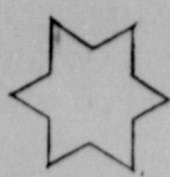


Parmer County Poultry Show will be held at Friona December 7 and 8. Bring your poultry.



The Friona Star

Let's have a Dairy Show along with the Poultry Show. Get busy - it will help.

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

VOLUME FOUR—NUMBER 19.

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1928.

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

Friona Loses County Seat Removal Election by 207 Votes

Be Sure to Attend Chamber of Commerce Meeting Monday Night

TEAMWORK IS ILLUSTRATED IN LATE CAMPAIGN

Local People Proud of Record of Committee in Charge and Feel that Nothing Was Left Undone that Would Help.

The work done by the Friona people on election day has convinced them that they are a group of people, as a whole, that can perform perfect machine work.

The entire system worked so perfectly that it is thought there was not a single voter that was not reached by some part of the system during the day, and each part worked in perfect harmony with each other part.

Greater pains were taken by the election officials to secure correct and unquestionable voting than has ever been exercised at any election here.

Those in charge of the poll list kept an accurate check on the voting at all times throughout the day and the persons whose duty it was to get the voters to the polls were ever alert and ready to go at a moment's notice to any part of the precinct when necessary to save a vote.

Those who went sent into other precincts to do the same line of work were just as faithful to their trust as were those who remained at Friona, and did some splendid work. If they were unable to accomplish much in the way of securing results, they at least found out the reason why they could not.

In fact, Friona is so well pleased with the work done that it feels almost invincible and considers the time and money spent on this campaign as the best investment ever made by the community and all are proud to belong to so loyal and progressive a citizenry.

STORK-O-GRAM.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hart, Monday morning, November 26, at their home a half mile north of town, a daughter.

LAND ACTIVITY

Real Estate Sales Are Picking Up and Many New Crops Are Here Prospecting and Many Others Here Soon.

It seems that interest in the real estate business is becoming more active locally than it has been for some time past.

One local firm reports a number of prospects having arrived this week, and several other strangers have been noted in town, who are reported to be interested in or looking for a suitable deal for good land.

SEVERAL PEOPLE SICK.

It seems that quite a number of people throughout the community are suffering from various varieties of illness this week.

One of our grocers, V. E. Rusing, has been confined to his room with an attack of influenza; Miss Geneva Jones was threatened with pneumonia; a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Kimbrel was quite sick, and Mrs. McQuestion and baby also were quick sick with the influenza.

FEED MAN HERE.

S. H. Mitchell of Plainview was a business visitor in Friona Tuesday. Mr. Mitchell is a traveling representative of the Purina Feed Mills and is deeply interested in the proper feeding of dairy cows and poultry for securing the most profitable production.

He is also an expert for culling hens to dispose of the non-producers. He will visit Friona once each month.

GRAIN STILL COMING.

Trucks, wagons and barges laden with threshed grain or heads continue to roll into town each day when weather conditions are favorable. It would seem to people in town that all the grain that could be raised in the country must have come in several days ago, but such is not the case.

Grain, both threshed and in the head looks to be in prime condition for the market, and just how much has already come in is hard to estimate. One dealer alone has bought over 2,000 tons of heads and thousands of bushels of threshed grain has been received at the two elevators.

WENT TO OKLAHOMA LANE.

Several car loads of Friona people drove to the Oklahoma Lane school house last Friday night and put on a short program in the interest of Friona as a county seat. Included in the group were the high school orchestra, organized and conducted by Prof. M. A. Armstrong of the school faculty; also the girls' choral club of the high school, which was organized and trained by Miss Adams, also of the high school faculty. These groups of young musicians each rendered a few selections which met with appreciative applause.

Following the musical program attendance was entertained by short talks on the county seat removal by J. J. Horton and John White, president and secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce. These talks were followed by a talk by J. D. Hamlin of Farwell who fully explained Farwell's position on the removal question.

IS VISITING HOME FOLK.

Carroll Bowlin of the Wilkinson Chevrolet Company of this place left last week for his home in Louisiana to spend a while visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Bowlin and other relatives.

Mr. Bowlin has been a resident of Friona for the past three years and has made many friends and acquaintances during his stay here. He will return in the near future to take up his work as a member of the above named company as local representative.

CHAS. CONWAY SICK.

Mrs. O. F. Lange received word from her son, Charles, who is attending school at College Station, stating that he has been very sick with an attack of influenza.

One of his college mates who was sent to the hospital at the same time Charles was sent, took pneumonia and did not recover. Charles says it has been quite cold here, in fact unusually cold, and that the boys had to wear overcoats at their military drill. He further states that they had fifty cases cases of influenza in the college at the time he was sick. His many friends here are pleased to hear he is convalescing.

NO MEETING SATURDAY NIGHT

As it was announced in last week's issue of the Star that Rev. A. E. Ricker, D. D., and Rev. Marsh would conduct a meeting here Saturday night, we take this means of correcting same.

Rev. Ricker and Rev. Marsh will not reach Friona in time to be present at a meeting that night so the date has been cancelled, but they will be here and speak at the Congregational church on Sunday both morning and evening to which all are invited.

SOLD CROP IN HEAD.

T. W. Hughes, who lives west of town, has been hauling his grain crop to market the past week. He says he has a good yield this year but headed the greater part of it and sold the heads.

REPAIRING HOME.

Logan Simpson began this week repairing and remodeling his home on North Main street. Most of the remodeling will be on the interior arrangement of the building which will include the addition of a new bath room and other conveniences.

Black Goes 100 Percent for Friona; Only One Vote for Friona at Farwell; Bovina Goes Strong Against Measure; 1252 Votes Cast

ERNEST HOULETTE HERE.

Rev. Ernest Houlette, whose home is over the line in New Mexico, while a visitor in Friona recently favored the Star office with a social call.

Rev. Houlette's parents formerly lived in Friona and while on their farm near Findlay the family used Friona as a trading center so that he has many friends and acquaintances among the older residents of this locality.

Rev. Houlette still lives on and operates his New Mexico farm while doing ministerial work at various points in New Mexico and Texas. He says he is never so contented as when in the work of the ministry.

NEW RESIDENT ARRIVES.

A. W. Taylor, formerly of Oklahoma, arrived in Friona last week with his family and farming equipment to make this his permanent residence. Mr. Taylor has purchased land a few miles southeast of Friona where he will establish his home and begin farming. He wishes to get acquainted with the people of his new home and to that end has placed his name on the Star's subscription list.

TO FORMULATE CAMPAIGN.

A meeting has been announced to be held in Amarillo on Wednesday, December 5, for the purpose of formulating a campaign for next year's work of advertising the Panhandle country.

All secretaries and presidents of Chambers of Commerce and all newspaper editors are especially invited to be present.

Football Fans Will Have Opportunity to See Game

The football fans of Friona and vicinity are extended a cordial invitation by the citizens of Hereford and the High School officials to witness the game at Hereford next Friday, December 7, between the Hereford Whitefaces and the Memphis, Texas, Cyclones for the championship of District No. 1, Class B, Interscholastic League of Texas.

On Thanksgiving Day the two teams battled to a deadlock at Memphis, the score being 6 and 6. The game was one of the most dramatic and hair-raising contests ever played in the Panhandle. The tie is to be played off next Friday and the game should be a bearcat.

Following is a list of the unofficial vote as cast by the various precincts of the county:

	For Removal	Against Removal
Black	94	0
Friona	381	8
Bovina	40	127
Lazbuddie	52	33
Rhea	43	7
Oklahoma Lane	17	119
Farwell	1	324

The above tabulation will show that Friona received a bare majority of four votes over Farwell, and a total vote of 1252 votes cast.

A GOOD COUNTRY DINNER.

A group of Friona young people were royally entertained at dinner at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lillard. The table was laden with all the good things which Mrs. Lillard knows so well how to prepare and the guests all fared sumptuously and the afternoon was a season of the most genuine social enjoyment.

Those present were Mrs. Bella Maurer and two little grand daughters, June and Shirley Maurer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, Misses Lola, Nelda and Margaret Goodwine, Imogene Copeland and Orma White and Mr. Clyde Goodwine.



Talks to Mars? Dr. H. Mansfield Robinson of London has tried to send a message to a woman on Mars who he says has communicated with him. He uses his psycho-telepathic motor-metres and wireless set.



Factory to Opera Miss Clara Jacobo, former factory girl, soon to make her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, shown singing and playing the piano while the pet dog listens.



Santa Claus Is Tempted By Albert T. Reid
NOW, CHRIS—YOU BETTER GET BUSY READING THOSE KIDDIES LETTERS AND NOT SPEND THE WHOLE MORNIN' POURIN' OVER THOSE AUTOMOBILE CATALOGS
Santa - "I wonder if one of those things would be as adaptable for my purposes as that bunch of reindeers."

COTTON GIN ACTIVE.

The snowy season of last week put quite a check to the cotton business in Friona, but the cotton is again coming in to the extent that the gin is kept busy all day and sometimes into the night.

Quite a lot of bolly cotton is being gathered and cotton growers are making use of every available hour for getting the crop out of the fields and to the gin, and a large number of bales have already been shipped.

JUST REMARKS

"We didn't make much money, but we had lots of fun."

"I take my hat off to Black and Rhea."

"Lazbuddie has a lot of the finest people on earth, and we know most of them are our friends."

"To bad we didn't get enough votes in Farwell so each county official could have one to claim."

"What I've learned and the fun I've had in this county seat contest is worth lots more than it cost."

"Sure would like to have got the court house, but I have no regret."

"The people seem to want the county seat at the edge of the county, so let's show her up and let'er stay there."

"I'd do without a smoke all day fore I'd buy even a match in some town."

"I thought your wife would care I'd put your back for something you said the other night at Oklahoma Lane."

"I bet I know who cast that one Friona vote at Farwell."

The above are only a few of the many that were picked up around town Wednesday night. There were many others, all uttered in vein of good humor and jollity, but some of them were simply too good to give away, so we are just keeping them.

MRS. MELROY IMPROVING.

Mrs. A. P. McElroy, who returned a few weeks ago from a sanitarium, is gradually improving and so much so that she was able to make her first call on friends this week.

Her husband says her condition is so much better that he has hopes for her early return to normal health. Her many friends are pleased to know of her improved conditions.

MISSIONARY THANKSGIVING PROGRAM.

A beautiful and most appropriate combined Missionary and Thanksgiving program was rendered at the Congregational church Sunday morning at the regular hour for church services by members of the Ladies Aid and Missionary societies of the church.

The church service hour was chosen for the program owing to the fact that Pastor Beattie was filling his appointment at that time at Spring Lake.

Various numbers of the program were given in order as follows: Song: Congregation. Responsive reading, 9th Psalm. Song: Congregation. Scripture Reading: Mrs. Beattie. Prayer: Mrs. Wentworth. Special Music: Virginia Lillard and Helen Crawford. Paper, Home Mission Work of Our Church: Mrs. Guyer. Piano Solo: Esther Reeve. Foreign Mission Work of Our Church: Mrs. Blackwell. Reading: Mrs. Fred White. Thanksgiving Playlet: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maurer and Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Glesler. Thanksgiving Offering. Lord's Prayer.

POULTRY SHOW IS POSTPONED TILL JANUARY

Caused by Fact Farmers Are Busy With Late Crops. All Poultry Raisers Should Prepare Now for Best Show Yet.

The Parmer County Poultry Show which was scheduled to be held on Friday and Saturday of next week, December seven and eight, has been postponed by the officials of the association until the last Friday and Saturday in January.

This move was taken on account of the fact that so many farmers have been hindered in getting their crops threshed owing to the rains and snow that have fallen during the past few weeks, and thus will be too busy during the next two weeks to attend to the work of the show, if the weather should remain fair.

The officials urge that all poultry growers in the county take all pains possible in preparing their birds for this show and desire that all may be on hand with good exhibits and thus make the show a success and to a great deal toward promoting the poultry interests in the county.

AUCTION SALES.

December 4: owner, Fred Schultz; place, four and a half miles southwest of Hereford; farm machinery, horses, hogs, etc. Ray Barber, auctioneer.

HEALTH NURSE HERE.

Miss Moore, of the State Department of Health, who will serve the schools of the county as advisory nurse for the next few weeks arrived in Friona Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Moore's coming here is the result of an effort put forth by the Friona Woman's Club and it is to be hoped a great deal of good will be accomplished by her services.

LOTS OF WORK

Election Campaign Kept Business Men Busy; Town Almost One Hundred Percent for Measure, As Predicted.

For the greater number of Friona people the days that have elapsed since the last issue of the Star have been one continuous round of work, interest, excitement and enjoyment.

They have been deeply interested in the success of the county seat campaign for Friona, and have given unstintingly of their time, means and effort in prosecuting that campaign, and in its prosecution have met with almost unlimited incidents for enjoyment. It is always more or less amusing to see our fellow man badly scared when we know he is in no immediate danger.

It would be hard to imagine the population of a town or community working more nearly as a unit in any endeavor, than any of our people have worked during the past week. Each one, both men and women, have fallen in line and filled with faithful service every gap in the work that presented. While it is true some apparently have displayed a little more fervor and enthusiasm than others, it was merely because they were capable of doing so, and refused to stop short of their limit.

The almost "one hundred percent" vote of the Friona precinct showed that our people are no laggards in getting to the polls when loyalty to their community demands it, and while a few saw fit to oppose their own community with their franchise, it is considered they were honest in their convictions and little criticism is expressed.

Simon Girty, the Renegade



Simon Kenton

Joseph Brant

General Wayne

Indian War Dance

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT SEEMS to be one of the fallings of human nature for a nation to create a popular idol about every so often and indulge in an orgy of hero worship. Conversely it seems necessary for it also to require a popular scapegoat upon whose partially-deserving and partially-undeserving head it may pour out the vials of its blind and unreasoning hatred. In that respect the American people are no different from those of any other nation. We have a choice galaxy of "secondaries," whose names, if not actually the proverbial "hissing words," at least kindle in our minds an active feeling of resentment whenever they are mentioned. Nor do the passing of the years seem to soften the harshness of our judgment, for as Robert W. Chambers, in writing of certain Revolutionary war characters, says, "The faint-hearted who failed are judged by us as though they failed before the nation yesterday; . . . the traitor, to us, is no grotesque Guy Fawkes, but a living Judas of today."

There was a time when the American frontier had its own particular villain, and he has been made the subject of a new biography, "Simon Girty, the White Savage," written by Thomas Boyd and published recently by Minton, Balch and Company. In writing of this "backwoods roughneck," as Mr. Boyd calls him, he says, "While it would be fatal to defend him it may be interesting to see how far he can be explained," and in his first chapter, "Girty's Name and Fame" he sets about his task as follows:

Of all the men remembered from those years Simon Girty, who has been called the anomaly of western history, was perhaps the most widely and deeply hated. Pioneer mothers in lonely cabins used to scare their children into obedience by threatening them with the appearance of the dreaded Girty. And afterward it was said of him that "no other country or age ever produced perhaps so brutal, depraved, and wicked a wretch." Another called him a monster. No famished tiger ever sought the blood of a victim with more unrelenting rapacity than Girty sought the blood of a white man. He could laugh, in Spanish mockery, at the agonies of a captive, burning and writhing at the stake. He could witness unmoved the sacrifice of unoffending women and children. No scene of torture or of bloodshed was sufficient to excite compassion in his bosom. And in "The Romance of Western History" it is told that he was "a wretched miscreant" who had fled from the abode of civilized men, he became a savage in manners and in principle, and spent his whole life in the perpetration of a demagogue vengeance against his countrymen.

It was with such embellishments as these that Simon Girty's name was handed down from generation to generation in the land of the Indian. He was looked on as a monster, and local historians treated him as one. They had him killed as they believed he ought to have been killed. As a matter of fact Girty survived his own death notice by many years. When he died it was from a prosaic illness. . . . That the early pioneers had cause to hate him there is no doubt. Nor is there any doubt that they hysterically exaggerated his numerous cruelties. But that was to be expected. For at least twice in his career he stood in the light cast by his own former countrymen burning at the stake; and once he commanded a horde of Wyandot warriors who galloped into an American army which they were foremost in butchering.

However, this "wretched miscreant," than whom no country or age ever produced a "monster so brutal, depraved and wicked," had a disconcerting way of showing feelings that would have been praiseworthy even in men more humane than any that ever fought in a border war. Those frontiersmen were not noted for their gentleness. Neither was Simon Girty. Yet a number of times, and nearly always at the risk of offending the Indian chiefs and warriors, he pleaded or demanded that the lives of white prisoners be spared. That he often did successfully intercede for former countrymen of his who had been taken and condemned by the Indians is proved by records.

In short, Girty displayed too much humanity not to have champions among the tender-hearted. And one of these, far from believing that Girty's "hellish arts surpassed the red man's far," came to his rescue with the following lines:

"Oh, great-souled chief, so long maligned,
By bold calumniators,
The world shall not be always blind,
Nor all men be thy haters,
If ever on the field of blood,
Men's valor merits glory,
Then Girty's name and Girty's fame
Shall shine in song and story."

That optimistic prophecy, made many years ago, has not yet been fulfilled. Nor is this book an attempt to do so. Stubborn, bull-necked, proud of his strength, murderous yet merciful, Girty the traitor can't be whitewashed. But some credit should be given to the memory of a man who spent twenty years in the closest contact with the Shawnee, Miami and Wyandots, rose to a position of trust among them and was, in fact, the only white person to sit as one of them in their tribal war councils.

Simon Girty's career began at Chamber's Mill, near Harrisburg, Pa., where he was born in 1741, one of four sons of Simon Girty, senior, an Irish immigrant and a packhorse driver in the Indian trade. After the death of the elder Girty at the hands of a drunken Indian, Mrs. Girty married a man named John Turner who took the family farther west. During the French and Indian war the family was captured by the Indians, Turner was tortured and killed and the other members divided up among various tribes

as prisoners. Young Simon was given to the Senecas and with these leaders in the famous confederacy of the Long House he lived for three years.

Although he was returned to his people at the close of the war, the life among the Indians had left a deep imprint upon his mind. He began to earn his own living as an interpreter for traders among the Indians and by the time he was thirty he was a man of considerable influence both among the members of the garrison at Fort Pitt and among the Indians. During the Dunmore war of 1774 he served as an interpreter for Dunmore who was so pleased with his work that he commissioned Girty a second lieutenant in the Virginia militia. At the outbreak of the Revolution he took up the patriot cause and helped enlist men for the Continental army. For this service he expected to be rewarded with a captaincy, but the reward was not forthcoming.

Disappointed by this and other evidences of the fact that his possible value to the Continental cause was overlooked, he with Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliot decided to go to Detroit and offer their services to Gen. Henry Hamilton, the British commander, later notorious as the "Hair Buyer General." Hamilton was quick to realize the value of Girty's influence over the Indians and immediately placed him in command of a force of Indians which made repeated raids on the settlements in Kentucky.

For five years Girty continued in this work, during which time he gained the title of "White Indian" and, as "Simon Girty, the Renegade," built up for himself such a monument of hatred as to survive to this day. Although he saved his old friend, Simon Kenton, from the stake, when that renowned scout and Indian fighter was captured by the Shawnees, he is said to have consented to the torture of Col. William Crawford, whose capture by the Delaware and death at their hands is one of the most tragic incidents in border history. By the time the Revolution was over Girty was so loathed in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kentucky that refuge among the Indians and British in Canada was his only safety and there he made his home.

Still a leader among the Indians he fought beside the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant when Harmer's army was defeated and St. Clair's army was overwhelmed during the war with the Northwestern tribes. But the fate of the tribes who were trying in vain to resist the oncoming wave of white settlement was sealed when "Mad Anthony" Wayne came in to the Northwest to retrieve the Harmer and St. Clair disasters. And Simon Girty fought his last fight against his countrymen in the famous battle of Fallen Timbers where Wayne won his quick and decisive victory over the confederated tribes. He was too old and broken by hardships and excessive use of liquor to have a part in the War of 1812. The end came one bitterly cold February day in 1818. A fever brought on by exposure as he was returning to his cabin from a tavern at Amherstburg, Canada, did what many an American pioneer would have loved to have done long before—it killed Simon Girty, the "White Savage."

card wrote an order of reprieve. Tad seized the card and rushed away. The turkey's life was saved.—Our Dumb Animals.

Governors-Presidents

Seven Presidents had been state governors for one or more terms; Johnson, Hayes, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson and Coolidge. Two, Roosevelt and Coolidge, had been Vice Presidents.—Kansas City Star.

Criticism is easy, and art difficult.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN FRIENDSHIP

(By D. J. Walsh.)

SOPHRONIA BLAIR was famous in Marathon, where she had lived for sixty exemplary years. Fame is of all sorts, and Sophronia, who could make the best loaf of bread in all that community, had a fame that was quite as genuine as Gall-Curcul's, if not as far-reaching.

At sociable, banquet or fair, Sophronia's bread always met with praise and appreciation. If she took a gentle pleasure and had a quiet pride in her accomplishment, she was fully entitled to do so.

She was a small, gray, pointed-chinned woman, who always wore gray and looked, as she flitted about, like a bit of blown thistle-down. She lived in a tiny white house which was brightened in summer by a garland of roses, and in winter looked so much like a small snowbank that it might well have been taken for one. Sophronia had a little money to live on which she added to by baking bread for anybody who required it. And a good many people did require it, from Mrs. MacLeod, who lived at the Terrace, to little Emily Buckbee, who sewed, lived in two rooms, and had no conveniences for baking.

It was Viola Rush who conceived the idea that there was something secret in the process of Sophronia's bread-making, some mystery which she carefully guarded. She suggested this suspicion to Mrs. Graves as they sat together on Mrs. Graves' porch one breezy afternoon.

"I'd give the world to know what is in that recipe," Viola said. She was a tall, thin woman with little dark hairs growing on her chin and upper lip. She was crocheting nervously and rocking faster than she crocheted. Occasionally her chair approached too close to Mrs. Graves and then she jerked away.

Mrs. Graves smiled at Viola. She was large, calm, and judicious—too much interested in her own affairs to care much about anybody else's.

"It's the yeast, I know it is," went on Viola. "She has got some trick of making yeast that the rest of us don't know about. And we will never know about it, for it's a secret, and Sophronia Blair will never give it up."

"I guess she doesn't use any ingredients the rest of us don't know about," said Mrs. Graves. "She's just a good hand at making bread, that's all. I'm not, I'm ashamed to say. Oh, my bread eats well enough, but it isn't what it should be."

"Why don't you ask her for her recipe?" demanded Viola.

"Why, I did once, and she said it was just like mine, no different."

"And you believed her! Of course, she wouldn't give away her secret to anybody. I should say not. You are awfully easy, Mrs. Graves; too easy for your own good. Now, if I lived next door to Sophronia Blair she wouldn't gather half the grapes off my vines every season."

Mrs. Graves colored.

"Why, it drops over on her side and there's plenty of grapes. She can have them for all of me."

"She wouldn't let you pick her grapes. I know she wouldn't."

"Oh, you've got the wrong idea of Sophronia, Mrs. Rush. She's good as gold. I've lived here beside her for twenty years and we've never had a word."

Mrs. Graves assumed the expression of not intending to say anything more, and after a moment the conversation changed to something else.

After Viola had gone the things she had said and inferred recurred to Mrs. Graves. Might it not be true that Sophronia had withheld the real secret of her success in bread-making when she had given her the recipe? A pinch of this or a lump of that might make all the difference in the world. Mrs. Graves hated to believe that Sophronia would do such a thing and yet Viola had instilled in her a toxin for which there was no adequate counteractant.

"I'll go out and dig some dandelions and get it off my mind," she thought, and taking pan and knife went into the yard.

It was pleasant to kneel on the grass and dig into the warm, dry earth and bring out the rich plants with their fresh, herby odor. A dish of pork-and-greens. Was there anything better? Mrs. Graves thought not.

Gradually she moved toward that side of the house which adjoined Sophronia's. She could see Sophronia sitting at her little desk which was close to the open window looking over papers, and seemingly absorbed in the business. Ordinarily Mrs. Graves would have called to her, but now she kept her face turned away.

As she reached for another, and last dandelion, a scrap of paper whirled off Sophronia's desk, popped out of the window and with astonishing aim landed directly under Mrs. Graves' hand. It was yellow paper and the ink upon it was faded brown. Mrs. Graves saw that much as she seized it. She saw also the words: "Mother's recipe for Good Bread."

Mrs. Graves shut her eyes. She knew that this was the famous recipe and that she held Sophronia's secret in her hand. One more peep and she would know all. But her sense of honor was high. She would not attempt to know what Sophronia would not tell her.

Holding the paper where she could not see it she rose and went over to the window through which Sophronia

was leaning, looking anxiously every where.

"Here is what you are looking for," Mrs. Graves said. She reached in and dropped the paper into Sophronia's lap.

"My old recipe!" Sophronia exclaimed. She looked pleased.

"It is written in mother's hand, and I hated to lose it on that account. Of course, I know the recipe by heart. It is the one I have always used." She paused and looked curiously at Mrs. Graves, perhaps reading something unusual in that kindly, placid countenance. "Look at the recipe if you want to," she said.

"I don't want to," Mrs. Graves turned away. "If you've got any secret about your bread-making you have a right to keep it, Sophronia."

"Wait! Come back!" cried Sophronia. She was much in earnest. "Come back, Mary Graves, I want to tell you something."

Mrs. Graves turned around and they looked at each other, a long, steady look.

"My secret, as you call it," Sophronia said, and her voice was a little unsteady, "is such a simple one that—that I've thought it best to keep it to myself. It—maybe it's—foolish of me, too," Sophronia flushed. "But I don't mind telling it to you, Mary. You've always been so good to me. Sharing your grapes with me when you'd no call, and the like of that. It's made me feel guilty this good while not telling you everything about my bread-making."

"Don't tell me now, I'd rather not know," said Mrs. Graves.

"But I want you to, Mary. I make my bread just exactly like you or anybody else does, except for one thing." Her flush deepened. "When I put it into the oven I always say—'The Lord go with it.'"

Out of the silence that followed the two women emerged, half-terrible-half-smiling, holding each other's hands. The leaven of neighborliness had resulted in something better than friendship.

Hair Figured as New Terror to Criminals

Possibilities of detecting crime, or solving mysteries by stray bits of hair, even beyond anything imagined by writers of detective stories, were described recently to the Medico-Legal society of London, England, by Dr. John Glaister, Jr., of that city.

By the work of years Doctor Glaister has collected a private "hair museum," containing more than 2,500 different specimens of hair from hundreds of kinds of animals and from races of mankind in every part of the world.

A system of measuring and recording the sizes, shapes and other characters of these hairs under the microscope has been devised, much as policemen classify and record fingerprints.

A single hair dropped by a criminal or clutched by the victim of a murder may be enough to identify, under favorable circumstances, the perpetrator of a crime.

The inner end of a loose hair indicates, Doctor Glaister has found, whether it fell out naturally or was pulled out. The condition of the central core of the hair tells something of the age of its original owner.

One rare kind of hair, consisting of horny material like the substance of finger nails, has been found only on two creatures—on the spiny anteater and on the elephant's tail. Most kinds of hair are slightly oval when cut through, but the giraffe has hairs that are almost exactly circular.

Moderation.

There is a wide difference between the confidence which becomes a man and the weakness which disgraces a fool. He who never trusts, is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives to every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fruit which should serve for the encouragement of integrity and the reward of excellence.—Sophia Parkerson in "Gems for the Toilet."

Not a Remedy.

A woman who was overweight was prescribed a diet of orange juice and dry bread by her physician.

When she called on the doctor a week later she apparently had not lost a pound.

"You must have eaten something besides orange juice and bread," remarked the medical man.

"Oh, that?" replied the lady. "I thought that was medicine."—Portland Evening Express.

Reproducing Speech.

The telephone is an instrument for recording and reproducing speech, in which a vibrating telephone-diaphragm effects the magnetization of a moving wire or disk of steel beneath it. The magnetization of the wire or disk is passed beneath a transmitting diaphragm, reproduces the original sound. It was invented by Waldemar Paulsen.

Safety First.

Jean, about three and a half years old, was told not to forget to tell the little boy who was having a party that she had had a nice time. Upon her arrival home, the first question was, "Did you tell Frank you had a nice time?" Her reply was, "Oh, yes, mother. I told him as soon as I got there so I wouldn't forget it."—From Children, the Magazine for Parents.

Mother Appreciates What Milks Emulsion Did for Her Boy

"I am writing you in regard to our son, who is fifteen years old. I want to tell you how we have appreciated what Milks Emulsion has done for him. He hadn't been strong since he was nine years old, when he had whooping cough and scarlet fever at the same time, ending up with Bright's Disease.

"By doctoring with specialists he finally got rid of Bright's Disease, but he was bothered terribly with constipation. The only thing that would give relief was injections of warm water, and finally we used olive oil injections.

"Last August a lady told us to try Milks Emulsion. This we did, and after taking three bottles of Milks Emulsion he hasn't to this day had to have another injection. He goes to school every day, eats his Emulsion right along, and is gaining and doing fine.

"I felt that I must write and tell you what a grand medicine Milks Emulsion is and what it did for our boy, hoping some other boy or girl will know what a great medicine it is. There isn't too much praise I can say for it. Just refer anybody to us."

MILK AND MRS. JIM WILLIAMS, Kellerton, Iowa, R. R. No. 3. Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Anyway, Adam Bit.

"I wonder what kind of apple it was Eve gave Adam?"

"I'm not sure, but I'll bet it was a pippin."

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, itch, tetter, ringworm, poison oak, dandruff, children's sores, cracked hands, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restoring the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, \$1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

No popular writer is a genius to his stenographer.

Any Woman Can Look Stylish

By MAE MARTIN



Most stylish-looking women are just "good managers." 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. Anyone can do this successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They don't streak or spot like inferior dyes. New, fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. E-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

Wireless Appeal Wins.

More than \$100,000 has been received by the London hospital authorities as the result of Lord Knutsford's wireless appeal, lasting only a few minutes.

There is nothing more satisfactory after a day of hard work than a line full of snowy-white clothes. For such results use Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adv.

In the cafeteria of life only the best of everything comes to the man who waits on himself.

Cultivating the will power is like building a dam that is always in danger of giving way.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Makes the Body Strong. Makes the Blood Rich. It restores Energy and Vitality by creating new, healthy blood and fortifies the system against Malaria and Chills. Pleasant to take. 60c.

Constipated?

Take MR-NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no gripping. Try it!

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—



At Druggists—only 25c

Lincoln Reprieved Turkey

One year, a few weeks before Thanksgiving, a friend sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it be served for President Lincoln's dinner. Tad, the President's son, who was the life of the White House, took a great fancy to the bird, naming it Jack and feeding and petting it. He even taught it to follow him about.

Just before Thanksgiving, while the

President was discussing important business with a cabinet officer Tad rushed into the room, sobbing with anger. The turkey was about to be killed! And Tad had flown to the President to lay the case before him and save Jack.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten."

"I can't help it," binned Tad between sobs. "He is a good turkey and I don't want him killed!"

The President of the United States listened gravely, and then taking a

Service Point for Busses and Trucks

A loaded truck or bus traveling at 20 miles an hour employs in proportion approximately as much power as does an automobile traveling 50 or 60 miles an hour. This is, of course, due to the weight of the vehicle, according to an engineering news bulletin, which gives some interesting information concerning trucks and busses.

"A bus or truck," the bulletin says, "gives the same service as an automobile in proportion to the ton miles and is just as efficient."

"In many cases the bus or truck engine labors more in a month than an automobile will in several years. This is why heavy duty vehicles need frequent servicing, and why they are harder on spark plugs."

"While the average bus or truck operator may not be aware of it, abnormal driving conditions, such as constant operation in a hilly country, affect spark plugs to such an extent that for the best engine performance it is necessary to use an entirely different size plug than that ordinarily recommended for the particular engine concerned."

"One truck which had been delivering heavy loads in neighboring towns

located in a level country, recently was switched to a different route where practically all of the highway was through a hilly terrain. This created an abnormal driving condition for the spark plugs, and they developed preignition. The difficulty was immediately corrected when the proper type plugs were installed to fit the abnormal condition. The same type spark plug will not meet all driving conditions satisfactorily any more than summer oil will function efficiently in the winter. All reputable manufacturers include in their line different types of spark plugs to meet different driving conditions. Some bus and truck operators go so far as to study their driving conditions in order to obtain the plug best suited for their conditions, and which enables them to get maximum efficiency at the least cost. This is information that should benefit all bus and truck drivers."

AUTOMOBILE NOTES

Warm up the engine properly before attempting to adjust the carburetor.

Also, how does the weather man know you have just had your car washed?

Well balanced and good gripping brakes are the first points of safety in driving.

Four hundred and seventy thousand school children are transported to school daily by 20,000 motor busses.

Lack of oil will cause piston rings to cut the cylinder walls, causing a leak which, in time, is apt to break the rings.

"Stop me if you've heard this," remarked the wild motorist as he pulled into the crossing simultaneously with the fast freight.

The loon often makes his outcry unnecessarily, because he is a loon, and the habitual honker honks for the same reason.

Hard to Get By



Hank Russell, well known tackle among Nebraska opponents of past two years. Russell weighs 200 pounds. He has finished his third year on the team and was regarded as the most dependable lineman on the Husker team.

Upheld Nebraska's Football Prestige



The three men who guided the destinies of the Nebraska football team in their games this year. They are, left to right, Blue Howell, Coach Ernest Beargs and Elmer Holm. The two players are player-captains, Nebraska having the two-player captain rule. Both are stars and are sure of again landing berths on the all-Western team as they did last year.

Discusses Housewife's Many Little Problems

"To work for the fun of it—that's what I call living!" says Mrs. Helen Stevens Fisher, Montgomery Ward and company's home advisor. The most pleasant part of her day, she relates, comes when the little red signal lights blink red at noon and she goes on the air from the Chicago NBC studios to talk to women about homemaking. Three days a week, during "Farm and Home Hour" she discusses the many little problems that beset the housewife.

Ordinance Bans Interference

The little town of Bunkle, La., has an ordinance which prohibits operation of any instrument that will interfere with radio reception between noon and midnight. The penalty for violation is a fine of \$25 or imprisonment or both.

Six-Inch Wave Lengths

Wave lengths of 12 to 15 centimeters, roughly 5 to 6 1/2 inches, have been produced in the laboratory of M. Gusson, a Paris wireless engineer.

News for All Lovers of Sport

Cartier field at Notre Dame seats 27,000 for football games.

Pinehurst, N. C., famous winter resort, boasts seven 18-hole golf courses.

John C. Hendricks will continue as manager of the Cincinnati Reds in 1928.

An airplane fell on a western football field. Luckily all the boys had on their helmets.

The Humane society ought to stop football, for they couldn't have a pig skin without skinning a pig.

"I wouldn't sell the Cardinals for \$5,000,000," Sam Bredon, president of

Minnesota "Find"



Bronko Nagurski, the latest sensation on the University of Minnesota football team, is shown above. Nagurski, whose home is at International Falls, Minn., is regarded by experts as a second Herb Jostling. It is said he is a better defensive player and better blocker than Jostling, although not such a terrific plunger. The pulverizing Pole weighs 205 pounds and is very fast.

the club, said in denying a constant recurring old rumor that he contemplated selling out.

The Washington and Jefferson team of 1929 will be lighter than any team of Presidents for several years.

There are bad golfers and very bad golfers, and good golfers and very good golfers, and Bobby Jones.

An eastern college, recently famous for its gridiron defeats, set its goal posts in concrete to annoy souvenir friends.

We are in favor of playing the yanks hereafter on a 100-acre quarter section and giving the outsiders a horse.

Army backs are good ground gainers, but Coach Bill Jones is not satisfied with their work on the defense.

Lessons are those odd, printed things in books, which the large left tackle notices now and then between Saturdays.

What is so irksome as to have some obscure eleven come to town and relieve your overemphasis in the first game of the season?

The trouble with being the wife of a New York Yankee ball player is that the old man never gets home till the middle of October.

It's now Col. Earle Combs of the Yankee outfield. Governor Sampson commissioned him as aide de camp with the rank of colonel.

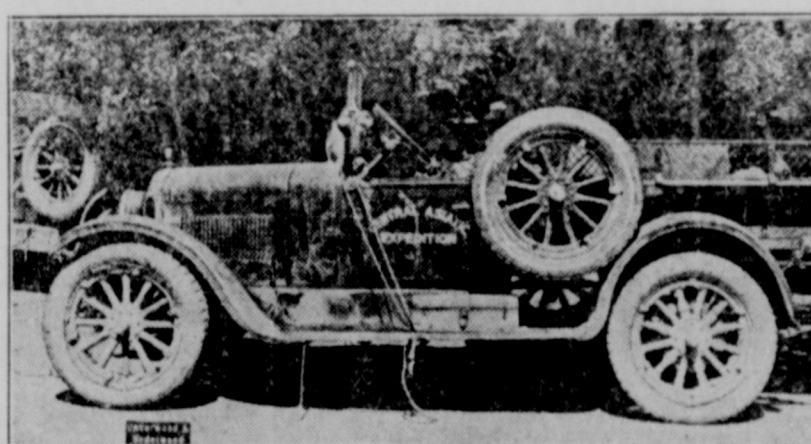
Bobby Veach, veteran baseball star now in the American association, has refused to allow his son, Clifton, to go out for football at a Detroit high school.

"Portugal has passed a law requiring everybody to wear shoes." Er—by the way, what has become of Joe Jackson, the old White Sox left felder?

William Meyer, manager of the Louisville American association baseball club for the last three seasons, tendered his resignation to William Knebelkamp, owner.

Midwestern critics are saying that Fred Barratt, young Ohio State center who weighs 252 pounds, is one of the best centers produced in that section in many years.

Carried Asiatic Specimens



One of the open trucks which helped carry specimens of the third Asiatic expedition back from Mongolia. The expedition was headed by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews.

'Punch Drunks' Not Confined to Boxers?

The "punch drunk" condition of boxers has stepped into the medical field for determination whether others than boxers get it.

The American Medical association has issued in its Journal an appeal by Harrison S. Martland, M. D., of Newark, N. J., to find out the nature and extent of this state, which he says fight fans describe as "punch drunk, cuckoo, goofy, cutting paper dolls or slug nutty."

The symptoms in slight cases are a "very slight flopping of one foot or leg in walking, noticeable only at intervals, or a slight unsteadiness in gait or uncertainty in equilibrium." In severe cases "there may develop a peculiar tilting of the head, a marked dragging of one or both legs a staggering, propulsive gait." Finally marked mental deterioration may set in.

"I am of the opinion that in punch drunk there is a very definite brain injury, due to a single or repeated blows on the head or jaw. I realize that this theory, while alluring, is quite insusceptible of proof at the present time."

Doctor Martland suggests that if punch drunk exists in the form he suspects it afflicts others than boxers and that establishment of the facts is important to courts and labor com-

mission boards in handling head injuries.

He foresees disadvantages in the field which may be opened for "so-called expert testimony" and says:

"While most of the evidence supporting the existence of this condition is based at this time on the observations of fight fans, promoters and sporting writers, the fact that nearly one-half of the fighters who have stayed in the game long enough to develop this condition, either in a mild form or a severe and progressive form, which often necessitates commitment to an asylum, warrants a report. The condition can no longer be ignored by the medical profession or the public."

Forty-Eight Concerts Scheduled by Damrosch

Walter Damrosch, musical counselor of the National Broadcasting company, is bringing symphonic music to the school children of the United States by radio. His schedule, through an arrangement with the Radio Corporation of America, consists of forty-eight concerts through the NBC System. They are in four series, graded according to the mental development of children and young people from the third grade through high school and college.

Emergency Lever Used to Pull Car Out of Mud

One man can pull a car out of a bad mud hole with a rope, a stake driven into the ground, and a wooden pole such as a fence post or a limb of a tree. The illustration shows how it is done. The forked stick which translates the pull into upward motion is not absolutely necessary, but will help a good deal.

The one end of the rope to the car axle and tie the other end to the stake, leaving plenty of slack. Now



How an Emergency Lever Can Be Improvised to Enable One Man to Pull a Car Out of the Mud.

pass the rope loosely around the pole a couple of turns, insert a stout stick under the part of the rope leading to the car, and pass one end of the stick back to the pole. The stick forms a lever that will multiply your pulling force many times. The smaller the pole the greater the leverage.—Popular Science Monthly.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BOY OF THE NORTH

"Oh," said one of the reindeer, "won't it be glorious when we start our trip all over the world?"

"We will go over roofs and Santa will stop and go down the chimneys, or he will go down the fire escapes."

"You know in many of the city homes they don't have fireplaces," the reindeer explained to Boy of the North.

"Of course Santa Claus would not let children go without their Christmas simply because they had to make lots of city homes without fireplaces."

"Of course not," said Boy of the North.

"Of course not," said the other reindeer.

"We'll be starting before long," said the first reindeer, "but not any too soon for me."

"We'll hear Santa Claus as he comes back up the chimney and he will chuckle and laugh."

"He will tell us that some of the children heard us as we pranced over the roofs."

"Yes, and that he has to be very, very quiet so no one will awaken and see him."

"He doesn't mind if we make a noise on the roof with our hoofs, as



"Come and Hear of This Child."

he says children like to hear the sounds of Christmas morning on the way!

"Oh, I feel like going on the fourney this very minute."

"That's just it," said the second reindeer, "we all get so excited about it beforehand that when the time comes we can hurry as we do."

"Now, bow-wow," said Boy of the North, "I mustn't forget to ask you to be sure to tell me all the news."

"I want to hear about the children who heard you, and how Santa Claus said they looked when they were asleep."

"I shall want to hear every scrap of Christmas news."

"I look forward to seeing Santa Claus come back, tired and happy his cheeks as red as ever from his drive with you, Reindeer, and then I have my Christmas story."

"Santa Claus sits down in his great big chair, his shop empty of toys for almost a year, and he calls me over to him."

"Come, Boy of the North," he says, "come and hear of this child."

"Oh, she was lovely. She looked so happy and so sweetly as she slept and she was dreaming of my beautiful reindeer."

The reindeer all smiled when Boy of the North said this.

"Yes," continued Boy of the North, "and he will tell me about the houses he visited, of the trees and stockings, of the candy canes and the candy animals."

"He will bring back some candy canes to me, and he will stroke my ears and pet my head, and he will say, as he does every day after Christmas Eve:

"Boy of the North, my fine dog. It was a glorious, glorious Christmas."

"And now I'm going to look through my magic and wonderful telescope to see the children as they smile over their presents."

"And I will be given a look too."

"Oh, yes," ended Boy of the North. "I am getting impatient, too."

An Odd Nesting Place

There is a pigeon in New York that has evidently very strong leanings towards a sea-faring life.

When the Cunard liner Aquitania was leaving dock it was discovered that this pigeon had built a nest on one of the bow anchors of the liner.

Nothing daunted by the watery prospects before her, this little pigeon laid an egg in her precarious nest and gallantly protected it across the Atlantic.

The tragedy occurred when the ship reached Cherbourg harbor, and the anchor was dropped—when the little home descended into the sea, leaving behind a sadder, but wiser pigeon.

Easily Pleased

Virginia, aged three, went to the home of her little friend, Susanne. Upon being met at the door by Susanne's mother, she said, "I came to play with Susanne."

When informed that her playmate was not at home, she replied, "Well, I came to play with myself, then."

As He Saw It

"Is the clock running, Willie?" "No, ma'am; it's just standing still and wagging its tail."



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptive product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of

Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

War's Evil Results.

As long as nations meet on the fields of war—as long as they sustain the relations of savages to each other—as long as they put the laurel and the oak on the brows of those who kill—just so long will citizens resort to violence, and the quarrels be settled by dagger and revolver.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers.—Adv.

The channel that great minds run in is never overcrowded.

Girl at the Top in Health Test

Millions of boys and girls all over the world, thousands of them right here in the West are being restored to health and strength by the purely vegetable tonic and laxative known as California Fig Syrup and endorsed by physicians for over 50 years.

Children need no urging to take it. They love its rich, fruity flavor. Nothing can compete with it as a gentle, but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It gives tone and strength to the stomach and bowels so these organs continue to act normally, of every day after. It stimulates the appetite, helps digestion.

A Kansas mother, Mrs. Dana Allgire, 610 Monroe St., Topeka, says: "Bonnie B. is absolutely the picture of health, now, with her rosy cheeks, bright eyes and plump but graceful little body and she stands at the top in every health test."

Much of the credit for her perfect condition is due to California Fig Syrup. We have used it since babyhood to keep her bowels active during colds or any children's ailments and she has always had an easy time with them. She always responds to its gentle urging and is quickly back to normal."

Ask your druggist for California Fig Syrup and look for the word "California" on the carton so you'll always get the genuine.

BAD LEGS

Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins and Bunches Near Ankle or Knee?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help reduce the dangerous, swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moore's Emerald Oil. This clean, powerful, penetrating yet safe anti-septic healing oil is obtainable at all first-class drug stores.

In hundreds of cases Moore's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Splendid for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins, and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

MOORE'S EMERALD OIL

COMING SOON

The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History—a Six in the price range of the Four. Beware of hasty buying until you have seen this nearest approach to car perfection. Book your order NOW—assure prompt delivery.

Wilkison Chevrolet Company

CARROL BOWLIN, Representative.

FRIONA

TEXAS

The Friona Star

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
JOHN W. WHITE, Editor and Manager
ARTHUR B. HOLMAN, Publisher
 Also Publisher of THE HEREFORD BRAND, HEREFORD TEXAS.
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 Entered as second-class mail matter, July 11, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Arrow

Home Economics Club Meeting.
 The Home Economics Club met Tuesday afternoon for their regular meeting. A program was given by several members of the club, which was enjoyed by all. In the business session it was voted to change the hour of meeting from noon to 1:00 o'clock. Compulsory attendance at these meetings was also decided upon, and a fine of five cents to be assessed from each member not present, unless an excuse has been passed upon by the excuse committee. The next meeting date is December 4. We invite the girls who are not taking home economics to visit our club and we especially invite the mother to come to our meeting.
Football Banquet.
 The football boys have each received the following invitation: "The Home Economics Club a banquet is serving To the football boys who are very deserving: Come with a song and a jest To the dining room of F. H. S. On Thanksgiving Eve at 8:30 o'clock. Bring your girl in her very best frock." This banquet will be given by the Home Economics club of the Friona high school on the night of November 28. This club is deeply interested in the success of the football boys and expects them to win the game with the Farwell-Telexo team.

Gladys Elam In Beauty Contest.

The Sophomore class has elected Gladys Elam as the sophomore candidate in the beauty contest for the school annual. The sophomores are determined to win and are going to work hard for their candidate. It is going to take some real effort from the other classes to rival the sophomores. Voting will be done at the City Drug Store and the school building, where a box will be arranged for each candidate. The contest will be on for two weeks, beginning November 23. Everyone in school and out of schools is permitted to vote. If you are interested in the Friona school and the school annual, vote for Gladys Elam as the most beautiful girl in the Friona high school.

Sophomore Entertainment.

The sophomore class will give a program Friday night, December 7. A charge of 10 and 15c will be made. If you want to be royally entertained for two hours come to the high school auditorium Friday night, December 7. The proceeds from this program will go to the school annual fund.

Chapel Exercises.

Last Thursday we were entertained by Miss Pitman's first grade room. They dramatized the Three Bears and gave a little folk dance. The Junior Orchestra, under Mr. Armstrong's direction, played three numbers. Announcements were made concerning the work done on the annual and arrangements were made that each class elect the most beautiful girl in a contest to raise money for the annual.

Junior Class Meets.

The Junior class met November 15 for the purpose of selecting candidates to run in the election for the prettiest girl and most handsome boy. Thelma Weir will represent the Juniors at the prettiest girl and J. D. Curry as the most handsome boy. We Juniors are confident that our candidates will win the contest. We invite everyone to support our candidates.

Home Economic Club Meets.

Minutes of last meeting were read at our meeting of November 20. Song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," was sung. We discussed the purpose of our club at a round table discussion. Pearl Drake then played a violin solo. Beale Cole told two jokes. We discussed plans for the club. Motion that a fine of five cents be assessed those who are absent from club meetings. In our treasury we now have \$16 or \$17. Motion was made and seconded that we adjourn.

DAY DREAMS.

Day dreams are fun, aren't they? A person likes to sit and idly think of the great things he may do some day, the money he will have, the fame he will win, the good deeds he will perform. Sometimes one gets so interested in these dreams that one actually forgets the everyday world.

Day dreams are a good thing. They are a spur to ambition and an expression of our ideals and our desires. But, like many good things they can be overdone. The boy or girl who slights today's work while dreaming about tomorrow's accomplishments will probably slight tomorrow's task, too, and never accomplish much of anything.

We should use day dreams as inspiring visions of the future, but keep our feet on the ground. We should work hard now to make our day dreams come true, and not just be content with imagining them in complete idleness.

JUNIOR REPORTER.

RETURNED TO KANSAS CITY.

G. A. Beard departed Monday morning for his home in Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Beard is a brother of Mrs. J. T. Burton and has been spending the past month in Friona visiting her and her family.

Marion Talley Will Appear In Amarillo December 10

Marion Talley, nineteen-year-old Kansas City girl, and prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will appear in concert in Amarillo on Monday evening, December 10, at 8:15 o'clock at the Amarillo auditorium. The rise of Miss Talley from a choir girl in a Kansas City church to a leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, all without the influence of wealth and very little European training, is an example of American pluck and perseverance. But to these quali-

ties and a God-given natural voice of freshness, brilliance and beauty must be added a definite touch of genius which permitted this naive and unspoiled girl to walk unconcernedly on the state of the Metropolitan, before a gala audience that memorable night in February, 1923, to a triumph which bespoke of everywhere in terms of Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti. It is expected that when Miss Talley appears in Amarillo December 10 that many from Hereford and surrounding towns will take this opportunity of hearing her.

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We Do Your Work—Do It Right And Do It Now.

Thomas & Thompson

CONTRACTORS
 Friona, Texas

Pure Silk Full Fashioned Hose

—In a nice assortment of colors. Tennis and basket

ball shoes, sweaters and sheep-lined coats.

GROCERIES

F. L. SPRING

Friona,

Texas

Star Want Ads Get Immediate Results.

Eclipse Shoe Shop

We are now ready for any and all kind of work in the repairing of shoes, saddles, harness, canvas and other leather and canvas work. We must live and we want your business.

THOMAS YETT
 Proprietor

Have Served You the Past 26 Years.

E. B. BLACK CO.

Furniture and Undertaking
 Ambulance Service—Day or Night.
 Hereford Texas.

Winter Is Here

Now is the time for fires. Faulty flues and chimneys are the most common source of fires. Let us protect your property with an Old Line Insurance Policy.

M. A. CRUM, FRIONA, TEXAS

Our Dollar Smasher

Aluminum Special Sale goes on tomorrow, November 24—Don't Miss It.

Wentworth's Variety Store



A PLEASANT OUTLOOK (?)

Mrs. Casey, after wielding a rolling pin on Mike's head, was approached by a solicitor, asking her to donate something to the new hospital. "Walk in and take a look at Mike, maybe he'd do," was her reply. We want you to take a look at our filling station and to watch the attention we give to every car that comes to us for service. Our Magnolia gas and oil is the real essence of our filling service because it reflects the qualities and high standards we insist upon. Wholesale and retail. Free crankcase service.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

J. C. WILKISON, Agent

FRIONA

TEXAS

Looking Forward

To become the best town on the Plains, prompts us to be always ready with the most complete stock of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Including the popular Vanette Hosiery and

GREAT WEST FLOUR

Rushing's Grocery Store

Permit Me To Suggest

—That you book your Auction Sale at your earliest convenience in order to secure the date you prefer to sell on. I am booking sales over a large territory for this season. The splendid results obtained in recent sales of livestock, farm equipment and real estate has convinced the property owners to sell at auction, the well-known method by which you can convert your property into ready cash in a day and receive full value. My knowledge of values enables me to render an efficient service which means dollars and cents to you the day of your auction sale. The many satisfied people I have sold for are my best references.

YOURS FOR A REAL SALE.

Ray Barber, Auctioneer

SUPERIOR SALES SERVICE

PHONE 241

HEREFORD, TEXAS

ATTABOY EDDIE



The Eddie's attractions are meagre (He's far from a lady intriguer) He's just like a Turk. At doing his work—So very dynamic and eager!

We Have the Best—Always

IN DRY GOODS, READY MADES
 GROCERIES

Take a Good Look at Our Stock of

Christmas Goods

EVERLITE AND HARVEST QUEEN FLOUR

T. J. CRAWFORD

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—One good Ford coupe in perfectly good shape, with new engine and all new casings. Price \$100.00. See O. E. STEVICK, Friona.

FOUND—A good car jack. Owner may have same by calling at Star office, describing the jack and paying for this advertisement.

TO RENT—Three good rooms for either sleeping or housekeeping. Near Main Street. Call at Star office.

No town can get very far without a good newspaper to boost for it, and no newspaper can do much without a good town to back it. Use Star advertisements. They get the dust.

WANTED—I want to buy some fields of standing grain for pasturing purposes. See or write O. G. HILL, Hereford, Texas. 9-4

FOR SALE—One dozen young Mammoth Bronze turkey toms, exceptionally nice, at twenty cents per pound. MRS. ERVIN JOHNSON.

FOR SALE—One week old Jersey bull; from a four gallon cow and R. L. Chiles' registered bull. S. F. WARREN, Friona, Texas. 18-10

FOR SALE—One 1-20 McCormick-Deering tractor, and two Little-Sanders six-disc sod plows; all in good working condition. See IRVIN JOHNSON, Friona. 2-1

FOR SALE—Twenty head of springer Jersey heifers. See V. E. WEIR, Friona, Texas. 1-

FOR SALE—One late 1926 model Star roadster, in good running condition. See P. D. WARE, Friona, Texas. 15-10



By Farmer Smith

Br'er Rabbit was seated under a hickory tree sunning himself one afternoon when something dropped near him. "Cherplunk!"

"That's a hickory nut," he said to himself. "I wish Mrs. Squirrel were here."

"Blimp!" Another hickory nut dropped near Br'er Rabbit and he looked up to see where it came from and he saw Mister Jay Bird sitting on a limb.

"Hey, you, I wish you would throw some of those nuts down when Mrs. Squirrel comes this way. She knows where there are some carrots I need and you will help me a lot by throwing down some nuts—wait, here she comes."

Sure enough, Mrs. Squirrel was coming down the path, her tail waving in the breeze.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Squirrel. I am so delighted to see you," said Br'er Rabbit, bowing very low.

"Glad to see you, too," said Mrs. Squirrel.

Just at that moment a hickory nut banged on Br'er Rabbit's head and he jumped up with an "ouch!"

"Isn't that just lovely!" said Squirrel. "I will not have to climb the tree now but can stay here and talk to you."

"I asked Mr. Jay Bird to throw down some nuts for you, but I didn't tell him to bump me on the head," whined Br'er Rabbit.

"Well, you see, what is one rabbit's discomfort is a blessing to me—it often happens that way," replied the lady with the bushy tail.

Chas. Muerer, a Fredericksburg farmer, who began budding native pecan trees with paper shell buds five years ago now has 550 trees budded to Burkett, Halbert, Texas Prolific, Kincaid and other soft shell varieties.

The club and vocational live-stock exhibit is an institution in DelLeon and is held on the streets of that city, which are roped off. Stalls and stalls built for live stock and feed crops exhibited in designated places. Competition for the prizes offered is keen.

Lampasas county will be free of tick inspection with the exception of one herd on December 1. This herd is under special quarantine until May. By diligent co-operation of all cattlemen eradication has been practically completed.

Twelve boys in the Winters territory now have registered Jersey calves. They are members of the vocational agriculture class, sponsored by the Lions Club and are planning to compete with one another in the second Cow, Sow and Hen Show next spring.

The best utensil for whipping cream is the double boiler. Put ice or cold water in the lower saucepan and whip the cream in the upper section. The cold water hastens the whipping consistency and the high, straight sides of the pan prevent spattering.

THE FUMBLE FAMILY by Dunkel



Sunday School Lesson

International Sunday School Lesson for December 2.

PAUL BEFORE HIS JUDGES
Acts 24:24-27; 26:19-29

REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

Group hatred strengthens every participant. More than forty in Jerusalem vowed they would never eat until Paul had been killed. This plot was discovered by a lad who gave the information to Paul and the authorities. Then the prisoner was sent northward to Caesarea under a heavy guard. The governor there was fair and said the case would have due attention when the accusers arrived. Ananias, the high priest, came with Tertullus, the lawyer. Felix soon discerned that it was a question of isms and not of lawlessness against the constituted authorities. Paul would have been acquitted except that here was a fine possibility of obtaining a bribe for his release, for the man was not well related in friendships as well as personally. Freedom of approach was granted among whom must have been Philip, the evangelist, who resided at Caesarea (Acts 21:8-9). Read Acts 24-27 for all the details covering these two years.

It was a formal occasion when Felix, with his wife Drusilla, invited Paul to present his case. Though Drusilla was the daughter of the Herod who killed James, the brother of John, and later put

Peter in prison there was no fear as the most was made of this fine opportunity to tell "concerning the faith of Jesus Christ." Both the governor and his wife needed all that was said about "righteousness, self control and the judgment to come." Though Felix trembled he merely said, "Go thy way for this time."

Porcius Festus went to Jerusalem within three days after he succeeded Felix. At once the accusers of Paul urged that the prisoner be sent back to Jerusalem for trial, their purpose being to kill him en route, according to the old plot. "No," said Festus, "the case must be continued at Caesarea." Bribes had been doubtless offered and shortly after the case had started Festus proposed that there be an adjournment to Jerusalem. Paul fully sensed the situation and knew the sure outcome. Then he exercised his right as a Roman citizen and declared "Caesarem apello." Festus, though he took up the matter with the council, had no alternative and said, "Thou hast appealed unto Caesar and unto Caesar thou shalt go."

But what was he to write in transferring the case to Nero? He had nothing to declare against Paul that would be the basis of a case in Rome; in fact he felt that the whole matter should be dismissed at once. A way came in his quandary when company arrived in the persons of King Agrippa and Bernice, his sister though living with him as wife. It was with much

What's Doing IN WEST TEXAS

Plainview's latest industry is making pure ribbon cane syrup. F. O. Boliver has started the new industry.

Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of wool were sold at Rock Springs at a price calculated to be 35 cents. Edwards county will market about 1,700,000 pounds of mohair this year.

Some idea of the progress Woodson is enjoying may be gathered from the fact that 182 cars of commercial freight consisting mostly of cattle, cotton, cotton seed and sheep have been shipped from that place during the last seven months.

Contract has been signed and work will probably be started in

thirty days on installation of a water system for Junction. Authorities have been at work on this project for some time.

The Bankhead Poultry Association is opening its new and larger headquarters in Eastland and is receiving more memberships daily.

Membership in the organization enables poultrymen to get better prices for their produce.

Main street at Rotan has been improved by grading and improvement of Snyder avenue the town is being made. A railway switch in the center of the street will be removed as soon as the street is opened for traffic.

Fire insurance key rate is to be lowered at Baird as the result of removal of telephone, telegraph and light poles from the business section. Since the present mayor, Schwartz, has been in office the rate has been reduced from 60 cents to 43 cents.

With the arrival of a car of steel to be used on the International steel bridge across the Rio Grande at Del Rio, it is estimated that the bridge can be completed in four months and be available for traffic in early spring.

Booker is experiencing much building activity, ranging from

STAR THEATRE
Hereford, Texas.
Monday - Tuesday
DECEMBER 3-4



ral barns to houses and garages in the residential district, a brick business with a fifty foot front.

O'Donnell's next progressive ac-

quisition will be a modern sewer system. Those responsible for the improvement realize that it will mean new homes, increased population and added industries.

DR. J. W. HENDRIX
CHIROPRACTIC MASSEUR
Residence Phone 46J Hereford, Texas.
Second Floor Lambert-Buckner Building
FREE CONSULTATION AND ANALYSIS.

GET THE IDEA
Of feeding your dairy cows and hens with a balanced ration for more profitable production.
PURINA FEEDS DO THE BUSINESS!
H. P. EBERLING AND COMPANY.
PRODUCE

DON'T HOOVERIZE
GET HOOVERWISE
Always a little under the market—if it is not satisfactory you haven't bought it.
SCOTTY'S BARGAIN COUNTER

I am still selling the unexcelled
TWIN-CITY TRACTOR
See me for prices and terms
AND VOTE FOR FRIONA
V. E. WEIR

THE THREE BEES THAT BUZZ IN THE BONNET OF THE SUCCESSFUL ARE THE BRAIN TO MAKE MONEY—BRAINS TO HOLD ON TO IT—AND A BANK ACCOUNT IN WHICH TO KEEP IT.

Friona State Bank
Friona, Texas

Now That The Election Is Over--

—We are ready to serve you in the very best and promptest manner that we know. Let's let by-gones be by-gones and let any bitter memories be tempered with fairness.

—Santa Claus has sent in his sample lot of gifts and presents. He has designated Blackwell's as the official Christmas Headquarters where Gift shoppers will find a veritable paradise of things for every friend and relative. There will be toys galore for the little fellows; books, knives, dolls and games for the larger ones; and jewelry, gift sets, books, leather goods, china vases, clocks, etc. for the others—dozens and hundreds of things for everyone.

—Kiddies, write a letter to Santa and bring it to Blackwell's "Santa's Mail Box" where we will see that Santa reads every one of them. Tell Santa just what you want for Christmas.

—We have furniture. If in need of some special suite or rug, let us take you to the wholesale houses in Amarillo where you may select from thousands of dollars worth of merchandise. Give a piece of furniture for Christmas. It will serve the whole family.

Felt Base Rugs, 9 x 12 \$8.50

Blackwell Hardware & Furniture Company
"DEPENDABLE HARDWARE"

To The Farmers of West Texas and Eastern New Mexico

—We are proud to announce to you that we have our modern, up-to-the-minute gin plant ready to receive your cotton. We appreciate the many customers who have been to our plant with one or more bales. We guarantee, without peddling of jockeying the highest market price for your cotton and cotton seed.

Visitors Welcome!
"Try Us and You Will Be Satisfied."

FRIONA GIN CO.
BY J. T. BROWNING, MANAGER

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk telephone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Kollo Waterman, his partner comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes tossing a coin to determine which shall first propose to Doris. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman says he is penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Doris admits to her father her interest in both men, but is unable to decide which to marry. Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise that Doris will not tell the source of her information. Doris is conscious of Stanley's duplicity and is brokenhearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He arranges with his secretary, Frank Wilson, to take charge of his other business interests. He is going to India. Doris tells Waterman part of Nina's story and he promises to "try" to find the girl. Pressed for payment of a big gambling debt by Bromfield, Waterman quits him with news of his engagement to the wealthy Doris Colby.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"In the first place to get the news. In the second place to have a little understanding with you."

"Such as?"

"Such as this. Stanley and I are a good deal alike in one respect. We're both of us sick of business. He's going to retire, and so am I."

"You're going to leave the office?"

"That's right. Why should I go on working at a job I hate now that I'm going to have a steady income?"

Waterman considered. "All right," he said. "Probably it's just as well. The less I see of you in the future the safer it will be for both of us. Now listen to this. I saw Miss Colby this morning. She swallowed your story last night, but today she's not so sure about it. She wants the thing investigated."

"And who's going to do it?"

"I am."

Nina laughed. "Gee," she said. "You're a wiz."

"All the same," said Waterman, "the sooner you change your address the better."

"Right," agreed Nina. "I'm tired of the Bronx anyhow. I'll hunt up an apartment tomorrow. And now we've got to come down to vulgar mercenary details."

"Shoot. How much?"

"Got anything to write with?"

He detached a silver pencil from his watch-chain and tossed it across the table. Nina wrote briefly on the back of the menu card, and flipped it over to him.

"Hm," said her victim as he gazed upon the statement. "You're doing yourself rather well, aren't you?"

"Aren't you?" said she.

Stanley left the Grand Central station the following Wednesday afternoon, bound for Tibet. He sailed from San Francisco at ten o'clock the following Monday morning.

He did not see Doris Colby again. He called at her house on the Tuesday before he left New York, at an hour when he knew she was almost always in. He was a little surprised when the butler told him that she was not at home.

"I'm sorry not to see her," Barker. he said. "Be sure to tell her that. I shall not have another chance, as I leave New York tomorrow afternoon for a long journey."

Stanley was, on the whole, relieved. He had no wish to see Doris again. For him the final interview was bound to be a painful thing. He could have no notion that it would also have been painful to her. He was glad that he was able to avoid it. From San Francisco he sent her a farewell telegram:

"Good-by. It read, "and all the good luck in the world to both my pals."

That was on a Monday morning. On the following Tuesday morning Wilson, running hastily over the pages of his morning paper, came upon the following paragraph:

"Mr. Alexander Colby of 1086 Fifth avenue, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Doris Colby, to Mr. Rollin Waterman, of 587 Park avenue."

CHAPTER VIII

It should have become fairly obvious by now that Jim Stanley's conception of Rollin Waterman as simple, direct, ingenious sportsman had many points not consonant with the truth. Waterman's life, in fact, had for so long been filled with twistings and turnings of various sorts that for him the shortest distance between two points had become the devious route of a corker. The impulsiveness for which Stanley admired him and on account of which he made so many excuses for him was wholly on the surface.

No sooner had Jim Stanley sailed from San Francisco than Waterman informed Doris that Nina Morgan had left the office, removed from her for

mer address, and that the private detectives whom he called in had been unable to trace her.

The Waterman-Colby wedding was what is called a Society event. That is to say, it took place in St. Bartholomew's church under the auspices of the bishop of the diocese and the rector of the parish, harmonized by the boy choir, beautified by the ritual of the church, and witnessed by an assembly of persons whose names were prominent in the social and business life of the city.

It was witnessed also by Nina Morgan. She insisted on having a card of admittance, and though her presence was not noted by any other of the hundreds who were in the church, she was to the bridegroom the most conspicuous person there. Despite all his poise, as he stood at the altar with Doris at his side, he felt like a man who rather expects to be shot in the back at any moment. But though Nina's presence was noted by



"All the Same," said Waterman, "the Sooner You Change Your Address the Better."

no one inside the church, with the distinguished exception of the bridegroom, it was distinctly observed by one of the numerous individuals who crowded the sidewalk outside the door to watch the wedding party as it came from the church.

Frank Wilson was not invited to the wedding, but he went, none the less, as far as he could go without a card of admittance, and he was, to say the least, interested when he saw Nina come out. He had noted with surprise the withdrawal of that young woman from the office, but its exact significance he could not fathom. This event had occurred before the publication of the Waterman-Colby engagement. That announcement had interested Wilson even more keenly in view of the continued absence of Miss Morgan, so that he made bold one day, shortly after, to speak to Waterman about it.

"Oh, yes," said Waterman, "she's gone for good."

"May I ask if you dismissed her?" inquired Wilson.

"Oh, no," responded Waterman, "got another job somewhere, I believe. Glad she's gone. Been getting a little careless lately."

Now Wilson reflected to himself, as he stood on the edge of the crowd that gathered about the striped awning that led from the portals of St. Bartholomew's to the curbing, and noted the exit of Nina amid the throng of wedding guests—knowing that the entrance to the church had been strictly by card—he reflected that the weddings of Wall Street business men are not commonly at-

tended by secretaries who have been "getting careless lately," and whose employers are glad to see them leave the office.

The wedding journey was brief, being limited to six weeks at Palm Beach, on account, said the society paragraphs, of the extensive business interests of the bridegroom. These business interests were practically in the hands of Wilson during these six weeks; that is to say they were managed precisely as Stanley would have managed them had he been there. Upon Waterman's return he tried to replace Wilson as promptly as possible, but the men whom he tried out as Wilson's successors turned out to be somewhat unsatisfactory, ever by Waterman's not altogether elevated standards. Consequently Wilson held on.

Now that his word was law in the business, Waterman began to allow his instincts free play. At heart a gambler, it was not long before he had pretty thoroughly identified the interests of the business with his own personal commitments in the Street, a thing which had been impossible as long as Stanley had remained at the helm. It is true that in those days Waterman had managed to involve himself in various speculative enterprises which turned out badly, but they remained his own. The position of the firm was in no way affected by them. Now it was different.

Wilson had ventured to file various respectful protests from time to time as he noted the course which events were taking. His objections had been waved aside—pleasantly at first, but finally in a way which silenced him.

"Wilson," said Waterman, on the occasion of his last protest, "I have kept you in the office to assist me, not advise me. If you're content with this arrangement, I shall be glad to have you stay until I can replace you. If not, you had better go at once."

Wilson accepted the rebuff and stayed. He thought vaguely that possibly his continued presence might in some way be useful to the absent Stanley. But there came a time when he felt that merely from the standpoint of self-protection he must get out. That moment came when he realized that Waterman's business foolishness had become something worse. He discovered that securities belonging to customers, and left in care of the firm for safekeeping, had been hypothecated by Waterman as collateral for certain speculative ventures of his own. This did not shock him, for by this time he thoroughly understood Waterman's character—but it surprised him. For the risks of this sort of thing were so great, so pregnant with disaster, that he had not thought the man would have assumed them. However, there it was. Wilson made up his mind that it was high time to be gone.

So one morning he entered Waterman's private office and took the bull by the horns. "Mr. Waterman," he said, "I should like with your permission to sever my connection with the office at once."

"And why, may I ask?" inquired his employer.

"I prefer not to go into that."

"But my dear man you know well that it will be most inconvenient for me if you quit like this. McKane has scarcely been here long enough to learn the ropes. In a month or six weeks you can go without inconveniencing me. In the least, but now it will be a nuisance."

"Nevertheless, I feel I must go at once."

"Perhaps you'll tell me your reason?"

"I would insist I will, but I would rather not."

"Insist? What's this?—Of course I insist."

"I disapprove, on principle, of the way in which you are running this business."

Insanity Not Often Caused by Overstudy

"It is a fallacy to believe that over study causes insanity. Overstudy like any mental overwork causes a state of exhaustion and brain fog. Too much study, which prevents the enjoyable realities of play and recreation, will not cause a mental breakdown in a person who is not liable to insanity," states Dr. Alexander S. Herschfeld, Illinois state alienist.

"It is admitted that among those students who devote too much time to earning and to making high grades there are many who are normal men tally. Mental disease and overstudy are common enough to be found together occasionally. A well-balanced boy or girl finds sports, friendships and sex of sufficient importance to act as an antidote to overstudy and

Improving on It

"In your sermon you spoke of a baby as a new wave on the ocean of life," remarked Mr. Young Husband. "Yes," said the preacher, "a poetical figure of speech." "Don't you think," suggested Mr. Young Husband, "that a fresh squall on the ocean of life would hit the mark better?" — Capper's Weekly.

general school grind. In fact, it is normal for youth to find study irksome when it interferes with its fun. "Insanity resulting from overstudy is merely a coincidence, and closer examination of such a case will usually show other causes."

Remarkable Fellow

Teacher asked the children indignantly to name the prominent person they would most like to see.

Some said the king, others Charlie Chaplin, and many of them mentioned famous athletes.

After a time, one small boy shouted: "Please, miss, I'd rather see my father's boss."

"Well," replied the teacher, "I should hardly think one would class him as a prominent man; but let us hear why you would like to see him."

"Because," was the answer, "I've heard father say that his boss has got 200 hands." — Montreal Star.

Specialized Farming

The only thing that Jim Jenks, the oldest farmer in twelve counties, ever raises, "sez his neighbor Nat Nolan: "Is a hue and cry when advised to go to work." — Farm and Fireside.

"In what particular, may I ask if you will be good enough to tell me?"

"Yes sir, I will. There have been in our possession for some time a large number of shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway company belonging to Mr. John W. Weeks, one of our customers. These shares have been used to finance the purchase by this firm of a large block of the common stock of the Eastern Oil company."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, if you do not see what I mean."

"I do not. You must be more explicit."

"I think you know perfectly well that no such operation has ever before been carried on in this office, at least not in my time. I think you know perfectly well that it is a thing that Mr. Stanley would never have countenanced."

"Are you done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let me say this. This is no longer Mr. Stanley's business. I am responsible for the operation to which you object. I am accountable to Mr. Weeks for the stock of which you have spoken, and I shall meet my responsibility."

"Very good, sir," retorted Wilson. "Then I take it, it will suit your convenience if I leave on Saturday night?"

"Leave at once, if you like."

"Very good, sir. I shall write you a letter of which I shall keep a copy stating in detail my reasons for retiring."

"As you please."

So Wilson retired to the suite of offices he had already engaged in a neighboring skyscraper for the conduct of the affairs of Stanley.

Now, when Waterman told Wilson he would hold himself responsible for the securities left in his care he meant exactly what he said. He had no feeling of dishonesty about it. He was using Mr. Weeks' property for his own purposes, it is true, but he would find a way to make good when the time came to do it. He found himself for the moment in one of his tight corners, and he was merely borrowing the C. P. stock to help him out of that corner. He had been in many tight corners before now—perhaps not as tight as this one—but he had always found a way out, and he would find a way out now. Mr. Weeks would not lose anything, and in the meantime would have assisted him, involuntarily to be sure, to escape from this new dilemma.

As a husband Waterman was at first not unsuccessful. He devoted himself to pleasing his wife with an assiduity which, considering his innate selfishness, was extraordinary. But there came a time, some six months after his marriage, when his financial perplexities became so great that he had no longer attempted to conceal them from his wife. In fact, with some premeditation, he allowed her to guess them.

"What's the matter, Rollin?" she said to him one night when they had returned to their Park avenue apartment after a dinner party. "You seem awfully down."

"Oh, nothing much," he answered.

"I know better. Anything wrong in business?"

"Well, the fact is, I've got into a deal which looked awfully good and does yet. But it's broadened out so much that I find I haven't quite the capital to swing it. If I had it would be all and more than I had hoped, but I can't get it. I shall have to sacrifice everything that I've put into it."

"How much do you need?"

"Well, forty thousand dollars would see me through."

"Let me do it."

"No, really, I don't want to drag you into my business affairs."

"But I insist. Besides, it's only a temporary loan. It isn't as if I were saying good-by to the money. This will see you through, you say, and turn a losing venture into a profitable one. That's simple."

"Well," he said feebly, and her cheek came to him next day.

What Waterman didn't tell Doris was the fact that the forty thousand dollars was needed to replace the Canadian Pacific stock which belonged to Mr. Weeks who had suddenly, and with entire lack of consideration, demanded the possession of his property. This he received, thanks to Doris' check. Waterman met his responsibility to Weeks, as he had assured Wilson that he would. But his difficulties with reference to the Eastern Oil deal remained as great as before.

This was a fair example of the sort of thing that now became frequent in the Waterman household. Waterman was too clever ever to ask his wife for money, but the time came when the technique which he employed in the Weeks matter grew a little threadbare.

It will have been observed that Doris was no fool. She admired her husband. She had an affection for him. If he did not thrill her as she had hoped and expected, she was not unreasonable. She felt, it is true, a vague disappointment, but she brought her common sense to bear. She said to herself that her romantic ideals had perhaps been based too much upon her youthful fancy, that perhaps there was really no such thing outside the world of fairy tales and dreams. At all events she could make a comparative success of her marriage, even if it turned out to be not exactly thrilling, and this she set herself to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

A Little Story of Gratitude

I DON'T know just how old this story is; probably if the truth were known, it's a great deal older than any of us now alive. Indeed, an amateur archeologist who specializes in prehistoric humor told me the other day that, according to his best information and belief, it dated back to the First century B. C. and originated in Rome. He was quite certain that it circulated at Newgate prison in London during the Elizabethan era.

So what I claim is that, if it has lived this long and remained so fresh and vigorous through all the ages, it deserves to go on living.

The modernized version is to this effect: A visiting clergyman is touring a state penitentiary. When his round is almost completed he is joined by one of the keepers.

"My friend," says the caller, "I am glad I came today to this dismal place and spent hours wandering through its stone-walled corridors. For now I am more convinced than ever that in the mind of the lowest and most depraved creature here there is some love left. Every heart beats to some tender throbbing, some lingering sentiment of affection. In fact, at this moment I have before me proof of it. Look yonder." And the minister pointed a finger toward the barred front of a nearby cell.

"They tell me," he went on, "that in yonder cell is confined a man serving a life sentence for having committed a cold-blooded murder. And yet see what he now is doing? He has made a friend and a companion of an ordinary rat. At his call it comes from a hole in the wall. It plays about him. He divides his food with it. It perches on his hand while he strokes its back. It is his friendly and confiding companion in the long hours of his solitude. The turkey on duty in this hallway informs me that the two are inseparable."

"So I ask you, is not this evidence of what I have been saying? But hold: I shall demonstrate my theory beyond a doubt."

The reverend gentleman advances to the cell door.

"My dear brother," he says, addressing the inmate, "would you mind telling me why you are so deeply attached to this dumb animal?"

"Sure I'll tell you," answers the criminal. "It's because once he bit the warden."

The Book That Grandpa Took

SINCE Rex Beach himself laughed at this story when I brought it to him, there is no reason why the general public should be denied the opportunity to laugh at it, too. I had it at first hand from a young lady who figured in it.

This young lady is now engaged in newspaper work. But before she took up journalism she was an assistant at a public library in Pittsburgh.

One day as she sat at her desk a sixteen-year-old girl approached her and told her that she had come to pay for a book which had been lost.

"What was the book?" asked the librarian.

"It was Mr. Rex Beach's 'Going Some.' I took it out four weeks ago to read it but we had some trouble in our family and the book was lost and I'm afraid I can't return it; so, under the rules, I suppose I'll have to pay for it."

Judging by the girl's appearance, the librarian figured that she did not belong to a family in particularly affluent circumstances, so sympathy moved her to make further inquiry.

"I would suggest," she said, "that you make another search for the missing volume. Surely it must be somewhere around your home. Perhaps if you hunt again thoroughly you may find where it is."

"Oh, we know where it is," said the girl. "That's just the trouble!"

"Where is it?"

"Well, you see, grandpa died."

"What has your grandfather's death to do with Mr. Rex Beach's 'Going Some'?"

"Well, ma'am, after he was laid out in his coffin the undertaker used it to prop up grandpa's chin with. And everybody forgot about it until after the funeral was over. And so the book is out at the cemetery with grandpa."

Record Yield of Wheat

The bureau of crop estimates says that the largest yield, in bushels, of wheat to an acre of which it has record is 117.2 bushels. It was produced in 1895 in Island county, Washington. The average harvest was 18 and the yield 117.2 per acre. The field was measured and the wheat weighed. Probably a bushel per acre was lost in threshing, due to the inability of the threshing machine to produce the best results in such heavy grain.

Apples' Keeping Qualities

Bristol university records the important fact that the keeping qualities of fruit are related to the soil in which the fruit is grown. When certain varieties of apple, grown in certain places are stored they break down internally giving rise to Jonathan spot, bitter pit and other disorders. Apples stored under the same conditions, but grown under different ones, stand the test well.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

PILES TREATED and a Cure Guaranteed

Any form of Piles (itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding) are dangerous if neglected. Every Druggist sells FAZO OINTMENT with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to cure. In tubes with pile pipe, 75c; or in tin box, 60c.

Variation in Brains.

The brain of man is usually heavier than that of woman, although at birth and at the age of fourteen the female brain is heavier. The average weight of the adult male's brain is about 48 ounces and of the female about 43½ ounces.

Worth Knowing When Winter Cold Comes!

Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and it really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's gripe, this method works, only takes longer. Pape's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

His Name for It.

"What is your job?" he inquisitively asked the lowly gentleman. "Floor walker in an angel-foundry" he answered. Later we learned that he was watching at a grade crossing.—Life.

"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 20 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.



A Proclamation

IT IS RIGHT that we who are alive
 And masterful and free
 With hearts to hope and health to strive
 And blessed with eyes to see,
 Should sometimes, pausing in the stress,
 Acknowledge thankfulness—

FOR ALL the mornings that are fair
 And all the kindly winds that blow,
 For all the cheerful faces where
 The busy thousands come and go,
 For all the warm and peaceful nooks
 In which the weary may recline,
 For friendly looks and worthy books,
 For faith that may be yours and mine—

FOR EVERY glad and pleasing song,
 For every pasture that is green,
 For all the streams that wind along
 Where ripples flash and willows lean,
 For all the triumphs we have gained,
 For all the errors left behind,
 For all the tasks that have remained
 For hopeful, eager men to find—

FOR EVERY gladdened mother's prayers,
 For all the bliss that lovers claim,
 For every charm that beauty wears,
 For pride, for honor, and for fame,
 For morning and the hope it brings,
 For every cheerful, friendly face,
 For skill to do the useful things,
 For night, with each star in its place.

IT IS RIGHT that we who may engage
 In triumphs yet to be,
 Who, in the world's sublimest age,
 Are masterful and free,
 Should sometimes, in the strife and stress,
 Acknowledge thankfulness.

S. E. KISER

Feast Ever Part of the Spirit of Day

The modern Thanksgiving day observance is so broad in its contrast with pioneer days that there is a smile in the comparison. Comfort, luxury, organization mark the celebration of the event today. The Twentieth century farmer produces his crops under ideal conditions. He has no treads of peace to make with Indians in order to plant and cultivate his crops. In the diary of an old New Englander is this line: "An Indian promise is no more than to have a pig by the tail," a sentiment born of difficulties with the savages. The Pilgrim fathers planted corn with seed in one hand and a rifle in the other.

Governor Wallace issued the first official Thanksgiving proclamation for Indiana, fixing the day for Thursday, November 28, 1839. No doubt there previously had been a general observance of the harvest's bounties among the pioneers of the state, but that was promoted by the churches, not by official designation of the day by the governor. President Lincoln officially restored the day in 1863, the first national act of the kind since the administration of President Madison. It is pleasant to picture how the Hoosier pioneers observed the day unofficially by "harvest home" festivals in the churches, when prayer and thanksgiving were the program of the worshippers.

Early Indianapolis was built along White river. Farms were cultivated in the surrounding territory, and a good harvest was the basis for rejoicing. Sometimes there was feasting, the original idea of George Washington not having lost its meaning to the pioneer. Men went forth to the woods to bring in wild turkeys and other game that was worthy of being the "piece de resistance" of a harvest festival dinner.

Evolution of Today's Turkey.

Families gathered around tables piled high with wild turkey, venison, squirrel and other meats of the forest. Apples and the native nuts were spread in plenty over the house, and the men, if they were so inclined—and they usually were—took a nip from friendly jugs just to add enthusiasm to the day. Sweet cider had a habit of becoming jubilantly hard about the middle or last of November, and this, too, played a part in the merrymaking.

Sonnet for the Day

O, thankful, I, for food on table board,
 For sight of linen falling to the floor;
 O, thankful, I, and humble to a Lord
 A little time forgotten, sought once more.
 O, thankful, I, that I have grown so tall
 As to look on the world with simple eye.
 That there is never day of year, I call
 Not unto some far Being toward the sky.
 And thankful am I for the gift of song,
 Uncertain though it be as candle shine
 And small as light of taper. Praise it long,
 I know, and singing it, it shall be mine.
 Thankful, thankful, that this hour could be
 Set aside for thankfulness in me.

—David Porter in Chicago Tribune.

When the wild turkey became extinct, the domestic bird, now a national favorite in Thanksgiving feasts, found way to popularity. There is an impression that America imported the present species of turkey from Europe, but the fact is just the reverse. American turkeys were introduced first in Spain three centuries ago, and through processes of cross-breeding the present delight of America's Thanksgiving day was evolved.

Poultry raisers express the fear that unless the government experts at Washington, who are working on the problem, discover methods whereby domestic turkeys may be fortified against disease and proneness to die under adverse weather conditions, it will not be many years before turkeys will go the way of the dodo bird—become extinct. Farmwives, in many parts of the country, do not attempt to raise turkeys because of the prevalence or disease known as blackhead and limberneck. The government's experts are exerting every effort to find cures for these diseases, but complete success has not yet been attained, although a few remedies have been found fairly successful. Heavy rains are hard on baby turkeys, which drown easily.

Turkey Supply Falling Off.

The result of these failures in turkey-raising has been a greatly diminished production, and, of course, prices soar in consequence. Southern Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, in the last several years, have been showing increased production in turkeys. Most of the birds that find way to the metropolitan markets are from Texas and other Southwestern states, where the climate is right and there is plenty of room for range. New England states, original home of the American turkey, do not now produce enough birds to supply the demand for the metropolitan markets, although every hotel in New York, Boston and Philadelphia announces on the bill of fare, "Vermont turkey," or "Rhode Island turkey." The storage houses are filled with dressed turkeys that have journeyed out of the West, south and Southwest to make Thanksgiving a day of feasting for metropolitan epicures.

America's Thanksgiving dinner has, in the last twenty years, become a sort of international banquet. The turkey is a United States institution, but one finds on the table now Irish potatoes a la Hollandaise, or Spanish style; vegetables from the Imperial valley of Mexico, figs from Egypt, nuts and coffee from Brazil, almonds from Italy, grapefruit from Porto Rico, French prairie and perhaps Turkish cigarettes.

Thanksgiving day amusements have undergone as great changes as the bill of fare. The observance, as originally planned by the forefathers, called for attendance at church and an outpouring of gratitude for health and bountiful harvests. The Puritans held it to be a day of Sabbathlike sanctity. As the years rolled on, the element of rejoicing entered into the spirit of the day, and, after church in the forenoon and a feast at noon, the men engaged in mirthful games and banter, while the women sat around the "settlin' room" and gossiped of affairs that held their interest. In the country communities there were games of horse-shoe pitching, hop-skip-and-jump, foot-races and wrestling matches. Men of the neighborhood vied with each other

in these contests, which helped to make Thanksgiving day happy.

Thanksgiving Spirit Abides.

Changing years have brought changed customs, but the spirit of Thanksgiving still abides in the American heart, whatever the style of observance. In Indianapolis, as in other cities, scores of families are depending on the hotels and clubs to provide the Thanksgiving dinner, thus to ease the women of the household of the responsibilities. Hotel and club managers here say they are booked almost to capacity with table reservations calling for covers representing 10, 12, 15 and 20 persons. In other words, the family is going to "dine out" and let mother's Thanksgiving day be one of rejoicing, not drudgery.

It would be impossible for all families to eat at hotels and clubs—mothers know that! You can't change a sentimental mother. The result is that, in thousands of instances, mother refuses to consider any other situation than that of having her children at home for Thanksgiving day dinner. Turkey may not be the crowning viand of the meal, for there still remain chicken, goose and duck to top the menu. Mother knows, too, of other morsels that are the delight of her children.

Fact is, folk, Thanksgiving day is just another Mothers' day!—Indianapolis News.

Show Your Gratitude Throughout the Year

A beautiful story of true gratitude is told of a little child living in a poverty-stricken home. The mother had leaped a door shutter up in one corner of her cabin so that her shivering little ones could shelter behind it from the icy wind. One of the children, creeping behind this poor shelter, said: "Mamma, aren't you sorry for the poor little children that haven't any door shutter to go behind?" In this child was exemplified the true sentiment of the gratitude expressed by the Pilgrim fathers.

Gratitude is the open door through which we enter into true peace and happiness, and this must find its rightful expression in unselfishness and consideration for others. What a different world it would be if the spirit of Thanksgiving day were to be demonstrated, not only on a special occasion but throughout every day of the year! Into the thought filled with gratitude, envy, malice, hatred and jealousy can find no entrance. Thus is not true gratitude a powerful factor in bringing peace and harmony to all mankind?—Exchange.

Thanksgiving

Joy in the heart, though there's frost on the ground,
 Thanksgiving day is the day of good cheer—
 Happiness, hopefulness, faith should abound,
 All through the year!

Peace in the soul, though the red leaves have blown,
 Thanksgiving day is the day of God's love—
 Lord, in the name of the marches You've shown,
 Smile down from above!



Are Your Children Underweight?

ONE of America's greatest Child specialists states: "Karo Syrup is the ideal food for the underweight child. Karo can be added to the diet without spoiling the appetite for other foods—and Karo improves the taste for milk."

"Two tablespoonfuls of Karo in a glass of milk doubles its food value."

Karo is one of the outstanding energy giving foods for children, because it's so easy to digest and—

There's 120 calories to the ounce of Karo—almost twice the energy value of eggs and lean meat, weight for weight.

Serve the children plenty of Karo daily in milk, on cereals and sliced bread.

Watch their weight improve!

Tale of Two Tombstones.

Forgotten, two headstones such as are placed on graves stood in a North Atchison yard without causing much comment for years until they stirred the curiosity of Theodore Arensberg, relates the Atchison Globe. He inquired and learned the two tombstones had been there thirty-five years or more. They are no monument to the dead but to a deadbeat. The place was originally the home of a contractor who, at last, despairing of collecting a bill for work done accepted the two tombstones in payment and, not knowing what else to do with them at the time, had them set up on his front lawn.

Some Guy.

Trade Boss—What the thunder did you buy a new safe for? Haven't you got one?

New Clerk—Yes, sir; but I thought I would prevent a robbery by keeping the old safe in the new one.

Passing Observation.

It is the girls who "are easy on the eyes" that are causing most of the eye-strain these days.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Snappy.

Robert—I hate a fool!

Roberta—Well, you certainly are not egotistical.

It ought to be some consolation to a widow to know that history repeats itself.

Plenty of men can be found who envy a man who has time to attend the matinee.

This is the package you want When you ask for SHREDDED WHEAT 12 ounces full-size biscuits

As Made in Shredded Wheat Factories for 34 Years

An unsalted, unsweetened whole wheat food, thoroughly baked—ready-to-serve—nourishing and strengthening.

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
 Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

America is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monacemittelfester of Salicylicacid

United we stand, divided we are misunderstood.

BOILS
 ENDED—NO LANCING

Carbol contains ingredients that quickly draw out core of worst boil or carbuncle. Stops pain—prevents spreading. Get Carbol today from druggist. Or send 50¢ to Sparlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Wanted, Men and Ladies
 to learn barber trade. Special low tuition. Free catalogue. Oklahoma City Barber College, 104 W. California. Harry Kuns, Mgr.

Permanent Business Connection, Income Independent. Success guaranteed ambitious people. Write Dixie Dist. Co., Morrilton, Ark.

TEXAS HONEY that will give satisfaction. Send for Booklet and Prices. W.A.L.D. G. CONRADE, NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS.

SPECIAL OFFER!

Men's Milk Knitted Ties, 7c or 8c for \$1.99. Newest styles, colors, patterns. We are offering these High Grade Silk Knit Ties at this bargain price for a limited time as a Xmas Special. Buy these splendid Ties for gifts and save money. They are regular \$1.50 value and our low price is only 75c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send cash with order or send C. O. D. State color tie wanted.

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Wonderful and pure. Makes your skin beautiful, soft, clear, even. Price \$1.25. Free booklet, "Beauty Through Health." Write for it. Sold by Dr. G. H. Barry Co., 2275 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, Ok. 47-1928.



THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by *Zane Grey*

So it was in him then—an inherited fighting instinct—a blood lust—a driving intensity to kill. He was the last of the Duanes—that old fighting stock of Texas.

But not the memory of his dead father, nor the pleading of his soft-voiced mother, nor the warning of his uncle who stood before him now, had brought so much to Duane realization of the dark, passionate strain in his blood. It was the recurrence, a hundred fold increased in power of a strange emotion that for the last three years had taken possession of him.

"Yes, Cal Bain's in town, full of bad whisky, an' huntin' for you," repeated the elder man, gravely.

"It's the second time," muttered Duane, as if to himself.

"Son, you can't avoid a meetin'. Leave town till Cal sobers up. He ain't got it in for you when he's not drinkin'."

"But what's he want me for?" demanded Duane. "To insult me again I won't stand that twice."

"He's got a fever that's rampant in Texas these days, my boy. He wants gunplay. It he meets you he'll try to kill you."

Here it stirred Duane again—last bursting gush of blood, like a wind of flame shaking all his inner being, and subsiding to leave him strangely chilled.

As towns go, Wellston was small enough, but important in that unsettled part of the great State because it was the trading center of several hundred miles of territory.

On the main street there were perhaps fifty buildings, some brick, some frame, mostly adobe, and one-third of the lot, by far the most prosperous, were saloons. From the road Duane turned into the street.

It was a wide thoroughfare, lined by hitching rails and saddled horses, and vehicles of various kinds. Duane's eye ranged down the street, taking in all at a glance, particularly persons moving rapidly up and down. Not a cowboy was in sight.

"When he came to within fifty yards of a saloon he swerved out into the middle of the street, stood there for a moment, then went ahead and back to the sidewalk. He passed on in this way the length of the block."

Sol White was standing in the door of his saloon.

"Buck, I'm tippin' you off," he said quick and low-voiced, "Cal

Bain's over at Everall's. If he's a huntin' you had as he brags he'll show there."

Duane knew himself to be cold, steady. He was conscious of a strange fury that made him want to leap ahead. He seemed to long for this encounter more than anything he had ever wanted. But vivid as were his sensations, he felt as if in a dream. Before he reached Everall's he heard loud voices, one of which was raised high. Then the short door swung outward as if impelled by a vigorous hand. A bow-legged cowboy wearing woolly chaps, burst out upon the sidewalk. At sight of Duane he seemed to bound into the air and let out a savage roar.

If Duane was drunk he did not show it in his movements. Red, sweaty, and disheveled, his face distorted and expressive of the most malignant intent, he seemed a wild and sinister figure. He had already killed a man, and this appeared manifest in his demeanor.

"Won't nothin' make you draw, you _____?" he shouted.

"I'm waiting on you, Cal," replied Duane.

Bain's right hand stiffened—more. Duane threw his gun as a boy throws a ball underhand—a draw his father had taught him. He pulled twice, his shots almost as one.

Bain's big Colt boomed while it was pointed downward and he was falling. His bullet scattered dust and gravel at Duane's feet. Bain fell loosely without contortion.

When he came to the gate of his home and saw his uncle there with a mettlesome horse, saddled, with canteen, rope and bags all in place, a subtle shock pervaded Buck's spirit.

It had slipped his mind—the consequence of his act.

But the sight of the horse, the look of his uncle recalled the fact that he must now become a fugitive.

"I am a murderer," said Duane, shuddering.

"No, son, you're not. An' you never will be. But you've got to be an outlaw till time makes it safe for you to come home."

Duane, with blurred sight and contracting throat, gripped his uncle's hand and bade him a wordless farewell. Then he leaped into the saddle and rode out of town.

When the heat of the day began to be oppressive and hunger and thirst made themselves manifest, Duane began to look about him for a place to halt for the noon hours. The trail led into a road which was hard-packed and smooth from the tracks of cattle. He doubted not he had come across one of the roads used by border raiders.

He headed into it and had scarcely traveled a mile when turning a curve he came point-blank upon a single horseman riding toward him.

"Mawlin, stranger," called the man, dropping his hand from his hip.

"Howdy," replied Duane shortly. "I see you ain't no ranger," called the rider, "an' shore I ain't none."

He laughed loudly as if he had made a joke.

He was small and wiry, slouchy of attitude, and armed to the teeth and he bestrode a fine bay horse. He had quick, dancing brown eyes, at once frank and bold, and a coarse, bronzed face. Evidently he was a good-natured ruffian.

"My name's Luke Stevens, an' I hail from the river. Who're you?" said this stranger.

Duane was silent.

"I reckon you're Buck Duane," went on Stevens. "I heard you was a bad man with a gun."

"This time Duane laughed, not at the doubted compliment, but at the idea that the first outlaw he met should know him.

"Wal, Buck," said Stevens, in a friendly manner, "I ain't presumin' on your time or company. I see you're headin' for the river. But will you stop long enough to stake a feller to a bit of grub?"

"I'm out of grub and pretty hungry myself," admitted Duane.

"Been pushin' your hoss I see. Wal, I reckon you'd better stock up before you hit that stretch of country."

He made a wide sweep of his right arm, indicating the southwest and there was that in his action which seemed significant of a vast and barren region.

"Stock up?" queried Duane very thoughtfully.

"Shore. A feller has jest got to eat. I can rustle along, without whiskey, but not without grub. That's what makes it so embarrassing travelin' in these parts dodgin' your shadow. Now I'm on my way to Mercer. It's a little two-bit town up the river a ways. I'm goin' to pack out some grub."

"Stranger, in this here country

two's a crowd. It's safer. I never was much on this lone wolf dodgin', though I've done it of necessity. It takes a good man to travel alone any length of time. Why I've been the sick I was jest achin' for some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a partner any day. Now, maybe you're not the kind of a feller, an' I'm shore not presumin' to ask. But I jest declares myself sufficient."

"You mean you'd like me to go with you?" asked Duane.

Stevens grinned.

"Wal, I should smile. I'd be particular proud to be braced with a man of your reputation."

"See here, my good fellow, that is all nonsense," declared Duane in some haste.

"Shore, I think modesty becomin' to a youngster," replied Stevens. "I hate a brag."

"But every man who's lived along the Texas border remembers a lot about your dad. It was expected of you, I reckon, an' much of your rep was established before you throwed your gun. I jest heard you was lightnin' on the draw, an' when you cut loose with a gun why the figger on the ace of spades would cover your cluster of bullet holes. That's the word that's gone down the border."

"It's the kind of reputation most sure to fly far an' swift ahead of a man in this country. An' the safest, too, the draw! I see now you're only a boy, though you're a strappin', husky one. Now, Buck, I'm not a spring chicken, an' I've been long on the dodge. Maybe a little of my society won't hurt you none. You'll need to learn the country."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Local Notes

W. D. Kirk was a Farwell visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir of Hereford were in Friona Wednesday.

Clyde Goodwine and Floyd Reeve were transacting business in Farwell Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bethel Hix accompanied by Mrs. Tidwell, spent Monday in Hereford.

Logan Simpson, W. D. Kirk and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maurer spent one day last week in Amarillo.

Mrs. Ralph Tedford and son Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were shopping in Clovis Friday of last week.

Herbert Jones, who has been in California and New Mexico for the last year, is visiting in the home of his sister, Mrs. A. C. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Messenger, who live twelve miles northwest of Friona, entertained at Sunday dinner Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Livings and son, Donald, a turkey dinner with the fixings that go to make a real dinner.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tedford and son Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders spent Wednesday in Clovis.

Herbert Goeth who visited with friends and relatives at Abernathy last week returned home Wednesday.

W. H. Tedford who was operated on at the Lubbock hospital last Thursday for cataract of the eye is reported doing nicely. His son, Milton Tedford, is staying with him.

Dick Bales of Hedley, Texas, and Royce Sparks were guests in the home of Mrs. Nina Newman and family.

Elroy Wilson is visiting friends and relatives at Dallas this week.

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Hints for the Home

When you're wondering what to give Aunt or Cousin or Sister and so for Christmas, remember that a lovely scrap basket for one's room is always most acceptable.

Attractive metal baskets that are priced from \$6 to \$15 in the shops can be made for \$2 or less at home. Buy the unfinished metal frame, lasquer it or cover it with antique gold or silver paper, mount a lovely old French or flower print or an old map in medallion fashion and shellac the whole to protect it from wear and soiling. You can be truly proud of such a gift.

Creole Sauce.

Chop finely a half green pepper and small onion and soften in four tablespoons bacon or ham fat. Add cup thick tomato puree, season highly with salt and tobacco, bring to boil and add tablespoon pulp cooking tapioca. Cook until rich and creamy. If a heavier sauce is desired, add additional half teaspoon tapioca.

For a Cold Plum Pudding

Mix 3-4 cup grapes, 3-4 cup seeded raisins, 1/4 cup English walnut meats, 3-4 cup cooked prunes, 1/4 cup citron, all cut fine. Dissolve a package of lemon gelatin in pint boiling water and while still hot add the mixed fruits and 1/4 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and salt to taste. Mold and serve with whipped cream.

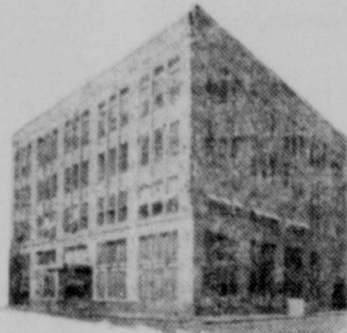
Star Want Ads have the reputation of getting immediate results.

JUST A THOUGHT AS A REPLY.

While the Friona Star made a hard, strenuous fight in the court house campaign, it was very careful to make a clean, fair fight, as everybody knows. Let's hear from the State Line Tribune

DR. A. P. McELOY.

Jackman's Women's Wear Exclusively



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Sale! \$2.55 yet have the BEST

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Rates in Texas Oklahoma and New Mexico

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AMON G. CARTER, President.

FOR TOP PRICES

ON MAIZE HEADS, EAR CORN AND SUDAN SEE THE SANTA FE GRAIN COMPANY

We always pay you top prices. Bring them to us. We are here the year around and not just here one day and gone the next. We assure you courteous treatment and prompt service and accurate weight the year around.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS AND WILL PAY YOU ALL THE MARKET WILL ALLOW

Santa Fe Grain Company

Meet Your Friends and Eat Your Meals at

Sander's Cafe

Wholesome, Bounteous, Appetizing Meals.

S. J. SANDERS, Proprietor.

Closing Out Furniture Sale

Will go on until the last piece is sold. Make it furniture for Christmas Presents at these low prices

Our Stock Is Complete. Make This Store Your

Headquarters When In Clovis.

R. H. Crook Furniture Co.

CLOVIS

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PARMER COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY E. F. Lokey, Manager

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We Truly Appreciate

All those who voted for county seat removal—and we have not the least resentment for those who did otherwise. To prove this, we here express our intense willingness to supply you with the best the market affords

IN ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIALS PROMPTLY, EFFICIENTLY AND COURTEOUSLY

Rockwell Bros. & Company

LUMBER

O. F. Lange

Manager

Fill Your Radiator With LOW TEMP Radiator Glycerine

\$2.75 Per Gallon

Buy a Fada Radio for Christmas

Everything In Drugs

City Drug Store

STAR THEATRE

HEREFORD, TEXAS

Saturday Afternoon and Night

DECEMBER 1 RIN TIN TIN in

"THE NIGHT CRY"

Monday and Tuesday DECEMBER 3-4

CLARA BOW

in "RED HAIR"

Wednesday - Thursday DECEMBER 5-6

LON CHANBY

in "WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS"

FRIDAY ONLY

DECEMBER 7

"THE WARE CASE"

with SPECIAL CAST

Saturday Matinee and Night DECEMBER 8

WALLACE BERRY AND RAYMOND HATTON

in "PARTNERS IN CRIME"

COMING:

EMIL JENNINGS

in "THE PATRIOT"

"WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

TIME OF SHOWS:

Evenings 7:00-8:45

Saturday Matinee 2:00-3:30