

The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

VOLUME 5—NUMBER 50.

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1930.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

SUMMER-TILLED ACRES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED YIELD OF CROP OVER ORDINARY TILLING

The writer of this article had occasion recently to visit a wheat field in the vicinity of Friona, a part of which had been summer tilled last season before planting, while the remainder had received only ordinary tilling.

The field was a half section now being cultivated by F. W. Reeve and the part under summer tillage was that part which had been blown over by the wind during the spring of 1929. Mr. Reeve stated that the extra work given it would be considered as only partly summer tilled, as it consisted only of once over with a spring-toothed harrow and just before harvest he covered it with a one-way plow.

Following this work this part of the ground received the same tilling as was given to the other part, but the difference in the crop yield is apparent even when viewed from a considerable distance. The straw is much taller and a much better stand, while the head will double in size the heads on the land that received only the ordinary tilling.

Mr. Reeve stated that the one tilling produced two or maybe three bushels per acre while the summer tilled part will yield 12 or 15 bushels per acre. He stated also that the difference in appearance of the two parts had been noticeable ever since the crop first came up last fall and he is very thoroughly sold on the practice of summer tillage.

Mr. Reeve plans to leave a considerable part of his wheat acreage for summer tilling and proposes to plant this part to pinto beans next spring and make his summer tilling cultivate his bean crop, which he estimates will more than pay for the labor and if the season is favorable will yield a fair profit besides.

Other fields in the vicinity of Friona which bear evidence of the value of summer tillage are the C. V. Goodwine field south of town and a part of the A. O. Drake farm north of town, which was cultivated by W. J. Thomson. Each of these fields has shown a marked difference to the adjoining fields during the spring and the harvest is showing a yield of from 15 to 20 bushels to the acre, compared with 6 to 12 bushels in the neighboring fields.

RETURNS TO IOWA

Mrs. John Treider of Lawler, Iowa, who has been visiting her sons, Otto and George Treider and families in the Lazbuddie community, departed for her home Monday morning.

Mrs. Treider and husband formerly lived in Friona, being among the first settlers of this locality, having come here about 1908 and purchased a tract of land in the locality where the sons now live.

Farm Homes Chief Offenders On Buying Substitutes for Butter, It Is Now Claimed

Twenty-five per cent of the entire income of the American farmer is in jeopardy, states a farm bureau authority. In maintaining a constant fight to assure a better standard of living with an adequate income to pay the family's bills, the farmers have come face to face with the situation.

The situation exists in the dairy industry, the largest industry in the nation, out of which the American farmer receives annually three billion dollars. Dairying, in a large measure, determines the prosperity of agriculture.

Butter prices are extremely low due to under consumption. And strangely, the lowest consumption of dairy products is traced to rural sections where surveys show that for every pound of delicious butter consumed, more than one pound of butter substitute is used.

Some economists declare that it is the rural sections of America that are consuming fully one-half of the butter substitutes sold annually in the nation.

For this reason the farm bureau is making a strong plea to every farm family to start eating more butter every day. It is right on the farm and does not have to be bought.

Some time back there was an understanding among the business men of Hereford that they would not have in stock for sale any butter substitute, keeping only the

GONE TO CALIFORNIA

Wednesday morning B. B. McCandless and son, H. C., son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carnes left in a car for Santa Ana, California, to make their home.

B. B. and H. C. McCandless spent part of last summer and early winter there, returning here a few months ago and spent some time improving their farm west of town and building a duplex in Friona. Meeting with an opportunity to rent the farm and work becoming short here, they have returned to California where they may have steady employment. They expect to engage in automobile salesmanship or electrical work.

Mr. McCandless stated that with the removal of Mrs. Carnes and H. C. to California his children will be with them and California will be as much home as any place.

With his departure the Friona community loses an upright and worthy citizen and his many good friends wish for him contentment and prosperity in his new home. He may return to Friona some time to live.

REED BROWNLEE HOME

Reed Brownlee, elder son of Mrs. Mary Brownlee and brother of Charles Fred Brownlee, of this place arrived home last Saturday from Detroit, Michigan, where he has been employed the past few years.

Reed paid the Star office an appreciated call Monday morning and stated that he found conditions at Friona much better than they are at any of the places he has visited during the past few months.

Mr. Brownlee has been working in the Dodge motor factory up until last December. He says that practically every automobile factory in Detroit is now closed down for lack of orders for their products and those that are operating are working only a day or two of each week.

HOMELAND NEWS

Miss Minnie Mann and Buena Newman visited in Wichita Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Pressley of Farwell, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boatman, spent the week seeing the sights at the Carlsbad Caverns.

Mrs. Ellen Ingram of Wellington is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Grace Cook.

A number of the young people enjoyed a party at the home of Miss Velma Loflin last Saturday night.

REVIVAL MEETING CLOSES

The revival meetings that have been in progress at the Church of Christ near the school building during the past week closed Sunday night.

The preaching was done by Minister Van Bonneau of Dodsonville, Texas, who won the hearts of his people by his enthusiastic exposition of the gospel truths. He is a young man and was filled with enthusiasm for his work. Two new members were added to the church roll in the persons of two of Friona's splendid young men, one of whom was baptized Sunday night following the preaching service.

The people of the congregation were so well pleased with Brother Bonneau's work that an invitation was extended for him to return, but his dates were all taken up to the last week in July, 1932, when he hopes to again visit Friona.

BAPTIST W. M. U. PROGRAM

Program for July, 1930:
Subject: Leading many to righteousness.

Leader: Mrs. B. Short.
Scripture reading: Leader.
Prayer: Mrs. Meade.

Song.
The law of life everlasting: Mrs. Wedel.

The spirit and the bride say come. 1 In the early church; 2 In a modern church: Mrs. Dilger.

Song.
Wells of water springing up: Mrs. Wood.

And they that are wise: Mrs. Trullit.

Song.
Heal the sick: Mrs. Meade.
Evangelists all: Mrs. Burton.
Dismissed with prayer: Mrs. Wood.

COUNTY FEDERATION ANNOUNCEMENT

The next meeting of the county federation of clubs and kindred organizations will be held in Friona on the last Thursday in July at the Congregational church. We are very anxious for a large attendance.

The federation is constantly growing. We are anxious at all times to receive new members. Anyone wishing to join as an individual please send name to Mrs. Floyd Schlenker.

Dues for an individual member is 50 cents a year. Any club wishing to join as a whole will only have to pay 25 cents per capita per year.

B. Y. P. U.

Jesus says "Go!" Where?
Find out at B. Y. P. U. Sunday evening, July 6, at 7:30.

Subject: Growing through expansion.
Introduction: Mrs. M. E. Bales.

Extension: A practical means of expansion: M. E. Bales.
How many members be healed? Mrs. R. F. Fleet.

Expansion properly directed: Mary Louise Trullit.
Expansion applied: Mrs. B. R. Sparks.

Crops of Corn and Cotton Are Showing Well

Will Thomas was a visitor at the Star office Saturday while in town, and said he had not been here for four weeks and had not had an opportunity to read the Star in that time, since he does not live on a rural route. He said he had no time for reading as he has been busy with his crops. He has 115 acres of cotton which is up and growing, although he did not get it planted until the 17th of June. However, he has a good stand and if weather conditions continue favorable it bids fair to make a good yield. He has also 115 acres of feed crops which includes much corn. The corn was planted early and is now knee high but not so good a stand. The rows are spaced close so that the light stand will not make so much difference and he thus expects an average yield of this splendid grain crop. His milo, kafir and begari are up to nice stands and while a little late have a fine start.

Mr. Thomas reports a good rain south of Homeland last Thursday, with some hail but not enough to damage materially. What Mr. Thomas says of his crops and the weather conditions we take as fairly indicative of conditions generally in that locality.

MRS. GISCHLER IMPROVING

E. H. Gischler stated Monday morning that he had been talking to Mrs. Gischler who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at Abilene, and that she stated she is improving nicely.

Mrs. Gischler, with her son and daughter, Larry and Maurette, have been in Abilene the past several weeks visiting her parents and other relatives and while there was stricken with appendicitis. In her conversation with her husband, she said she would be able to return home this week if he so desired.

HOMELAND SOCIAL

Ladies of the Homeland community recently enjoyed a social evening at the home of Mrs. B. G. Hall and present were Misses Elloit, Pinnell, Jones, Brewer, Newman, Collier, Green, Day, Elliott, Adams, Wicker, Allen, Vestal, Merrill, Jones, Boatman and Hall; Misses Bengier, Manns, Newman, Bengier, Newman, Vestal, Brewer, and Bengier.

JUNIOR LEAGUE PROGRAM

Subject: God's children.
Bible reading.
His little ones: Frances Key.
Children of one Father: Flossa Hartsheld.

Unselfish children: Bruce Parr.
Protection for all of God's children: Mack Turner.

Full grown sons: Paul Parr.
Jesus' boyhood: Ernest Osborn.
In training: Lucille King.
Helping God's sick children: Frances Hartsheld.

Something to think over: Hazel Furlong.

BIDS WANTED

The Friona school board will accept bids on or before July 18, 1930, for the transportation of pupils to and from school for the year 1930-31. All truck bodies must be new and all chassis must be in good condition.

FRIONA SCHOOL BOARD.
(Signed) F. L. Spring, President.
F. N. Welch. 50-2c

FRIONA WEATHER

During the past ten days Friona people have suffered from some of the most intense heat they have ever experienced in this locality. The mercury rose one day to 104 and for several days it hovered around the 100 mark.

This week has been much cooler and it is hoped the heat wave is broken and that we shall not have it so warm again during the summer.

While rain has fallen in localities south and west of Friona, there has been very little moisture here or within a radius of three or four miles. A good rain was reported at Bovina last week and a slight tornado is reported to have struck at Farwell-Tejico late Tuesday evening of this week.

FRED HAITZ HERE

Fred Haitz of Sioux City, Iowa, arrived here Saturday to look after threshing the wheat crop on his land northwest of town. He has owned this land several years and is well pleased with it and the Plains country and rarely falls to come here each year during harvest, during which times he has formed a large acquaintance among people here who are always pleased to see him return.

Since last here Mr. Haitz underwent a surgical operation on an eye for removal of a cataract and his vision is still very poor in that eye and he is obliged to distinguish his friends chiefly by their voices. He will be here until harvest is over.

STATE SPEAKER IS SCHEDULED FOR SATURDAY

(From The Hereford Brand)
The Hon. John Spurgeon of Paris is scheduled for a public speech in Hereford at the court house Saturday afternoon at three o'clock according to a communication received Tuesday by John P. Slaton from Lee Satterwhite.

Mr. Spurgeon will discuss the proposed 350 million dollar state bond issue for road purposes. He is reputed to be quite an orator and is familiar with state politics, said Mr. Slaton, who added that it was unlikely that Hereford would have an opportunity of hearing any other state speaker this summer on the major questions and he commended Mr. Spurgeon as a pleasing talker and a well-informed man.

T. M. RUSHING VISITS HERE

T. M. Rushing of Ada, Oklahoma, arrived here the latter part of last week for a visit with his son, E. V. Rushing and family. Mr. Rushing will be here thru the harvest season assisting his son with the harvest. He stated to a Star representative that he may decide to make his home here permanently. Such a move on his part would please his Friona friends immensely.

PREPARATION OF SEEDBED RIGHT AFTER HARVEST WILL GET BEST RESULTS FOR NEXT YEAR'S CROP

"Early plowing, listing or disking does more to insure a successful crop of wheat than anything else," says H. M. Bainer, director of the Southwestern Wheat Improvement Association.

Continuing, he says: "Seventy-five per cent of the wheat farmers know the value of early work. They know that if the bulk of the work can be done in July, with enough surface work in August to keep down all weeds and let the ground settle, it will insure more wheat than they can get through any other system."

"Early preparation will be more necessary this year than ever, as the 1930 wheat crop is thin and there are more weeds than usual. Early work will kill the weeds and save an immense amount of plant food and moisture. It will help bring up the volunteer wheat on which the Hessian fly is carried from one wheat crop to the next and if this is destroyed as it should be, it will have much to do in controlling the fly."

"Early tillage is favorable to the production of soil nitrates,

FIVE-INCH RAIN REPORTED IN ONE SECTION; HAIL IS DESTRUCTIVE; FALL GENERAL

STAG PARTY

Dr. A. P. McElroy celebrated his 70th birthday at his home Tuesday with a chicken dinner stag party. The list of guests was made to include all preachers, doctors and editors in Friona as follows: Dr. R. R. Willis, Revs. DeWitt Van Peit, J. L. Beattie and Ellsworth Richardson and Editor John White. All were present except Dr. Willis who received a professional call in the country and was unable to get back in time.

The guests were served a three-course dinner, with deliciously fried chicken as the main dish of the first course, followed with ice cream and cake, while the third course consisted of cold punch accompanied by a slice of birthday cake, which had adorned the center of the table during the dinner. This cake was surmounted by 70 candles, all of which the doctor attempted to light, but finally gave up. Following the dinner cigars were served.

It was a jocular group that gathered around the festive board and the host remarked that it is to become a regular affair every 70 years from now on. The doctor was toasted by a guest as follows: "Doctor, I may be smoking 70 years from today but if I am, I hope you are not with me," for which he received the doctor's thanks. Shortly after dinner the guests dispersed, wishing the doctor many more enjoyable birthdays.

STEEL ARRIVING AND WORK BEGUN ON NEW ROAD

The grade for the first lap of the new Rock Island railroad to be built out of Vega to Forrest, New Mexico, is now under construction, and the first shipment of steel for the road has arrived in Vega.

The line will traverse the northwest and west part of Deaf Smith county, going through the Sims community. The citizens at Sims are expecting a townsite to be laid in that immediate vicinity within the near future, according to Mrs. J. M. Chapman.

—The Hereford Brand.

STEEL ARRIVING AND WORK BEGUN ON NEW ROAD

An important terracing demonstration is announced for July 23 by R. O. Dunkle, county agent. The running of the lines and throwing up of terraces will be done on the farm of W. R. Scheffgen, three miles west of Hereford on the Clovis highway.

The importance of the demonstration lies in the fact that the slopes into a lake bed will be treated with terraces, said Mr. Dunkle, as an experiment of preventing the lake catching the water and of holding the moisture for the terraced acres. The growing of alfalfa in this manner may be tried.

M. R. Bentley, agronomy engineer of A. & M. College, and A. K. (Dad) Short, soil conservationist for the Federal Land Bank of Houston, will be here to conduct the terracing instruction to which the public is invited.

J. M. Hamblen of Plum Creek, Oklahoma, arrived in this locality to visit his son. He owns a section of fine land a few miles west of Friona of which he is justly proud and is pleased to come over and visit with us occasionally.

The New Fourth For 1930

Year by year the old-fashioned Fourth of July with spitting cannon and sizzling rocket against a blue-black sky is becoming more and more of a memory.

The Fourth of July which small boys and girls awaited as eagerly as Christmas itself, a day of toy torpedoes, of celluloid-collared orators, and ice cream socials, has been transformed into an Independence Day of quiet and dignity.

"But how can we teach our children what Fourth of July really means?" a mother asked not long ago, adding, "you must meet a child on his own ground—things must be explained to him in terms that he understands." This mother, who is fortunate enough never to have been forced to the tragic task of binding up mangled little fingers shredded by "innocent fire-crackers," is arguing that a child must be taught the meaning of liberty and freedom and independence by lighting a pin-wheel or hurling a torpedo cane upon the pavement.

It is difficult for us who passed childhood in the old-fashioned, noisy Fourth of July decade to remember that our Roman candles and "flower pots" meant anything lofty and inspiring to us—anything but a rollicking holiday.

Safe and sane Fourths are pretty well established but the argument that some way should be found to make green the meaning of what those periwigged builders of our Nation did back on July 4, 1776, is a worthy one.

The great purpose of a Fourth of July observance is not only to pay respect to the early framers of this government but to measure the patriotism of this with that day, to determine whether this nation has been true to the faith, whether it has kept aloft the torch, whether its willingness to sacrifice for the common good, deserves a place with the sacrifices of the fathers of the Nation. Such speculation is in order in these times and a quiet, dignified observance, such as this city has in mind will be helpful.

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A heavy downpour of rain last Thursday evening was reported to have fallen a few miles south of town. Rain fell at Bovina and extended eastward through the Homeland and hotel communities and as far south as Lazbuddie and Muleshoe, where the rain is said to have fallen in torrents, in some places to a depth of 5 inches, but this part of the report has not been verified.

Around Lazbuddie the rain was accompanied by hail and a number of wheat crops were reported destroyed. One of the crops was that of George Treider, who is a son-in-law of John Gischler of this place. He came to town Saturday to file claim for hail insurance.

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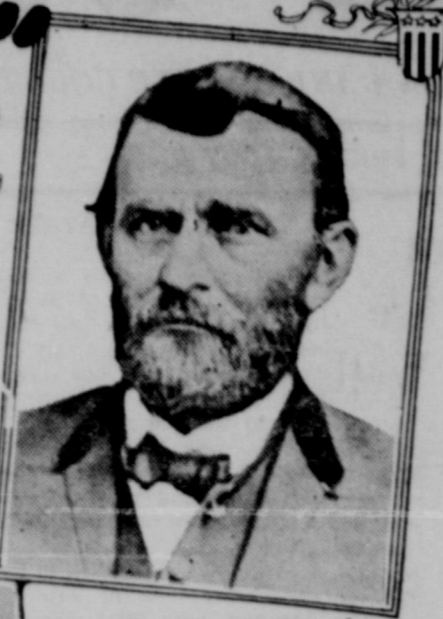
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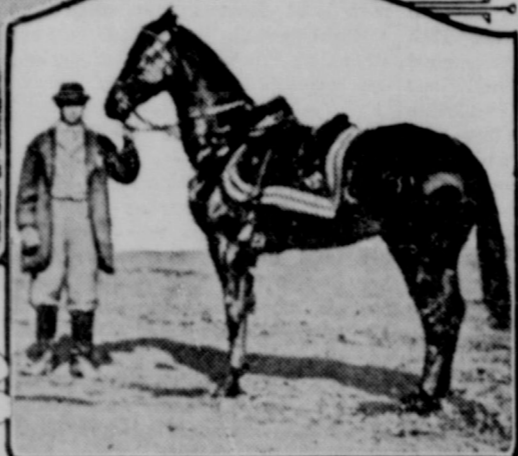
WANTED: A "Man on Horseback"



Grant Monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago



Gen. Ulysses S. Grant



Grant's Civil War Charger "Cincinnati"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE tomb of Ulysses S. Grant, victorious Civil war general and President of the United States, which for more than 30 years has stood in an unfinished state on Riverside drive in New York city is at last to be completed. The Grant Monument association is now engaged in raising by popular subscription nearly a half million dollars necessary for carrying out the original plans for this historic landmark. The terrace surrounding the monument is to be planted with shade trees; narrow walks bordered by low granite walls, banked with ornamental shrubbery, will provide promenades for visitors; and a portico with sculptured decorations is to be placed over the main entrance, with the apex of the portico directly under the carved motto "Let Us Have Peace."

But most important of all the additions is to be the equestrian statue of the general, wearing the familiar uniform of Civil war days, which is to stand on a raised pedestal in the plaza in front of the tomb. And thereby hangs the tale of what promises to be a fascinating mystery: why is it impossible for the sculptor, who is to make the equestrian statue, to find a photograph of Ulysses S. Grant on horseback? Yet, such is the case, according to Gurney C. Gue, a writer for the New York Herald Tribune, who in a recent issue of that newspaper tells of the unexpected difficulties which have been encountered as follows:

The search for a photograph of General U. S. Grant on horseback to aid the sculptor who is modeling an equestrian statue for the plaza in front of Grant's tomb, now has covered the collections of the New York Historical society, the public library and numerous dealers in rare prints and other pictures without discovering the much-wanted camera-made portrait. While nobody can be found who believes the hero of the Civil war never faced the camera when mounted during the four years of the great conflict, it is nevertheless true that nobody can be found who is sure he has ever seen such a picture.

The New York Herald Tribune's quest included a visit to the studio of the sculptor Daniel Chester French, one of whose many well known works is the bronze statue of Grant on horseback in Fairmont park, Philadelphia. Asked whether he had an equestrian photograph to guide him when he made it in 1893 the venerable artist, who was eighty years old on April 29, promptly replied:

"No, I am sure I had none made from life and I had every photograph of Grant I could find."

Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who as associate editor of the old Century Magazine forty-five years ago, may be said to have discovered Grant as an author and induced him to write the memoirs which rescued him and his family from poverty in his last days, was quite certain he had seen at least one photograph from life of Grant in the saddle. When asked why he did not publish so rare a picture in the Century war book "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," the veteran editor revised his statement and finally concluded on telephoning C. C. Bucy, his co-worker of 1887, that in the photograph he had in mind the general was not in the saddle but on the ground, holding his horse by the bridle.

In making inquiry at the Union League club, where there is a notable collection of wartime portraits, the librarian suggested that General Warren M. Healy be consulted. General Healy is the oldest living member of the Grant Monument association, having been one of its organizers with General Horace Porter, soon after Grant died in 1885. As erect of carriage and as clear of mind as he was when he marched away with the Thirtieth Massachusetts in April, 1861, he says when called upon to state his age:

"I'm ninety-one now, with nine more years to go."

General Healy was one of those who asked the army war college at Washington to set its research section at work to find a photograph of Grant on horseback for use of the sculptor. He has done some hunting himself, also, but as yet without success.



There are something like 200 portraits of General Grant in the library of the New York Historical society, and among them are several of him in uniform and in the saddle. These, however, are all engravings, etchings or lithographs, ranging from Currier & Ives's cheapest commercial product to the fine proof etching made by L. Mercier, a noted French artist. The print room of the public library has another equally large collection of drawings, but nothing in the nature of a photograph from life or a photo-engraving of the man who often faced grape and canister on horseback, yet who seems to have always run away from the camera.

At the offices of Brown Brothers, who may be described as dealers in back-number photographs, with about 1,500,000 in stock, the resources of the establishment were placed at the disposal of the Herald Tribune. A search of the envelopes on Grant and of Gardner's rare "Photographic Sketch Book of the War" failed, however, to uncover anything of the general in the saddle. Asked where one would look for such a picture, Arthur Brown suggested that the hunt be extended to private collections of war-time photographs, to the war zone in the West and South, where some local photographer might have made a plate, and to the families of Grant's descendants, who may perhaps possess such a relic.

It seems curious, indeed, that no such photograph of Grant can be found when one considers that so much of his life was spent on horseback and that of all our Presidents, not even excepting Washington and Roosevelt, he was most famous for his horsemanship. Read through his "Memoirs" and you will find repeated examples of his love for horses and any number of incidents which apparently stand out clearly in his memory because a horse was associated with them. Go to the United States Military academy at West Point today and they will show you among the records made there, the highest jump by a cadet on horseback. It reads "Grant upon York" and the Clark is more than six feet.

As a cadet at West Point Grant was a poor student in most subjects. But he was a fine horseman. Of him one of his classmates, Gen. Egbert Velle, has written: "It was as good as a circus to see Sam Grant ride. He was far the most fearless rider there. There was a dark bay horse that was so fractious that it was about to be sold because nobody could ride it. Grant selected it for his horse. He rode it every day at parade, and how he did ride! The whole class would stand around admiring his wonderful command of the beast and his graceful evolutions." Upon his graduation from the academy Grant hoped to secure a commission in the cavalry. But ironically enough, there were no places open in that branch of the service at the time and the best horseman that West Point had ever known became a second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry!

But the Mexican war gave him a chance to show his horsemanship even though he remained a commander of foot-soldiers. When General Taylor's army started its invasion of Mexico, Lieutenant Grant's company commander, Captain McCall, asked him if he did not intend to get a horse. Grant replied that since he belonged

to a foot regiment he would walk. McCall insisted, however, that his lieutenant should ride and pointed out a three-year-old mustang which one of the colored servants with the regiment had purchased at Corpus Christie for three dollars, with the remark "There, Grant, is a horse for you." The young lieutenant bought it for \$5. Grant records in his "Memoirs" the result as follows: "The day we started was the first time the horse had ever been under saddle. I had, however, but little difficulty in breaking him, though for the first day there were frequent disagreements between us as to which way we should go, and sometimes whether we should go at all. At no time during the day could I choose exactly the part of the column I would march with; but after that, I had as tractable a horse as any with the army, and there was none that stood the trip better."

Grant not only won the admiration of his men by the way in which he mastered this wild horse but during the battle of Monterey he performed a feat which won his renown throughout the army as a daring soldier and a matchless rider. With his characteristic modesty he records the incident in his "Memoirs" as follows: "We had not occupied this position when it was discovered that our ammunition was growing low. I volunteered to go back to the point we had started from, report our position to General Twiggs, and ask for ammunition to be forwarded. We were at this time occupying ground off from the street, in rear of the houses. My ride back was an exposed one. Before starting I adjusted myself on the side of my horse furthest from the enemy and with only one foot holding the cantle of the saddle and an arm over the neck of the horse exposed. I started at full run. It was only at street crossings that my horse was under fire, but these I crossed at such a flying rate that generally I was past and under cover of the next block of houses before the enemy fired. I got out safely without a scratch."

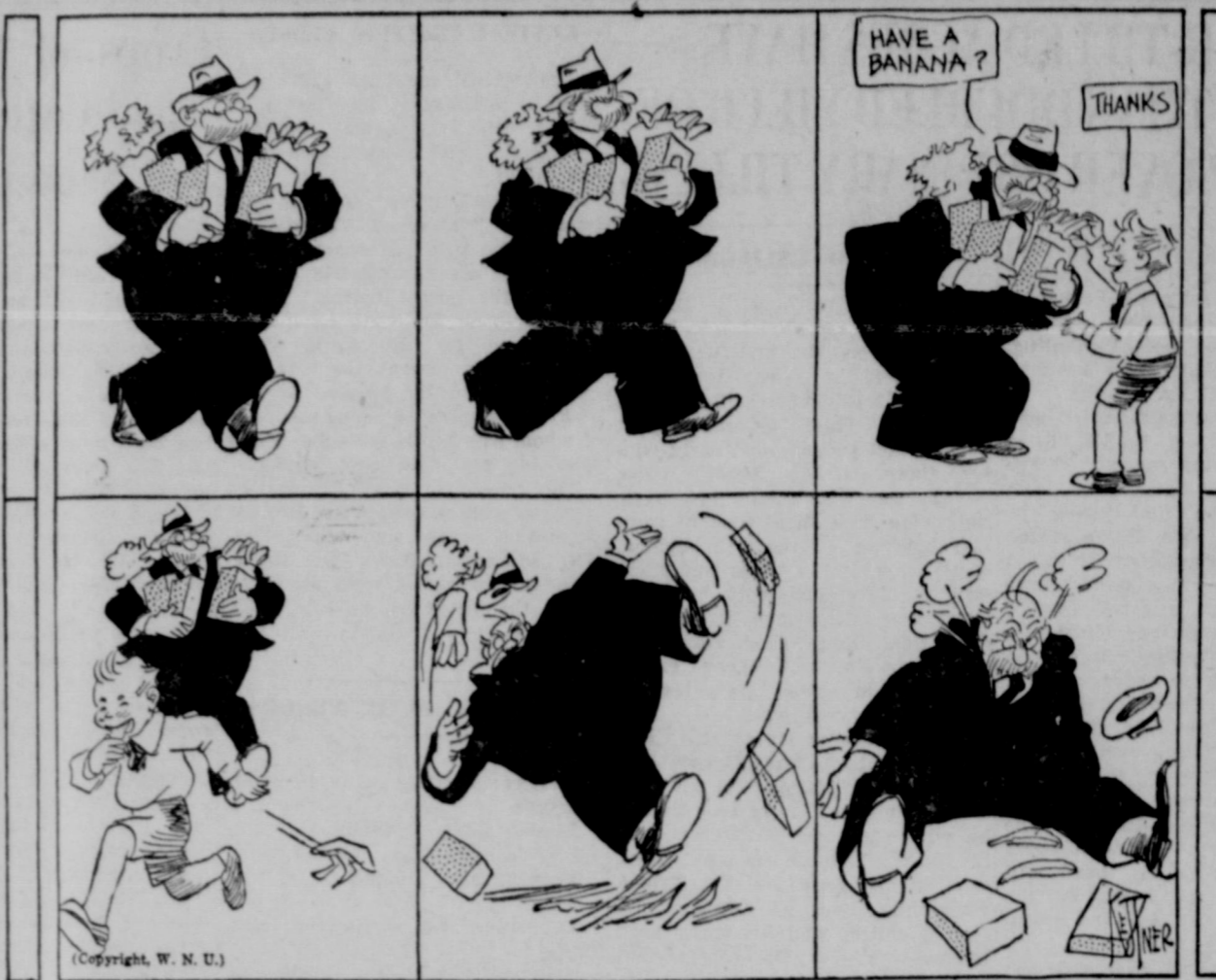
During the Civil war Grant had several horses whose names are well known. Among them were "Egypt," presented by admirers in southern Illinois, and "Jeff Davis" which had been captured from the Confederates. But his favorite was "Cincinnati," a big bay, sired by Lexington, the leading racer and sire of his time. "Cincinnati" was presented to him by a resident of the Ohio city after Grant's victory at Chattanooga and the general rode him almost daily during the Wilderness campaign of 1864 and until the close of the war. "Cincinnati" was seventeen hands high, an animal of great endurance and Grant regarded him as the greatest mount any army commander ever had.

Grant was so fond of him that he rarely permitted anyone else to mount him, although he made at least two exceptions. One was in favor of Admiral Daniel Ammen, who saved Grant from drowning when he was a boy, and the other was President Lincoln. When Lincoln visited Grant at his headquarters on the James river he placed "Cincinnati" at the President's disposal and in his "Memoirs" he writes that Lincoln "was a fine horseman and rode my Cincinnati every day." He once refused an offer of \$10,000 for the animal and after Lee's surrender retired him from active service. "Cincinnati" died on a Maryland farm in September, 1874.

But riding horses were not Grant's only horseflesh interest. He was also fond of fast harness horses. During his years as President in Washington Grant visited the stables every day at the close of business in the White House. He wanted to see for himself that the stock was well fed.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

A Free Meal



THE FEATHERHEADS

So Felix Worked on the Car



FAMOUS SLUGGERS WITH PHILLY



Klein (left) of the Philadelphia Nationals who led the National league in home runs in 1929-31; and O'Doul, also of the same team, who finished first in the 1929 National league standing with a batting average of .400.

Injuries Follow Quite Closely on Cubs Team

The history of the Cubs in recent years is one of injuries, misfortune and blasted hopes. Here are a few of the outstanding setbacks:

1924—Charley Hollocher, rated with the best shortstops in the majors, retired from game because of ill health.

1928—Hal Carlson, purchased from the Phillies the previous June, suffered an attack of flu during the training trip and was able to pitch only in the last few weeks of the regular season.

1929—Gabby Hartnett, the league's outstanding catcher, injured his throwing arm while in the training camp and was useless for the season, except for a start in one game and occasional appearances as a pinch hitter. Carlson suffered another attack which prevented his getting into pitching condition until the second half of the season. Charley Grinn suffered a broken wrist when he bumped against the grandstand in a game at New York in August. He was absent while the Cubs were making their pennant drive.

1930—Rogers Hornsby was sent home from training camp because of soreness in his right heel on which an

operation for removal of a growth was performed last winter. He has been in and out of the lineup since the start of the race. Guy Bush injured his right elbow when he fell fielding a ball and was out for three weeks. Riggs Stephenson was forced to the bench by a shoulder injury, caused by attempting a diving catch. Lester Bell, purchased from the Braves to fill the third base vacancy, has been unable to play regularly because of a sore arm developed in training. Hal Carlson died suddenly, presumably as the result of hemorrhages of the stomach. Hornsby broke his left ankle sliding into third base.

All Round Athlete



Bryan Fred Swan of Wittenberg, Mo., who has been acclaimed the best athlete in the Naval academy by the Naval Academy Athletic association. The annual award was made by Capt. Henry D. Cooke, director of athletics. Although Swan is shown in grid costume, he also stars at boxing and lacrosse.

The Qualities of a Good Set

Tone quality is usually the first factor considered by the average buyer of a modern radio set. In buying a set compare tone, sharpness of tuning, lack of hum and distortion, volume, reliability of the manufacturer, ease of tuning, appearance and price. Good sets are built without screen-grid tubes, and good sets are built with them.

AUTOMOBILE FACTS

The real cause of noisy and screechy brakes is looseness, and the screech is a high pitched vibration.

British magistrates have held careless pedestrians liable for road crashes and ordered them to pay damages.

The navy parachute jumper who was injured in an automobile accident probably has his own opinion of the relative safety of air and ground transport.

Should the engine seem very rough at speeds of from 22 to 28 miles per hour when accelerating on a moderate hill the vibration damper may need attention. It may become rusty after a winter of use.

Because engines are higher speed than they were once, they are traveling faster at all road speeds. This means higher oil consumption, and the owner who forgets it may be courting considerable trouble.

Another indication of the increasing importance of the automobile in Hungarian life is found in the recent issuing of an order by the ministry of the interior requiring all drivers to stop and render what assistance they can in case of road accidents.

TERSELY TOLD ITEMS OF SPORTS OF DIFFERENT KINDS

Washington's three Sams have had much to do with the winning streak—Jones, Rice and West.

Harry Krause and Ping Bodle, old-time major leaguers, are playing in the California State league.

Fifty-eight countries of the world are eligible to compete in the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles, Calif.

John W. McElroy, River Forest, Ill., was elected captain of the University of Illinois tennis team for next season.

Catcher Dennis Cantrell of the Arkansas State Teachers' college team has signed a contract with the St. Louis Cardinals.

The Minneapolis club will erect a new park to be ready for the opening of the 1931 season. It will cost \$300,000 and seat 15,000.

The new owner of the Portland club in the New England league is Dick Rudolph, one of the Braves pitchers in the wonder team of 1914.

Ray O'Brien, an outfielder, who has been out all season with an infected foot, has returned to the lineup of Denver of the Western league.

Sir Thomas Lipton says that he will lift the American cup this year. That remains to be seen; but if anyone gets away with that bit of silverware, Sir Thomas' genial persistence in at-

tempting the feat entitles him to the honor.

Outfielder Jimmy Welsh was forced to drop out of the Boston Braves' lineup because of a wrenched knee.

Carmen Hill, veteran right-handed pitcher, has been sent to the Minneapolis club of the American association by the St. Louis Cardinals.

Vision Goggles Proving Boon to Boston Police

Traffic Officer Fred Deady of Boston wearing a pair of the new rear vision goggles which the police department is trying out here. The



Getting a New Point of View.

novel spectacles permit him to have an unobstructed view ahead and, at the same time, give him an idea of what is going on behind.

Best Girl Athlete



Miss Cerda Donovan, smiling student at Newcomb college, a part of Tulane university, shows how she takes off for the 50-yard dash, in which she recently placed first at the annual field day exercises. In recognition of her achievements as winner in the broad jump, the hop, skip and jump, and the 50-yard dash as well as several other events in which she placed, Miss Donovan was awarded the gold medal for the best girl athlete in the university.

Pedestrian Given Right at All Street Crossings

It is of prime importance to all motorists to know that a pedestrian has the right of way at a crossing, despite traffic signal shifts. This ruling is upheld by the United States Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. In effect the court holds that pedestrians have the right of way not only at uncontrolled crossings, but also when they have entered an intersection on a green light and further holds that the pedestrian has the right of way until he reaches the opposite curb, without regard to the change of lights during his passage of the crossing. "When a pedestrian steps from a curb to cross the street, having a green signal with him, he does so by way of invitation and he cannot be charged with contributory neglect if

the signal switches when he is in the street. Caught in this position, the obligation rests upon the motorist, not only to observe the situation, but to wait until the crossing is clear," the decision declares.

Police Radio for Three Cities—Three more police departments—those of Youngstown and Cincinnati, Ohio, and Pasadena, Calif.—have been authorized to install radio equipment for crime detection. Short waves, that are outside the reach of the ordinary broadcast receiver, are used in communicating between headquarters and police cars on the run.

Churches Wage Radio War—Religious war is on in Holland as to which churches will be allowed to broadcast.

life up against a few lousy seconds of time. You gamble for time and your own life is the stake. There ain't no percentage in gamblin' with death. Shakin' dice with old bony fingers is bum sport, 'cause he gets most of the breaks.

A man bettin' on a horse stakes a few measly dollars that the horse he picks will win, and if it happens for once, he'll gain a few dollars, otherwise he loses his stake. But if you drive over a railroad crossin' and don't slow down and shift into low gear and don't take the time for the trouble, if you call it that) and the precaution of lookin' both ways and listenin' for trains, I say if you don't do all that, you put up your life for the stake and gamble that you'll win.

If you want to bet your life, why not bet on a sure thing. Wait until you know it's a safe bet. Be like the Scotchman at the dog race. He watched five races and saw the mechanical rabbit shoot down the track and get home ahead of the dogs every time. Before the sixth race Scotty steps up to the bettin' booth and says, "I'll bet ten on the r-rabbit." He was bettin' on a sure thing.

Stop, look and listen, is a good old-fashioned rule. But its an ounce of prevention that's better'n all the gambler's luck in the world.

BILL, THE BUS DRIVER SAYS

"Better gamble with your dough than with your life, 'cause you can always earn more dough."

(By MARCUS A. DOW.) I was ridin' on a train goin' about sixty miles an hour when the rattler come to a sudden, grindin' jarrin' stop. Some of us passengers got out to see what was all the sudden halt for. A completely busted automobile scattered a hundred feet along the right of way told a mute but awful story. Over in a field where it had been tossed by the train lay a shapeless lifeless thing which a moment before had been a livin' human bein'. Some guy pointed to a sign on the crossin' nearby, "Stop, Look, Listen." Had this guy believed in signs he would probably be alive today.

When you gamble with your life at a railroad crossin' you are puttin' your

AIR REGULATIONS TO UNIFY OPERATIONS

Department of Commerce Moves for Stabilization.

Washington.—Regulations which are expected to bring about in the air transport field the uniformity of operation of railroad and steamship lines, coupled with unprecedented records of safety and reliability, were put into effect during the past week by the aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce.

These regulations, which are regarded as among the most important yet framed to deal with air transport operations, are designed to surround interstate air passenger transportation with all possible safeguards and to guarantee maintenance of schedules.

Under the new code of rules the Department of Commerce is requiring the operators of scheduled air passenger transport services in interstate commerce to obtain from the secretary of commerce a certificate of authority to operate such a service.

Safety to Be Increased.—"The certificate of authority," it was explained by Clarence M. Young, assistant secretary of commerce for aeronautics, "will be issued only to those operators who effect complete compliance with the new regulations and the interpretations thereunder."

"When placed in full operation and effect, these regulations, which constitute a standard or code of minimum requirements governing the operation of scheduled interstate air passenger routes are expected to bring about unprecedented records of safety and reliability in this phase of civil aeronautics."

The regulations require that on or before July 15 applications for certificates shall be filed by air transport operators with the Department of Commerce. Upon receipt of the application the department may issue a temporary letter of authority to operate pending inspection of the route and facilities of the operator by Department of Commerce inspectors.

To Standardize Methods.—"This action by the Department of Commerce," Major Young said, "has now become necessary in order to standardize the various methods of interstate passenger air transport operation that have developed and will continue to develop in the future. It is in furtherance of a comprehensive, fundamental program which has been developed under the provisions of the air commerce act."

"Always are now extensively established, satisfactory communications equipment is becoming available, and the required use of such facilities and aids to air navigation in the interest of increasingly safe and reliable operation in a uniform manner is definitely in order."

"The fundamental principles involved in the requirements have the approval and indorsement of a majority of the air transport operators in the United States. This approval was registered at a series of conferences called by the aeronautics branch with the operators late in January and early in February for the purpose of making a thorough study of the subject."

Certificate of Authority.—Certificates of authority will be issued only to companies which can meet a high code of requirements. Aircraft used must be provided with suitable instruments and equipment and must be adapted to the nature of the service involved. Adequate numbers of qualified pilots and other employees must be provided to maintain safe operations under all conditions. All aircraft and equipment must be maintained to the highest degree of operating efficiency as determined by thorough inspection, repair and overhaul at fixed periods.

All airways or routes over which operations are conducted or proposed must be provided with air navigation facilities held by the secretary of commerce to be necessary in the interest of safe and reliable operation of the service. Adequate and competent ground crews must be provided and competent officials must be available to authorize, delay, suspend or cancel flights as may become necessary because of weather or other reasons.

Night Flying Will Be Extended 3,000 Miles

Washington.—Plans to open 3,000 miles of United States airways to night flying during the next fiscal year have been announced by the Department of Commerce. This would bring the total mileage of light airways to 17,500.

A large part of the special appropriation of \$7,944,000, available for the work, will be used to open a night southern transcontinental route. At Santa Fe, N. M., to Fort Worth to San Diego. Another lighted airway is to be established between Dallas, Little Rock, Memphis, Nashville and Louisville forming an alternate southern route. A third will be from St. Louis to Indianapolis and New York.

There will be a cut-off route between Richmond and Jacksonville which will provide a lighted airway from Boston to Florida and an alternate route from New York to Florida. The lighting of the southern routes the cut-offs and connecting lines means greater flexibility for the entire airway system of the country. While there was only one transcontinental lighted route, if bad weather covered the northern route there could be no transcontinental air traffic at night.

Flying Club Formed Above Arctic Circle

Stockholm, Sweden.—The northernmost flying club in the world has been founded at Malmberget, in the iron mining center of Swedish Lapland, well above the polar circle. Its organizer, Knut Liljedahl, has purchased two planes, one with dual controls.

The entire community has shown a great interest in the venture. Liljedahl and his associates intend to use the larger machine for passenger flights, to help finance instruction of amateur pilots.

ROBOT WAS PILOT ON BOMBING FLIGHT

Odd Device Demonstrated by Army Air Corps.

San Francisco.—The feasibility of waging war in the air without the use of human pilots and of sending huge planes, piloted only by machinery, on cross-country trips, has been demonstrated by the army air corps.

A big army bomber took off from Mather field, Sacramento, bearing four men and a queer-looking machine about the size of a hat box. When the plane was well in the air the pilot, Major Knerr, turned the controls over to the little machine, which flew the ship straight as an arrow to San Francisco.

Over the Bay City Knerr touched a button and the machine guided the 18,000-pound plane in circles for 20 minutes and then headed it back for Sacramento. Except for the take-off and landing, the machine did all navigating, keeping the plane on an even keel through the rough air and maintaining the course with mechanical precision.

Besides Knerr the plane carried Hans Adamson, representing the assistant secretary of war for aviation; Lawrence B. Sperry, inventor of the automatic pilot, and Sergeant Budoff, radio operator.

The purpose of the flight, army officials said, was to prove the feasibility of using automatically piloted planes as huge instruments of destruction to be buried against an enemy without the aid of human hands.

Sperry's invention consists of two gyroscopes. The instrument weighs less than 50 pounds in all and was installed in the forward cockpit. Delicately sensitive, it detects every movement of the plane and automatically rights the ship whenever it strays from its course.

Flies in Four Hours



To prove that the ordinary business man can learn to pilot an airplane as quickly as he can learn to drive an automobile, Frank T. Copeland of Santa Monica, Calif., entered a plane at Wichita, Kan., shortly after breakfast and was soloing before luncheon. He had learned to pilot a plane in four hours.

Powered Gilder Holds Great Possibilities

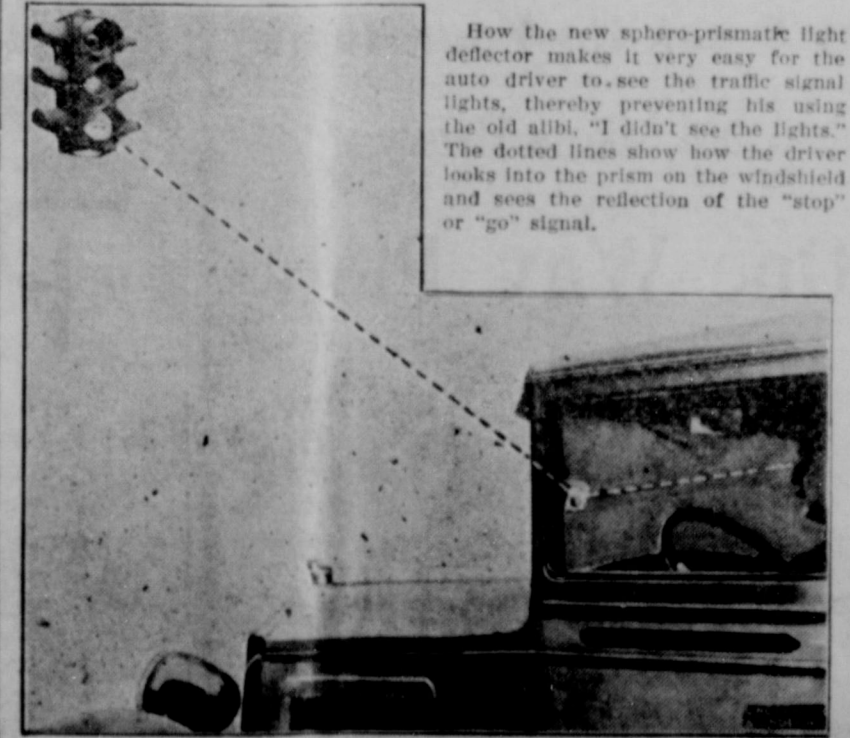
Washington.—That the powered glider will be the aircraft that will bring aviation and the private flyer together and pave the way to private flying on a significant scale is a growing opinion in aeronautical circles. The advantages of this type of aircraft, something in the nature of half glider and half airplane, cited by Kenneth M. Lane, chief engineer of the aeronautics branch of the United States Department of Commerce, are recognized by others as well.

Several concerns already are producing craft of this kind and others are reported considering their production. Having an engine of very low power and retaining the light construction of the glider, these powered soars are potentially among the safest of aircraft. Their landing speed of between 25 and 30 miles an hour is greater than that of the typical motorless glider which lands at approximately eight or ten miles an hour. Yet this speed is less than that of the average light plane.

While operated in much the same fashion as a plane, the motorized glider has stability characteristics and generally lower performance that makes it especially advantageous from the standpoint of the inexperienced.

The light wing loading of this type of craft gives it a low stalling speed which also is reflected in its low cruising and top speeds. These deficiencies in speed performance are looked upon, however, as more than compensated for by the safety which is inherent in the design of the craft,

SPHERO-PRISMATIC LIGHT DEFLECTOR



How the new sphero-prismatic light deflector makes it very easy for the auto driver to see the traffic signal lights, thereby preventing his seeing the old alibi, "I didn't see the lights." The dotted lines show how the driver looks into the prism on the windshield and sees the reflection of the "stop" or "go" signal.

The Friona Star

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COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

I have been wondering how many of our people have ever really taken time to consider the fact that there are very few if any better cities than Friona in which to live, move and have our being.

For instance, Friona is prepared to receive and care for any kind and amount of crops that are produced within its trade limits. A first class gin with a capacity for handling thousands of bales of cotton. Four grain elevators as good as the land affords, with capacity and equipment for handling any and all grain crops.

We have hardware stores stocked to supply anything in that line from a paper of needles to the big tractor and combine. Anything for the wardrobe from a nickel handkerchief to a \$100 suit. And if you cannot buy a new suit you can have your old ones cleaned and pressed as neatly as in any city.

Then as for something to eat—why the grocery stores and meat markets can supply any food from a morsel of cheese to a quintal of fish, while the drug stores are ready to supply anything in their line of merchandise, so there is no reason to perish from thirst or die of any disease curable with medicines.

As for building—can one think of anything in this line that may not be secured at either of our lumber yards? And these are blacksmiths, machinists, electricians, shoe and watch fixers, carpenters, plumbers, fuel dealers representing all the leading oil refiners, and we have the best physicians, teachers and preachers. And no city has a safer, sounder or more efficient banking institution than we have.

We may eat three meals a day at at least seven places if we have the cash. Then as to entertainment we are lined up with a miniature golf course, domino parlor, and according to report we are soon to have a roof garden for skating and dancing. And we have a picture theatre the peer of any in the land, under good and efficient management.

Then our public utilities. We have a water system, natural gas, electric power and light, telephone, telegraph, railway, highways, stage and truck lines, and no town has better school and church facilities.

Our beauty parlors and barber shops make it absolutely unnecessary for one to grow old, by banishing wrinkles and gray hairs. Yet it seems that some of us do not fully realize this and feel that

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Friona Star is authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for election to the various county offices under which headings their respective names appear, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary Election in July.

For County Judge:
 JOHN ALDRIDGE, Jr., of Farwell, (Re-election).
 CLYDE V. GOODWINE

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
 W. L. VENABLE, Bovina.
 W. W. Hall.
 W. D. (Bill) KIRK

For County Treasurer:
 WALTER LANDER
 JOHN S. POTTS

For Tax Assessor:
 J. W. MAGNESS
 J. J. DeOLIVEIRA
 J. M. (Jim) LANDRUM

For County Attorney:
 J. D. THOMAS

For District and County Clerk:
 GORDON McOUAN
 FRED BARKER

For County Commissioner, Precinct Number 1:
 D. H. MEADE, of Friona.
 (Re-election).
 J. W. M. ALEXANDER

we must go to other or neighboring towns for many of the necessities of life.

It occurs to me that with the manifold lines of business to be found in active operation in Friona, that I have not yet enumerated the very most important business of the city, and that is City Government as I see it.

It is the business in which all our patriotic and loyal citizens should be deeply interested and engaged, as I see it, the best way and for many of us the only way we can become engaged in this very important business, is to fall in line with the City Dads and support them by our acts and influence in putting over the man phases of this city government or any move they may deem wise for the best interests of all concerned.

Many of us will throw our hats and yell ourselves hoarse cheering for Old Glory and the Grand Old Old U. S. A. and I have no fault to find with that as I believe it to be all right.

But there is an old adage that goes "Charity should always begin at home," and I believe there might be another one coined like

this, "Loyalty and patriotism always should begin with your home town."

This week we are celebrating our Nation's birthday, and I am going to try to be as patriotic to Friona as I am to the U. S.

Speaking of the many good things we have right here in Friona reminds me that there are many wonderful things within the locality outside of the city itself, such as our products and ability to readily convert them into immediate domestic use.

For instance one of our progressive farmers and his family ate biscuits for dinner that were made from wheat that was standing in his field in the morning.

The wheat was well ripened and dry, a combine was set to work in the field in the morning, a bag of the wheat was taken to the Standford mill in Friona and converted into whole-wheat flour, it was then returned to the farmer's home and part of it made into whole-wheat biscuits which were eaten for dinner.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGREGATIONAL
 Sunday school each Sunday at 10 o'clock. F. W. Reeve, superintendent. Church services each first and third Sunday at 11 and 8:00. Christian Endeavor each Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
 J. L. Beattie, Pastor.

METHODIST
 Sunday school 10:00 a. m., A. S. Curry, superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11

and 8:00. Senior League will meet at church at 7:00 o'clock.

DeWitt VanPelt, Pastor.

BAPTIST

Sunday school at 10 o'clock. C. W. Dixon, superintendent. Preaching on second and fourth Sundays of each month at 11 and 8:00. B. Y. P. U. meets each Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock.
 M. M. Robinette, Pastor.

W. M. S. LESSON

Leader: Mrs. Furlong. Lesson, Finishing the book, Missions and the Churches.
 Chapter 8: Mrs. Furlong.
 Chapter 9: Mrs. Van Pelt.
 Chapter 10: Mrs. Key.
 Chapter 11: Mrs. Brookfield.
 Chapter 12: Mrs. Williams.
 Chapter 13: Mrs. Ruth.

Dunkle Designs Rations to Use Wheat as Basis

The price of wheat is so low that it is now a matter of good business to hold the wheat for feeding purposes and sell grain sorghums, according to R. O. Dunkle, county agent. With this in view he has worked out three balanced rations, one for dairy cattle, and two for hogs, in which wheat is the predominant item.

Mr. Dunkle is not projecting these as experiments but as tried out formulas that are resultful, and he thinks so much of the main idea, that of having a good ration at a cheaper price, that he is mak-

ing a program of it.
 The first ration is for brood sows:
 85 pounds ground wheat.
 9 pounds cottonseed meal.
 6 pounds ground alfalfa.
 1 pound slacked lime.
 1 pound salt.
 A ration containing not more than 9 per cent of cottonseed meal may be fed to brood sows, boars, growing pigs, fattening and suckling pigs without any ill effects.

For Dairy Cattle.

60 pounds ground wheat.

25 pounds ground alfalfa.
 15 pounds cottonseed meal.
 Ground alfalfa hay is an excellent substitute for wheat bran and costs about half as much. A safe rule to follow in feeding grain is to allow one pound of grain mixture to each three pounds of milk a day.

Fattening Ration for Hogs.

90 pounds ground wheat.
 6 pounds cottonseed meal.
 4 pounds tankage.
 1 pound salt.
 A good pasture will produce a

ten per cent faster gain. Clear drinking water and the control of lice, mange and worms are essential to economical gains.

Amarillo, July 2.—The Tri-State Exposition has prepared an elaborate display of fireworks and a big motorcycle race at the fair park July 4. The racing events will start at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Nine races are scheduled. The fireworks will be staged at night on the Jack Hall ranch.

WILL IT PAY TO HOLD WHEAT?

That is the big question. Considering world conditions of trade, we think wheat is selling pretty well and are selling ours as fast as we buy it in order to furnish all our available storage to those who believe in a higher market. We are taking some wheat for storage, both at Black and Dawn, and invite you to use our facilities at these points.

OUR STORAGE CHARGES ARE THE LOWEST.

"You Don't Have to Wait"

Farmers Associated Elevators, Inc.

E. B. BLACK, President F. M. OBERTHIER, General Manager
 T. L. WELCH, Manager at Black W. M. HICKS, Manager at Dawn

SEE THIS **DEMPSTER** THREE ROW Lister

OUR **DEMPSTER** Three Row Lister assures less work and bigger crops. Places seed in soil properly spaced and in perfect condition. Quickly adjusted from driver's seat.

Operator does not have to lift his own weight and part of the weight of the machine when raising the plows out of the ground. Has 3 packer wheels which securely pack the sides of the seed bed to retain moisture during germination.

B. F. GALLOWAY HARDWARE COMPANY

Come In!
 Inspect our **DEMPSTER** Three Row Lister. It has many other remarkable features you will like. We guarantee this Lister to be the most efficient and long-lasting on the market.



Sure, We're on the Job!

And we are here to serve you with the best the market affords in the way of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Choice Fruits and Vegetables and Cold Fresh Meats all the time.

"M" System Store

"THE PEOPLE'S STORE"

"Our Hats are off to the Marvelette and H. P. Eberling"

Tornadoes --- Divorces

May Break Up Your House May Break Up Your Home

But Nothing Will Break Up Your Land Like a Heavy

Moline or a Sanders One-Way Plow

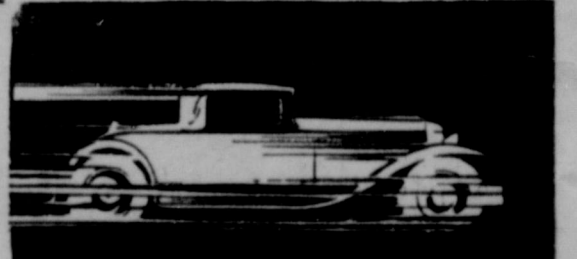
Wheat Is Cheaper Than Last Year So Are Sanders One-Way Plows Sizes 6, 9 and 12

Maurer Machinery Company



PHILL-UP WITH

Phillips
 REGULAR 66 ETHYL



CONTROLLED VOLATILITY

—the sensational principle that's back of the big swing to Phillips 66. Gives you a summer gas in summer—a fall gas in fall—a winter gas in winter—a spring gas in spring.

H. T. MAGNESS, Agent

Friona Motor Company, Friona Garage and J. B. McQuiston
 Retail Dealers

Want Ads

FOR SALE—One Allis-Chalmers 20-35 tractor in good condition; guaranteed; good terms. HOMER T. WALKER, Friona. 49-2tp

RABBITS—Diamond bred Chin-chillas from highest quality registered stock, \$6 per pair, \$8 trio. Young stock only. ELMORE PARKER, Friona, Texas. 49-3p

FOR SALE—One 18-36 Hart-Parr tractor, 28 model; good shape, or \$775; \$175 cash, balance good terms. One four wheeled trailer chassis, good tires, cheap. One auto truck at half price, good as new. Two tires 31x5.25 good as new. Call at Standford Mill, Friona, Texas. 50-4c

FOR SALE—Two steel go-devils, one two-row lister cultivator, one three-disc Saunders plow. L. F. LILLARD. 48-4p

Sunshine Calls Youth to Enter Great Outdoors



The Boy Scouts, Camp Fire girls and other exponents of the out-of-doors are enjoying benefits of life in the open. They see the things of the world in a new light and understand nature better. They meet friends in the same cause, swap stories and form congenial companionships. Every student



of the big out-of-doors gets new object lessons, makes new resolves and forms new links of character with the day of sunshine.

Sunshine is the test of summer time. It ripens the grain and fruit and gives strength to the camper. All nature has a smiling face when the sun causes the plants to grow, the flowers to open and the fruits to mature. Sunshine induces youth to get out, amid the fields and forests, drink in the pure air and enjoy the healthfulness of exercise in the open.

There are profits in sunshine that one does not always reckon



on when planning an outing in the open. It creates beauty and attractiveness and thereby adds to efficiency and usefulness. It helps in fitting one for future work and inculcates a desire for keeping young in order to continue enjoying the playfields of youth. Yes, there are countless benefits to be derived from mingling with the all-outdoors. The sun paints smiles

LINKED WITH LINDY IN MARRIAGE AND BIRTH DATE

Announcement is made of the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Breaux of Franklin, La., on Sunday, June 22. Mrs. Breaux was formerly Miss Fern Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Grace Hughes of Hereford. Mr. and Mrs. Breaux were married on the same day as Charles Lindbergh, trans-Atlantic flyer, and Anne Morrow; and their heirs were born on the same day. Also, it may be noted incidentally, that the birthday of Mrs. Breaux is the same as that of her mother.

Tri-State Fair Features Free Gate Entrance

Amarillo—Featuring a free gate—an item that has been largely responsible for establishing the permanency of the institution—the



WILBUR C. HAWK

Amarillo Tri-State exposition will be held this year September 22 to 27, inclusive.

Since the free gate was inaugurated three years ago, the exposition has come to be advertised as the greatest free gate fair in America, the attendance last year being approximately 400,000 for the week.

The fair this year will pay \$18,000 in cash prizes, and every department gives promise of being larger than in past years, according to Wilbur C. Hawk, president.

On the incomplete program of entertainment Mr. Hawk has announced a rodeo in front of the grandstand in the afternoons, and Ernie Young's revue at night. Leonard Stroud's company of trick riders and ropers will be the chief rodeo entertainer, and the Ernie Young revue will present a company of 45 persons.

After floundering about for several years with its final outcome in doubt, the Tri-State fair now appears to be one of the Panhandle's most successful institutions.

Ford Doings

BY MISS EDITH MANN

Sunday school was well attended Sunday. Rev. Hornbeak ministered to an attentive crowd.

Construction of the new school house is under way and everybody is pleased to know it will be ready for use at an early date.

Miss Gunter, county demonstration agent, met Tuesday afternoon with the Community Welfare Club at the school house. The meeting was one of canning business for the fair. The ladies are working hard on different things to be placed on exhibit.

Several from this community attended the singing convention close to Berger Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Taylor of Canyon spent Saturday night in the J. S. Garrett home.

L. Burkett of Amarillo was a Ford visitor Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Kliever and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Kliever went on an outing late Sunday afternoon and took supper in the breaks west of here.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Boston of Canyon were Ford visitors Sunday.

on the cheeks of humanity in unerasable lines.

Summer's Colorful Wardrobe Is Soon to Make Her Exit Boy, to Usher In Review of Fall Mode

Midsummer brings fashion to the cross roads. This is the season when she makes her final review of summer's colorful wardrobe and looks ahead to the first hints of the fall mode.

Twice gifted is this season for feminine lovers of fine raiment. Midsummer is the time when merchants sacrifice profits to move their remaining summer merchandise and when the interesting advance styles in coats, dresses, hats and accessories arrive to add zest to shopping.

Personal and household needs are now being replenished with distinct savings to the buyer. Supplies for future needs are being purchased at low midsummer prices and countless buyers now find it possible to buy the things which they have desired since summer's coming but refrained from buying because of early season prices. This is economy season for those who take advantage of this opportunity which knocks but once a year.

Midsummer bargains are not offered to the women folks alone. Over stocks of men's suits, hats, shirts, underwear and other wearing apparel are unloaded at this time of year to eager customers. There are thrifty men who find it highly profitable at this time of the year to stock up with clothing essentials for the entire year.

Newspaper advertisements are helping the opening of the midsummer restocking sales and guide the buyer to the places where shopping is now not only profitable but an exciting adventure.

Summerfield

BY MRS. L. JOHNSON

Wheat harvest is on, with some reporting good yields in spite of the dry spring. B. C. Roberson reports 31 bushels per acre, the best to date, with Louie Huckert following closely with 30 bushels.

W. A. Davis and son of Clarendon, Mrs. R. A. Baker and daughter of Amarillo were visitors in the Lee Curry home last week.

Mrs. J. A. Noland enjoyed a visit with her brother, Tom Nance and family, of McGregor last week.

Miss Mary Smith who spent the

past year in Oklahoma, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. B. C. Roberson, and mother, Mrs. Annie Smith, who is also visiting here.

W. G. Harris and children of Canyon are visiting here. Mr. Harris looking after wheat interests. Miss Cone of Lubbock spent the week end with Leatrus Waiser.

J. A. Blakemore and daughter returned from a visit at Crowell last week. Marylea Huntley, who accompanied them, remained at Paducah for a visit.

Miss Mildred Fullwood who is staying with Mrs. Roy Johnson spent the week end with home folks at Hereford.

Miss Ruth Smith and Cecil Walker and mother of Joel visited the B. C. Roberson home Sunday.

Arlin Turner spent the week end with his parents at Canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner, Mrs. Erceel Brooks and Owen Stagner visited the L. Johnson home Sunday evening.

Mrs. C. E. Prachar of Welch, Colorado, stopped for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Lee Curry, while en route to Hot Springs, N. M.

Mrs. L. L. Cannon fell from a truck last week, sustaining pain-

ful bruises, but is expected to be fully recovered soon.

Mrs. W. L. Huntley is enjoying a visit with her cousin, Willa Mae McBride in Amarillo.

Miss Mary Lou Huntley is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Baker, at Amarillo and expect to visit Clarendon relatives before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Madden, Sweetwater, have been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Kendall and brother, Ky Lawrence.

Mrs. W. E. Lawrence who has been visiting relatives in the community, returned to her home in Eldorado, Oklahoma, last Friday.

But wait; we are not through with the egg question. It has been previously observed that everything grows big in Deaf Smith county. We had no more than found a place for the broken eggs where the flies would be so far from our desk that we could sleep in peace, when another consignment arriv-

SUNSET STAGE LINES

Amarillo, Clovis, Santa Rosa Division

Busses Leave Friona:

For Texico, Clovis, Melrose, Fort Sumner and Santa Rosa: 11:25 a. m., 4:55 p. m.

For Hereford, Canyon, Amarillo, 2:15 p. m., 7:50 p. m.

Connections at Clovis at 11:30 a. m., 6:45 p. m. for Portales, Roswell, El Paso, Artesia and Carlsbad, Lubbock, Plainview and Tucumcari. Connections at Santa Rosa at 3:00 p. m. for Lee Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Hot Springs, Gallup, Holbrook, Flagstaff, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, and Denver, Colorado. Connections at Amarillo for Pampa, Borger, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, St. Louis, Fort Worth, Dallas, Wichita Falls, Plainview and Lubbock.

Ticket Office: City Drug Store

NOTICE

JULY 7th

On account of having to install a new power plant in my mill, I will cease grinding until new motor is installed, but I will continue selling feed each day.

STRADIFORD MILL

Star Brand Shoes

LEE COVERALLS AND PLAY SUITS

Garden Seeds

Groceries—Dry Goods

F. L. SPRING

H. P. EBERLING

Is giving Friona the best all-talking picture show in the Panhandle.

Visit our ice cream parlor after the show, where it is cool, for the best drinks in town.

City Drug Store

W. Rexall Inc.

"Right On the Corner"

"Right Now Service"

"Right On the Price"

PHONE NO. 5

FRIONA GARAGE

We're working for you and we do all your auto repair work and all kinds of overhauling jobs on cars, trucks, and tractors. We also supply you with the best gasoline, Cooper tires and Quaker State oils.

CANTRELL BROTHERS

We are for Mr. Eberling and the Marvette Theatre—all the time.

Star Want Ads Get Immediate Results.

We Are Local Dealers for the Celebrated CONOCO PRODUCTS

Gasoline, kerosene, oils and greases—both wholesale and retail—We deliver. We also handle the famous Goodyear Tires and Tubes. See our reduced price list—it satisfies.

Corner Filling Station

We compliment Mr. Eberling for the most excellent talking picture show he has given Friona.

Hunter Brothers

Of Sparta, Illinois, have established a new refueling endurance record for aviation. That is just fine, but the record of

The New Chevrolet Six

is all endurance. It is continually living up to its record and standing by its reputation for speed, durability, comfort, elegance of outline, beauty of finish and ability for Economical Transportation.

No town has a better show than Friona's—The Marvette.

WILKISON CHEVROLET COMPANY

J. C. Wilkison, President.

For the best all-talking picture show in the land, stop at the Marvette with Mr. Eberling. We heartily congratulate him, but FOR THE BEST

Dry Goods and Groceries

See us. We have those pretty new pattern bed spreads, fancy broadcloth pajamas, new fancy house dresses and Big Yank Play Pants.

Our Stock of Choice Groceries Is Complete and as Good as the Best.

T. J. Crawford

"RED AND WHITE STORE"

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

One more the cycle of seasons has wheeled around and brought us again to the birthday of our Mighty Nation. It is a day on which each loyal citizen should feel at least a tinge of pride and patriotism at being a citizen of the Greatest Republic of Earth. But how can one, when his gasoline or fuel oil absolutely defies combustion, and his lubricant seems to increase rather than decrease friction, and allows the gearing to grind and the bearings and pistons to burn? Avoid all this and be patriotic by using Magnolia products—gasoline, kerosene, oils, greases.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

J. C. WILKISON, Agent

FRIONA

TEXAS

Wholesale Only.

**TRANSFORMING POWER OF DRESS;
COLOR CONTRAST IN LACE GOWNS**

EVERY woman a pretty woman! Not a dream but a demonstrable theory put into practice. It is the new psychology based on the efficiency of art in dress and meticulous grooming.

So important this message of the transforming power of dress, the idea is at this very moment being made a subject for stage dramatization. As the play goes, the wife has grown indifferent and careless about her dress, combs her hair unbecomingly, wears clothes which are fatal to good looks—

call to action! Away with homeliness—let chic, charm and attractiveness reign in its stead.

Lace Becomes a Hobby.
Lace has become a hobby with Paris couturiers, likewise the theme of black and white. Work the two together as the creator of the frock in the lower picture has so admirably succeeded in doing, and the result is chic and charm supreme.

Frocks developed of lace in two-tone are not only very effective but they have the advantage of being un-



AFTER THE METAMORPHOSIS

to make a long story short, she violates all the rules of careful grooming—sidesteps every "first aid" to beauty, sinking into apparent, hopeless homeliness.

But hear on! Comes a change in her attitude toward life. In order to win back her husband's love she decides to blossom out from a "mud hen" to a creature of radiant loveliness. Where there's a will there's a way to be beautiful and it is the lesson which Minna Gombell, the talented star in "Nancy's Private Affair," impresses upon her audience in her role of the charmer who rewins her husband's adoration.

See Miss Gombell ere her charms begin to charm. Ere she discovers herself—straight uncoiffed hair, glasses with owl-like rims, sparkle-lacking eyes, woe-begone expression with muscles of face drawn taut.

Then the metamorphosis! Behold the glorious being who wears "clothes" to perfection—a stunning pajama ensemble in the morning as illustrated above—a love of a flowery printed frock

usual. The fact that the party dress illustrated departs from the soft draped silhouette associated with lace manipulation, achieves for it outstanding distinction. Its charming full skirt suggests Spanish influence and its tight fitting bodice is typical of latest trend.

Not only are designers interworking black lace with white, but lace in any pastel shade, especially pale pink combined with black, is highlighted in the summer mode. Sometimes it is merely a yoke of delicately tinted lace, the remainder of the gown being composed of exquisite black lace.

In other instances such color symphonies are interpreted with lace, as brown with beige, or perhaps two shades of green, are interrelated, or of blue, or possibly insets of colored lace are worked into the black.

Everywhere in the mode one encounters lace this season. It even has dared to enter the domain of stylish footwear. Lace slippers are quite the envy of the most fashionable this season the lace being stretched



BEAUTIFUL LACE PARTY DRESS

of wispy, fluttery chiffon (how feminizing these dainty, sheer chiffons are) for afternoon (to right in picture).

When evening comes a formal gown of white georgette as shown to the left, its hemline reaching to below the ankles, the waistline normal conforming to the latest approved silhouette.

Oh! It's a lesson well worth taking to heart. Why be homely when prettiness is so attainable these days. Beauty doctors and dress psychology

over a foundation of satin crepe de chine or heavy lace.

Now that lace is going places and doing things most unusual, millinery orders her very prettiest chapeau made of lace, with which she wears lace mitts, if you please. In evolving the new hats milliners are making use of stiffened lace, especially when the lace is to be combined with straw.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

**NORA
AND THE
BUTTERFLY
FLOWER**

(By D. J. Walsh)

NORA hurried along the sunny street, a demure smile on her lips.

Nora had a job in sight. Not a position nor a connection nor a contact. Just a nice, comfortable, steady job.

At the florist shop she hesitated a moment, smiled in response to the smile of the clerk looking out of the flower-filled window. Nora had exactly one 25-cent piece in her purse. To spend that on a flower for her coat would have seemed to a prosaic person the wildest sort of folly. But Nora was Irish and gay and happy-go-lucky. More than that, she loved flowers and had always managed, thus far in her art career, to stop in at least every day at this very florist shop for a flower of some kind or other. Indeed, she knew the clerk so well that she called her Hattie and the clerk called her, in turn, Nora.

"A flower for a quarter, Hattie, my pretty!" she said gaily, turning in at the narrow doorway.

"A flower for a quarter, is it?" the clerk asked cheerfully. "And would ye be having, now an orchid maybe or a box of long-stemmed roses— which?"

"That short-stemmed plink bud right there, my fair lass, and do ye be quick about it, for I've a job in sight and I've no mind to lose me chances for a bit of blarney with ye this morning, ma'am!" laughed Nora, making a deep curtsy and handing over her quarter.

On in the sun again, the rose on her coat, she was even prettier and brighter looking than before. If she felt stunned and amazed when she entered the reception room of the rising young author she hid her disappointment very successfully.

The reception room, by actual count, had 47 girls sitting there, a pathetic eagerness to please on every face.

After a twenty-minute wait, during which time six other applicants struggled in timidly, Ralph Henderson Brooks came from his inner office. He looked about in dismay, ran his fingers through his black hair, which had one white streak through the side of it, and then, uncertainly, let his eyes go over each girl there.

"I—I am really at a loss as to the proper method of interviewing you," he murmured. "I might take you alphabetically or in the order in which you came here or—oh, I don't know."

"You, if you please, you come in first," he said to Nora.

Swiftly Nora rose and followed him into his office.

"What I want is some one to illustrate my material," he said. "I am a writer, not an artist. I know what I like when I see it," he went on with a quick, flashing smile at her, "but it has to be done on paper before I know whether or not it will do. A great portion of it is to be daily stories, syndicated, and the illustrations must be with each story when they leave my office there. Suppose you do a picture right now—call it—"

He paused to consult a sketched-out story before him on the desk. "Call it 'Butterfly Flower,'" he said. "That's what I'll do—I'll let each of the girls out there draw a sketch by that title and then—then, maybe I can sort of 'weed 'em out,' as one might say."

Nora, utterly amazed, found herself sitting in the corner of his office and opening her sketchbooks. Butterfly flower! Whatever in the world was a butterfly flower? She had books at home that would probably give her the information but here—here there was nothing. She glanced down at the rose on her coat, a worried little frown etching itself between her eyebrows. She wanted this job more than she had wanted anything for a long, long time.

In the first place, she needed the income from it; in the second place, she wanted to get into some steady art work rather than the free-lance work she had been doing; and thirdly, she liked, oh, ever so much, the looks of this young author with his white-streaked black hair.

Her eyes still on the rose she began to smile. With a long step she reached the telephone, looked for a moment in the book and called a number. "Hattie, my pretty," she said in low tones, "and what would a butterfly flower be like—do you know?"

"Is this Nora?" came Hattie's crisp tones. "Just a moment—mmm, here it is—heart's ease, Nora. Anything else?"

"Not a thing in the world except—thanks a lot," said Nora smilingly.

"You'll please all write your names and telephone numbers on your sketches," suggested Mr. Brooks a few moments later. "Just leave them on the corner of this desk and I'll let you know." He vanished from the room and Nora, sniffing gently at her rose, sketched rapidly.

One by one the girls began to lay their sketches on the desk. One by one they left the reception room. The ringing of the telephone recalled the young author immediately.

When he had finished his call he glanced over the sketches rapidly. "My soul!" he muttered. "Will you

look at this! Eh, there, no you know what a butterfly flower is, Miss—Miss—"

"Nora Rooney," said Nora demurely. "Oh, yes, a butterfly flower is heart's ease, Mr. Brooks."

"And you knew this—when I asked you to draw it?" he pursued.

Nora hesitated. To say yes might mean clinching the job. Nora hated to lie. "W—well," she said hesitatingly, a little smile creeping in and out of the corners of her mouth, "no, I didn't. I have a friend, though, where I buy a flower every day and so I telephoned to her and asked."

"Well, let's see the sketch," he said enthusiastically. "Yes, sir, good sketch—exactly what I meant—and you've got a head on you, too. If you don't know you can find out what you need to find out, eh? Fine! If we can get down to terms that are right for both of us we're all set."

And they did get down to terms that amazed Nora. Her eyes fell on the sketches of flowers in the shape of butterflies, glancing long or short stems as the artists had imagined they might look.

"But how in the world did he ever single you out to go in for the first interview when your name begins with 'R,' and he didn't know even that much about you when you went in? And the room was already full when you got there?" said the amazed Hattie when Nora stopped in to tell her all about it.

"Wait, wait," laughed Nora. "I—I asked him that after I had the job and it seems that I was the only one wearing a flower, and he likes flowers. So he picked me to come in. Oh, some of the others had what he calls 'false flowers'—you know, cloth and ribbon. But he doesn't like those."

"And I take it he liked you as well as the rose?" asked Hattie shrewdly.

But at that Nora only smiled—demurely—and dropped her long eyelashes in a mysterious fashion that meant—yes!

**Rapid Development of
Far North Civilization**

The far northern outpost bearing the curious name of The Pas has appeared in the news occasionally as the home of some doughty musher, charioteer of a dog team across the frozen wastes of the old Hudson bay territory. One pictured a few rough shacks and a few fur-clad dwellers of mixed race. That may have been true in the past, but the opening up of the mine fields of the North and the construction of the Hudson bay railway have wrought changes. The Pas is now a considerable settlement, boasting, among other evidences of advanced civilization, an enterprising daily newspaper, the Northern Mail.

It is from an illustrated progress number of the Northern Mail that one gets some facts and figures that tell their own story. The public schools have an enrollment of 773, while the Dominion business college and the separate school are running night classes. There are a dozen modern schools in the area, all well attended. The mining recorder's office showed receipts for the year of \$112,000, while the local branch of the liquor commission showed a profit of \$132,257. That is progress.

The Far North is not really such a forbidding place. The thermometer registers 40 below in winter, but the residents do not mind. Outdoor construction work goes on all the same in The Pas. There is no interruption. The development of this region is one of the signs of the great change which has taken place in the last ten years. The Pas will be an important station on the new Hudson bay route, whether that becomes part of a new ocean highway or merely serve local demands. The place will probably look out for a new name. Let us hope it won't find one.—Boston Herald.

Question Time

Judge Pierce Butler, about to sail for Europe, said at a farewell dinner in New York:

"The reformer has many a disappointment."

"A prominent banker agreed one day to address the boys at a reformatory. He prepared his address with care, and those hundreds of erring lads listened to him with interest. They seemed moved. The banker believed he had done them good."

"Then came question time."

"Are there any questions," he said, "that any boy would like to ask?"

"A boy with red hair and very large ears stood up."

"Mister," he said respectfully, "can you burn through them new style safe doors with an oxy-acetylene torch?"

Puzzled by Own Writing

Jules Janin, French writer, was famous for his abominable handwriting. One day a friend who received a letter from him managed with great pains and patience to gather that it was on some matter of importance, but could not decipher sufficient to understand what the matter was, so he decided to take a cab and drive to Janin's house.

"Ah," said Janin, "it is you! So you have read my letter?"

"Not at all!" replied the visitor. "I have just received it, and have come to ask you to read it to me."

"Oh!" cried Janin, hopelessly. Then with a sigh of resignation, he said: "Very well, I will try!"

Cultivate Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm is the heaven which makes your otherwise stodgy job a thing charged with life, filled with possibilities. It is the mother of hope, the father of success. A man who is wrapped up in his task seldom feels the chill of adversity.—Grit.

Marten Disappearing
Hunter, Trapper, Trapper says that for the past five or six years martens have been diminishing at an alarming rate, due partly to advancing civilization, partly to the fact that they are closely trapped. The marten is one of the choicest furbearers.

Emerson in the Pulpit
Ralph Waldo Emerson was assistant and pastor in the Second Unitarian church, in Boston, 1829-32. He arrived at the conviction that the Last Supper was not intended by Christ to be a permanent sacrament, and retired. He never had charge of another parish, but he preached his opportunity offered until 1847.

Farm Engineering Gains
For 15 years the federal government has been teaching agricultural engineering to the farmers of this country. In those 15 years the work has increased 1,500 per cent. At least, the expenditure has gone up about that amount. The work of the extension is devoted to problems of farm water supply, soil erosion, farm machinery and other similar matters. Its work is now carried on in 25 states.

**ONE PRESCRIPTION
MADE FAMILY DOCTOR
FAMOUS**



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.

Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.

A thrifty man has money to spend while a stingy one never has. That's the difference.

**How One Woman Lost
20 Pounds of Fat**

Lost Her Double Chin
Lost Her Prominent Hips
Lost Her Sluggishness
Gained Physical Vigor
Gained Vivaciousness
Gained a Shapely Figure

"If you're fat—first remove the cause!"

KRUSCHEN SALTS contains the 6 mineral salts your body organs, glands and nerves must have to function properly.

When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your bowels and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realize it—you're growing hideously fat!

Try one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS from any leading druggist anywhere in America, (lasts 4 weeks). If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a superb improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned.

Blood will tell, if you take pride in it.

BLACK FLAG

Kills

**FLIES—MOSQUITOES
ROACHES—MOTHS
FLEAS—ANTS
BEDBUGS** © 1930, S. S. CO.

KILLS QUICKER—COSTS LESS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BLACK FLAG POWDER



Proud!

RICHARD Dunham, 6, of 128 Clay St., Topeka, Kansas, is the picture of health. No wonder, his mother says: "I'm proud as can be of my little boy. He's always bright and active."

"I give California Fig Syrup a lot of credit for his wonderful condition. He has always been properly fed and I have given Fig Syrup whenever his appetite was poor or he seemed constipated."

You can easily tell when a child's bowels are clogged. Bad breath, coated tongue, listlessness, biliousness, feverishness, etc. tell the story. Heed these signs. Give your child a good bowel cleansing with pure vegetable California Fig Syrup. Weak bowels are toned by its use; appetite is increased; the whole digestive system benefits.

Look for the word California when buying. That marks the genuine.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

Do we really care for democracy as a creed for all, or a protection for ourselves?

Mosquito Bites
HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Husbands don't want art in the home because it means more pictures to be hung.



Kill Rats
Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist on K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

BEST MEDICINE
SHE KNOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Pt. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I couldn't do any housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."

Mrs. BERTHA RIVANS, 2014 Polk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.



The days that make us happy make us wise.

GINGER
ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Bobba Merrill Co.
WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
—15—

But the sparkle had gone from their merry pleas, and it was a relief when Eddy started the motor for the ride back to town.

"Won't you come along, Alex?" invited Ginger pointedly. "We can take one more."

"Oh, no, thanks. Miriam promised to take me in herself along about midnight. My doctor prescribed more Pay Dirt for me."

At the end of the driveway, they looked back. Miriam sat on the high gate, Alexander Murdoch steadying her with one hand, while he swung the gate beneath her with the other. Their father smiling, waved farewell. "Poor father," mourned Ginger. "What would you call it but preacher's luck, to lose his eyes just when there's the most to see?"

A dull supper at the parsonage, followed by the usual evening service at the church.

Tub Andrews hurried up to them after the service, offering himself as an escort home—a mere formality for those few safe intervening feet.

"I don't think we ought to," objected Marjory. "You see, the minister is staying with us—and I think we ought—I don't think it would look well for us to go off and leave him—"

"Ginger can take him," suggested Tub generously. "She can give him pointers on running a church—Ginger can give pointers on running anything."

"But Ginger is so young," stammered Marjory. "I feel that I am rather the head of the house now, and—"

Hiram Buckworth himself appeared at that moment. "Girls, if you will excuse me," he said gravely, "I will walk over with Mr. Westbury. We are discussing some church business."

"Hurray for Jop," chimed Tub, "that suits me to a T. We've got some church business of our own to talk about."

Hiram hesitated a moment, biting his lip as though he felt annoyance, but nodded at last, and went away, not without reluctance. And Marjory yielded her smiles to Tub Andrews, clinging meanwhile to Ginger to ensure her accompaniment, as they walked slowly homeward. On the familiar old veranda, Tub started at once, cheerfully, in the direction of the hammock.

"You can't stay tonight, Tub," said Marjory, with a smile warm enough to soften her dismissal. "I have to send you right straight home. I have been under the weather for a day or two, and Miss Jenkins didn't want me to go to church at all. She has ordered me to bed."

Tub, complaining loudly, submitted perforce to this ejection, and sauntered away, whistling lugubriously.

Marjory still clung to her sister's hand.

"Ginger, wait a minute. Sh! Don't let him hear you. Let's sit in the hammock a while."

They sat down, huddled together, and waited in silence until the sound of Tub's footsteps, and Tub's whistling, subsided into the darkness. "Ginger, I want to ask you something. Will you just sit here with me, and talk until—Mr. Buckworth comes home? And Ginger, if he comes over, and sits down—he always does, you know—would you mind—would you just as hef— You wouldn't mind, would you—"

"Go to bed, you mean?"

"Well, you see, Ginger, I want to ask him about something."

"I see. I'm to talk my head off until he gets here, and then I'm to go to bed."

Marjory squeezed her arm about her sister's waist.

"You see— Well, you see, Ginger. It is like this. You remember that night when you crept downstairs—how long ago it seems!—and he had his arm around me. Well, Ginger, I didn't care a bit because you saw it. It didn't make any difference to me. But I think it embarrassed him, or made him angry, or something, for he hasn't so much as looked at me since."

"I see," said Ginger dully. "I want to tell him that you—you didn't think a thing of it—a little thing like that. I think maybe he thinks I feel bad about it."

"You don't, do you?"

"No." Marjory's voice sank to a whisper. "Not a bit. I like him."

So the two girls sat, and waited, and presently from the church, they heard the two men, coming slowly, talking as they walked. Marjory clung to ginger's hand, and held her breath. At the end of the flagstone path they stood for a while before they said good night and parted.

"You talk," whispered Marjory. "Ginger talked. I think it's such

a silly name for a farm," said Ginger. "Just like Eddy Jackson. Who else would do such a dumb thing? Pay Dirt. Everybody knows a farm is nothing but dirt, and if it didn't pay, nobody would farm it. Oh, hello, Mr. Buckworth. Home so soon? It's lovely tonight. Won't you come and talk to us?"

"Not tonight, thanks, I am tired. Pleasant dreams." And he passed inside.

The girls sat very still for a moment. They heard him say good night to Miss Jenkins, and go up the stairs. Marjory's tense arm about Ginger's waist relaxed suddenly. Her quivering breath was more a sob than a sigh. Her shoulders rose convulsively.

"You—can go now. Thanks, Ginger. I'll sit here a minute, and listen to the night."

Ginger went in without a word. She was a stricken soul. She climbed to the studio, and counted her store of dimes. She looked at her complicated page of multiplication and addition. She sat for a long time, figuring, thinking.

Obviously, Marjory and the richness of a wealthy husband were to be denied them as succor. Marjory was forever lost to her plans for the future. All the years of washing dishes for the sake of Marjory's hands had been in vain. All her dreams of a romantic figure breathing mysteriously into their commonplace circle were dissipated into thin air.



"Ginger, What Do You Mean? Is Marjory Engaged, or Isn't She?"

Ginger was practical enough to admit defeat when she met it, and Marjory was her Waterloo. Marjory, beautiful peach-bloom Marjory would marry a minister, and her future would be that of catering to a Methodist church, and a parsonage minimum of three.

In that hour, Ginger Ella rose to great heights of renunciation. She relinquished all her dreams of fortune, of fame, of social supremacy for her beautiful sister. She would be satisfied to see her merely happy. She smiled. She went down the wobbly ladder without a moment's pause, for her decision was made. She knocked at the door of her father's room, now occupied by Hiram Buckworth.

Silence prevailed within. Ginger knocked again.

"Who is it, please? Just a minute."

He opened the door with one hand as he struggled into his coat with the other. Ginger, all uninvited, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began gently. "I was just going to bed," he interrupted rudely.

"You misunderstood what I told you," she persisted patiently. "I didn't say Marjory was engaged—"

"No. You merely said it was understood."

"But I didn't mean a man. I meant money."

"Money?" He was entirely puzzled. "Yes. You see, we have always been so very hard up. Father did not go to seminary as you did—he didn't even go to college. He only gets about as much money now after all these years as you will get at the very start. And it takes so much for his eyes, and the furniture is simply falling to pieces, and you can see yourself we haven't any clothes."

"Yes, I know, Ginger," he said without sympathy. "But what has that to do with—her?"

"She is so beautiful. So we naturally decided that she had better

marry a millionaire. You must admit she's got the looks for it."

"Ginger, what do you mean? Is Marjory engaged, or isn't she?"

"Not engaged—not exactly. But it was all understood—we talked it over and we all agreed—we girls did, that is, father just laughed at us—that Margie should marry money, lots of money, millions—"

"And she's not engaged to that—fat young Andrews—or anybody else—"

"Certainly not. There's no man mixed up in it at all. Just money."

If looks could slay, the career of Ellen Tolliver would have ended at that moment.

"Why, you little devil!" he ejaculated irreverently, and flung her roughly out of his way.

"She's still in the hammock," called Ginger meekly.

They she went immediately to bed. She wept for a while, softly, for it is natural that youth should abandon its dreams and its expectations of great riches with reluctance. But in the end she smiled, and stiffened her slim little shoulders beneath the white sheets. Very well, then. Plainly the future of the entire household devolved upon her, and her alone.

"Selah," she whispered into the darkness.

CHAPTER IX

A great peace, a sort of subdued grandeur, descended upon the turbulent spirit of Ginger Ella, for she had schooled herself to accept life as it is, and mold it to her own pattern as opportunity came. That the opportunity would never come now, as concerned Marjory, she was well aware, but without resentment. After all, perhaps one had no right to attempt to mold human lives, free souls, like herself. As for Miriam and the grocery clerk, she yet had hopes Alexander Murdoch was leaving on this very day, and Ginger did not for a moment believe that the sensible twin was so deeply interested as to disqualify her for interest in more intriguing figures—granted the appearance of such figures.

Get her away—that was the best method. Ginger was adjusting herself to a new impression of the sensible twin. So still she had always seemed, so subtly impenetrable, that in contrast with Marjory's radiance she had appeared more of a liability than anything else. But there was something strange about Miriam. Ginger did not understand it. She remembered how Tub Andrews, even in the gorgeous presence of Marjory arrayed for the beauty pageant, had succumbed to Miriam's stillness. She remembered how Alexander Murdoch, a mere grocer, of course, but still no doubt possessive of the usual male inclinations, had passed over Marjory with a passing cordiality, to plant himself immovably at the un-dancing feet of Miriam. Strange about her! Strange about everything, Ginger thought.

"The world," she concluded largely, "it all gone jeebee jeebee. The grocers grovel to brains, and the preachers pick beauty. It's all wrong."

But perhaps when the twins found themselves away from the confining familiarities of Red Thrusal, away among strangers, at the normal school—with clothes that became girls of their profession, and their looks—clothes paid for from contributions to the home for the blind—But another annoying thought arose to disturb the even tenor of her plans.

At the normal school they would meet only teachers—primary teachers, teachers of geography, teachers of Latin, English and algebra. Ginger sighed. It was unfortunate, but it was the best they could manage this year—what with the operation, and the retirement on pension. Besides, if an embryonic teacher could supplant the can grocer in Miriam's heart, no doubt a little later on, the new conqueror could also be conquered by, say, an embryonic financier. She must hope for the best. As for Marjory—Marjory, whose beauty, and whose married fortune were now forever denied them, why should they, from their limited funds, provide the money to send Marjory to normal to study to be a teacher, when she would be no teacher? Why learn pedagogy, when all her future held was the accommodation of her person to missionary societies, and ladies' aids, and the minimum of three?

The finger of relentless logic pointed in another way. Let Marjory prepare herself for keeping a parsonage by keeping a parsonage—their own. She could take Miriam's place as servant to their father, thus leaving Ginger free for her own further schooling and for the conduct of her favorite charity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is, time or reason has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone circle is the Hele stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on June 21—namely, at the summer sol-

stice—the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer. At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in solitude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

Record Bone

Some idea of the immense size of prehistoric reptiles can be gathered from the fact that it took sixteen men to lift a bone of one discovered in Africa.

So normal in action . . .
so delicious in flavor



Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

You, too, like most people, will prefer this bran cereal for fighting constipation

NO wonder more people every day eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal!

Made more nourishing with other parts of wheat, Post's Bran Flakes is so deliciously flavored that you gladly eat it morning after morning—as you should for regularity.

And the light, tender flakes give you needed bulk in a form that helps elimination gently, normally—naturally!

For the next two weeks—just to see how good, and good for you this delicious cereal is—eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning. And make Post's Bran Muffins for an additional treat!



"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
A Product of General Foods Corporation

No Doubt
"Money talks."
"Yes, the man who marries it has to listen to many a lecture."

Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION
effective in smaller doses
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

DAISY FLY KILLER
Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, economical, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Sold everywhere. **DAISY FLY KILLER** from your dealer.

Airplanes for Firemen
If proper landing fields can be spotted and developed, airplanes will be utilized this summer to transport entire fire-fighting crews to the scene of forest conflagrations. Trips that would require United States forest service crews several days to complete, would be made in several hours and heavy fire loss thus avoided.

Fast Work With Saw
What is claimed as a world's record was established at Deep Bay in the Hunon district of southern Tasmania, when S. and E. Turnbull, with a double-handed saw, cut an 18-inch log in 12 seconds. The previous record was 14 4/5 seconds.

Nothing Serious
"You say this defendant has been in a shooting scrape?"
"It was only craps."

Romance is one of the dearest illusions of the imagination.

W hale's Diving Power
It would be impossible for a whale to descend to the bottom of the ocean at any considerable depth of water. Although it cannot be exactly known, it has been estimated that the maximum dive of the whale is approximately 100 fathoms—that is 600 feet—and at any greater depth than this the pressure of the water would be too great for the safety of the whale.

Otherwise
An old negro was receiving a lecture from a judge.

"Now, I don't expect to see you here again," ended the man of law.

"Why, Mr. Judge," queried the negro, "you's not a-go'ing to resign, are you, sah?"

Short End of It
The American soldiers are accused of introducing potato bugs into France. "If we took potato bugs over there," writes Kurneal, "it was a d—n bad trade."—New York Post.

Fast men are slow pay.

Pleased
"How did you like the andiron Uncle Jim sent you?"
"Oh, they did my hearth good."

BILIOUS?
Take NATURE'S REMEDY
—R—tonight. You'll be "fit and fine" by morning—tongue clear, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten. For constipation, too. Better than any mere laxative.
At drug stores—only 25c. Make the test tonight
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

STOP THAT ITCHING
Apply Blue Star Ointment to relieve Skin Irritations, Itching Skin or the Itch of Eczemic conditions, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Toes, Poison Oak and as an Aesthetic Dressing for Old Sores, etc.
Ask your Druggist for
BLUE STAR OINTMENT
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 26-1930.

Keep Insects Away Outdoors!

Flit contains a special insect repellent.
Spray clean smelling
FLIT
Largest Selling Insect Killer
The World's

Enjoy the charm of a Healthy Skin use
Cuticura
SOAP OINTMENT
CLEANSING ANTISEPTIC SOOTHING
Soap, Ointment, etc. and 50c. Proprietors: Parker Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Keeps Hair Soft and Shiny. 50c. Sold by mail for 40c. Write for literature and samples. Weevlinp Laboratories Co., P. O. Box 84, Houston, Texas.
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Make the hair soft and fluffy. 50c. Sold by mail for 40c. Write for literature and samples. Weevlinp Laboratories Co., P. O. Box 84, Houston, Texas.
Business Wanted. Would like to hear from party with business or investment for sale. Confidential handling. W. H. Fuller Business Service, Wichita, Kansas.

**TRANSFORMING POWER OF DRESS;
COLOR CONTRAST IN LACE GOWNS**

EVERY woman a pretty woman! Not a dream but a demonstrable theory put into practice. It is the new psychology based on the efficacy of art in dress and meticulous grooming.

So important this message of the transforming power of dress, the idea is at this very moment being made a subject for stage dramatization. As the play goes, the wife has grown indifferent and careless about her dress, combs her hair unbecomingly, wears clothes which are fatal to good looks—

call to action! Away with homeliness—let chic, charm and attractiveness reign in its stead.

Lace Becomes a Hobby. Lace has become a hobby with Paris couturiers, likewise the theme of black and white. Work the two together as the creator of the frock in the lower picture has so admirably succeeded in doing, and the result is chic and charm supreme.

Frocks developed of lace in two-tone are not only very effective but they have the advantage of being un-



AFTER THE METAMORPHOSIS

to make a long story short, she violates all the rules of careful grooming—sidesteps every "first aid" to beauty, sinking into apparent, hopeless homeliness.

But hear on! Comes a change in her attitude toward life. In order to win back her husband's love she decides to blossom out from a "maud hen" to a creature of radiant loveliness. Where there's a will there's a way to be beautiful and it is the lesson which Minna Gombell, the talented star in "Nancy's Private Affair," impresses upon her audience in her role of the charmer who rewins her husband's adoration.

See Miss Gombell ere her charms begin to charm. Ere she discovers herself—straight uncoiffed hair, glasses with owl-like rims, sparkle-lacking eyes, woebegone expression with muscles of face drawn taut.

Then the metamorphosis! Behold the glorious being who wears "clothes" to perfection—a stunning pajama ensemble in the morning as illustrated above—a love of a flowery printed frock

usual. The fact that the party dress illustrated departs from the soft draped silhouette associated with lace manipulation, achieves for it outstanding distinction. Its charming full skirt suggests Spanish influence and its tight fitting bodice is typical of latest trend.

Not only are designers interworking black lace with white, but lace in any pastel shade, especially pale pink combined with black, is highlighted in the summer mode. Sometimes it is merely a yoke of delicately tinted lace, the remainder of the gown being composed of exquisite black lace.

In other instances such color symphonies are interpreted with lace, as brown with beige, or perhaps two shades of green are interrelated, or of blue, or possibly insets of colored lace are worked into the black.

Everywhere in the mode one encounters lace this season, it even having dared to enter the domain of stylish footwear. Lace slippers are quite the envy of the most fashionable this season the lace being stretched



BEAUTIFUL LACE PARTY DRESS

of wispy, fluttery chiffon (how feminizing these dainty, sheer chiffons are) for afternoon (to right in picture).

When evening comes a formal gown of white georgette as shown to the left, its hemline reaching to below the ankles, the waistline normal conforming to the latest approved silhouette.

Oh! It's a lesson well worth taking to heart. Why be homely when prettiness is so attainable these days. Beauty doctors and dress psychology

over a foundation of satin crepe de chine or heavy lace.

Now that lace is going places and doing things most unusual, milady orders her very prettiest chapeau made of lace, with which she wears lace mitts, if you please. In evolving the new hats milliners are making use of stiffened lace, especially when the lace is to be combined with straw.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1939, Western Newspaper Union.)

**NORA
AND THE
BUTTERFLY
FLOWER**

(By D. J. Walsh.)

NORA hurried along the sunny street, a demure smile on her lips.

Nora had a job in sight. Not a position nor a connection nor a contact. Just a nice, comfortable, steady job.

At the florist shop she hesitated a moment, smiled in response to the smile of the clerk looking out of the flower-filled window. Nora had exactly one 25-cent piece in her purse. To spend that on a flower for her coat would have seemed to a prosaic person the wildest sort of folly. But Nora was Irish and gay and happy-go-lucky. More than that, she loved flowers and had always managed, thus far in her art career, to stop in at least every day at this very florist shop for a flower of some kind or other. Indeed, she knew the clerk so well that she called her Hattie and the clerk called her, in turn, Nora.

"A flower for a quarter, Hattie, my pretty!" she said gaily, turning in at the narrow doorway.

"A flower for a quarter, is it?" the clerk asked cheerfully. "And would ye be having, now an orchid maybe or a box of long-stemmed roses— which?"

"That short-stemmed pink bud right there, my fair lass, and do ye be quick about it, for I've a job in sight and I've no mind to lose me chances for a bit o' blarney with ye this morning, ma'am!" laughed Nora, making a deep curtsy and handing over her quarter.

On in the sun again, the rose on her coat, she was even prettier and brighter looking than before. If she felt stunned and amazed when she entered the reception room of the rising young author she hid her disappointment very successfully.

The reception room, by actual count, had 47 girls sitting there, a pathetic eagerness to please on every face.

After a twenty-minute wait, during which time six other applicants struggled in timidly, Ralph Henderson Brooks came from his inner office. He looked about in dismay, ran his fingers through his black hair, which had one white streak through the side of it, and then, uncertainly, let his eyes go over each girl there.

"I am really at a loss as to the proper method of interviewing you," he murmured. "I might take you alphabetically or in the order in which you came here or—oh, I don't know."

"You, if you please, you come in first," he said to Nora.

Swiftly Nora rose and followed him into his office.

"What I want is some one to illustrate my material," he said. "I am a writer, not an artist. I know what I like when I see it," he went on with a quick, flashing smile at her, "but it has to be done on paper before I know whether or not it will do. A great portion of it is to be daily stories, syndicated, and the illustrations must be with each story when they leave my office there. Suppose you do a picture right now—call it—"

"Butterfly Flower," he said. "That's what I'll do—I'll let each of the girls out there draw a sketch by that title and then—then, maybe I can sort of weed 'em out," as one might say."

Nora, utterly amazed, found herself sitting in the corner of his office and opening her sketchbooks. Butterfly flower! Whatever in the world was a butterfly flower? She had books at home that would probably give her the information but here—here there was nothing. She glanced down at the rose on her coat, a worried little frown etching itself between her eyebrows. She wanted this job more than she had wanted anything for a long, long time.

In the first place, she needed the income from it; in the second place, she wanted to get into some steady art work rather than the free-lance work she had been doing; and thirdly, she liked, oh, ever so much, the looks of this young author with his white-streaked black hair.

Her eyes still on the rose she began to smile. With a long step she reached the telephone, looked for a moment in the book and called a number. "Hattie, my pretty," she said in low tones, "and what would a butterfly flower be like—do you know?"

"Is this Nora?" came Hattie's crisp tones. "Just a moment—mmm, here it is—heart's ease, Nora. Anything else?"

"Not a thing in the world except—thanks a lot," said Nora smilingly. "You'll please all write your names and telephone numbers on your sketches," suggested Mr. Brooks a few moments later. "Just leave them on the corner of this desk and I'll let you know." He vanished from the room and Nora, sniffing gently at her rose, sketched rapidly.

One by one the girls began to lay their sketches on the desk. One by one they left the reception room. The ringing of the telephone recalled the young author immediately.

When he had finished his call he glanced over the sketches rapidly. "My soul!" he muttered. "Will you

look at this! Eh, there, no you know what a butterfly flower is, Miss—Miss—"

"Nora Rooney," said Nora demurely. "Oh, yes, a butterfly flower is heart's ease, Mr. Brooks."

"And you know this—when I asked you to draw it?" he pursued.

Nora hesitated. To say yes might mean clinching the job. Nora hated to lie. "W—well," she said hesitantly, a little smile creeping in and out of the corners of her mouth, "no, I didn't. I have a friend, though, where I buy a flower every day and so I telephoned to her and asked."

"Well, let's see the sketch," he said enthusiastically. "Yes, sir, good sketch—exactly what I meant—and you've got a head on you, too. If you don't know you can find out what you need to find out, eh? Fine! If we can get down to terms that are right for both of us we're all set."

And they did get down to terms that amazed Nora. Her eyes fell on the sketches of flowers in the shape of butterflies clutching long or short stems as the artists had imagined they might look.

"But how in the world did he ever single you out to go in for the first interview when your name begins with 'R' and he didn't know even that much about you when you went in? And the room was already full when you got there?" said the amazed Hattie when Nora stopped in to tell her all about it.

"Wait, wait," laughed Nora. "I asked him that after I had the job and it seems that I was the only one wearing a flower, and he likes flowers. So he picked me to come in. Oh, some of the others had what he calls 'false flowers'—you know, cloth and ribbon. But he doesn't like those."

"And I take it he liked you as well as the rose?" asked Hattie shrewdly. But at that Nora only smiled—demurely—and dropped her long eye-lashes in a mysterious fashion that meant—yes!

**Rapid Development of
Far North Civilization**

The far northern outpost bearing the curious name of The Pas has appeared in the news occasionally as the home of some doughty musher, charioteer of a dog team across the frozen wastes of the old Hudson bay territory. One pictured a few rough shacks and a few fur-clad dwellers of mixed race. That may have been true in the past, but the opening up of the mine fields of the North and the construction of the Hudson bay railway have wrought changes. The Pas is now a considerable settlement, boasting, among other evidences of advanced civilization, an enterprising daily newspaper, the Northern Mail.

It is from an illustrated progress number of the Northern Mail that one gets some facts and figures that tell their own story. The public schools have an enrollment of 773, while the Dominion business college and the separate school are running night classes. There are a dozen modern schools in the area, all well attended. The mining recorder's office showed receipts for the year of \$112,000, while the local branch of the liquor commission showed a profit of \$133,257. That is progress.

The Far North is not really such a forbidding place. The thermometer registers 40 below in winter, but the residents do not mind. Outdoor construction work goes on all the same in The Pas. There is no interruption. The development of this region is one of the signs of the great change which has taken place in the last ten years. The Pas will be an important station on the new Hudson bay route, whether that becomes part of a new ocean highway or merely serve local demands. The place will probably look out for a new name. Let us hope it won't find one.—Boston Herald.

Question Time

Judge Pierce Butler, about to sail for Europe, said at a farewell dinner in New York:

"The reformer has many a disappointment.

"A prominent banker agreed one day to address the boys at a reformatory. He prepared his address with care, and those hundreds of erring lads listened to him with interest. They seemed moved. The banker believed he had done them good.

"Then came question time.

"Are there any questions," he said, "that any boy would like to ask?"

"A boy with red hair and very large ears stood up.

"'Mister,' he said respectfully, 'can you burn through them new style safe doors with an oxy-acetylene torch?'"

Puzzled by Own Writing

Jules Janin, French writer, was famous for his abominable handwriting. One day a friend who received a letter from him managed with great pains and patience to gather that it was on some matter of importance, but could not decipher sufficient to understand what the matter was, so he decided to take a cab and drive to Janin's house.

"Ah," said Janin, "it is you! So you have read my letter?"

"Not at all!" replied the visitor. "I have just received it, and have come to ask you to read it to me."

"Oh!" cried Janin, hopelessly. Then with a sigh of resignation, he said: "Very well, I will try!"

Cultivate Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm is the leaven which makes your otherwise stodgy job a thing charged with life, filled with possibilities. It is the mother of hope, the father of success. A man who is wrapped up in his task seldom feels the chill of adversity.—Grit.

Marten Disappearing

Hunter, Truder, Trapper says that for the past five or six years martens have been diminishing at an alarming rate, due partly to advancing civilization, partly to the fact that they are closely trapped. The marten is one of the choicest furbearers.

Emerson in the Pulpit

Ralph Waldo Emerson was assistant and pastor in the Second Unitarian church, in Boston, 1829-32. He arrived at the conviction that the Last Supper was not intended by Christ to be a permanent sacrament, and retired. He never had charge of another parish, but he preached as opportunity offered until 1847.

Farm Engineering Gains

For 15 years the federal government has been teaching agricultural engineering to the farmers of this country. In those 15 years the work has increased 1,500 per cent. At least, the expenditure has gone up about that amount.

The work of the extension is devoted to problems of farm water supply, soil erosion, farm machinery and other similar matters. Its work is now carried on in 25 states.

**ONE PRESCRIPTION
MADE FAMILY DOCTOR
FAMOUS**



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.

Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.

A thrifty man has money to spend while a stingy one never has. That's the difference.

**How One Woman Lost
20 Pounds of Fat**

Lost Her Double Chin
Lost Her Prominent Hips
Lost Her Sluggishness
Gained Physical Vigor
Gained in Vivaciousness
Gained a Shapely Figure

If you're fat—first remove the cause!

KRUSCHEN SALTS contains the 6 mineral salts your body organs, glands and nerves must have to function properly.

When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your bowels and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realize it—you're growing hideously fat! Try one-half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS from any leading druggist anywhere in America. (Lasts 4 weeks). If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a superb improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned.

Blood will tell, if you take pride in it.



Proud!

RICHARD Dunham, 6, of 128 Clay St., Topeka, Kansas, is the picture of health. No wonder his mother says: "I'm proud as can be of my little boy. He's always bright and active."

"I give California Fig Syrup a lot of credit for his wonderful condition. He has always been properly fed and I have given Fig Syrup whenever his appetite was poor or he seemed constipated."

You can easily tell when a child's bowels are clogged. Bad breath, coated tongue, listlessness, biliousness, feverishness, etc., tell the story.

Feed these signs. Give your child a good bowel cleansing with pure vegetable California Fig Syrup. Weak bowels are toned by its use; appetite is increased; the whole digestive system benefited.

Look for the word California when buying. That marks the genuine.



Do we really care for democracy as a creed for all, or a protection for ourselves?

**Mosquito Bites
HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh**

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Husbands don't want art in the home because it means more pictures to be hung.



**Kill Rats
Without Poison**

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Children

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 378 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

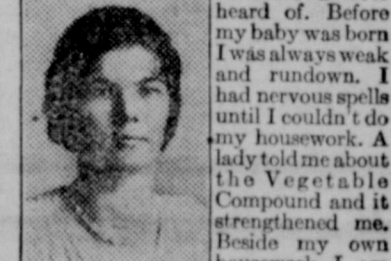
Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist on K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.50. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

**K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY**

**BEST MEDICINE
SHE KNOWS OF**

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Ft. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I could't do my housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am



now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."—Mrs. BERTHA RIVERS, 214 Polk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.

The days that make us happy make us wise.

BLACK FLAG

Kills

**FLIES—MOSQUITOES
ROACHES—MOTHS
FLEAS—ANTS
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KILLS QUICKER—COSTS LESS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BLACK FLAG POWDER

**GINGER
ELLA**

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued
—15—

But the sparkle had gone from their merry pleas, and it was a relief when Eddy started the motor for the ride back to town.

"Won't you come along, Alex?" invited Ginger pointedly. "We can take one more."

"Oh, no, thanks. Miriam promised to take me in herself along about midnight. My doctor prescribed more Pay Dirt for me."

At the end of the driveway, they looked back. Miriam sat on the high gate, Alexander Murdock steadying her with one hand, while he swung the gate beneath her with the other. Their father smiling, waved farewell.

"Poor father," mourned Ginger. "What would you call it but preacher's luck, to lose his eyes just when there's the most to see?"

A dull supper at the parsonage, followed by the usual evening service at the church.

Tub Andrews hurried up to them after the service, offering himself as an escort home—a mere formality for those few safe intervening feet.

"I don't think we ought to," objected Marjory. "You see, the minister is staying with us—and I think we ought—I don't think it would look well for us to go off and leave him—"

"Ginger can take him," suggested Tub generously. "She can give him pointers on running a church—Ginger can give pointers on running anything."

"But Ginger is so young," stammered Marjory. "I feel that I am rather the head of the house now, and—"

Hiram Buckworth himself appeared at that moment. "Girls, if you will excuse me," he said gravely, "I will walk over with Mr. Westbury. We are discussing some church business."

"Hurray for Jop," chimed Tub, "that suits me to a T. We've got some church business of our own to talk about."

Hiram hesitated a moment, biting his lip as though he felt annoyance, but nodded at last, and went away, not without reluctance. And Marjory yielded her smiles to Tub Andrews, clinging meanwhile to Ginger to ensure her accompaniment, as they walked slowly homeward. On the familiar old veranda, Tub started at once, cheerfully, in the direction of the hammock.

"You can't stay tonight, Tub," said Marjory, with a smile warm enough to soften her dismissal. "I have to send you right straight home. I have been under the weather for a day or two, and Miss Jenkins didn't want me to go to church at all. She has ordered me to bed."

Tub, complaining loudly, submitted perforce to this ejection, and sauntered away, whistling ingenuously.

Marjory still clung to her sister's hand.

"Ginger, wait a minute. Sh! Don't let him hear you. Let's sit in the hammock a while."

They sat down, huddled together, and waited in silence until the sound of Tub's footsteps, and Tub's whistling, subsided into the darkness. "Ginger, I want to ask you something. Will you just sit here with me, and talk until—Mr. Buckworth comes home? And Ginger, if he comes over, and sits down—he always does, you know—would you mind—would you just as lief—You wouldn't mind, would you—"

"Go to bed, you mean?"

"Well, you see, Ginger, I want to ask him about something."

"I see. I'm to talk my head off until he gets here, and then I'm to go to bed."

Marjory squeezed her arm about her sister's waist.

"You see— Well, you see, Ginger, it is like this. You remember that night when you crept downstairs—how long ago it seems!—and he had his arm around me. Well, Ginger, I didn't care a bit because you saw it. But I think it embarrassed him, or made him angry, or something, for he hasn't so much as looked at me since."

"I see," said Ginger dully.

"I want to tell him that you—you didn't think a thing of it—a little thing like that. I think maybe he thinks I feel bad about it."

"You don't, do you?"

"No," Marjory's voice sank to a whisper. "Not a bit. I like him."

So the two girls sat, and waited, and presently from the church, they heard the two men, coming slowly, talking as they walked. Marjory clung to Ginger's hand, and held her breath. At the end of the flagstone path they stood for a while before they said good night and parted.

"You talk," whispered Marjory. "Ginger talked. 'I think it's such

a silly name for a farm," said Ginger. "Just like Eddy Jackson. Who else would do such a dumb thing? Pay Dirt. Everybody knows a farm is nothing but dirt, and if it didn't pay, nobody would farm it. Oh, hello, Mr. Buckworth. Home so soon? It's lovely tonight. Won't you come and talk to us?"

"Not tonight, thanks. I am tired. Pleasant dreams." And he passed inside.

The girls sat very still for a moment. They heard him say good night to Miss Jenkins, and go up the stairs. Marjory's tense arm about Ginger's waist relaxed suddenly. Her quivering breath was more a sob than a sigh. Her shoulders rose convulsively.

"You—can go now. Thanks, Ginger. I'll sit here a minute, and listen to the night."

Ginger went in without a word. She was a stricken soul. She climbed to the studio, and counted her store of dimes. She looked at her complicated page of multiplication and addition. She sat for a long time, figuring, thinking.

Obviously, Marjory and the richness of a wealthy husband were to be denied them as succor. Marjory was forever lost to her plans for the future. All the years of washing dishes for the sake of Marjory's hands had been in vain. All her dreams of a romantic figure breathing mysteriously into their commonplace circle were dissipated into thin air.



"Ginger, What Do You Mean? Is Marjory Engaged, or Isn't She?"

Ginger was practical enough to admit defeat when she met it, and Marjory was her Waterloo. Marjory, beautiful peach-bloom Marjory would marry a minister, and her future would be that of catering to a Methodist church, and a parsonage minimum of three.

In that hour, Ginger Ella rose to great heights of renunciation. She relinquished all her dreams of fortune, of fame, of social supremacy for her beautiful sister. She would be satisfied to see her merely happy. She smiled. She went down the wobbly ladder without a moment's pause, for her decision was made. She knocked at the door of her father's room, now occupied by Hiram Buckworth.

Silence prevailed within. Ginger knocked again.

"Who is it, please? Just a minute." He opened the door with one hand as he struggled into his coat with the other. Ginger, all uninvited, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began gently. "I was just going to bed," he interrupted rudely.

"You misunderstood what I told you," she persisted patiently. "I didn't say Marjory was engaged—exactly—"

"No. You merely said it was understood."

"But I didn't mean a man. I meant money."

"Money?" He was entirely puzzled.

"Yes. You see, we have always been so very hard up. Father did not go to seminary as you did—he didn't even go to college. He only gets about as much money now after all these years as you will get at the very start. And it takes so much for his eyes, and the furniture is simply falling to pieces, and you can see yourself we haven't any clothes."

"Yes, I know, Ginger," he said without sympathy. "But what has that to do with—her?"

"She is so beautiful. So we naturally decided that she had better

marry a millionaire. You must admit she's got the looks for it."

"Ginger, what do you mean? Is Marjory engaged, or isn't she?"

"Not engaged—not exactly. But it was all understood—we talked it over and we all agreed—we girls did, that is, father just laughed at us—that Marjory should marry money, lots of money, millions—"

"And she's not engaged to that—fat young Andrews—or anybody else—"

"Certainly not. There's no man mixed up in it at all. Just money."

If looks could slay, the career of Ellen Tolliver would have ended at that moment.

"Why, you little devil!" he ejaculated irreverently, and flung her roughly out of his way.

"She's still in the hammock," called Ginger mockingly.

They she went immediately to bed. She wept for a while, softly, for it is natural that youth should abandon its dreams and its expectations of great riches with reluctance. But in the end she smiled, and stiffened her slim little shoulders beneath the white sheets. Very well, then. Plainly the future of the entire household devolved upon her, and her alone.

"Selah," she whispered into the darkness.

CHAPTER IX

A great peace, a sort of subdued grandeur, descended upon the turbulent spirit of Ginger Ella, for she had schooled herself to accept life as it is, and mold it to her own pattern as opportunity came. That the opportunity would never come now, as concerned Marjory, she was well aware, but without resentment. After all, perhaps one had no right to attempt to mold human lives, free souls, like herself. As for Miriam and the grocery clerk, she yet had hopes Alexander Murdock was leaving on this very day, and Ginger did not for a moment believe that the sensible twin was so deeply interested as to disqualify her for interest in more intriguing figures—granted the appearance of such figures.

Get her away—that was the best method. Ginger was adjusting herself to a new impression of the sensible twin. So still she had always seemed, so subtly impenetrable, that in contrast with Marjory's radiance she had appeared more of a liability than anything else. But there was something strange about Miriam. Ginger did not understand it. She remembered how Tub Andrews, even in the gorgeous presence of Marjory arrayed for the beauty pageant, had succumbed to Miriam's stillness. She remembered how Alexander Murdock, a mere grocer, of course, but still no doubt possessive of the usual male inclinations, had passed over Marjory with a passing cordiality, to plant himself immovably at the un-dancing feet of Miriam. Strange about her! Strange about everything, Ginger thought.

"The world," she concluded largely, "it all gone jeebee jeebee. The grocers grovel to brains, and the preachers pick beauty. It's all wrong."

But perhaps when the twins found themselves away from the confining familiarities of Red Thrush, away among strangers, at the normal school—with clothes that became girls of their profession, and their looks—clothes paid for from contributions to the home for the blind—But another annoying thought arose to disturb the even tenor of her plans.

At the normal school they would meet only teachers—primary teachers, teachers of geography, teachers of Latin, English and algebra. Ginger sighed. It was unfortunate, but it was the best they could manage this year—what with the operation, and the retirement on pension. Besides, if an embryonic teacher could supplant the can grocer in Miriam's heart, no doubt a little later on, the new conqueror could also be conquered by, say, an embryonic financier. She must hope for the best.

As for Marjory—Marjory, whose beauty, and whose married fortune were now forever denied them, why should they, from their limited funds, provide the money to send Marjory to normal to study to be a teacher, when she would be no teacher? Why learn pedagogy, when all her future held was the accommodation of her person to missionary societies, and ladies' aids, and the minimum of three?

The finger of relentless logic pointed in another way. Let Marjory prepare herself for keeping a parsonage by keeping a parsonage—their own. She could take Miriam's place as servant to their father, thus leaving Ginger free for her own further schooling and for the conduct of her favorite charity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is time or reason has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone circle is the Hele stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on June 21—namely, at the summer sol-

stice—the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer. At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in solitude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

Record Bone

Some idea of the immense size of prehistoric reptiles can be gathered from the fact that it took sixteen men to lift a bone of one discovered in Africa.

So normal in action . . . so delicious in flavor



Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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Airplanes for Firemen
If proper landing fields can be spotted and developed, airplanes will be utilized this summer to transport entire fire-fighting crews to the scene of forest conflagrations. Trips that would require United States forest service crews several days to complete, would be made in several hours and heavy fire loss thus avoided.

Fast Work With Saw
What is claimed as a world's record was established at Deep Bay in the Huon district of southern Tasmania, when S. and E. Turnbull, with a double-handed saw, cut an 18-inch log in 12 seconds. The previous record was 14 4/5 seconds.

Nothing Serious
"You say this defendant has been in a shooting scrape?"
"It was only craps."

Romance is one of the dearest illusions of the imagination.

Fast men are slow pay.

Whale's Diving Power
It would be impossible for a whale to descend to the bottom of the ocean at any considerable depth of water. Although it cannot be exactly known, it has been estimated that the maximum dive of the whale is approximately 100 fathoms—that is 600 feet—and at any greater depth than this the pressure of the water would be too great for the safety of the whale.

Otherwise
An old negro was receiving a lecture from a Judge.
"Now, I don't expect to see you here again," ended the man of law.
"Why, Mr. Judge," queried the negro, "you're not a-goin' to resign, are you, sah?"

Short End of It
The American soldiers are accused of introducing potato bugs into France. "If we took potato bugs over there," writes Kurneal, "it was a d—n bad trade."—New York Post.

Fast men are slow pay.

Pleased
"How did you like the andiron Uncle Jim sent you?"
"Oh, they did my hearth good."

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

Lesson

July 6, 1930.

ABRAHAM, A PIONEER OF FAITH

Gen. 12:1-3; 13:7-12; Heb. 11:8-19

Golden Text—By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out into a place where he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.—Heb. 11:8.

Introduction.

"The race seemed verging again on the brink of those horrible and unnatural crimes which had already necessitated its almost total destruction; and it was evident that some expedient must be adopted to arrest the progress of moral defilement, and to save mankind. This enterprise was undertaken by Him whose delights have ever been with the sons of men, and who in after days could say, with majestic emphasis, 'Before Abraham was, I AM.' And he accomplished his purpose then, as so often since, by separating to himself one man, that through him and his descendants, when they had been thoroughly purified and prepared, he might operate upon the fallen race of men, recalling it to himself and elevating it by a moral lever, working on a pivot outside itself."—F. B. Meyer.

Abraham.

Abraham's birthplace was Ur of the Chaldees, now identified by most scholars with the modern Jughair, in Southern Babylonia, bordering on the district called Chaldees. This region had been settled for the most part by descendants of Ham who "were grossly idolatrous."

Abraham's father was Terah, who was an idolater (Josh. 24:2). At Ur of the Chaldees Abraham married the beautiful Sarai, and after this marriage, for some reason not stated, Terah set out for the land of Canaan, a journey of about nine hundred miles, making the usual detour to the north. After traveling about 240 miles to the northwest the little party reached Haran, a city of Mesopotamia, where Terah settled down, abandoning his purpose to go to Canaan. There he remained probably for 60 years, dying at the age of 205.

The Call of Abraham.

"Now Jehovah said unto Abram, 'Abram' means 'exalted father.'"

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So it goes: victory after victory wherever Konjola is given the chance to prove its merits. You can put your faith in Konjola feeling that you will be rewarded abundantly.

Konjola is sold in Friona by the City Drug Store, and by all the best druggists in all towns throughout this entire section.

Abraham's Chosen Son, Hebron.

"Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan." "Quite in the south of the country stood even then Hebron, one of the very oldest towns in the world. The situation is one of the most unfavorable in the whole of Palestine. He had chosen well—a high and healthful region, far from the temptations of Worldliness and heathenism. And Lot dwelt in the cities of the Plain, and moved his tent as far as Sodom." Migrating eastward with his flocks and herds, Lot gravitated ever closer to the wicked city, where at last he came to dwell, so that he shared the ruin which befell it.

The Sacrifice of Isaac.

The account of Abraham's obedience when commanded by God to slay his son on the altar of Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple, is one of the most moving scenes in the Bible. It sets forth the trusting character of the patriarch and it presents a wonderful parallel to God's offering of his only begotten Son, on the hill of Calvary near Mount Moriah as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world.

The Field of Machpelah.

The death of Sarah at the age of 127 was a sore grief to Abraham.

It made necessary the purchase of land for a burial place, the only portion of Canaan that the roving patriarch ever owned. This was the famous double cave of Machpelah, where not only Sarah was buried but Abraham himself, and then Isaac and Rebekah and Jacob and Leah. Over the cave the Moslems built a great mosque, guarding the spot with the utmost secrecy. It is inclosed by an ancient wall 197 by 111 feet and 40 feet high, or solid masonry from eight to nine feet thick. Machpelah is one of the most venerable and authentic memorials of antiquity.

The oath of Abraham.

In his old age Abraham was blessed by Jehovah "in all things" and especially in seeing Isaac happily married to the kindly Rebekah. So he died "in a good old age," no less than 175 years, and was buried in the cave of Machpelah by Isaac and Ishmael. "Grudgingly sets the sun of such a life."

The Faith of Abraham.

The glorious list of heroes of faith given in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews devotes more space to Abraham than to any other person, justly regarding his life as the supreme Old Testament illustration of that great quality.

"By faith Abraham, when he was

called, obeyed. And he went out, not knowing whither he went. In general, he knew that he was going to Canaan, but of Canaan he probably knew almost nothing, no more than the Pilgrim Fathers knew of America. His life was an adventure of faith, as all great lives are.

"Whoever else may miss heaven we know that Abraham is there. The rich man in hell saw him afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom, and Jesus Christ, said 'I say unto you that many shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.'

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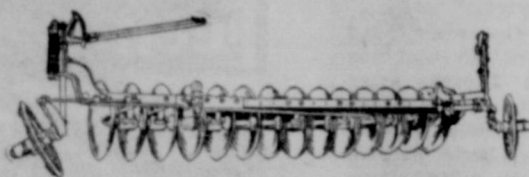
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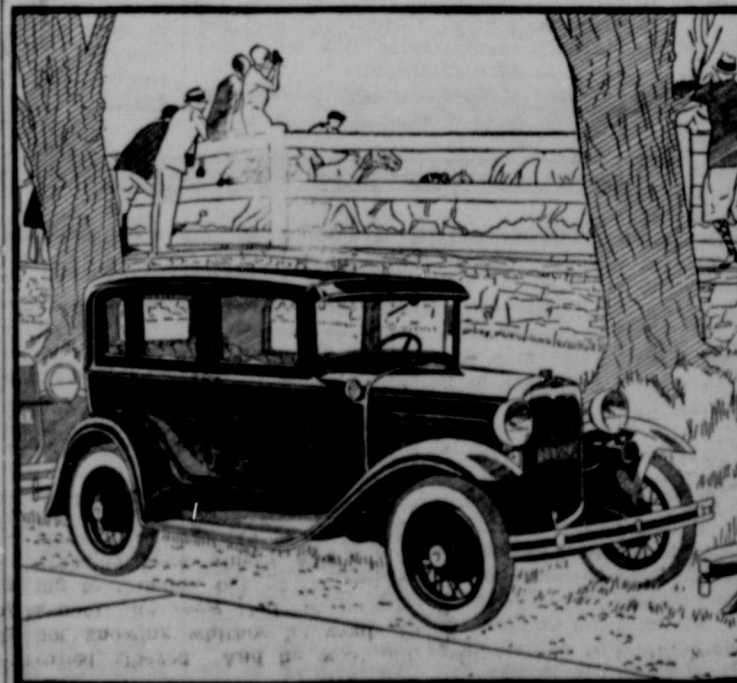
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