.**

**"LUMBER"**

O. F. LANGE, Manager FRIONA, TEXAS

**LET ELECTRIC APPLIANCES CONSERVE YOUR ENERGY**

Electrical appliances have become almost indispensable to home making the year around. However, they are especially helpful during hot summer months when an unusual effort is required to keep a home running smoothly.

Great improvements have been made in electrical appliances during the past several years. Percolators, toasters and Waffle Irons are made much more convenient. Even the Flat Iron—a staple article of electrical merchandise for years—has been greatly improved.

If your home is not equipped with modern electric appliances, you are not prepared to do your best job of home making. See the new line of electric appliances at your dealer's.

**TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY**

**PERFECTION STOVES**

More nearly approach perfection than any other. Perfection ranges will make your cooking easier, quicker, better. Priced from \$15.00 up.

**Blackwell's Hardware & Furn.**

**APPLES APPLES**

A fresh supply of those good mountain grown apples from ORCHARD HOME N. M. on sale in Friona. Try these mountain grown apples irrigated with spring water, then try some valley grown ones raised with alkali water and THEN buy the BEST ONES you can get.

1901 1934

**E. B. Black Co.**

We have Served You For 33 Years

Hereford, Texas

For new and used cars, let's go to Lunsford Chevrolet, Friona, Texas. They handle genuine Chevrolet parts too and they are always better, and it is also to our intrust for your car to stand up and give service.

So when the old buss is run down at the heel and needs repairs, bring it at once to Lunsford Chevrolet.

**YES! WE SOMETIMES MAKE MISTAKES, BUT—**

You will not make a mistake when you buy your insurance from us in the Good, Reliable, "Old Line Companies" We Represent.

See us for all kinds of "Insurance That Insures," and Bonds


**J. W. WHITE, Insurance**

# Many Happy Returns

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## **This Spring marks the birthday of the first American Newspaper**



JOHN CAMPBELL, colonial postmaster of Boston, certainly set a good example in the liberal use of the mails.

Campbell corresponded regularly with the Colonial Governors of New England, keeping them posted on Boston news. So regular and voluminous was this correspondence that Campbell's letters finally emerged in the form of a printed pamphlet called "The Boston News Letter." And this was the first regularly and continuously published newspaper in America, appearing weekly from the last week in April, 1704, to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The newspaper carried advertisements . . . from its very first issue! And this advertising, telling the reader where to obtain the goods that he sought for his home or his farm or his business, lifted the mere friendly chronicle of village affairs into the realm of a service to the community. The news-letters, plus advertising, became a helpful, informative, and educational institution.

Today, as in 1704, and all the years between, the advertisements are your guide-posts to honest, dependable merchandise at a fair price.

