Help the Friona Woman's Club With the Beautiful Yards Campaign Contest.

THE FRIONA STAR

Civic Organization Helps to Build Both the Town and the Country

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

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Friona Wheat Prospect Reported Much Better

FRIONA TO HAVE FIRST CLASS GIN TO HANDLE EXPECTED BIG CROP

Friona Gin Company Will Install Newest and Most Up-to-Date Equipment. Farmers Advised to Plant Large Acreage. Installation Work to Begin In Near Future. Farmers Advised to Plant Heavily.

That the work of overhauling or reconstructing the Friona Gin Company's plant here, and placing it in the rank of the best ginning plants in the state, seems now an assured fact.

J. T. Browning, who is now living southeast of Friona and who is a life-long gin man, has secured an interest in the plant and has assumed the duties of local manager.

At a meeting of the business men of the town Monday afternoon, Mr. Browning went into details of the proposed improvement in the equipment of the plant, and assured the people that nothing will be left undone that will be needed to place the plant in the rank with the best gins to be found in the state. He stated that the most approved and efficient machinery will be placed there for handling all kinds of cotton and placing it in the highest marketable condition.

He further stated that Friona would have a first class market, so that producers could sell their product on the ground at the time of ginning for as good prices as may be obtained anywhere in the territory, and that the plant will be operated on a strictly sound and fair business basis.

Mr. Browning said that under his management everything would be orderly and clean, and that ladies and children may enter the gin at any time without looking upon any intoxicated person or any kind of debauchery, so that farmers could thus safely send their product to the gin by their wives or children.

The men who were present readily approved of Mr. Browning's plan for managing the gin, and assured him of their moral and business support and of their efforts to assist him in any way they can in attracting patronage to his plant.

It was stated that the cotton planting season is now at its best and that planting conditions are now most favorable and farmers were advised to plant all the acreage they can properly care for, as the prospects for a good yield and paying prices are now quite favorable.

WOMAN'S CLUB REPORT.

The Friona Womans Club met on Wednesday, May 16th, at the home of Mrs. G. L. Livings, with Mrs. Livings and Mrs. Eberling as hostesses.

There were twenty-five present, including two visitors. The visitors were Mrs. Belle Maurer and Mrs. Geoorge C. Messenger.

The subject for the meeting was "The flower which I have been most successful in growing."

Mrs. H. W. Wright read a most interesting paper on "How the vegetable garden cuts the cost of living.

This was followed by a reading by Mrs. T. J. Crawford.

At the business part of the meeting it was decided to continue the meetings regularly during the summer, the time to be devoted to the study of parliamentary law.

Following the program and business meeting, the hostesses served a delicious luncheon of ice cream and angel food cake.

The reporter begs the pardon of the club for the tardiness in getting this report into print, the delay being occasioned by an unusual rush of household and business duties.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday, June 6th, at the home of Mrs. R. H. Kinsley.

REPORTER.

VISITORS AT BARNHOUSE HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Crobill Jones, Mr. John Jones and daughter and two grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Jones of Wichita Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Innes Cummlings and son, Doyle, spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Barnhouse and children.

All enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

CARS CRASH WEST OF TOWN

That which was a painful and disconcerting, and what might easily have been a serious and disastrous accident, occurred about four miles west of town Monday night, when two cars crashed together.

It seems that two cars had met on the highway, one being out of gas and containing tourists eastward bound from California, while the other, which was westward bound, had stopped to share his gas supply with them.

The cars had stopped in such a position that there was not room for another to pass between them or to pass on either side, and neither car had its lights burning.

While the transfer of gas was being effected and while in that position another car approached traveling toward Clovis at about 35 miles an hour. Before he was able to see the two stationary cars by his own light, he was too close to stop; he had, therefore, to strike one of them. One car stood parallel with the road while the other stood at an angle, so he decided to make the angling strike.

The moving car which contained three passengers, a man and his wife and their son, was badly damaged and the lady was thrown through the windshield and painfully but not seriously cut by the shattered glass.

The occupants of the car lived at Clovis and were returning home from Hereford where they had spent the day fishing. They were brought back to Friona and the lady's cuts were given temporary treatment and she was taken to her home by M. A. Crum in his car.

The services of V. E. Hart and his truck were secured and the disabled car, with its owner, was hauled to Clovis also. Messrs. Crum and Hart arrived back at Friona about three o'clock a. m.

FRIONA'S FIRST TRADES DAY.

It is the desire of the business interests of Friona that every one within a radius of 100 miles from town that have commodities of day program that has been announced for Saturday, June 16.

Coupon tickets are in the hands of all the business places in the town that have commondities of any kind for sale, and one of these tickets will be given to all customers for each $1.00 cash purchase. The coupon will be retained by the dealer and on trades day all coupons will be placed in one container and a certain number drawn therefrom, which will entitle holder of the ticket with that number to a prize from the list of prizes offered.

There will be no chance for anyone to lose money on the drawing for the reason that each customer will receive his full money's worth from the house with which he does his trading and receives his ticket. If you are lucky enough to hold a winning ticket you are just that much to the good, over and above you dollar's worth you have previously purchased.

Do not forget this. Trade in Friona where your money buys most and also offers you an opportunity to secure a profit-sharing prize. Remember the date—June 16th, and always call for your tickets.

FAREWELL PARTY.

A surprise farewell party was given Tuesday evening at the home of F. L. Reed in honor of Irene, Tracy and Lucille Campbell. The evening was spent in games and music, after which refreshments were served to the following: Misses Irene and Lucille Campbell, Jewel Johnson, Martha McFarland, Susie Lea, Velma Lee Fleming, Fay Reed, Ruth Lea, Minnie Reed, Edna Reed, Mabel Reed; Messrs. Tracy Campbell, Granville McFarland, Hulette Lea, Glenn Reed, Lawrence Fleming, Floyd Johnson, Elroy Wilson, Elvin Johnson, Raymond Fleming, and Lee Cardwell.

GOT ORDER FROM IDAHO FOR MILLET SEED.

The Friona Oil Company this week received an order from Lewistown, Idaho, for some of their Gig German millet seed

The order came as a result of the ad carried in the Star by the Friona Oil Company, and was promptly filled by the Fallwell brothers.

These gentlemen also received an order from the same place for black-eyed pea seed. These peas are wonderful producers in the Idaho country, but it is almost impossible to keep seed over winter there on account of the weevil.

WILL BUILD ADOBE.

R. L. Hicks has had a force of men at work this week cleaning away the debris from the ground where his former buildings were burned, in preparation for a new structure.

The new building will be of adobe construction, for which the adobe is now being made, and Mr. Hicks hopes to have the building operations progressing in the very near future.

His plans are to have an absolutely fire-proof building so that it cannot be again destroyed by fire. He says the contents of the building may burn but he proposes to have the building left. We congratulate Mr. Hicks on his spirit of enterprise.

ADD ONE MORE CHAIR.

Jack Anderson, proprietor of the barber shop on the east side of Main Street, has increased the efficiency of his shop by the installation of another chair as a part of its equipment.

The new chair arrived and was installed Tuesday morning and will be served by Mr. Emberton, who comes here from Olton.

Mr. Emberton comes highly recommended as an artist in his trade and Mr. Anderson is deserving of commendation for his progressiveness in increasing the serviceability of his shop.

LEST YOU FORGET.

The revival meetings under auspices of the Loyal Church of Christ have been going on this week and will continue through all of next week.

Members of the Friona Woman's Club will play ball for the public at the local ball park in the near future.

That there will be a community auction sale in Friona on Saturday afternoon of each week, beginning this week. Be on hand with your goods for sale and to buy what you are in need of.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR'S GREATEST CONVENTION.

The fact that the state assemblage of the largest and most rapidly growing Christian organization in the world is to be held in our neighboring city, Amarillo, should be of general interest to all our readers and especially to those of them who are in any way connected with this great organization.

We refer here to the Texas State Christian Endeavor workers who be held June 13 to 17 in Amarillo. The program which has been prepared for this convention is one of the best that has been prepared for any convention.

Among the nationally known Christian Endeavor worker who will be present and take active part in this convention are E. P. Gates, of Boston, Mass., secretary of the International Society; W. Roy Bragg, Mid-west secretary, and Paul C. Brown of Los Angeles, Pacific Coast secretary. Many others of national and international acquaintance will be present.

The program of the convention includes such features as a barbecue, prepared in real Hawiian style, and a trip through the beautiful Palo Duro Canyons. The social side culminates in the big fellowship banquet on Saturday night, at which time Amarillo is planning to serve more than a thousand young people in one banquet hall.

Amarillo Endeavorers are planning for the biggest convention in the history of Texas. Christian Endeavor, and their slogan of "Where a Western Welcome Awaits You" has been broadcast throughout the state. These young people should be joined in their laudable desire by all the Christian young people of the entire Plains country.

P. D. VORE PASSED AWAY.

Parle D. Vore, of Spring Lake, passed to the Great Beyond last Thursday morning, May 24, at Plainview.

His body was laid to rest in the Spring Lake cemetery on Friday afternoon after a burial service in the church near by and of which he was long a faithful and highly esteemed member.

Mr. Vore will be remembered by all who knew him as a man of sterling qualities as a neighbor and citizen. May his like increase.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. L. Beattie at Spring Lake church on Friday.

SHERIFF MARTIN HERE TUESDAY.

Sheriff J. H. Martin of Farwell was a business visitor here Tuesday afternoon.

Jim always finds a lot of smiling faces and hearty hand-shakes when he comes to Friona.

MISS KATY McFARLAND IS HONORED.

The Star office is in receipt of a letter from Flora Price of Midlothian, Texas, which incloses a clipping from the Midlothian Argus, concerning the achievement of Miss Katy McFarland as one of the teachers in the Midlothian schools.

The letter says: "Miss McFarland has been so highly congratulated on her year's work here that we want her parents and friends there to know about it. Please print it in your paper."

The clipping headed "Midlothian Scores Again," and is as follows: ::The following letter was received May 13th:

"State Department of Education,
High School Dept., Austin.

Supt. T. A. Taggart,
Midlothian, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Upon the recommendation of the supervisor, who visited your school, two credits in English, 3rd and 4th, will be allowed without the submission of material. This method of accrediting was authorized by the Committee on Classified and Accredited Schools, as a recognition of very superior work. The retention of the credits will depend upon two factor: 1, whether the school maintains the high standard upon which the credits were granted; 2, whether material is retained at the school at all times to enable the supervisor to judge the work.

I wish to congratulate your school upon this evidence of good work.

Sincerely yours,

A. M. BLACKMAN,
Chief Supervisor of High Schools.

It was Miss Katy McFarland, the high school English teacher, who scored this time, and regaining the lost credit, the third, and securing the fourth, is due to her untiring work and the co-operation of the high school pupils. This is the first time in the history of the Midlothian high school that it has had four accredited units in the subject of English. Miss McFarland is to be congratulated on this achievement.—Reporter.

The Miss McFarland referred to in the above clipping is the daughter of two of the community's highly respected citizens, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McFarland, whose home is about four miles west of town, and their Friona neighbors will congratulate them on their daughter's success.

HAS BROKEN ARM.

Mrs. Henry Stanley suffered the misfortune of a broken arm last Saturday evening while attempting to crank her car.

Her husband drove her to Hereford, where her arm was set after having an X-Ray picture taken of the fracture.

OUR LITTLE SERMON

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay, what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope the portal,
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps to make the sold immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quence it that we may be, still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn the heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

—from Lowell.

MAKE YOUR YARDS BEAUTIFUL; WHY NOT ENTER LOCAL CONTEST

Still Time to Join the Beautiful Yard and Garden Contest. The Contest Is Sponsored by the Friona Woman's Club. See the Committee and Get Your Name On List. Prizes Awarded Early This Year.

NEW SCOUT MASTER.

At a recent meeting of the Executive committee of the local Boy Scouts organization, Prof. J. A. Conway was chosen as Scout Master to succeed J. A. Blackwell, who has held the position since the troop was organized.

Mr. Blackwell has been a most faithful scout master and has done everything in his power to advance the work among the boys of the local organization and by his efforts has endeared himself to the boys to an extent worthy of the envy of any man.

It is with deep regret the boys see him give up his position as their leader, but business cares have become so pressing on him that he finds he is unable to retain the position and give it the attention which he feels honor-bound to give.

Prof. Conway is most ably qualified to fill this position and has an abiding interest in the welfare and moral growth of boys and will use his best efforts to prove to the boys that they have lost nothing by their change in scout masters.

CAMPBELL FAMILY TO PORTALES.

W. W. Campbell who for the past three years has lived on his farm northwest of town, left Wednesday morning with his family for their new home in Portales, New Mexico.

Mr. Campbell came to the Panhandle from Central Texas on account of poor health and took up farming after having spent most of his time in the grocery business.

After coming here he found that his health had improved greatly but his physical condition was not strong enough to stand the strenuous work on the farm so he was obliged to sell his farm home here and again enter the mercantile business.

Mr. Campbell says he still likes the Friona country and in his opinion it has a wonderful future before it. And especially does he like the people of Friona and vicinity.

He has bought the franchise of the "M" System store in Portales and will enter upon that line of business as soon as he is located there.

While here Mr. Campbell and his family made a host of friends among the Friona people, all of whom regret to see them leave, but whose best wishes go with them to their new home and business.

COMMISSION APPOINTS A MARSHAL.

At a meeting of the city commission Monday night the subject of appointing a city marshall was discussed and settled by the appointment of T. N. Jasper for that important position.

Mr. Jasper has had some experience along that line and it is to be hoped he will see that the city ordinances are complied with by all without fear or favor.

ATTEND SHRINER MEETING.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kinsley spent Friday of last week in Amarillo where they were in attendance at the ceremonials of the Shriners.

TANNERY FAMILY TO LUBBOCK.

Rev. Tannery, who has been living in Friona during the past several months, has moved his family to Lubbock for the summer.

During the past school term, one of Rev. Tannery's daughters, Miss Ella Mae, was a teacher in the primary department of the Friona school and his son, Luther, attended school here.

The Tannery family go to Lubbock in order that the daughters may attend Tech College at that place. They expect to return to Friona at the beginning of the school term this fall.

Why not enter the contest for the most beautiful yard and garden in Friona and win a prize early this fall?

It is not too late to enter the contest the Friona Woman's Club is conducting. Just let Mrs. Kinsley, chairman of the Better Homes Committee, know you want to enter the contest, not later than June 7.

There will be two divisions, one for those who own their homes and one for those who rent.

In beautifying your home surroundings you are not only adding to your own pleasure, but you are helping your town.

The club ladies are really trying to help Friona to become a more progressive and beautiful place to live, so let's enter the Beautiful Yard and Garden Contest and help them boost Friona.

Only a few dollars expended in buying seeds, bulbs, shrubbery and trees, and only a comparatively few minutes each day spent in properly planting or setting and caring for these will add beauty and attractiveness to the most cheerless spot, and your home surroundings may become the most beautiful in your town. Rare indeed is the human being who does not admire and enjoy the beauties of nature around the home, and aside from the pleasure and satisfaction you yourself will receive from living amid pretty surroundings, will be the gratification from the remarks of compliment from those who visit you. And rare, also is that human who does not enjoy the compliments of his fellow creatures.

RECEIVED ELECTRIC INCUBATOR.

Dr. A. P. McElroy this week received an electric incubator to be installed at his home.

The doctor has installed this incubator for the purpose of hatching the eggs he receives from his flock of high bred Barred Rock hens which he has raised during the past year. The eggs from which these hens were hatched were secured from perhaps the leading breeder of high producing fowls in the country and were mated to a cock from the most noted exhibition flock.

Dr. McElroy is completing arrangements for establishing a real poultry ranch here and will raise only high producing fowls. He plans to do his own hatching during next year's hatching season and for this purpose he has secured the electric incubator which he will try out and acquaint himself with this season.

The machine was set up and the current turned on Tuesday morning. Some trouble was encountered in regulating the temperature, but the doctor hopes to have it behaving properly in a very short time and put to actual work.

MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND HERE SUNDAY.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Raymond of Higgins, Texas, spent part of Sunday afternoon here, meeting old friends and noting the growth of Friona during the past two or three years since they were located here.

These two splendid young people are well and favorably known by a large part of the Friona people and their many friends were truly glad to see them.

Mr. Raymond was for several years the esteemed and efficient agent of the Santa Fe railroad at this place and Mrs. Raymond was formerly Miss Mary Hicks, and served one term as a member of the Friona high school faculty, which position she filled with distinction and to the satisfaction of the patrons of the school. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hicks, of Hereford, with whom she is visiting, and her husband came over to spend Sunday with her.

Mr. Raymond is still in the employ of the Santa Fe and both expressed surprise at the number of new residences that have been built in Friona since they were citizens here.

The Colfax Bookplate

By Agnes Miller

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W.N.U SERVICE.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, White-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid $510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store.

CHAPTER III

—3—

The Slippers

For one instant all five of us, Peter and the three clerks and I, were paralyzed; then with one accord we plunged down the main aisle, Peter in the lead, when out from the law-book alcove dashed the girl in the long black fur cape. Her face was ghastly, her eyes wide with terror. Next second, she and Peter both came to a halt so violent that she nearly lost her balance. Stumbling heavily, she clutched at a table, shrieked: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" and crashed to the floor in a faint.

Peter rushed around the table to her; Mr. Dibdin gave a loud whoop for Mr. Riggs, and dashed toward the law-book alcove. At that moment the elevator cleared the second floor in its descent, bringing down Mr. Case. He at once helped Peter carry the girl to his private office. I snatched up my telephone and summoned Miss Wilkes. Then I turned down the aisle again to see if I could be of any further use in the rear, but I went on tiptoe and only a little way; in a hush that had succeeded the confusion with awful suddenness, Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Riggs were carrying the limp figure of the old white-bearded gentleman out of the alcove. His right side was toward me, his right hand dripping with blood. At this moment Ulysses came rushing open-mouthed down the rear gallery stairs, full on the scene.

"Hey, there! Watch the shipping room door until I get an ambulance!" shouted Mr. Riggs to him, making off to a telephone.

Ulysses obediently disappeared. I turned and hurried down the narrow right-hand aisle along the wall, past the shipping-room door. toward Mr. Case's office. Again I was where confusion prevailed.

Mr. Case was not there. On the threshold, Peter was fidgeting distractedly. Inside, the unconscious girl lay on an old leather lounge. As I darted into the office, through which the frosty air was pouring from a window some one had actually thought of opening, Peter stopped me.

"Constance," he whispered, "that's that girl!"

His face was blanched, his hands twitching; he was the image of real fright, far beyond anything I could account for. Badly startled myself, "I did manage to grasp that fact," I retorted tartly. "Get some water, quick, and then go away!"

He vanished, closing the door I went over to the girl. Her hat of soft crimson ribbon had fallen off, revealing shining black hair above clear-cut, small, regular features of unusual distinction and beauty. Her lips were blue in the chilly air. Her cape was slipping to the floor; and as I picked it up to wrap around her, consternation halted me. With her well-tailored black cloth dress, she wore black satin bedroom slippers!

Whatever could have brought her to Darrow's so attired? All the events of that crowded morning flashed through my throbbing brain; Ulysses' premonition of disaster—absurd, was it—Peter's narrative; th reappearance, from our law-book alcove, of this leading personality in those strange adventures in Richmond with an old law book and its unique treasure among prints, a Colfax bookplate. Then I heard murmurs outside the door. Following my first instinct, I flung the cape over the helpless girl and tucked it tightly around her feet.

The door opened, and Miss Wilkes appeared with the water, and a bottle of smelling salts, but her admirable efforts to bring the girl to proved wholly unavailing. When clanging in the street announced the ambulance, we summoned the surgeon; after a hasty examination, he decided he would take the girl, as well as the old gentleman, to the hospital.

So the ambulance sped away, leaving our establishment in the limp condition naturally resulting from the succession of exciting events detailed by this ungarnished record. Gossiping groups stood watching a policeman taking down stories from eye-witnesses, but I saw Peter nowhere. I learned that the old gentleman's injury was a severe slash across the right wrist. The doctor thought that at his advanced age the shock had at once overcome him, preventing an outcry. He had been unconscious some time when the alarm was given.

Of course the fainting girl came in for endless curiosity, directed chiefly at me. But even had I wanted to talk, I knew just two facts about her: namely, that Peter had seen her at the Richmond auction, and that she had had on black satin bedroom slippers; and these facts I decided to suppress for the present time at least. I did not know who she was, where she came from, what she had been doing for an hour and a half in the rear of the shop, whether she knew the old gentleman, how she came to find him. I lost patience at the unceasing questions.

"Is this the catechism, or what?" I finally snapped at Daisy Abbott.

Daisy sniffed in an injured manner, and glanced at Mr. Dibdin, who looked at me as if he considered me very cruel and rough.

"I guess we have a right to talk about what happens right before our eyes, especially if it's awfully queer!" she murmured plaintively. "At least, you heard her say, 'Keep it! Keep it for me! Now, is it ridiculous to wonder what that meant?"

I had actually forgotten that cry of distress, temporarily, in the ensuing turmoil! Daisy certainly hit me amidships, and that time I knew the answer.

" You must think we're mind-readers!" I retorted. "Now, I can't waste any more time talking. I must finish that indexing. Thank goodness I got it nearly done before this rumpus happened!"

I sped down the side aisle to my desk. But oh, my work! Where was it? Where were those neat piles of classified cards? On the floor, in the aisle, everywhere except on the desk! But there was no time for wondering why, or even for vexation. Scooping them all up as fast as I could, I made for the desk, only to find a note stuck between two of my reference books. It read as follows:

"I am ordered to the rear; otherwise, to go this afternoon and buy from two old ladies, whose grandfather was a bishop, his professional library (date about 1840) 'at a reasonable figure.'

"I have one final request. I had no time this morning to tell you that Mr. Roberts has just given Nancy the position he promised her. She is here. therefore; Miss Wilkes is in charge. Would you add to your innumerable benefits, and go some time or other and speak agreeably to my ill-fated sister?

"PETER."

Poor Peter!I would do better than that, I resolved, recalling the pretty young vision with the chestnut hair whom I had seen entering that morning with Miss Wilkes. I decided to eat, not work, even for Mr. Darrow's nephew; I would take Nancy Burton with me, in celebration of her first day in business. I stuffed all the cards into a drawer; and went in search of her.

Through the open door of the stenographic department came Miss Wilkes' metallic accents, in exhortation:

"Don't forget that nice dark blue serge we were talking about, dear. Tomorrow, dear, and not more than eight inches off the floor. That will be all now, dear."

As I walked in, I heard the reply to those observations. It was a faint yet distinctly audible snort proceeding out of the straight, chiseled nose belonging to the tall young lady of the short wavy chestnut tresses. She was standing in front of Miss Wilkes' desk, her height and slenderness accentuated by a bright apple-green knitted frock whose straight lines ceased not less than fourteen inches from the floor, above footgear composed of as many as three patent-leather straps, through which peeped pale-peach chiffon-weight stockings. The large blue eyes of the imperturbable face above the round white collar stared as unremittingly at Miss Wilkes as those of a young baby. The red, red mouth was beautifully shaped and firmly closed.

Miss Wilkes greeted me with sweet suspicion.

"Come in, dear. What is it?"

"I beg your pardon! Has Miss Burton gone to luncheon?"

"I am Miss Burton," swiftly announced the apple-green young lady in a clear, shrill voice, transferring her unremitting gaze to my face, "and I was supposed to be gone to lunch a long time ago."

"Then won't you go with me? My name is Constance Fuller—"

"I know all about you," said Nancy Burton. "All right, I'll come."

She was a speedy withdrawer; we were on the street in a twinkling. I cast about for a diverting topic.

"Let's go to Ernesto's for lunch! I'm sure you'll enjoy it. They have such good things to eat!"

"That so?"

"And Ernesto is a famous local character. He owns one of the nicest, oddest houses on this island. He not only has a restaurant downstairs, but he lives in the house, and rents some floors as apartments."

Stumbling Heavily, She Clutched at the Table, Shrieked, "Keep It! Keep It for Me!"

Nancy Nodded.

"How do you think you'll like your work?" I pursued faithfully.

"All right. Say," she broke out suddenly, scattering social amenities to the winds, "if you hadn't come in that minute, I'd have murdered that Wilkes woman! I hate women! Though you," she was pleased to add, "are an exception. Do you know about my stepmother?"

"I have only just heard of your father's marriage."

"There's another woman for you! She said I couldn't be respectable! Listen, Miss Fuller: did you know I eloped?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, the girl was so pretty and clever-looking and precocious and neglected and at the same time there was a wild streak of humor in her blue eyes that both aroused your mirth and put you on your guard. I compromised with my feelings, and smiled sympathetically.

"I know no details whatever about your affairs, my dear, and it is not necessary to tell me any if you don't want to."

"But I do, I have no one else to tell!" protested Nancy, not to be done by delicacy out of a recital of her exploits, as the rushing late-luncheon crowd bore us down the avenue toward Ernesto's. "It was like this: Last Saturday I eloped with Brandon Tower. He taught shorthand at the business college where I went, and he liked me, and I did like him awfully because he was so polite and handsome, though now I hate him. Well then father met my stepmother at a church fair where she was dishing out oyster stew, and she thought he looked lonely, and so that was that. I couldn't stand her, she picked on me right from the start—said my clothes were immodest, and look where this collar comes to, absolutely to my nose, while the other old cat starts at the other end! Well, Saturday afternoon Brandon telephoned me and asked me to go to the rink. I told him I was sorry, but Peter had just got back from Richmond, and it was his first long trip, so I was anxious to see him right away.

"Of course Brandon knew all about Peter, and that he was a rare-book buyer for Darrow's, because I had told him. Maybe it did sound a little queer to say I was so anxious to see him; Peter's naturally always off on business. The truth was, when Peter got in that morning, he had been so mad about Malvina, my stepmother, that he just managed to be civil and rush out of the house. Well they were married, and it couldn't be helped, so I wanted to smooth Peter down a little bit if I could, before dinner. But I couldn't say all that over the telephone, and Brandon got fearfully mad because I wouldn't go to the rink.

"Then Malvina passed me in the hall on her way to a matinee, and said she was going to tell father that I talked incessantly over the telephone to boys, if I didn't instantly stop. I said, 'All right, I will, which answered both her and Brandon; and the minute she'd gone, I skipped out and met him on Sixth avenue, and then—" Nancy gave a skip then and there, clutching my arm in excited climax—"he asked me to elope!"

As on a faint, distant beacon of hope, I fixed my eyes on Ernesto's now just a block down the avenue, one of a massive row of stately granite-pillared houses, built ninety years before as homes for a group of New Yorkers who had been distinguished for combining money with brains. Normandy terrace, as the long row was still called, had been constructed to laugh at the passage of time, though gone were all vestiges of any terrace, and all the graceful winding stoops of a bygone day. Sidewalk and floor space were no longer to be wasted on Manhattan island and all the lower floors of the terrace had been invaded by business. I endeavored to listen patiently to further details of Nancy's narrative, knowing that relief was imminent.

Peter, it seemed, had outwardly borne up nobly under the shock of the news of his father's marriage, had handsomely congratulated both parties, in fact. Then, under pretext of pressing business, he had bolted out of the living room and down the hall toward his own room, to find Nancy waiting for him in the hall. He had cheered her doleful state with a promise to come home early and tell her all about Richmond, and show her the weirdest old bookplate in a book he had picked up there. He then performed the exploit of pitching his suitcase across his bed and two tables and an armchair, to relieve his feelings, and fled.

Hence Nancy's desire to soothe him before dinner. She had then confided to Brandon Malvina's latest threat; whereupon he, outraged, she could see, by so much persecution, had stopped short under the Sixth avenue elevated with the romantic suggestion:

"Listen! Why don't you chuck it? Let's elope!"

Alas for Peter's brotherly sacrifices: Nancy, flattered, excited, and eager to leave home, fell promptly in with the proposal to depart for Atlantic City within an hour, where, she naively implied, she seemed to have an impression that this attractive young man would marry her.

Mercifully at this point we passed between the clipped box-trees beside Ernesto's door, and were greeted rapturously at the door of the restaurant by Ernesto himself.

I had known this worthy Genoese ever since my salary could afford him, but had yet to hear anyone address him as "Mr. Sansoni," though his gray hair, dignified bulk, and stately official manners rendered him more than impressive. Like a dreadnaught convoying a chaser and a cruiser he led us down the wide blue-and-white-tiled hallway.

"Not for ten days have you been here!" cried Ernesto to me with almost theatrical reproach, pulling out chairs at a table just inside the door. "You have forgotten Ernesto's!"

"I never could do that," I averred with simple truth, "but we've been so busy I've just been grabbing sandwiches at the drug stores every day."

"My God! that's [illegible] and he recommended frantically the day's special, which neither Nancy nor I opposed, as it included duck, chops, steak, mushrooms, peas, potatoes, beans and spaghetti, all in a secret-formula sauce, served on a mystical but highly important blue plate.

"Still, lots of business is good," he admitted. "I wish I had it."

I glanced inquiringly around the room, where the number of obviously contented patrons seemed to contraduct Ernesto's implication that he was facing bankruptcy.

"My third-floor tenant leave two weeks ago, I cannotta renta the flat!" he explained woefully. "Everybody say 'Thass notta nize place to live, 'way downtown. I wanta live uppin the Bronx, I loves the subway! Izza nize place," bristled Ernesto; "nize cheap flat, nize furniture, nize and quiet at night! Nobody want!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Character Shown by Manner of Laughing

"People who laugh heartily may be trusted," said a student of psychology recently. "These people laugh with the eyes and the whole body as well as the vocal cords, and they are usually generous and sympathetic.

"Laughter is a sure indication of character. The man who laughs in his throat, with an almost straight face, for example, is generally shrewd and curious, and not always overscrupulous in his methods.

"'Inside laughers,' whose shaking shoulders express their mirth, are good-natured, and make excellent parents, while those who laugh without a smile are hard-hearted and cruel. People with little jerky laughs are often of shallow character [illegible] unable to withstand temptation. They are, however, often mentally brilliant.

"People who laugh explosively and loudly are not the hearty, bluff creatures they are generally believed to be.

"The large-hearted souls are those who laugh but rarely, but whose joy is reflected in eyes, lips, and face."

Goat Saved Boy's Life

By his pet goat a twelve-year-old boy was saved from death in a quarry 40 feet deep at Portland, England. The boy was leading the animal on a 12-yard tether when he fell over the edge of the quarry. Fortunately the rope was twisted round his wrist. The goat, although thrown on its side by the unexpected pull, regained its feet and held the boy suspended in midair until rescuers came.

Both Ends

An actor was talking about John Drew.

"Drew and Richard Harding Davis were friends in their famous youth," he said, "and they often traveled together.

"While he was dressing for dinner one evening in Chicago, the young author looked up at Drew and grunted:

"Hang it, I can't get these shoes on."

"'What!' said the young actor. 'Swelled feet, too?'"—Detroit Free Press.

EVERY-DAY-IS-NICE

Of course you know about the Every-Day-Is-Nice club which was started by Peter Gnome.

He Was Feeling Very Sad.

All of the members of the club did something interesting every day and they grew to love all kinds of weather, the wild, stormy days, the interesting windy days, the soft rainy days, the bright sunshiny days.

They could have so many different kinds of games and parties this way, and they all thought Peter Gnome's idea was such a good one.

But the Cloud King had been grumbled about a great deal of late and he was feeling very sad.

Peter Gnome talked to him so as to cheer him up.

"Oh, Cloud King," he said, "you mustn't be discouraged. You mustn't be unhappy.

"What would the farmers do without you? Think how you help the crops.

"And think, too, how the flowers love you. You make them grow.

"You give them drinks of water. And the grass, and the moss in the woods, the shrubs and the trees—how hot and dry and thirsty they would be all summer long if it weren't for you.

"How often, too, I have heard the birds chirp for water. Their little mouths would be so dry and they would open their beaks and beg you to look after them.

"What would the streams and lakes and ponds do without you!

"Lots of things love you, Cloud King. Don't weep too much. Weep tears of joy, but not tears of unhappiness."

Cloud King Felt Much Happier.

"Oh, said Cloud King to Peter Gnome, "I feel better now that you have talked to me.

"You have done my damp heart good.

"I am glad you think I am of use to the world and that I am liked.

"Sometimes I feel no one likes me at all. They complain of the rainy days and they call it such very horrid weather.

"And oh, dear me, I'm not bad, and it hurts my feelings to hear them call me bad!"

"Dear Cloud King," said Peter Gnome, "you must cheer up. You mustn't pay any attention to weather grumblers."

Cloud King felt much happier and he pattered down to the earth most joyfully.

But above all he rejoiced to hear of the Every-Day-Is-Nice club, for he felt it would help him greatly.

RIDDLES

What has only one foot?—A stocking.

• • •

When is a rope like a stick of wood? —When it is knotted.

• • •

Why are feet like fables?—Because they are legends (leg ends).

• • •

As long as I eat I live, but when I drink I die. What am I?—Fire.

• • •

Why is the nose in the middle ot the face?—Because it is in the center (scenter).

• • •

Why is a sentence like an obstinate mule?—Because it usually comes to a full stop.

• • •

What is that by losing an eye (I) has nothing left but a nose?—The word "No-i-se."

• • •

What color are the winds and waves in a storm? The winds blew (blue) and the sea rose.

• • •

If a caterpillar walks on twelve legs, and an elephant on four, what does on one?—A stocking.

Boys Have "Rubber Neck"

Small boys who have had to wiggle around the legs of adults in order to catch a glimpse of animals in the zoo at Hamburg, Germany, now have a "rubber neck" bus of their own. The seats are sufficiently high for them to see the cages and pens over the heads of older people. The lads defy superstition and crowd the bus, which holds 13. The fare is the equivalent to two cents in American money.

Stropping Himself

"Daddy, I know why Uncle Jim rubbed his shoulders against the door"

"Why dear?"

"To sharpen his shoulder blades."

MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry, Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

Ambitious Fence Post

The most ambitious fence post in the world is probably on a Pennsylvania farm. It has grown into a tree! The Farm Journal, which publishes a photograph of the freak, recounts that the fence was built in 1878 of new catalpa timbers. The other posts remained as dead as fence posts should, but this one put down shoots and attained a height of 6 feet within a year. Today it is 40 feet high, with a spread of 45 feet.

MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word *genuine* printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box;

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

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

For Pale, Delicate Women and Children. 60c

Reform

Although the men are always poking fun at woman's dress, you never heard of men banding together to reform women, while all the great reforms against men have been initiated and fostered by women.—Atlanta Constitution.

There are nearly as many devices to waste time as there are to save it.

WILL DO ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO

Mrs. Steele Says of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pratt, W. Va.—"I was so weak and nervous that I was in bed most all the time and couldn't sit up and I am only 30 years old. I saw your advertising in a magazine and after I had taken three doses of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could feel that I was better. After taking two bottles I began doing my work and I feel like a new woman I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and say it will do all it claims to do and more. I will gladly answer all letters I recive."—Mrs. S. E. Steele, Pratt, W. Va.

Sprinter Is Born, Never Developed

That Is Opinion of Coach Jennings of Marquette.

A great sprinter is born, not developed!

Conrad M. Jennings, Marquette university track coach and athletic director, is authority for this statement, and he adds: "I always tell the coach who has a wonderful athlete not to pat himself on the shoulder too hard; he may have had a share in the development of the athlete, but the good Lord did more."

"It is difficult to explain how one may become a track star, instead of just a track athlete," said Coach Jennings. "Throughout the United States and Canada, I would estimate that at least 10,000 college men compete in track athletics. Out of this group but 80 are chosen on the honor roll for the entire country. One can readily see that but a small percentage reach the realm of stardom; that a larger per cent reach the class of the near-greats, and that more than 80 per cent are mediocre. This perhaps is true in all 'human endeavors.'

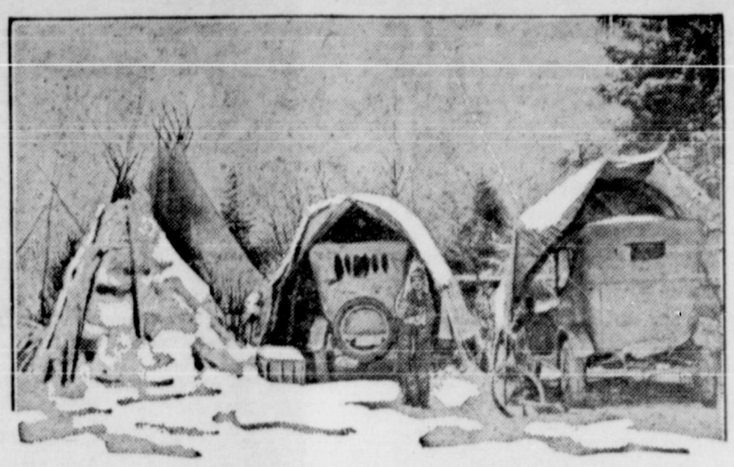
"There is no question but that athletes must have certain body adaptability for the sports in which they compete, but still more, their minds must dominate and direct the bodies. With the right mental attitude, the boy can develop his body and can go far in his chosen line of sport. I often compare the nervous impulses of the athlete with the timer of an automobile. Unless the mind can send the impulses to the leg muscles at a certain speed, the individual cannot be a great sprinter.

"I do not want to discourage any young man in his track endeavors," continued the Marquette athletic director. There is no question that consistent training, improvement of one's form and clean living will bring results, and that if the individual has certain inherent qualities he may reach the top rung of the ladder."

New World's Record

The photo shows Miss Agnes Geraghty of the Woman's S. A., who broke the world's record for the 200-yard breast stroke at the Olympic benefit water carnival held by the Metropolitan A. A. U. at New York. Her time was 2:59.

Frontier Garages in West



The photograph shows the original "frontier garages" which the Indians along the western border of Glacier National park use to keep their flivvers in during the snow months.

Peter DePaolo Enters Racing Car

Winner of the Big Race in 1925 Will Drive Machine This Year.

Peter DePaolo, sun-stained son of Italy, who was the American racing champion in 1925 and 1927, has just entered a car in the International 500-mile race to be held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30.

Peter, a nephew of the great Ralph DePalma, in whose speeding tire-prints he has followed and surpassed, will pilot a Reo Flying Cloud, marking the entrance of another manufacturer in the most spectacular sport, which not alone provides thrills for thousands of spectators but points the way to the refinements and innovations in passenger car construction.

DePaolo made his first appearance at the Indianapolis track eight years ago as a grease ball for Ralph DePalma's immaculate speedsters. He was permitted to join DePalma's stable as reward for an impeccable record in Uncle Sam's army during what has become known as the World war.

Soon he was riding beside the canny DePalma, as riding aide, all this being in the days of two seater cars, long before the sleek, projectile type of hurry buggies were in vogue.

Many a trick DePaolo learned as he sat beside his skillful uncle, watching Ralph maneuver his car through 125 mile an hour traffic. Peter got the urge to drive. Ralph, with the wisdom of age, declared he wasn't ready for a pilotship. They disagreed and parted.

Peter got a car all right. Then he proceeded to smack fences and retaining walls on every track in the country. He couldn't even place in a race—except against a fence.

Just as he had about run out of angels to provide cars for his fence-busting act, Fred Duesenberg, the soft hearted creator of a long line of winning cars, gave him one more chance.

It was all Pete needed. He won the International 500-mile race at Indianapolis in that start in 1925. He gained fame, wealth and confidence. Ever since he has been one of the foremost contenders and was the American Automobile association champion in 1925 and in 1927.

He is married and has a son three years old.

Peter DePaolo.

Wave Trap Aids Choice

A wave trap often is an important factor in increasing the selectivity of a radio receiver. Such a trap may be made easily with a tuning condenser shunted across a coil. The trap is connected between the aerial and the antenna binding post on the receiver.

Oil Burners

A defective oil burner furnace will cause static noise in the neighborhood.

AUTOMOBILE ITEMS

Germany is now using 2,714 motor busses in the postal service.

• • •

Police in Kansas City, Mo., recently tagged 430 unlighted parked cars in the residential district.

• • •

More than 981,000 children are carried in 85,800 motor busses between home and school daily in this country.

• • •

Do you use kerosene or gasoline to wash the windshield? When moist, the drops of water will be larger, increasing the glare to the eyes, and the windshield wiper will not function as well.

• • •

Dripping water from the front end of the car is an indication of a leak at the water pump. Tighten the nuts or flange the same way the shaft turns. One has a right and the other a left-hand thread.

Sande's First Race

The photo shows a close-up of mud-bespattered Earl Sande, who rode Half-Pint in the third race at Jamaica. It was the first real race since his reinstatement, having previously competed in the United Hunts meet.

Tersely Told Bits of Sport

Jack McGrathe was the first British bantam champion, claiming the title in 1842.

• • •

The Louisville Colonels fired a rookie pitcher named Friday. He might have expected that.

• • •

Yankee Jack Smith, a newcomer to the ring in New York, is a former baseball player.

• • •

Joe Nagle, formerly a player on the Brooklyn and Cincinnati teams, is a Chicago lawyer now.

• • •

Man raving about golf lands in cell. —headline. And so at last the poor fellow made a hole in one.

• • •

Albert Ellis, outfielder on the Louisville team, has been sold to the Dallas club of the Texas league.

• • •

Eddie Roush has been in the big leagues 16 years, and in all that time he failed to hit .300 in but one season.

• • •

Wee Willie Keeler hit safely in 44 consecutive games in the season of 1897. This mark has never been equaled.

• • •

The smallest player in the major leagues this season is Walter Gautreau second baseman of the Boston Nationals.

• • •

The baseball experts get paid for picking pennant winners but the Presidential dopesters preserve a strictly amateur standing.

• • •

Leon Ames, Jr., son of the veteran pitcher, was credited with a win in his first out for Wichita, pitching the Larks to a 6-2 victory over Tulsa.

• • •

Dave Bancroft, Brooklyn shortstop has entered partnership with his brother-in-law, John G. Glsin, and now is president of a Duluth shoe store.

• • •

The United States Naval academy and United States Army squads will clash in baseball, lacrosse and in track and field sport this summer.

• • •

Archie Campbell, rookie hurler with the New York Yankees, has a weakness for art works. He buys all the books and pictures on art he can find.

The Cincy club is composed in main of a bunch of little fellars. But yet there's Highpockets George Kelly with his six feet four to even up things.

How Low-Loss Sockets Can Be Easily Made

An excellent low-loss socket can be made by taking an ordinary one and screwing it to a square piece of bakelite or hard rubber by means of small screws. The socket is then cut in quarters by means of a hacksaw. This socket will be found to be quite an improvement when used on very short wave lengths, as losses are cut down to a minimum. If the saw cuts are too wide, care should be taken so that the tube is inserted the right way.

Volume Control Is a Decided Advantage

Radio joy is great or small, according to how the set is used. There are many homes in which radio is allowed to go full blast and all conversation, reading, card playing, eating, dozing and other activities are greatly interfered with.

Yet the use of a suitable volume control, especially if arranged for remote operation, will change any radio set from a curse to a joy, by fitting a given program to any occasion. From dance music for shuffling feet to incidental music for the background of the dinner conversation, the radio rendition may be fitted to the occasion by means of a suitable—and handy—volume control.

Whether or not your set has a built-in volume control, there is decided advantage in providing it with a remote volume control. This function should be at your finger tips, so that whether you are holding a conversation, reading, dozing or doing anything else, you may instantly regulate your radio volume for the occasion, without having to get up and walk over to the set. For instance, you may be enjoying a radio program merely as a background to conversation or reading, when suddenly the program takes a turn and the subject matter becomes one of prime interest. Instantly the volume may be increased, and the radio feature fills the room and centers attention, only to be subdued when the program drops back again into secondary interest. Lack of volume is just as disagreeable when the radio feature is the center of interest, as excessive volume when the radio feature is of secondary interest. By having the volume control at your finger tips, however, the radio rendition is always ideal for the circumstances.

In addition to volume, there is also the question of pitch or tone control. Some features, such as speech, distant music, jazz and band selections require extreme sharpness for satisfactory rendition. The usual loud speaker generally provides this extreme sharpness. On the other hand, certain other features sound better if muted or dulled, just as certain piano selections sound better with the soft pedal. For such selections it is well to employ a radio "soft pedal," consisting of a variable high resistance in series with a ¼ mfd. condenser, the combination being shunted across the loudspeaker, so as to obtain any degree of "soft pedalling."—Radio World.

Waner Brothers Most Colorful

THE Yankees have their Ruth and Gehrig, the greatest home-run hitting pair of all time, but the Pirates, National league standard-bearers in the last fall's world's series, boast of one of the most colorful of outfield combinations, the famous Waner brothers. Born and raised in Oklahoma, sons of an old-time baseball star, they learned the rudiments of the game by pitching and hitting corn cobs behind the barn. Paul and Lloyd Waner were the "hits" of the National league last season. Paul, twenty-five, established himself as a top-ranking star last year. Lloyd, twenty-two, like his brother, made good in his first season.

Both are natural players and born hitters. Paul is less colorful than Lloyd in personality, but his batting performances stamp him as one of the greatest all around hitters in the game. During most of last season Paul not only topped all rivals in percentage, but led the league in hits, doubles, triples and driving in runs. Lloyd, aided by Paul's timely wallops, leads the league in runs scored.

They call them "Little Poison" and "Big Poison" around the circuit because of their consistent and timely ability at bat and brilliant defense work.

Paul Waner

The picturesque brothers came to the Pirates from opposite sides of the country. Paul was purchased along with Hal Rhyne, from the San Francisco Seals during the 1925 world series, for $50,000. Lloyd came direct from the Columbia club of the South Atlantic association. He batted .345 in that circuit and has done as well in the major league.

Colonists Must Be Fit

Colonists who take advantage of the offer of a new colonization company in Argentina will be chosen according to their physical fitness and ability to overcome pioneering difficulties. The project is to be tested with the opening of 40 farms of about twenty-five acres each. On each farm will be a comfortable house, a well, a pump for drinking water, shade trees and necessary tools for working the land. Advances will be made on the purchase of horses, cows, chickens and feed. Payments for the farms are to be made over a period of 30 years. Other similar projects may be opened later.

As Usual

Magistrate—You have already acknowledged that you assaulted the policeman in the manner stated.

Accused—Yes.

Magistrate—Then what do you want to do now?

Accused—Deny it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

If your children are mischievous, they're probably healthy.

Some men are so fixed that they have no use for a moving van.

Aeronautics Aids Windmills

Aeronautics, after adapting the windmill to its own purpose, is returning it to the farmer greatly improved as a result of the intensive research made by the aircraft industry. Changes in the number of blades and the pitch of propellers used to drive electric generators on airplanes at the army laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, have resulted in a new type of wheel for ordinary windmills. This, says the Popular Science Monthly, increases the speed of revolution from six to ten times that of the old-fashioned wheel.

Feature

"What are they featuring in this film?"

"A million-dollar expense account."

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.

Shrewd movie managers don't want you to expect too much. If you do, you are likely to find fault.

When we have not what we love, we must love what we have.—Bussy-Rabutin.

Strawberries at their best
SHREDDED WHEAT

12 ounces full-size biscuits
With milk or cream for breakfast or supper. Easily prepared, easily digested
Every shred baked crisp and tasty—
TRISCUIT—the tasty luncheon wafer
Made by The Shredded Wheat Company

quick new energy

POST TOASTIES
THE wake-up FOOD

for the Man who Works Hard
Karo
for Breakfast

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up
Prevents and Relieves
Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

Kills Headache - Relieves Pain 25¢
DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Friona Star is authorized to announce the names of the following persons as candidates for the office under which the name appears, each subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary to be held on the last Saturday in July, 1928:

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
J. H. MARTIN, of Farwell.
JOHN S. POTTS, of Bovina.
FRED FAHSHOLTZ, of RHEA.
WARD THOMPSON, of Bovina

For County Judge and Superintendent of Schools:
ERNEST F. LOKEY, of Farwell.
JOHN H. ALDRIDGE JR., Farwell, Texas.

For County Clerk:
GORDON McCUAN, of Farwell.

For County Assessor:
J. W. MAGNESS, of Farwell.

For County Treasurer:
S. N. (SAM) MARTIN, of Bovina.
MRS. LELAH M. ROBBINS, of Bovina.
B. E. NOBLES, of Farwell.
JESS NEWTON, of Farwell.

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 1:
NAT JONES (Re-Election).
D. H. MEADE of Friona.

For Hide and Animal Inspector:
T. N. JASPER, of Friona.
A. E. (SLIM) TAYLOR of Friona.

Texas & Texans

By WILL H. MAYES

Political Spotlighters.

Even a careless glance at the political news in Texas reveals that most of those whose names appear most prominently in the daily press are the same old spotlighters who are ready to stir up almost any kind of a political mess in Texas every two years if only they may be written about by the political reporters or get their newspaper contributions in the "Public Opinion" columns. As regularly as a Texas election comes around they trot themselves around for public inspection and at times really come to think they are stirring up great political dust. During presidential years, opportunities being nearly twice as great for attractng attenton, they feel like they are in a political heaven. Be patient with them. It is a delusion of a kind for which there is no restraining law in this state.

Homestead Law Attacked.

A popular pastime for many years has been to attack the Texas homestead law. It is open to some objections. The homestead should be made to bear its part of any expense in building streets and side walks about the homestead without the necessity of general taxation under a bond issue. The benefits derived from paved streets and cement walks about a piece of property are out of proportion to taxes paid unless all streets are improved alike and this is impractical. But aside from this objection, the Texas homestead law is a wise safe-guard for the home and often protects it from the wily and usurious money lender. The homestead law can withstand all attacks upon it.

Texas Sulphur Fields.

An oil man testifying recently at a hearing of the Interstate Commerce Commission, stated that while the proven deposits of the Wharton county sulphur field are 7,000,000 tons he has every reason to believe they are 15,000,000 or even 20,000,000 tons. While these figures are beyond the calculating powers of most persons, they are enough to show that Wharton county will be supplying the entire world with sulphur for many years. Wharton is almost as rich in its cotton and corn crops as in its sulphur and oil fields.

Oiling the Press.

Oil wells are getting so numerous around Santa Anna and so close up to the business part of the town that the effect is seen in the constantly improving appearance of the News which is taking on metropolitan looks and airs.

Tourist Camps Ready.

Alpine announces, through the Avalanche, that its tourists camps are ready for the summer tourists. And the camps are ready at Marfa, Pecos, Kerrville, Menard and scores more places throughout the state. The tourists are already on the tour and detour. Schools are closing and by the end of the month the roads will look like the entire population has left home. An experienced observer can tell just how far up state the cotton crop is chopped and laid by by reading the signs on the cars that indicate where they are from.

Beeville's Playground.

Beeville has improved its playground park in a way to make it both beautiful and popular. The older people have tennis courts and here are a merry-go-round, slides, swings and other play appliances for the children. Beeville is among the first of the towns of its size in Texas to popularize its park playgrounds. Doubtless if not already, some enthusiastic lover of children will volunteer to arrange for supervising the play at certain hours of the day. Children need leadership in play almost as much as they need grounds and play equipment.

Ask the Readers.

The Elgin Courier gives some advice as to this column that is modestly repeated here to help along all the papers that feature it. It says, "One of the most interesting features of the Courier is the department 'Texas and Texans,' written and furnished us weekly by ex-Lieutenant Governor and former dean of the School of Journalism of Texas University, Will H. Mayes. Mr. Mayes deals with items of interest and current events in a most interesting, concise and thorough manner, and if you are not reading these stories each week you are really missing something worth while." Yes, read them and then tell the editor whether you like them. That will help him decide whether the space is well used.

Panhandle Wheat.

In reporting the wheat outlook following heavy rains in the Panhandle is better than at this time in many years, the Hereford Brand states conditions that seem pretty general in all North Texas counties. Much of the crop that had seemed about dead from the long dry season has revived and is growing in a way to give hopes of large returns and especially if there are more rains before harvest time. The acreage is slightly larger than usual. Hail damage reported in some sections has not been as heavy as at first believed.

Municipal Waterworks.

Taylor seems to have set an example in the matter of municipal ownership of waterworks that many other towns in Texas will follow. By a vote of 622 to 22 and without much hurrah about it Taylor voted a $250,000 bond issue for waterworks. San Marcos, through its city commission, has ordered a vote on an issue of $150,000 waterworks bonds. Municipal ownership of a good waterworks system makes a town have a mighty independent feeling.

Walking to School.

Not many years ago, nearly all children who could walk, walked to school and many of them walked long distances. The Associated Press, having learned that Ethel Hilton, valedictorian of the Bryan high school, walked three miles to school every day, sees a news item in the statement, which all the daily papers of Texas have carried. She not only walked to school but she was not absent or tardy during the year and the fact that she is class valedictorian proves that she is bright and applied herself to her studies. It would have been safe to have added that she did not wear high-heeled shoes.

Bluebonnet Costumes.

San Antonio hostesses at a chicken barbecue to be given during the National convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs June 1, will all wear bluebonnet costumes, consisting in part of a blue bonnet and a blue tea apron. Novel ideas like this always attract and hold attention and as the bluebonnett is the Texas flower such a costume is particularly appropriate for an entertainment given by Texas women to out-of-state visitors.

Consoling Figures.

The cost of living is high enough anywhere, as all know who have to provide the necessities of life, but there is some consolation in the figures of the Department of Commerce which show that living is cheaper in the Southwest than elsewhere in the country.

What's Doing In WEST TEXAS

Abilene—President Haynie of the WTCC has appointed members of the three standing committees of the Tenth Annual Convention, the Nominating, Credential and Resolutions committees.

Junction—A $50,000 vacationists hotel will be constructed near here.

Alpine—The annual Old Settlers and Cowboys Round-Up will be held here July 4 and 5 under auspices of the local chamber of commerce.

Levelland—The Levelland Chamber of Commerce is going to adopt a town slogan to advertise itself.

Tornillo—C. E. Whitehead, former secretary at Balmorhea, will have charge of the Tornillo school next year.

Valley Mills—Valley Mills' 21st annual reunion and homecoming will be held July 12, 13 and 14.

Cleburne—Miss Mozelle Ford directed affairs of the local chamber of commerce while Secretary-Manager Patterson attended TCEA at Corpus Christi.

San Saba—The State Pecan Growers Association will meet in San Saba July 10, 11 and 12.

Marfa—Marfa is flooded with calls for summer tourist facilities. Hotel and camp quarter needs are acute.

Stephenville—The Brazos Valley Pecan Growers Association will hold their fall session in this city.

Arlington — Arlington's newly paved streets in the business section will be opened for traffic on June 9.

Fort Worth—More than a score of West Texas towns have announced that they will close shop to attend the WTCC Tenth Annual Convention.

Mistress—I will pay $30.00 a month—do you like children?

The Maid—Yes, ma'am—for $5 extra.

THIS WEEK

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

THE FABULOUS TOAD.
31 GERMAN PARTIES
MR. ROSENWALD'S GIFT.
PICTURES AND VOICE

A horned toad, known to newspaper readers as Rip Van Winkle, is supposed to have lived more than thirty years in a corner stone without air, water or food.

The toad has been seen by many including the President. Some believe the yarn. The President has not committed himself. When the toad was placed on the President's desk neither said a word.

Now the toad's owner heightens interest by saying that in his dark, airless corner stone the toad sat next to a Bible and that noble book enabled him to hold out. Many will believe that. It is a credulous human race.

In a few days Germany will elect a new Reichstag, and thirty-one different parties will fight for the seats. These include two Catholic, two Soclaist, two Nationalist, three Communistic and three Anti-Semitic parties.

In America we have only two parties that count, and our people can hardly keep track of them. Not ten in a hundred could tell what either wants or plans.

Fortunate the country with little political excitement. It is quiet, because it is doing well.

The success of the individual is often the good fortune of the many.

Julius Rosenwald who began with a public school education, courage and the desire to help others, has established a fund "for the benefit of humanity," recently adding $2,000,000 to other gifts, now in excess of $20,000,000.

Mr. Rosenwald gives the money to trustees for the public benefit and imposes only one condition, that "all the money shall be spent, principal and interest, within 25 years of Mr. Rosenwald's death.

May that death be long postponed.

Moving picture enthusiasts will soon have sound with their pictures. Actors will talk and sing on the screen and news reels will enable crowds to see and HEAR what happens.

Moving picture actors will need good voices as well as beautiful teeth, faces, legs and hair.

Soon the actor without a good voice will be a moving picture actor no longer.

William Fox and his "Movietone," aided by Walter S. Gifford, of the big telephone company, and Mr. Bloom, of the Western Electric, have convinced the moving picture industry that moving pictures in future will require both "sound and fury."

Various changes will come, actors with good voices will be imported to Hollywood or moving picture studios will be transformed into places where good voices can be found.

New York State has signed a check for $33,723,734, the biggest check ever drawn by the richest State. The best part of it is that the money will be spent for public schools.

Not long ago every state spent more for prisons than for public schools, and nothing at all for public librairies. There is progress.

Art objects, from the Bronze Age, and pottery made by Philistines are dug up in Palestine.

It is impossible to realize what it meant to the human race when the ancients discovered, probably by accident, how to get copper from ore and went traveling over the earth in search of it.

Centuries ago, boats sailed cautiously from Mediterranean ports, keeping in sight of land, having no compass.

Bold Phoenicians from the eastern end of the inland seat, traders that sold Solomon some of the wonderful things he put into his temple, sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, into the wild Atlantic, using stars in place of a compass, pushing on to what we call the British Isles. That was a wonder.

Recently the Italian flyer, Umberton Nobile, in his dirigible Italia, started through the air for the North Pole, but was forced back by fog and a gale. He took with him a cross 6 feet long, to be dropped as near to the pole as possible, and the flag of Pope Pius.

The earth is conquered, sea and air. Will men ever conquer outside space?

Thinking Out Loud!

by Landman

A fire in New Jersey recently halted a lecture. Wonder if this bit of news hasn't set some college students thinking?

Michio Ito, Japanese dancer, plans a gigantic $3,000,000 dance temple to be built in New York. It seems to us he'll have to do some real stepping to get that amount of money.

A junior at the University of Wisconsin defined "gubernatorial" as "pertaining to the power of eating." Some hard-boiled skeptics, unquestionably, will believe that he was not so wrong after all!

The horned toad found sealed in a cornerstone and still alive after 31 years' imprisonment, was taken to New York. It probably would feel quite at home in some of our modern apartments.

No doubt many presidential hopefuls are now doomed to be either also-rans or running mates.

A London professor claims to have taught a flea to answer questions by tapping on its head with its legs. Isn't tapping on the head generally indicative of "Nobody Home?"

A man convicted of arson received a lenient sentence when it was shown that he was good to his mother-in-law. Some people believed he merited a suspended sentence.

HAIL

The Monster that sometimes destroys your year's work in a few minutes. Let the GROOM MUTUAL carry the risk. Fourteen years successful operation. Has never been sued nor levied an assessment.

RATES. On grain, 8 per cent, on cotton, 12 per cent. In effect the minute it is written.

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We are now equipped to furnish complete or supplement abstracts of title to all Parmer County land and town lots, promptly.
Complete Tract Index to All Real Property In the County.

PARMER COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY
E. F. Lokey, Manager
Farwell Texas

FOR WINDMILL SERVICE NOTHING EXCELS A

STAR

They are well built and sturdy, and have a wonderful lifting power. See me for Well-drilling and well and windmill repairing.

HENRY STANLEY

GOING EAST FOR SPECIAL EYE WORK

Every year brings new scientific theories and practices in the care of the eyes. In order that I may keep abreast of these, I am going to Chicago about June 1st, for special work with some of the ablest of eye specialists.
I expect to return about July First

DR. C. E. WORRELL
Clovis New Mexico

We Have On Hand a Good Supply of

BIG GERMAN MILLET SEED
CHOICE RED TOP CANE SEED
PURE MILO MAIZE

If in need of any of these crop seeds, call on us. See us also for Gar. Oils, Greases, Accessories, Garage Work and Fence Posts

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Have Served You the Past 26 Years.

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Ambulance Service—Day or Night.

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THE NEW DURANT

THE SUPERLATIVE CAR AT A LOW PRICE

We will be pleased to give you a demonstration. Call at our place and give it a thorough inspection.

WE ARE ALSO READY

To receive the new crop of wheat and other grains, and it shall be our business to give you RIGHT PRICES, CORRECT WEIGHTS and COURTEOUS TREATMENT.

"We Will Contract Wheat Any Day for July Delivery."

GET OUR PRICES.

GISCHLER & SON

Dealers In

COAL COAL DURANT CARS

In calling Ed to your attention,
We say without fear of dissention
That for SERVICE complete,
Of the kind you can't beat,
This kid wins the honorable mention.

Plenty of time to
PLANT COTTON
and buy groceries and dry goods with the profits.

New stock of straw hats, men, ladies and children.

For bread and pastry making nothing can beat Harvest Queen and Everlite Flours—we have it.

Call for cash coupons and Trades Day Tickets.

Buy 40c worth of macaroni and 10c glass, 30c; six bars soap and 60c dessert set, 59c.

T. J. CRAWFORD

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

BAPTIST.

Pastor Jones filled his regular appointments here last Sunday, and Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. were held at the usual hours. Sunday school and young people's meeting this Sunday and preaching services again on June 10.

METHODIST.

Pastor Gilliam will preach here Sunday at the usual hours, and again on the third Sunday. Sunday school and Epworth League each Sunday at usual hours. A plan has been suggested by the pastor to have the Friona and Bovina congregations join in celebrating Children's Day together with a program and picnic.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Church school each Lord's Day at 11:00 a. m. in school auditorium. Our revival services will begin on Saturday night, July 21.

LOYAL CHURCH OF CHRIST.

We have church school each Lord's Day in the public school class rooms south of the main building at 11:00 a. m. Our revival meetings are now in progress each night in the auditorium, under the leadership of Elder Chas. W. Watkins. These meetings will continue throughout all of next week, including Lord's Day of the following week. Everybody cordially invited.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. Beattie will preach from his Friona pulpit Sunday, both forenoon and evening, to which services the entire public is cordially invited. Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Young people, not elsewhere affiliated will find a hearty welcome and a deep interest in the young folks' Bible class with one of our most competent young men, J. A. Blackwell, as teacher.

CLUB FEDERATION MEETING.

The Parmer County Federation of Clubs and kindred organizations will meet at Farwell on July 26.

We are glad to announce that at this meeting Mrs. Phoebe K. Warner will address the body. This will be a very interesting and instructive meeting and we are very anxious for a large representation from all communities in the county.

Do not forget the flower show which we hope to put on soome time this fall. Are you planting your flowers now? Help us make this a success.

REPORTER.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE CLUB.

Friona is interested in forming a Physical Culture Health Club. May we get together Monday afternoon, June 4, at four o'clock at the school auditorium for cur first meeting?

All girls from 14 to 20 who desire to come are entirely welcome.

At these meetings we expect to learn ordinary physical culture exercises, developing later into more strenuous ones. We will also take treatment for different diseases, corrected by exercise and diet. Also hiking, swimming, and games, etc.

If you are interested in the betterment of your health, if you want to be bouyantly alive and enjoy the freedom of health, see a bigger, greater future, you will surely learn here something worth while.

If you are too thin or overly large we can help you. Come, girls, let us show Friona what a health club can do.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and children left Wednesday morning for their new home in Portales, New Mexico. For the past two years they made their home north of town about four miles, where Mr. Campbell improved his place. While here both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the children made many friends who regret very much that they are leaving the Friona community.

W. M. S. REPORT.

The W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Verda Osborn Tuesday, May 29, with seven members and six visitors present.

The meeting opened with the leader in charge.

Devotional, St. John 15:1-17.

Prayer, Mrs. Osborn.

Minutes were read and stood approved.

Business.

Story, The Wayside Shrine, by Corrinne Jones.

Reading, My View of Life, by Mrs. Raymond Mayples.

Benediction, Mrs. Parr.

After dainty refreshments of punch and cake were served the ladies adjourned to meet at the Methodist church building Tuesday, June 5, with Mrs. Parr as leader.

ABERNATHY COMMUNITY.

Friona callers from this community Saturday were Mrs. D. E. Habbinga, Mr. Crobill Jones, Mr. Oscar Bell and sister and Frank Patton.

A. Vinson, east of the Syndicate Hotel, had the pleasure of having his two sons and son-in-law visit him last week. They are from Medford, Oklahoma. Mr. Vinson is looking forward to getting his spring crop in, when he will return to Oklahoma to move his family here. We give them hearty welcome to our neighborhood.

Hints for the Home

Chicken Mousse.

This is a splendid recipe to use as the main dish for Sunday night tea—when guests are expected:

Dissolve 1-2 package of lemon-flavored gelatin in cup of boiling chicken broth. When cold, beat with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Mix with it a cup of diced chicken, cup diced celery, 1 chopped pimiento, a tablespoon vinegar, 1-2 teaspoon salt, a shake of cavenne. Fold in a half cup whipped cream. Mold and chill until firm. Garnish with lettuce and olives.

Strawberry Sun Preserves.

Wash berries before hulling and drain thoroughly. Use equal parts of berries and sugar (beet or cane) heat slowly to boiling point and boil two minutes. Remore, put in pans or crocks and set in sun until is thick as desired.

Sealing Jellies and Jams.

Parafining is the easiest and best method of protecting jellies and jams. Apply a thin coating of melted wax as soon as jelly is poured. Next day add a heavier coat, rolling the glass so that the hot wax runs around edges and makes a perfect seal.

Makes Tender Crusts.

If the family doesn't like hard crusts—try setting a pan of water in the oven when baking rools and bread. The steam from the water will keep the crusts deliciously smooth and tender.

Don't Slip.

When floors are waxed after housecleaning, it's a good time to remember that invisible anchors makes rugs stay put and prevent many an accident. The anchor is in reality nothing more than a narrow strip of composition material, cut a trifle shorter than the width of the rug and attached to either end by a piece of strong webbing stitched to the rug.

Prevents Milk from Souring.

If you add a tiny pinch of salt to the milk when fresh it will keep much longer.

A host at the beginning of a meal to his wife: We are short one spoon.

What, already!

When Furniture Is Bruised.

Wet the bruised spot with water, double brown paper six times, soak it and lay on the spot. Apply hot frons until moisture evaporates.

So you spent your vacation at a fashionable resort?

Yes, they even put on riding breeches to play horseshoes.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

SUBJECT: Jesus Facing Betrayal and death.

LESSON TEXT: Mark 14:1-42; Emphasize 14:17-25, 32-36.

SIDELIGHTS ON LESSON: Exodus 12:21-28, Hebrews 5:1-10, Matthew 10:24-33, John 17:1-10, Psalm 22:1-21.

"All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
'Not mine, but thine' who only pray.
'Let this cup pass,' and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE EVENING SHADOWS have gathered over an ancient city. Faint lights steal through the narrow windows and doors of the many homes. Strange things have happened this day. Angry partisans have sought to impress their sincerity and camoflage their hypocrisy by an unusual vehemence against the Son of God.

A caucus of two nights before had brought a welcome surprise to these partisans. A disciple had fingered the coin of the purse while under the starlight the Great Teacher had spoken the parables of the Ten Virgins, The Talents and had told the story of the Final Separation of the good from the wicked.

If Judas had been listening he would have felt the keen edge of those parables. He was vacillating berween two decisions, namely, whether he should elect to merit a place among the faithful and wise five who went forth to meet the bridegroom, the faithful users of the talents, or should place himself among the five foolish or the buryer of the talent.

Presently he steals away from the company and goes to the caucus and there bargains the sale of his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Then he returns to the company in order to carry through the sordid bargain.

The fateful night has come. Jesus is sitting at meal with his disciples. Presently he announces the fact that one of those sitting at the table and eating with him should betray him—yea, one of the twelve. Then the disciples, one by one, ask him, "It it I?" Nothing is recorded to show that Jesus divulged the name of his betrayer.

One had illicitly taken possession of his body. Jesus, as the meal proceeded, took bread and blessed it, likewise the cup, and gave it to his disciples, saying, "Take, eat; this is my body." Judas had taken that body to his own condemnation; the others took it by faith to their own salvation.

It is sad enough for a good man to be overcome of an enemy; it is sad beyond expression for a good man to be betrayed by his own. Such was the suffering of the Son of God, that he should be betrayed of his own disciple.

Supper over, Jesus after a comforting discourse to his faithful disciples, comes with them to the Garden of Gethsemane. Putting himself forward from his disciples a few paces, he enters upon that memorable struggle between the willingness of the spirit, and the weakness of flesh, which caused the blood to bead itself upon his forehead as drops of sweat.

It was a search for the will of God. Suffering, shrinking flesh made its plea, "Let this cup pass," but the noble spirit of the Son of God said, "Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." And the will of God was revealed to Jesus as the path of suffering. He chose it.

No coercion of enemies, no base betrayal of a money-mad disciple caused the Son of God to go to calvary. They were impotent to cause that. They were guilty as instruments, but helpless as causes. Jesus, my friends, chose to go to Calvary for you and me.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—One six-cap Majestic range, reservoir in front, complete with oil burner. See V. E. HART, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—Registered Spotted Poland China hogs, all ages. From Henry Field foundation stock. Also registered Hereford cattle. See or write L. R. LILLARD, Friona, Texas. 35-Std

FOR SALE—Three International planters, all in good condition, at my home near Syndicate Hotel. B. C. DAY. 39-to

Leave your printing orders with the Star office and get just what you want—and get it NOW.

FOR SALE—Some good Shetland Ponies. Also a bed two-row lister. See FRIONA OIL COMPANY.

FOR SALE—Lots 11 and 12 in Block 49 of Friona. Corner business lots. Make offer. M. R. WISE, Lewistown, Montana. 40-3t

FOR SALE—All my household property, at the D. H. Meade home in Friona. MRS. LOUISA E. TAYLOR. 1td

Not what one has to do, but what one chooses to do is the index to his character. Jesus came out of Gethsemane, having chosen as between the renunciation of his Father's will and the suffering of Calvary, to take Calvary. And to Calvary he went.

The choise of Gethsemane was no wager or adventure. Too much was at stake for that. Jesus, as the prophet of the suffering servant, had long before predicted he should, saw "the travail of his soul and was satisfied." The march to Calvary was the journey to triumph through suffering.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean, forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not
blind to him,
The little gray leaves were kind
to him.
The thorn tree had a mind to
him;
When into the woods he came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would
woo him last,
From under the trees they drew
him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew him—
last
When out of the woods he came."

EPITAPH.

Beneath this sod lies Clarence Whisson.
He did not stop nor look nor listen.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I take this method of saying to all those who have so kindly befriended me, that as soon as my wheat crop is on the market I will settle in full with each and all of my creditors.

L. F. TANNERY.

Something New! A Talking Flea.

LONDON.—Professor Vittorio Pirelli promises to present the forthcoming flea circus a talking flea, that communicates with whom it may by tapping out signals in a sort of simple Morse code against its head with its powerful legs. The flea used two taps for "no" and three for "yes." The flea is said to try vainly, and with apparent anger, to communicate with other fleas that do not seem to get the idea.

Mrs. Charles Read Banks of Plainfield, N. J., advocates that men do knitting as a means of keeping out of trouble. Well, it doesn't seem to us that the remedy has worked so well among our feminine population.

"1927 Wettest Year Since 1872 in England," said a headline recently, and many were disappointed when they found the item referred to the rainfall.

Your Flower Garden

By Romaine B. Ware

PRUNING HEDGES.

The problem of hedge pruning is somewhat of a puzzle to many folk, but it is really not such a difficult matter. There are several things to be kept in mind and the rules are very simple.

First you must consider if you want a stiff formal hedge with its sharp lines or a loose-growing shrubbery-like hedge that is more natural. Your method of pruning will govern this though the particular shrub that comprises the hedge will have a great deal to say about it. A hedge of Spiraea von Houtteii or Bridal Wreath should not be trimmed to a formal line, that is not as nature, but if your hedge is of Privit or Barberry it will lend itself very nicely to the formal type of pruning.

Then too you must consider if it is a flowering shurb and when it blooms. Flowering shrubs should always be pruned after blooming period is over, in this way you do not lose the bloom. Most of the spring flowering shrubs bloom upon the wood grown in the previous season and if you prune them in the spring or even late in the fall you lose a large part of the blooming wood and your display is spoiled. All of the fall blooming species may be severely pruned in the spring and they will bloom all the better for it that fall.

If you are setting out a young hedge it will require careful pruning the first few years as this is the training time and you may start it right or wrong as you cut it with your pruning shears. Doubtless you have seen many hedges that were tall and thin at the bottom. In most cases this is caused by improper pruning in their youth. You know the old saying goes, "As the twig is bent . . .". A young hedge must be kept cut back and made to grow good and bushy at the base then it will always grow that way, but if you allow it to grow a foot or so high before you begin to force it to spread out you will have to take extra good care of it or it will get leggy.

And don't forget that your hedge needs lots of water. You have a lot of plants confined to a small area and they need at least during the first few years of their growth a great supply of water. Too, they should be cultivated frequently. Treat your hedge the best you know how and you will be fully repaid by the better growth it will make.

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HAIL INSURANCE
Let us protect your growing crops with an Old Line Hail Insurance Policy. We write protection on wheat, oats, maize, kafir, cotton and other growing crops.
M. A. CRUM

PLANT MORE COTTON
Friona will have a first class, up-to-date cotton gin, under the most competent management. Patronize it and build a home with the profits. We have the materials and our prices are right.
Do not fail to get your profit-sharing tickets.
Rockwell Bros. & Company
LUMBER
O. F. Lange Manager

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST
That is the kind of service we are after and we will strive until we get it.
We are installing a Frigidaire service in connection with our Meat Market in addition to our already efficient equipment.
Yours for the best service,
H. P. EBERLING & COMPANY

Let B-K Protect Your Milk
B-K Sterilizes
Separators
Milk Cans
Milking Machines
Pails, Bottles, etc
A B-K rinse after washing milk utensils will kill the germs that sour milk. You need no longer worry about the milk plant turning back your cans of milk because of high bacteria count and souring.
Ask Us For Free Bulletins No. 9931
THE RAIN HAS COME
And the grass will soon be growing luxuriantly, but remember that to get best results a good feed of balanced ration is necessary.
Feed Purina Cow Chow
and get all you can while getting is easy.
We buy cream, eggs, poultry and hides.
H. P. EBERLING AND COMPANY.

MAKE WAR ON FLIES
Use "War On Flies" insect powder and insect Spray, Daisy Fly Killer and Swatters.
A New Shipment of Star Brand Shoes.
M. J. B. Coffee, Tree Tea.
F. L. SPRING
Friona. Texas

JUST RECEIVED
A complete stock of the celebrated Hamilton-Brown Shoes. Work and Dress Shoes for ladies, gents and children. We also have a GOOD LINE OF MEN'S WORK CLOTHES.
Everything In Groceries.
Rushing's Grocery Store

HARVEST TIME
IS FAST APPROACHING—BE PREPARED
We are in a position to furnish what you need at lowest consistent prices. We now have a full stock of National Pressure Cookers—save on a real money saver. A full meal cooked on one burner. Ideal for canning. Prices advance after our present stock is sold.
Six-Quart Size $7.50
All Sizes In Stock
Nitro Express, 12-Gauge Shot Gun Shells $1.10
Blackwell Hardware & Furniture Company
"Dependable Hardware"

Ray Barber
Phone 241 Auctioneer Hereford, Tex.

SUPERIOR SALES SERVICE

"What's in a Name?"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"WHAT'S in a name?" once asked Will Shakespeare, and then in reply to his own question declared that a rose under any other title would have the same fragrance, thus giving us the axiom that names after all are matters of comparatively little importance. But Shakespeare's dictum is not necessarily true when applied to the naming of children. Names are an important part of personality, and since they must be kept for a lifetime they should be satisfactory to those who own them and have to answer to them through all the years of their existence.

Several thousand years ago Socrates said: "The giving of names is no small matter, nor should it be left to chance or to persons of mean abilities." Of course, no fond parent of a new baby—no doubt the most wonderful baby that ever was born—would admit that he or she is a "person of mean ability" when it comes to selecting a name for their offspring. But the offspring themselves might have different views on the matter, and many of them doubtless wish that they had some say in selecting the "handle" by which they are known by their fellow men. Prof. George R. Stewart, Jr. of the University of California, who has completed a survey of thousands of Christian names to determine the popularity trend from 1870 to the present time and coupled it with a study of names, declares that three out of every four men bear a secret grudge against their parents for the name that was fastened on them when they were young and defenseless.

"There are few men who don't wish they had a different first name," says Professor Stewart, in reporting on the results of his survey in an article in the magazine, Children. "This is due principally, I believe, to the fact that they are tired of their Christian title just as a person may become tired of always seeing the same face when he looks in the mirror. But it rests more substantially, in cases, because parents have placed on them either too 'highfalutin' or too commonplace names, as the individual tastes or self-rating may vary. A father who has bemoaned having to bear 'Percival Algernon' all his life is quite likely to term his offspring 'John' or 'James, while one who has found George irksome as inadequate to his dignity or standing resolves his son will have no such cause of lamentation. Thus the next generation of the family may sign it 'Reginald Willoughby Smith' and be equally dissatisfied."

"What's in a name?"—a great deal, at least so far as numbers are concerned in the case of certain names. Take Mary, for instance. If you could stand on a mountain top and in a voice that could be heard from Maine to California, should call "Mary!" an army of 2,000,000 women and girls would answer. And if you shouted "William" from that same eminence, approximately 2,500,000 masculine voices would answer.

Despite the preponderance of Marys, however, that name is gradually losing its popularity, accordingly to Professor Stewart. In 1905 Mary led the list of girls' names, one in fourteen. Today she is gradually giving way to Elizabeth, who now ranks first. Next to Elizabeth and Mary in order, are Helen, Dorothy, Marie, Katherine, Louise, Ruth, Eleanor and Evelyn. In 1905 Anna, Grace, Emily, Alice, Caroline, May, Emma and Mable were very popular names, but they seem to be losing out now.

Usually there is some direct reason for fashions in names as witness the case of Edna. Up until 1870 Edna was a comparatively rare name. Then came the publication of the book "St. Elmo" with its saintly heroine, Edna Earl. Immediately there was a boom in Ednas which has continued to this day. How do you account for the recent popularity of Jeans and Joans? Easy! The millions of men who served over there from 1917 to 1919 brought back with them the memories of France, which has resulted in a veritable deluge of these two names.

As for men's names there does not seem to have been as great changes in popularity as in women's names. Forty years ago William and John were the commonest names, and today they still lead the list. The only three common names that have shown much decrease are Henry, Frederick and Thomas, and they have been replaced to a large extent by Harold, Arthur and Francis. However, masculine names occasionally reflect current fashions just as do their sisters. If you are introduced to a man named "Dewey Jones," you can guess his age at thirty years and you won't be more than a year or so off. For it was just thirty years ago that the hero of Manila bay was the popular idol in the United States, and hundreds of parents found no difficulty, whatever, in selecting a name for their boy babies. And those who weren't called "Dewey" were called by the more imposing name of Theodore because every fond mother hoped that her little Teddy would some day be as great a man as the hero of San Juan hill. Twenty years from now the poll books of the nation will be enriched with an astonishing number of new voters whose last name will be anything from Smith to Jablonski, but whose first two names will undoubtedly be Charles Lindbergh. And his playmates won't call him Charlie, if he has anything to say about it.

Of course, there is a danger in following the fashion of the hour in hanging some popular-at-that-time title on the child. At the beginning of the Twentieth century, when the nouveau riche set out to get social distinction along with their money they decided that their sons would have "ritzy" names. So a lot of Percys, Algernons, Reginalds, and some Clarences became candidates for the Social Register, and today these boys are trying to live down the idea of their fellow men that they were once clad in little Lord Fauntleroy suits with white ruffled collars and wore their hair in curls.

In addition to his investigations as to the relative numbers and reason for personal titles, Professor Stewart in his survey also offers some suggestions to parents when they are confronted with the age-old problem of naming the baby. In brief here are some of them:

Beware of current fads in names. Your child will grow up as one of a crowd, instead of with a distinctive name of its own and may live to regret it.

Take thought as to initials. Consider the case of the poor girl named Alberta Susan Spear!

Don't mix your nationalities. Despite the popularity of "Abie's Irish Rose," Kathleen Guggenheimer is not a good combination. Neither is Gretchen Flaherty nor Renee Stokes.

If the last name is "strong," tone it down with a softer first name. The Quigley and Higgins families should chose Barbara or Jeanette rather than Eliza or Violet. The more neutral your last name is the wider choice you have for the first name. That's one of the advantages of being a Smith.

And last and most important of all, unless you want to win the undying resentment of your scions, don't play jokes upon them, especially if your last name happens to be somewhat "tricky." Consider the case of the governor of Texas who named his two daughters Ima and Ura. For his name was Hogg! Remember, also, the girls who went through life (unless they married) bearing the titles of June Day, Mary Christmas, Helen Burne, Helen Boyle, and Marietta Fish.

San Francisco's History

San Francisco, Calif., was first settled in 1776, when two Franciscan monks, Palou and Cambon, established an Indian mission which they called San Francisco de Asisi, the name San Francisco having been previously given to the bay. In 1846 gold was discovered in California, and people flocked to San Francisco. In March, 1848, the population was 800; in September, 1849, it was at least 10,000. San Francisco was incorporated in 1850, and in 1856 the city and the county were consolidated.

Tiny Plant Saving Coasts

So successful have been the experiments in growing plants along the English coast to avert the danger done by waves, that Holland is taking up the idea. The wave-defying vegetation is the humble English pasture plant known as Spartan townsendii, and its usefulness in making the sand of the beaches firm against erosion of the water was learned by accident. British agricultural experts are planting it systematically along the sea, and Holland is following the same plan.

Gentle Motorists

Ted—You didn't sound your horn for that last person.

Grimes—No, I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what hit him.

Easy street needs no zoning law.

JANE'S ROUND WITH ROMANCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JANE sat on the bank of the old fishing hole, her faded sunbonnet cast aside, while the spring breeze lifted her dun-colored hair playfully. The sun and wind would make more freckles—but what did she care? Bill Terry would never notice! His eyes were only for crops and mules and Jersey cows. He had no more sentiment than a wash-pot.

Bill was prosperous and he was the first boy she had ever sweethearted with; but with that, Jane wondered why she always fell back to him. For he was every whit as unattractive as Jane in looks—and more so in other ways—for Jane did read and absorb a lot from her reading. Bill read nothing but farm papers—how to get rid of mites, when to plant orchards, where to build silos. Jane wasted none of her time reading the farm journals which came to her father's mail box—except the stories. There was a corking story, "Pattering Feet," in the Plowman's Weekly. Jane had insisted that Bill read it, but he only answered:

"When I get time—maybe. Did you see that article in there about how to keep butter fresh and sweet? Just add a pinch of soda to the water you wash it in when dressing it, then rinse it in a fresh water or two before molding. The soda kills the acid from the buttermilk, you know."

Jane hated the farm. She loved to read stories of flats, of crowded apartments, of busy city streets—where things happened. One had to always wait for things on the farm—for chickens to hatch, for seeds to come up, for fruit to ripen, for crops to grow—here she was now waiting for fish to bite, because Grannie wanted a mess for supper.

A sound of an automobile drawing up at the roadside close by broke into Jane's thoughts. A moment later a man in traveling togs crashed through the underbrush a few feet from her and exclaimed aloud at the beauty of the old fishing hole. Then he saw Jane.

"Takes a fellow back to boyhood to see a thing like this!" he grinned, striding on down to her. "Did you ever see anything lovelier than the way those shadows are dancing on the water? Just enough breeze to make them jubilant!"

"I hadn't noticed," said Jane.

He looked at her so queerly that she flushed.

"One gets so used to things like that," she added hastily.

"Gosh, see that cork go under—you've got a bite—oh, boy, isn't he a beauty! Say, you're in luck to have a chance like this—did you know it?"

"I—I'm not crazy about it," Jane answered half sullenly. "It might be all right in fun—but these are for supper—and this is recognized as work in our household."

While she was speaking the man brought out pad and pencil and backed away from her.

"I'm going to sketch you," he said; then added thoughtfully, as if to himself, "By George, this would make a good set of pictures for that story of Martin's that I've got to do for the August Homestead Magazine!"

That was how it all came about—Jane's change of heart and habit. For Lynwood Channing, who sketched her that afternoon, told her (even though his smile was a bit twisted) that she could be beautiful if she would try—if she would wear her bonnet and use certain creams and lotions.

"And if you would let your hair grow again and knot it low and soft—straight, light hair should never be bobbed, you know."

Jane railed a bit at her fate and Lynwood Channing caught something of the miserable state of her mind. Upon leaving he tossed a bill to her.

"Here's your pay for posing," he smiled. "Take it and buy yourself a few things to doll up with. Don't mind if Grannie does call it 'primping.' It's romance you're wanting—every girl's birthright. Your prince will come—when you're ready for him." He shot the powerful roadster forward and a moment later was lost to sight.

Jane picked up the bill and gazed at it. It was the first money she had ever earned. She pressed it tenderly to her cheek—her freckled cheek. Then her head came up. What had he meant—"Your prince will come—when you're ready for him." Would he—would Lynwood Channing—the artist—come back? Jane's heart throbbed at the thought.

The family informed all the neighbors that Jane had posed for an artist, that her picture would be in the August number of the Homestead. They all said that Jane must be sure to show them the copy—of course. Jane had subscribed for it. Jane hinted to the girls vaguely that Lynwood Channing was coming back. They looked long and earnestly at Jane as though wondering what it was all about.

Bill Terry came as usual on Sunday afternoon.

"I hear you've turned out to be an artist's model, Janie," he said. "Don't you reckon I'll be getting jealous?"

Jane hadn't wanted Bill to come that day. She would rather stay in her attic room and read the new magazine she had borrowed from Lettie Wilkins—had rather live in a dream world of romance than hear Bill talk about alfalfa and cantaloupes. Anyway, what he said gave her an idea. She would become a model—if Lynwood Channing had chosen her for his magazine illustrations when she looked like she did that day, what would he think of her a few months from now?

(Jane had been through a terrible siege with bleaching creams—her face peeled off and the family declared she'd been into poison ivy. But Jane was warm and purring inside over the results.)

Yes, she would become a model. Bill Terry would not have to forever call her attention to suggestions on how to keep butter fresh and sweet. And she told Bill so. It brought about their first serious quarrel. But Jane was through with the Billy Terrys of this world.

When her brother, Tom, became the happy father of a son Jane insisted that they call him Lynwood. But Annie, the mother, protested.

"You can save that name for your own, Janie. This boy's name is Tommy."

That was as high as their ideals ran—Tommy! Anyway, she'd show them. She would be the "freak" in the family—for that is what they would call her when she gazed languidly out from magazine covers with her blond beauty in soft colors—when her prince came back to her!

The neighbor girls stared in earnest at Jane as the weeks passed. By July her hair, after being curled could be tucked under at the ends in a way that made it appear "done up." And her complexion—Jane never dreamed that cheeks and brow could look like that outside of pictures. Her face lost its sullen look in this new interest in herself; her eyes were bright and alert, her mouth lifted to a pleasing line. Jane wished Bill Terry could see her. She had not seen Bill since their quarrel. Nettie Wilkins said Bill was going to see Vena Carroll. Vena had always wanted Bill. Well, she was welcome to him, as far as Jane cared. She would love for him to see the change she had made in herself—though he'd probably not notice!

Then came the day the postman brought the August number of the Homestead Magazine. Jane's hands trembled as she tore the wrapper away. She had not thought to ask Lynwood Channing the name of the story, but he had said Martin's—There it was!

THE HOMELY HEROINE

—By—

CHARLES ELLIS MARTIN

(Illustrated by Lynwood Channing.)

Jane gazed at the picture for a full minute; then the magazine dropped limply to her side. She had never looked like that! "The Homely Heroine!" Then he had thought her homely—but surely she had not looked like that to him! How could he have conceived of one so slovenly, so horribly homely, as the girl in the pictures? What would the girls say? What would Bill Terry say? What would Vena say—to Bill? Before Jane knew it she was crying.

Bill Terry drove over that night.

"I got a copy of the Homsetead today, Jane, and I came over to find out if you know the address of that fellow who drew those pictures—I want to punch his head!"

"Why those pictures were all right," said Jane, moving nearer the light. "They look just like I used to!"

Bill crossed the room to her in a quick stride.

"Say, Janie, what on earth? Gosh, but you're pretty! They've been telling me—but I thought they were just trying to rub things in! But you're so 'divinely chawming'—as Berton, in 'Pattering Feet' says—that I've sure enough got something to be jealous about now. Say, Janie, you didn't mean what you said about becoming a model, did you?"

A year later Tom's wife said to Jane: "I suppose his name is Lynwood?"

And Jane, the little new mother, protested.

"This boy's name, I'll have you know, is Billy!"

Bones of Neolithic Man Found in France

Newly found neolithic deposits near Lyon comprise remains hidden in an oval grotto 17 feet long and 10 feet wide. The grotto was discovered by men digging in a quarry. While it contained human bones, it was not a sepulcher. The place was an ossuary, used for bones cast out of sepulchers. The bones were either skulls or from limbs; there were no other parts of the skeleton, and nothing was found with the bones, but objects hollowed out of stones, molds or other receptacles.

Of the 14 skulls taken from the ruins 12 are distinctly long-headed. The others, which are short-headed, show that there had been an infiltration of new blood. The bones were taken from a skeleton which, if normal, was a height of about five feet. The skull was regular, the forehead was rounded and well developed, the face was short and the orbits were low and widened transversely. Evidently the men of the grotto were of the race that occupied the south of France toward the end of the Paleolithic period.

"Birds of Paradise"

Before Dutch and British occupation of New Guinea, Chinese traders in New Guinea brought back to China gorgeous colored birds. In dressing them for sale they cut off the feet. People believed them to be supernatural creatures that never alighted, supposing that they came from heaven. This is how the name "bird of Paradise" originated.

Cute in a Baby—Awful at Three—and it's Dangerous

by Ruth Brittain

Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

Bad Breath? Keep your Stomach Right
EVERY MORNING and NIGHT TAKE
Dr. Thacher's Vegetable SYRUP
FREE LIBERAL SAMPLE BOTTLE AT YOUR DEALER

YOUR case of PILES
is no different from others, and if others have obtained absolute relief by using PAZO OINTMENT, so can you.
Every druggist sells PAZO OINTMENT under a guarantee to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. In tubes with pile pipe, $1.00; or in tin box, 60c. Why not try it.

For Mosquito Bites, Sting of Bees and Venomous Insects
HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Skating Pattern in Dream

That one of his most successful ice patterns came to him in a dream, was recently revealed by Sidney Charlton, who claims the world's trick skating championship. While in Switzerland he dreamed that he was skating before a large crowd who seemed to applaud all out of proportion to his act. When he looked on the ice he found that he had drawn with his skates a perfect pattern of a sunflower. The surprise awakened him and he jumped out of bed to jot down the turns, which he found next day to be practicable.

Fame for Girl Musician

The Symphonic orchestra of Vienna has been conducted by twenty-two-year-old Gertrude Hrdlicaka in an important concert. Critics highly praised her work as a conductor. A few weeks before she conducted the orchestra the girl musician was almost unknown. She made her success overnight as a concert violinist.

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. —Adv.

Can a man be as religious without a pastor as with one? Certainly. But he won't be.

In a Pinch, Use
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
For Tired Feet It Can't Be Beat

At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from much walking or dancing, sprinkle two ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE powders in the foot-bath, gently rub the sore and inflamed parts and relief is like magic. Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoe. For FREE Sample address, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

For Wounds, Sprains, Cuts, Sunburn, or Scratches, and after Shaving. Same formula 66 Years.
Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC

The Nation's Tribute

The ceremonious placing of a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier is always part of Memorial day observances at the national capital.

Inspiration for Memorial Day Belongs to Confederacy

Memorial day, when America halts to place its tribute by the graves of those who died that liberty might live, was first set aside for public observance in 1868. Known then as "Decoration day," it was promulgated by the Grand Army of the Republic for the decoration and adornment of the Union soldiers' graves, and in that year generally confined to participation by the ex-soldiers and survivors of the dead.

But it was the sorrow and remembrance of the Confederacy that inspired this action that has given the nation a day set apart to the brave who fell in the Spanish and World wars, as well as the Civil war heroes.

On a cold, raw day in March, 1868, a little party left the national capital to visit the battlefields around Richmond. The instigator and leader of the group was Col. Charles L. Wilson, a Chicago editor of that time, and with him were his niece, fiancee, and Mrs. John A. Logan. They rode from one scene of desolation to another, touched by the poverty of the region, once the proud capital of the Confederacy. And above all they noticed the numberless Confederate graves, most of them decorated with faded flowers and bunting.

Returning to Washington, the Richmond pilgrims went to the rooms of Gen. John A. Logan, then commander of the G. A. R., who had been unable to accompany his wife on the trip because of the pressure of congressional business. The war-torn country about Richmond was described to him; the rows of graves, each marked by some loving hand, now covered by a gentle snow that, nevertheless, could not dim the tokens of devotion left upon them.

Resolves On an Order.

"The Greeks and Romans," said General Logan, "in the day of their glory, were wont to honor their hero dead by chaplets of laurel and flowers, as well as bronze and stone." And he added that this thought should be carried over to the United States. It could be done, he believed, by the issuance of an order from him, as commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., to the posts established throughout the North.

General Logan immediately set about writing the order and the following night called a meeting of the G. A. R. staff officers in his rooms at the old Willard hotel, Washington, where the order he had written was submitted for their approval. The staff was unanimous in agreement and not long thereafter "Order No. 11" was broadcast from G. A. R. headquarters all over the country. In part it read:

"The thirtieth day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late Civil war, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, hamlet and churchyard in the land.

"It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivior of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades."

Day Widely Celebrated.

When May 30, 1868, came, the nation responded to the idea of a Memorial day. Vast throngs of widows and orphaned children visited the cemeteries, while the G. A. R. posts paraded through city and village streets to solemn music. In June of that year General Logan introduced the following resolution in congress:

"Resolved, that the proceedings of the different cities, towns, etc., recently held in commemoration of the gallant heroes who have sacrificed their lives in defense of the republic, and the record of the ceremonial of the decoration of the honored tombs of the departed, shall be collected and bound, under the direction of such person as the speaker shall designate, for the use of congress."

The resolution was adopted unanimously, and beginning with the next year the importance of Decoration, or Memorial, day grew, until it is now observed all over the nation. General Logan, when the thought of such a day came to him, compared it to the Greek and Roman customs, and the closest approach to Memorial day found in European countries today is the custom of burning candles for the dead in the "All-hallow Eve" festival.

Among the most impressive ceremonies that take place is the placing of floral wreaths by the President on the tombs of the officers in Arlington. These wreaths, of artificial palm leaves, entwined with a few blooms, are accompanied by executive cards signifying the gratitude of a nation for those who died in her service. Long streamers of red, white and blue ribbons float from each wreath. The Arlington amphitheater is the scene of solemn exercises in memory of the soldier, sailor and marine dead.

General Wheeler's Story

Arlington cemetery is preserved for those who have fought for the nation, and the names of the Union officers of the Civil war are to be found perpetuated in the amphitheater. But there is one Confederate officer who rests in an Arlington grave, Gen. Joe Wheeler, who did not allow one-time allegiance to the Stars and Bars to keep him from fighting under the Stars and Stripes in the Spanish war. Yet even as he watched his men in battle at San Juan hill, old memories of Confederate days returned, causing an amusing situation.

General Wheeler, at the inception of the Spanish war, was commissioned by President McKinley, who is reported to have said: Joe, old boy, I am glad to hand it to you; but I love you too well for you to go down there and die of yellow fever."

Unfortunately, President McKinley's words partly came true, for General Wheeler was taken down with malaria. But the old soldier wouldn't stay down when San Juan hill was fought over. He broke away from the nurse and doctors, commandeered an ambulance and was taken up to the staff officers watching the fight through field glasses. "Old Joe" grabbed his binoculars and intently watched the battle. As the American forces achieved victory, he broke into a "rebel yell."

"Just see how the d——n Yankees run!" shouted General Wheeler, carried back to stirring days more than thirty years before. The staff officers, fearful that something must have gone wrong and at a loss to account for Wheeler's words, were horrified.

Explanation in Order.

"What was that, general?" some one asked him.

"Just see the d—n Yankees run!" he repeated, shouting with jubilation before realization of his words sank home. Remembering the time and place, "Old Joe," slightly red in the face, checked his excitement and became very gruff.

"Beg pardon," he said, "I meant the Spanish dons." Everyone roared with laughter, including the general.

General Wheeler, those who fought with, and against him, and in the last conflict of the nation are the men honored today. The observance of Memorial day long ago passed into the hands of the general public from the nurturing of the G. A. R., although that body of veterans and their associated women's organizations have unceasingly done their share to promote the occasion. Today the youth of the American Legion carries on the work of the older boys in Blue—and those in Gray, who gave beginning to America's own day for reverence of her heroic dead.

NEARBY and YONDER

By T. T. Maxey

The Floating White House

THE Mayflower, a wooden, coal burning vessel, was built at Clydebank, Scotland, in 1897, and used as a private yacht by a wealthy New York business man.

During the Spanish-American war it was purchased by Uncle Sam converted into a gunboat and spent much time in Cuban waters, capturing several prizes. It was returned to the Caribbean sea when trouble broke out in Santo Domingo; later it cruised in European waters, but was returned in time to perform the most interesting service of conveying the special envoys of Russia and Japan to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, when peace terms which ended the Russo-Jap scrap were arranged.

Congress authorized its use as "The Presidential Yacht," in 1907. Five Presidents, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge, have trod her decks.

A slim, trim-looking craft, the Mayflower is 341 feet long, 36 feet beam, draws about 18 feet of water, makes about 15 miles an hour, now burns oil, carries four six-pound guns and has a crew of 8 officers and 187 men, including 24 marines and a chaplain. It has sleeping quarters for the President, his wife, 14 guests and the crew.

Equipped with reception, smoking and dining rooms, library, piano, graphophone, orchestra and radio, the most luxuriously equipped naval vessel we have, free from military spirit, embodying the private and peaceful atmosphere of a mansion, the Mayflower offers a welcome means of escape from the strains which rest upon our Chief Executive which has been enjoyed more frequently by President and Mrs. Coolidge than either of his predecessors.

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The Czar of Lights

THE brightest beacon which guards our coast is that in service at Navasink, N. J., which marks the entrance to New York harbor.

This czar of lights flashes from a massive stone tower, built in 1862, and located at the highest point along the Atlantic coast for hundreds of miles—north or south—the light being 246 feet above the water.

Having the power of 710,000 candles, this light is plainly visibly over 1,000 square miles of water. Under normal conditions, it can be seen for 26 miles, and, under unusually good atmospheric conditions, has been sighted by incoming ships 50 miles at sea.

The great lens, surprisingly beautiful and displaying every color of the rainbow, is five feet in diameter and made up of nearly 400 separate prisms, held together by copper frames and set to focus the rays of light into a single beam. It rests on a turntable which in turn rests on a bed of quicksilver weighing five tons. The lens and table weigh ten tons and are turned by a clock-like mechanism.

The light is furnished by three incandescent oil-vapor burners within the lens. Its intensity resembles a flash of sheet lightning. The flash lasts for three-fourths of a second, followed by two seconds of darkness and is so distinctive that, 'tis said, no experienced observer could mistake it for any other light. Its closeup glare is so blinding that the keepers are obliged to wear dark-smoked glasses to avoid serious eye injury.

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bourgeois a Town Dweller

The middle class, as a dominant social body, is a comparatively new thing, writes Gilbert Seldes in the Saturday Evening Post. From the days of Coriolanus to those of Louis XIV, if you wanted to have any large group of people, you directed yourself to the sweaty rabble, the great unwashed. The bourgeois of those times was, as the name indicates, a town dweller, a citizen, and what is more, he was usually a free citizen.

Static Sparks

On a dry day the moving parts of machinery throw out sparks of static electricity which sometimes cause an explosion, like the gas in an automobile engine, if the air is heavily laden with dust or any kind of finely pulverized matter. Flour mills, dry-cleaning establishments, coal mines and the vicinity of threshing machines are some of the places where fires may result from these explosions.

Habit

The word "habit" has been so badly used that children are afraid of it. They are warned against all sorts of habits. Why not encourage children to form habits that will come in handy instead of warning them so much about habits that will bring grief? We take the negative instead of the positive approach.—Grove Patterson, in Mobile Register.

Composition of Wood

Wood is composed of millions of tiny cells, some filled with water, some with air, and some with oil. When wood is burning, the heat makes the contents of the cells expand until the cells burst, causing miniature explosions, familiar to us as "crackles."

Some Questions to Ask Farmer

Find Strong and Weak Points in Farm System and Make Changes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Mr. Farmer, ask yourself these questions. If you can answer all of them accurately and satisfactorily you are probably prosperous and contented with your lot. If not—well, try to answer them anyhow.

What is the size of your farm business?

What part of your investment is in land, buildings, live stock, machinery, and other capital?

Are your crops properly proportioned for greatest returns?

Compare Yields.

How do your crop yields compare with the average yields of the locality?

What classes of live stock returu you the most money?

How do the returns from your live stock compare with the average of your locality?

How many acres of crops do you raise per man? Per horse?

Is your farm so organized that each part of the business is yielding satisfactory returns?

How much have you left for your own labor after deducting from your total receipts your expenses, value of labor performed by members of your family, and interest on your investment?

How much does the farm contribute toward your family living?

Strong and Weak Points.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 1139-F, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, is designed to help you answer these questions intelligently. Then if the answers are not satisfactory you can more readily find the strong and weak points in your system of management and make such changes that the answers next year to the same questions will prove more satisfactory. This bulletin includes blanks for the compilation of an analysis of the farm business as a whole and in its parts, and the authors explain how the spaces may be filled and the summaries made. It is mailed on request to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

Proper Care and Feed for Any Breeding Ram

The ram need not be with the flock more than two months, as during that period he will have had time to serve a ewe twice or even three times. If he is to serve more than 30 or 35 ewes it is best to turn him with the flock only at night. To test a ram, paint his brisket with red or yellow ochre and you can tell whether he serves the same ewe twice by the mark he leaves on the rear of the ewe. By using a different color each week you can tell just when a ewe is to lamb and can give her close attention.

The ram should be in good condition. He should receive, at this time, a regular allowance of grain and a good supply of clover or alfalfa hay. A succulent ration is recommended but avoid heavy feeding of roots or mangels since they bring about bladder troubles when fed to rams or wethers. After the breeding season is over it is only necessary to keep the ram in medium condition. In most cases, a hay ration will be enough, but some juicy feed would be desirable. Do not pen him up close but permit him to have ample room for exercise.

Agricultural Notes

If you are buying flaxseed, be sure to get a disease-resistant strain.

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If there is land on the farm that is too poor or rough to cultivate, one may establish a woodlot.

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Only the best potatoes pay to ship when a surplus of tubers exists in the country. Feed the lower-grade stuff to live stock.

• • •

It costs just as much to raise a 40-bushel crop as one that yields 50 bushels so why not plant your farm to adapted varieties?

• • •

Growing tomatoes by the staked method for ordinary late summer market or for the canning factory is entirely out of the question.

• • •

Sanitation as a means of control for diseases of both pigs and chickens, is being advocated as the nearest thing to "sure fire" that has yet been discovered.

• • •

Millet makes very good hay for cattle. It is not desirable for horses. Use common millet. Sow after danger of frost is past, about 25 pounds per acre.

• • •

Rape may be sown at the rate of three to four pounds per acre in rows, or five to six pounds broadcast. Where rainfall is a limiting factor the minimum row seeding is preferable.

• • •

Cutworms are among the most troublesome insects with which the gardener and the farmer have to deal. Their principal damage is done in the spring when they cut off young plants at or near the surface of the ground. Cut worms are not difficult to control. The most effective and most practical method is to poison them with poisoned bran mash.

Any Woman Can Look Stylish

By MAE MARTIN

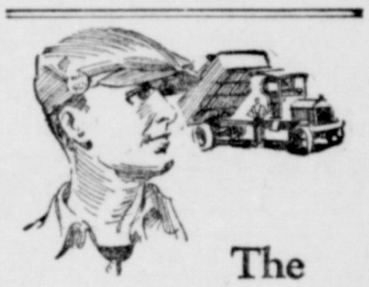
Most stylish looking women you see are simply "good managers." They don't open their pocket-books wide for every change in fashion. They know simple ways to make last season's things conform to this season's styles.

Thousands of them have learned how easily they can transform a dress, or blouse, or coat, by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing. With true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, anyone can do this successfully. The "know-how" is in the dyes. Each package represents the perfection of 50 years of dye-making. They don't streak or spot like inferior dyes. New, fashionable tints appear like magic, right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Tinting with Diamond Dyes is as easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little longer. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of ways you can make your home and clothes stylish and attractive, and do it with little money. It's FREE. Send for your copy, NOW. Write Mae Martin, Home Service Dept., Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

Threw Shoes at Preacher

The sermon of the dean of Peterborough at the cathedral in Peterborough, England, praising the flapper's stern qualities, displeased an elderly woman worshiper. She first protested against the dean's eulogy of the modern girl, but when she found out that her protests went unheeded, she removed both of her shoes and flung them at the dean, then she took off her hat and threw it at the head of the "offensive" preacher.



The Truck Driver

I believe Champion is the better spark plug because of the way Champions stand up in hard truck service.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

WHAT CAN I DO

FOR YOU HERE IN NEW YORK?

Purchasing, shopping, investigating. Every kind of service performed in strict confidence. T. W. Wright, 258 Broadway, New York City.

Unless He's Experienced

The fellow who is most eager to paddle his own canoe frequently upsets it.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

If some people were to think twice before speaking they would never say anything.

Quickly Relieves Rheumatic Pains

12 Days' Free Trial

To get relief when pain tortured joints and muscles keep you in constant misery rub on Joint-Ease.

It is quickly absorbed and you can rub it in often and expect results more speedily. Get it at any druggist in America.

Use Joint-Ease for sciatica, lumbago, sore, lame muscles, lame back, chest colds, sore nostrils and burning, aching feet. Only 60 cents. It penetrates.

FREE Send name and Address for 12 day trial tube to Pope Laboratories, Desk 3, Hallowell, Maine.

Joint-Ease

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 21--1928.

CHAPTER I.

Tampa is always quiet in mid-afternoon. It is always a tranquil time of day, and the best way to spent it is to sit and drink many cold drinks of lime and lemon.

I used to spend it that way except when out on calls. Jefferson Davis Lincoln who watches over me and answers my bells and sweeps my office and with inimitable bows guides my patients to their chairs, can make as refreshing a concoction out of a little lime juice and mint and seltzer water as can be imagined.

Perhaps the story of Southland Downs should begin with that August afternoon beside Useppa Island. Alexander Pierce and I were tarpon fishing.

When I think of Alaxander Pierce it is always with a fishing-rod in his hand. He was at his best then. To see him on the street one could easily guess that he was a fisherman, but never a detective. There is no practice in the world that leaves its mark upon a man's face more clearly than fishing. Pierce had that mark. He had singularly quiet eyes—eyes that looked farther than most telescopes but yet not seemingly keen or alert. He had a lean, weather-beaten face, scribed and rescribed with lines. His hair was curiously thin—and people rather expected it to be gray. But when he removed his hat it was seen to be rather light brown and fine.

"So you go back to your work tomorrow," I said. "I'm sorry you can't stay any longer."

"Not as sorry as I am, doc," he replied. "If it's between fish and thieves, I choose fish every time. They are more gentlemanly, and require a finer art. One's daily bread, you know. But why won't you stay and fish without me?"

"Fishing for tarpon with anybody except Alexander the Great would give me no thrill at all," I told him. "I'd sooner go to my house party."

"Dancing around in a ballroom when you could be dancing around on the sea with a tarpon. By the way, where did you say you were going for this riotous week?"

"To my old manor house in the interior—Southley Downs."

"Southley?" he mutttered. "His name doesn't happen to be Peter Southley, does it?"

"That happens to be his name."

"An old man—seventy-five years of age—white-haired, heavily built, about as tall as you, with a peculiar nervous twitch to hs eyes?"

"That's Peter Southley. I don't know him well. I met him at my club in Tampa when he was visiting the Martins. And I can't understand about what made him ask me. I got the letter a couple of days ago and he promises fishing and shooting and golf of the best. Asked me for a full week and even seemed a trifle hectic about it—as if he wanted me very badly. I'll stay a day or two at least."

"Queer thing," he muttered. "Such a queer thing. But there doesn't seem to be any further doubt."

I was scorched by curiosity, but I knew enough not to ask questions.

"You're a sort of trustworthy quack, Long," he remarked at last.

I began to be hopeful; but I knew my cue.

"Very blundering. I'm afraid, Alex."

"Of course your years are against you—only thirty-three. Yet they say that you have a cool hand with a scalpel. Steady hand means steady nerves. Steady nerves means you're to be trusted in a pinch. You handled that Wildmarsh problem pretty well, too. Tell me—have you any deep, personal regard for this man Southley?"

"Not really. I'd barely met the man. I did thing he was a kindly old chap; very agreeable and with a fine taste for vintages."

"I rather thought that might describe him.—Long, I want you to keep your eyes open when you are at his house. I want you to watch—all the time."

"Alexander, you are the last man in the world to ask me to do anything that is the slightest breach in loyalty between a guest and his host."

"I rather hope I am Long, yet a detective gets remorseless. I must guard against it. In this case—well, in this case, I should say it was quite otherwise. Maybe you dont know what I mean. I'm not sure that I know myself. I have rather vague ideas—instincts, I guess you would call them that. I can't tell you what prompts them. I don't know myself. Anyway, you can be sure that I don't want you to take any position unbecoming a guest."

"Then tell me—What am I to do?"

He went on as if I hadn't questioned him. "Perhaps I'm playing a blind lead, but my instincts tells me otherwise. It is simply tips. Less than a year ago the detective agency with which I have unofficial connections would have paid me the biggest fee of my lifetime to find this same Peter H. Southley. Only his name isn't that or anything like it. It is in reality Andrew Lasson."

"You mean—that the old man is going under an alias?"

"I'll correct that a little. I don't know that his real name is Andrew Lasson. I don't know that it isn't Southley. Names don't much matter, you know. At sundry times I've been known through the West as Amos Schmidt. His real name may be Southley, and it may be Lasson or something else. All I know is for a long period of time the man who calls himself Southley was known as Andrew Lasson. I know that he landed in America forty years ago as Andrew Lasson. What his name was before that I don't know. I know that about a year ago inquiries came from a certain man in England to find at all costs Andrew Lasson. The fee was to be tremendous, most of which was to be paid a year after we found him. The man's name was Roderick—at least, that's what he told us. His signature was that of an old man. After a while his son—a big, dark, good-looking man of about thirty-five—came to see us personally. Well, we started to work. We traced just long enough to discover that Andrew Lasson had moved south from New York as Peter H. Southley—when Roderic called us off. He said he had found his party himself."

"Perhaps it was just some legal mix-up—heir to an estate or something? Southley is tremendously wealthy."

"Possibly. But I did get interested. I never saw such a tireless pair of hunters as these Rodericks were. And when you're down for this week-end party I want you to keep ears and eyes wide open—and of course, lips closed."

The journey to Southley Downs is distinguished by some of the most beautiful scenery in Florida, but I didn't look at it.

The porter showed me my seat at the seaboard station and it is unbelleveably true that ten minutes had passed before I ever noticed the dainty little hat on a girl almost the length of the car ahead. And it is a queer thing that my first thought after noticing it was that ten minutes had been wasted. There is no accounting for the vagaries of the human mind. It wasn't that I'm the kind of man that can stand before a shop window and spend an enjoyable ten minutes gazing at creations of millinery.

There was a feeling from the first that if it should only be lifted off it would reveal a great, lovely heap of shimmering brown hair, arching a face as pretty and piquant as the eyes of man could wish to see. It was just that kind of a hat.

The train stopped at a station and a man in the opposite row of seats from mine left the train. His chair was considerably nearer the front of the car than mine, so I slipped into it. The girl's profile was plainly visible to me now.

She wore a little tailored suit of blue, and her silken bag indicated a week-end visit with a girl friend on the shore. It was one of those pretty conceits that girls love, cut up into a hundred detectable pockets for toilet articles. I could not watch her so intently now. I pretended to gaze out of the window but the panorama slipped by me without leaving a single impression in my memory. Then, turning once more, our eyes met.

All at once I saw that her color was gone. I watched her more intently. The fatigue of the journey combined with some nervous strain that I could not understand, were having an actual, tangible effect on her physical being. I began to feel glad that I was a doctor. Her position had changed too, I had to look twice to see what she was doing.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Cast of Principal Characters In This Mystery-Romance Story

Dr. Long ..... The Narrator
Alexander Pierce ... The Detective
Josephine Southley ..... The Girl
Ahmad Das ..... A Hindu
Peter H. Southley ..... Host at Southley Downs
Ernest Southley ..... His Son
Mr. Hayward ..... Guest at Southley Downs
Vilas Hayward ..... His Son
—and THE TIGER!

LAZBUDDY STUDY CLUB.

On May 17 the regular meeting of the Lazbuddy Study Club was held at the home of Mrs. Raymond Treider.

Sixteen members responded to the roll call.

The subject for the day was Cleaner Homes, and surroundings as a means to better health and prevention of contageous diseases.

Mrs. C. E. Merriott was on the program for "The importance of disposing of garbage."

Mrs. W. S. Menefee for "Better Habits and Diet for the School Child."

Mrs. Ed Steinbock on "Better Drainage and Disinfectants."

Then we had a general discussion on "Good Health."

We installed the new secretary and treasurer who was elected May 3.

After adjournment, an hour was spent socially, during which we gave our beloved president, Mrs. Loyal Lust, a surprise shower of miscellaneous articles which were both beautiful and useful.

The presents were presented in Boston bags and the surprise that shone of Mrs. Lusts face was so genuine that everyone felt that we had put over a most delightful surprise.

During the social hour refreshments were served to the ladies, consisting of cake in pink and white with peaches.

Many thanks to our hostess for a very pleasant afternoon.

Our next meeting will be with Mrs. George Treider on June 7, A. D. 1928.

CLUB REPORTER.

Jackman's
Womens Wear Exclusively

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

Inness Cummings received a painful and serious wound on his hand while working last Saturday.

Mr. Cummings was driving his tractor on his farm east of the Syndicate Hotel, when he was in some manner thrown from his seat. In the fall his hand was caught in some manner and seriously injured.

TO RECEIVE BIDS.

The Star is authorized by the board of trustees of the Friona school that, in order to give to all who may care to do so, a chance to secure the job of transporting the pupils of the district, bids for such work will be received by the board up to and including Wednesday, June 6.

Bids for a two-year contract will be considered. Place bids in the hands of A. S. Curry, president, or F. N. Welch, secretary.

DIAMOND SPARKLES.

Perhaps the most interesting ball game to be played on the Friona diamond this season will be played Saturday afternoon, June 9, beginning promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

The game will be played by the Stylish Stouts vs the Flappers, two baseball clubs organized by members of the Friona Woman's Club. Mrs. R. H. Kinsley is captain of the Stylish Stouts and Mrs. J. C. Wilkison is captain of the Flappers.

The captains promise us one of the most interesting and the most fiercely contested game for the leading score from start to finish that ball fans of Friona have ever witnessed. The admission fee will be only 10c for children and 25c for adults. Do not forget the date—Saturday, June 9, at 2:30 p. m.

The Friona baseball club has reorganized for the season with A. E. (Slim) Taylor as manager and the boys will play their initial game this Sunday with the Bovina team on the Bovina diamond.

Manager Taylor has promised the Star a good write up of each game played during the season, which we will be glad to offer to our readers through our columns. Here's wishing the team a most successful season's playing.

CALIFORNIA PEOPLE HERE.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hart, of Laundale, California, arrived at Friona Wednesday night of last week for a visit of a few weeks with relatives.

Mr. Hart is a brother of our highly esteemed citizen, L. H. Hart, whose farm home is one and a half miles north of town and while in Texas he will also visit relatives and friends at Floydada where he owns property.

Arthur Rose of Tucumcari is in Friona this week.

"Fat" Fallwell of Hereford was in Friona on business Saturday.

Mrs. H. P. Eberling was a business visitor in Amarillo Thursday.

Mrs. Hicks, mother of Messrs. Frank and Bob Hicks, is here from San Saba visiting her sons and will remain for the summer.

R. W. Thompson of Amarillo was transacting business here Tuesday.

Mrs. J. L. Landrum and children spent Wednesday in Hereford. Miss Dorothy remained to take some treatments from a doctor there.

Nat Jones, accompanied by Misses Edith Galloway, Bonnie Curry, Neva Jones and Juanita Curry, spent Thursday in Farwell and while there the young ladies motored to Clovis where they spent the afternoon.

HAPPILY SURPRISED.

Mrs. Rushing was most happily surprised Wednesday evening when her sister, Miss Emma Carrington and her friend, Miss Terry, both of Long Beach, California, dropped in on her unannounced.

It was the first time the sisters had met in four years. The surprise was complete and Mrs. Rushing was unable to epress her great joy at the meeting.

The two young ladies will go on for a few weeks visit with relatives and friends in Oklahoma and Arkansas, when they will return to Friona for a more extended visit with Mrs. Rushing.

STAR THEATRE
HEREFORD, TEXAS

Monday and Tuesday
JUNE 4-5
BILLIE DOVE
in
"The Yellow Lilly"

Wednesday and Thursday
JUNE 6-7
"Detectives"
with
KARL DANE AND GEORGE K. ARTHUR.

Friday and Saturday
JUNE 8-9
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in
"The Circus"

Time of Shows..... 7:30-9:00 p. m.
Saturday Matinee... 2:00-3:30 p. m.

MRS. LIVINGS ENTERTAINS.

A surprise shower was given in the home of Mrs. G. P. Livings Thursday, May 24, with Mrs. Livings and Mrs. Galloway as hostesses, honoring Mrs. Clarence Day, Mrs. Sloan Osborne and Mrs. Cayson Jones. The afternoon was very enjoyably spent in games and contests. The many gifts which they received were both beautiful and useful. Refreshments of punch and wafers were served, presided over by Misses Edith Galloway and Bonnie Curry.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

Devotional meeting.

Problems of Daily Work.

The World began with work—Thelma Weir.

Jesus and the carpenter's trade—Mabel Wimberly.

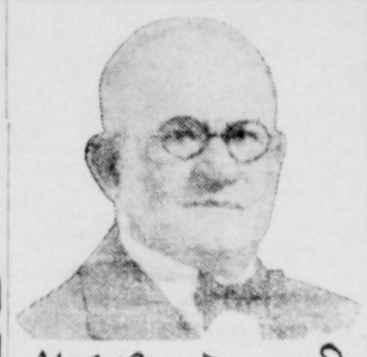
Why so many years in school?—Opal Baker.

Why strikes and the bread line?—Thermon Hobson.

Problems solved in the right way—Blanche Hobson.

Young people's problems—Roscoe Parr.

Jackman's
Womens Wear Exclusively



The man who has for many years successfully treated Pellagra by mail.

No genuine Rountree Pellagra Treatment without label bears picture and signature—Caution your friends.

Have You Found Complete Relief?

Have you any of the following symptoms? Nervousness, Stomach Trouble, Brown, Rough or Irritated Skin, Loss of Weight, Weakness, Peculiar Swimming of the Head, Burning Sensations, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Mucous in the Throat, Crazy Feelings or Aching Bones.

Don't Waste your money and risk delay by trying substitutes. Put your case in the hands of a Physician who has been a proven success for many years as a Pellagra Specialist.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY:

Mrs. R. R. Robinson, Stigler, Okla., writes: "I am glad to tell you what your wonderful Pellagra treatment has done for me. I feel like a new woman."

Mrs. W. S. Hays, Eagleton, Ark. writes: "I took Dr. Rountree's treatment for Pellagra in 1926. I feel better than I have for 15 years."

WRITE TODAY! Rountree Laboratories, Austin, Texas. For FREE Diagnosis, Questionnaire and Blue Book, "The Story of Pellagra", also for hundreds of additional Testimonials.

STAR THEATRE

Monday - Tuesday
June 4-5

BILLIE DOVE

STAR THEATRE

Wednesday - Thursday
June 6-7

A Metro Goldwyn Mayer PICTURE

We Have a Carload of

SANDERS SOD PLOWS

Now rolling. Place your order now for these plows as they are hard to get and we will not be able to get another supply before harvest.

John Deere Tractors, Plains Land, Insurance.

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

Victrola

THE NEW ORTHOPHONIC
HEAR THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE AT OUR STORE.

We handle everything in Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Cigars Cold Drinks,, New Stand.

Doctors Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
Registered Pharmacist Always In Charge.

CITY DRUG STORE
Friona, Texas.

THE BIGGER YOUR BALANCE THE BETTER.....

BETTER FOR YOU—BECAUSE OF increased prestige and multiplied opportunity; better for the bank which is able to earn a fair margin of profit while giving you a full measure of service.

FRIONA STATE BANK
FRIONA - - TEXAS

Our Happy Home

The new home of our Friona plant is rapidly nearing completion and will soon be ready for occupancy, where we will be pleased to greet our many friends and patrons, and from which we will be always prepared, as usual, to supply you in wholesale lots, either large or small, with any of the standard line of

MAGNOLIA PRODUCTS KEROSENE, GASOLINE, OILS

Magnolia Petroleum Co.
J. C. Wilkison, Agent.