

★ The Friona Star ★

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

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Gas In Friona Within Eight Weeks! Says West Gas Company

TRUITT-LANDRUM LUMBER CO. STARTS WORK ON NEW BRICK GAS LINE EXTENSION TO FRIONA

This writing stakes are being set for the bounds of another new business building on the corner of Sixth Street and Euclid avenue, the dimensions to be 50 by 100 feet.

The new building is being erected by the Truitt-Landrum Lumber Company and will be occupied when completed by the R. B. R. Lumber Company. Mr. Landrum says he expects to have dirt laid for the foundation by the time this issue of the Star is in the mails, and that the work of construction will be pushed as fast as materials and labor can be secured.

Without saying that this is another valuable asset to the business interests of the city our people are rejoicing at the prospect of another so attractive and serviceable building to the business part of the town.

WIDMIRE HOME

Widmire, who left two weeks for California, returned last night. He went to California to drive R. H. Kinsley's Glendale and arrived in time for the Christmas season with his family and his gayeties. He was pleased with the trip and the scenery and climate. He was also pleased to find that his Glendale was in bloom there.

PARRS GO TO BOWIE

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parr and children drove to Bowie, Montague county, last week to spend the Christmas season with their parents. Mrs. Parr says they had a most enjoyable time and made the trip without mishap. However, they were forced to take their car to the repair shop and the roads were so thickly settled with traffic that it was impossible to get through.

BACK TO SCHOOL

All of our students returned for the first day of school. The school was opened with a prayer by Miss Allen, and the first lesson was read by Miss Denton. The first lesson was read by Miss Denton, and the first lesson was read by Miss Denton.

VISIT PARENTS HERE

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hedley, Texas, spent Christmas with their parents in Friona.

HENRY SPOHN

Henry Spohn, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Spohn of this community, departed this life Thursday, December 26, at a hospital in Abilene. The remains were brought to Friona, where funeral services were held at the Congregational church at two o'clock Saturday afternoon. Rev. Weaver of Clovis officiating.

Young Mr. Spohn was born in Saine county, Kansas, 35 years ago and came to Friona with his parents in 1908, and located with them on their farm 7 miles west of town, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was thus one of Friona's earliest pioneer citizens.

He became afflicted about two years ago with an incurable malady from which he suffered until relieved by death. About a year ago he visited the Mayo Brothers Clinic at Rochester, Minn., where the diagnosis of local physicians was corroborated as to the cause of the affliction, which was pronounced to be a tumor of the brain, the only possible relief from which was a surgical operation to remove same. This he steadfastly refused to have done owing to the extreme uncertainty of success.

Henry Spohn was one of our most highly respected young men, being of clean moral habits and of unimpeachable integrity. While he had never become a member of any church, he steadfastly lived the Christian life as God gave him the light to see it. He was of a kindly disposition and was charitable and hospitable toward his fellow man. Being a farmer, he was attentive to and successful in his farming operations. If he had so much as one enemy the fact has not been ascertained, and he was a man of whom the community was proud and one which his neighbors can ill afford to lose.

He is survived by his aged parents, two brothers, two sisters, one nephew and three nieces of the immediate family, all of whom have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in their sad bereavement.

HIGGINS-McCLURE WEDDING

On Monday afternoon, December 23, Miss Hallene Hudgins became the bride of Billie McClure at the home of her mother, Mrs. F. G. Hudgins.

Following a violin solo by Herschel Coe of Canyon, accompanied by his wife, the ring ceremony was read by Rev. Howard of Canyon. Miss Irene Crawford, of Canyon, and Boone McClure, a brother of the groom, were the only attendants. After an informal reception, Mr. and Mrs. McClure left for a short trip to San Antonio.

Mrs. McClure is an only daughter of Mrs. E. G. Hudgins of Abilene, and is a graduate of the Abilene high school of the class of 1927.

MUCH GAS PIPE HERE

The Southern Union Gas Co., which is laying a line of pipe from the Moore county gas fields to Farwell and Clovis, has shipped several car loads of eight-inch pipe into Friona this week and has a force of trucks and men busily engaged unloading and hauling it out to the line about eight miles northwest of Friona, Tuesday afternoon there were eight cars at the railroad to be unloaded.

ARTHUR HART'S SON DEAD

A son of Arthur Hart, living about 12 miles northwest of Friona, who was accidentally shot last Thursday near his home, died in the Hereford hospital some time Sunday and the remains were buried in Belvidere, New Mexico, on Monday.

According to reports reaching the Star, the gun which caused his death was in the boy's own hands and was in some manner accidentally discharged, the lead from the weapon carrying away a considerable portion of the face and skull.

The boy, who is said to have been about sixteen years of age, was rushed to the hospital as soon as possible after the accident, but the wound was of such nature that nothing could be done to save his life.

Reports of the sad occurrence have been so meagre and conflicting that the Star has been unable to get what might be termed an authentic account. Mr. Hart, the father of the unfortunate lad, is a farmer and highly esteemed citizen of the locality where he lives, and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family.

AN OMISSION

Through oversight, the Star failed to make mention of the Christmas program at the Congregational church Christmas Eve. The program was well prepared, planned and rendered and the committee in charge of its preparation deserves complimentary mention of its work and skill. The program consisted of songs, readings and concert numbers, and a pageant all departments taking part in its presentation.

J. B. Lang represented Santa Claus and kept the little folk interested while he distributed their treat in many pretty things and kept a flow of laughter from the older members of the audience by his witty repartee in acts and words.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Lange called in Hereford Tuesday evening.

SCHOOL NEEDS MORE ROOM RIGHT NOW

It is an evident fact, and has been to many citizens of the Friona school district for the past two or more years, that the problem of securing more room for the school is forcing itself upon the people for solution.

This question is again becoming popular and various opinions are expressed as to the best means of accomplishing the task. Some suggest that at the present rate of taxation and the present valuation of the property of the district enough funds can easily be accumulated within a few years to pay for a building to accommodate the school for many years to come without issuing bonds or putting the district in debt.

Others argue that if that method be adopted the school will have lost its state affiliation long before such an amount of funds can be accumulated, owing to the inability of the school to measure up to the requirements for state affiliation under present conditions, and realizing the value of the said affiliation they argue strongly in opposition to such a procedure. Be the plan as it may, there is little chance of avoiding the matter much longer.

LOOSE DIRT ANNOYING

The loose dirt that has recently been dumped on a part of Main street in order to bring all parts of the street to a level with the curb, is now the cause of much annoyance to the business places along that part of the street.

There having been no rain to cause the dirt to pack and harden, the continuous traffic has ground it into a fine powdery dust, which is picked up by the breeze and by each passing car and whirled into the air and carried into the stores when ever a door is opened, and there it settles and gives a grayish coating to the wares contained in the store. It also settles on the sidewalks and is carried in on the feet of people passing in and out. It also forms a grayish coat over the cars parked along the street.

Just what will be necessary to overcome this dust nuisance is a question now occupying the minds of men along the street. Sprinkling with water gives a temporary relief, but such a process must be repeated daily.

VISIT PARENTS HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Howard of Monroe, Texas, drove to Friona Tuesday of last week and spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Drake and family. On their return to Monroe Wednesday they were accompanied by Mrs. Drake and sons Arthur and Earl. Saturday Mr. Drake and Miss Treva drove to Monroe and spent the night there, returning Sunday accompanied by the other members of the family.

NATH MORTON IS GONE

The funeral services at the local Methodist church last Friday afternoon was one of the largest ever held in Friona, it being attended by all or members of nearly every family throughout the community, all of whom had come to pay their respects to the memory of one whom they had known and loved.

So large was the attendance that the church building was filled to capacity for both seating and standing room and over 100 people remained outside, unable to enter, and at least 75 cars joined the funeral procession to the cemetery.

As was stated last week's issue of the Star, Mr. Morton's death occurred on Wednesday night of last week at about 11:30 o'clock in the County Hospital at Hereford, where he had been taken as quickly as possible after a cutting affair in which he was the unblamed victim, according to the report of those who witnessed the sad occurrence. According to statements reported to have come from attending physicians, death was caused from loss of blood from cuts in the arms, where large arteries had been severed, rather than from the stab, which were said to have entered the body.

Mr. Morton was a farmer who was well known throughout the eastern part of the county and one of our most popular citizens. He was liked for his good humor, genial disposition and willingness to help a fellow man in any way he could, whenever he found him in need, and was charitable almost to a fault. He had lived within the Friona community for the past decade or more, which fact added to his popularity.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Morton of Anthony, New Mexico, who came here to attend the funeral. Beside his aged parents, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mary Beatty, of Clovis, New Mexico, and Mrs. W. W. Anderson of Canutillo, Texas; also his wife, Mrs. Ethel Morton, and five children, beside the host of friends in and around Friona.

GAS LINE EXTENSION TO FRIONA FROM HEREFORD EXPECTED TO BE UNDER WAY IN SHORT TIME

TELEPHONE SITUATION

Linemen in the employ of the State Telephone Co., who have been here the past three weeks, left the latter part of last week for work on other parts of the large system. During their stay here the dust system which had been built in the city was converted into one very substantial metallic circuit system. A number of new telephones have been installed and the company is ready to install any other phones which the people may desire.

Mr. Daggert, who is the company's district superintendent, stated to the writer that anyone wishing a phone installed should leave word with the central office with directions as to where they live so the linemen may be able to find them and the phones will be put in as soon as the linemen can get to them.

A number of people, especially those south of town have spoken concerning having phones installed, and the instructions above are for their benefit.

More people in town should patronize the company, since the company seems anxious to give first class service and the more patronage it receives the better able it will be to give service.

Liberal patronage of our utilities will go a long way toward upbuilding the prestige of our city.

BACKBONES AND RIBS

That is just what the Star editor and his family had for dinner Monday of this week as a result of kindhearted neighborliness on the part of our worthy neighbor R. L. Chiles, living a mile northeast of town.

Whether or not Mr. Chiles knew of our fondness for this rare delicacy we do not know, but we do know that he could not have brought anything more tempting to our palate than that most appetizing mess of backbones and spare ribs, for which he has our most sincere thanks, but the kindly remembrance is the greatest appreciation. And we should add that Mr. Chiles also knows exactly how to take these portions from the hog by leaving on the tenderloin portion of that so delectable savory lean meat while hungry man.

OUR THANKS TO THE KINSEYS

The heartiest thanks of the editor and his family are due to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kinsley, now of Glendale, California, for a fine basket of delicious fruits and nuts received from them at the hands of Mr. Widmire on his return from California Monday.

The nuts and fruit were in themselves a most delicious treat but we must say that the greater part of the appreciation of the gift was in the fact of our being so kindly remembered by these two most excellent people. Many very hearty thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsley!

MRS. PNEUMONIA

A son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hart is at this time lying quite ill with pneumonia at the home of J. G. Weir in Hereford.

This is a younger brother of the one who passed away at the hospital in Hereford at 10:30 o'clock last night, as the result of the effects of a shot gun wound.

It appears that a number of Friona citizens became impatient and fearful regarding the coming of gas to the city. A great many did not understand that a franchise had already been granted to the West Texas Gas Company and that the company is pushing its work of extension as rapidly as it can in order to reach Friona at the earliest possible date, and when the report became current that the Southern Union Gas Co. of Dallas was securing right of way for a pipe line from some point in Moore county direct to Farwell, thus leaving Friona to one side without gas service, their impatience over the gas question vexed them sorely.

The writer being aware of the fact that the West Texas Company was pushing its work as fast as it could in order to reach us at an early date, was not in the least worried concerning the project of our gas service, but failed to take note of the fact that others were not so informed, and thus had not realized the fact that many of our citizens were becoming so anxious over the situation.

We are pleased to state to the people of Friona that the prospect is most promising that Friona will have efficient gas service as soon and likely sooner than either Bowie, Farwell or Clovis, and we are pleased to learn that these neighboring towns are also to receive this service at an early date.

F. W. Scovell, manager for the West Texas Gas Co. at Hereford, dropped in on us Saturday and incidentally informed us that his company will have its mains laid in Friona fully as soon and perhaps sooner than it had expected. He was again here Sunday and secured maps of the city and began at once charting the town with reference to the location of the houses, to be used as a guide for the company engineers who are here this week making the actual survey for location of the mains.

Mr. Scovell says he is gas Friona people can be that he by the first of April will be firmly believes in a few weeks. He further stated that all who may be their buildings who have a desire to use gas as fuel should install the gas lines during the process of building. Also those who desire to begin the use of gas as soon as it is brought to the city should be having their buildings piped for the purpose. He also suggested that in case the fittings and fixtures could not be secured in Friona that they may be had at the company's supply store in Hereford.

All Friona citizens who wish gas service should be ready to sign up for the service when the solicitor comes around, which will be within a few days, as it will be of great assistance to the engineer in laying the lines. Be ready to do all you can to accommodate yourself and to boost your town and help the utility company.

L. H. LEA TO HAVE FARM SALE

J. H. Lea, who is now living on the W. C. Nichols farm five and a half miles southeast of Friona, was in the Star office Wednesday afternoon and announced that he will hold a public sale of his farming equipment at his home Monday, January 14.

Mr. Lea has been unable to secure land for the coming year's crops and has therefore decided to dispose of his equipment and move to Friona.

MRS. WIDMIRE'S EMPLOYER

THE OLD RELIABLE UMBRELLA

TEMPTATION

HONORING *the* MEMORY of "OLD HICKORY"



Andrew Jackson International Photo

Unveiling Jackson Statue in Statuary Hall



Jackson Square, New Orleans



Jackson Statue in Washington, D.C.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

JANUARY 8 is a day for recalling one of the most picturesque figures in American history. Andrew Jackson was his name, but to his countrymen he is affectionately known as "Old Hickory." It is not a date for special observance because it is the anniversary of his birth, as is the case with other great Americans. Rather we remember it because it is the anniversary of a battle which he fought and won on that date.

The Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815, is unique in military history. It is the only major engagement on record which was fought after a treaty of peace between the two nations involved had been signed. But its significance in American history is more than that curious fact. The War of 1812 was a conflict fought by a nation divided against itself. It was one in which Americans of the time took little pride, at least, so far as the record of its military forces was concerned.

After disaster and reverse after reverse had caused the country to believe that the breed of successful generals, such as it had known in the Revolution, was extinct. Then Andrew Jackson and his veterans at New Orleans faced the best troops that Great Britain could muster. They were Wellington's veterans who had broken the power of Napoleon. But Jackson gave them odds of two to one and defeated them disastrously. "To a country that had almost completely lost faith in itself, to a country that had almost learned to cringe, this news came like a reprieve to a man upon the gallows," says Gerald W. Johnson in "Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun." "It was literally crazed with joy, and in its delirium it flung the name of Andrew Jackson against the stars. If Jackson did not really save New Orleans, he saved something infinitely more important, namely: the self-respect of the country."

In view of this, it would seem that January 8 should be one of the red-letter days on the American calendar. The fact that it is not is only further proof that the old saying "A republic forgets" is true. For January 8 is not a general holiday, nor even a state holiday. In that respect it cannot take rank with March 2 when Texas recalls the Battle of San Jacinto and honors the memory of Sam Houston, nor with April 19 when Massachusetts honors the patriots who fought at Concord and Lexington, nor with August 16 when Vermont remembers how old John Stark beat the Hessians at Bennington. The only observance of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans as a holiday is in New Orleans, which has good reason to remember the name of Andrew Jackson.

In fact the only nation-wide notice of this anniversary is a celebration which has only a meager connection with the battle and even this occurs intermittently. That is the Jackson Day dinner, held in Washington by the leaders of the Democratic Party on January 8 and there tribute is paid to Andrew Jackson, the President and the "Old Hickory" of "Jacksonian Democracy" than to "Old Hickory" Jackson, the soldier and military victor.

Even the memory America has not chosen to honor on the day of the Andrew Jackson story and station which

Washington and Lincoln, more monuments and markers have been erected to his memory than any other President. Fascinating as is the story of Jackson's career, a story which is familiar to most Americans, equally interesting is the story of some of these memorials. Outstanding among them is the famous "rocking horse" statue in Lafayette park, opposite the White House, in Washington. Perhaps it is particularly appropriate that this memorial to a man whose life was turbulent from beginning to end should be the subject for frequent controversy and should furnish material for an almost endless debate among politicians, sculptors and horsemen.

This statue, which has the distinction of being the first equestrian statue in the United States, is the work of Clark Mills, a New Yorker born in 1815, who drifted to South Carolina where he worked in a plaster and cement mill. While doing stucco work there, he developed a method for taking a cast from a living face and, although he had no art education, he began working in marble. His first effort, a bust of John G. Calhoun, was purchased by the city of Charleston and he was given a gold medal by the commonwealth of South Carolina. Mills next went to Washington to make busts of Webster and Crittenden. On the way he stopped in Richmond and there saw Houston's statue of Washington, the first real piece of sculpture he had ever seen.

Arriving in Washington, he found plans were under way for the erection of an equestrian statue of Jackson. Cave Johnson, then postmaster general and president of the Jackson monument committee, invited him to submit a design. But Mills, never having seen an equestrian statue, felt obliged to refuse the offer. However, he was called upon to make the attempt. He bought some land near Lafayette park, set up a foundry and a studio. In nine months he worked on a new piece of sculpture. The legs of the horse were cast in one piece, the body of the horse and rider were cast in another.

ing on its hind legs, similar to the Jackson statue, whereupon its rider slid off hastily and continued on his way afoot! The statue was unveiled on January 8, 1853, and Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois was the orator for the occasion.

For all the ridicule that has been heaped upon "Jackson and his rocking horse," the statue is a remarkable one in many respects. It is mounted without pivots, rivets or clamps of any kind. Among many people there is an idea that the tall and hind legs of the horse were cast solid to balance the rest of the figure. But this idea is erroneous. The statue is balanced perfectly on the hind legs of the horse and, despite the fact, it has not shifted a fraction of an inch in the 75 years that it has stood on the same spot. From the original model Mills made a replica for New Orleans and it stands today in Jackson square (originally called the Place d'Armes, but changed to honor the savior of the city after the historic battle in 1815) in that city. Another replica stands on the grounds of the statehouse in Nashville, Tenn.

Mills' statue of Jackson brought him fame and he was commissioned to do others. The first was the equestrian statue of Washington which stands in the circle of that name in the National Capital. Another was the statue of "Armed Liberty" which stands on the dome of the Capitol in Washington.

If Jackson's life was a disputatious one, it is appropriate also that it should have begun on disputed ground and that the dispute over the scene of his birth should continue long after his death. At the time of his birth, March 15, 1767, the boundary line between the two provinces of North and South Carolina was not clearly defined. That boundary line ran north and south less than a quarter of a mile from the log cabin in which Andrew Jackson first saw the light of day. But was the cabin east of the boundary line, i. e., in South Carolina, or west of it, hence in North Carolina? That is a point over which his biographers and other historians have never been able to agree.

And so the two states of North Carolina and South Carolina have had a part in another "Jackson controversy" as to which one belongs the honor of being his native state. Apparently South Carolina has had the last word in the controversy, for in November, 1928, there was erected a marker on the James Crawford plantation, 10 miles from Lancaster, S. C., bearing on the front these words, "Birthplace of Andrew Jackson, brave, truculent, noble, able, honest." On the rear is an inscription from a letter, said to have been written by Jackson to a Lancaster citizen, which reads "I was born in South Carolina, as I have been told, at the plantation whereon James Crawford lived about crossing of the Waxhaw Creek" and beneath that is this inscription, "This stone stands upon the plantation whereon James Crawford lived near the site of the dwelling house according to the Mills map of 1820."

The year 1920 saw the erection of another memorial to Andrew Jackson. That was on April 15 when the statue of Jackson was unveiled in Statuary hall in the Capitol. It was presented to the federal government by the state of Tennessee in honor of the centennial year of his inauguration as President and was accepted on behalf of the nation by President Coolidge. The statue, which shows Jackson in the full dress uniform of a major general of the regular army of his time—cocked hat, tight-fitting military dress coat and breeches, long cloak and high boots, is the work of Belle Kinney Scholz, formerly of Nashville, Tenn. On that occasion President Coolidge paid a tribute to Jackson as one who exemplified the "unlimited opportunities offered to men, regardless of seeming handicaps."

"He gave to the nationalistic spirit, through loyalty to the Union, a new strength which was decisive for many years," President Coolidge was such as to secure our government and left the

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK
A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education,
State of Pennsylvania.

Fly, Fly Away!

FLYING is justly popular these days. The public is intensely interested in the remarkable strides that are almost daily being made in this connection. Would that the public were even a little bit interested in flies!

However, it is the sad, old story of familiarity breeding contempt. Flies we have had with us always. True, noticeable progress has been made against this universal enemy of man. For instance, older people have but to recall the "good old days" when the fly brush was a necessary adjunct to the rural dining table.

Nevertheless, 40,000 lives annually lost to the death dealing power of this ever present, warm weather insect, is sufficiently serious to justify a discussion concerning it. And that is exactly the number of lives of infants and older people which the fly, in its unrestrained blood thirstiness, slaughtered last year, mainly by causing infantile diarrhoea and spreading tuberculosis.

In cities much headway has been gained against this disease breeder. Screens, the development of a sanitary consciousness, the swat-the-fly campaigns and spraying lotions have noticeably curbed the fly's dastardness. Even so, one has but to step out of doors in the populated districts fully to realize that the fly is yet with us.

Fifth in general, and exposed garbage in particular, represent the fly's most popular congregating and breeding spots. There is no excuse whatever for people to permit the existence of these conditions, regardless of locality. Moreover, concrete floors in stables and fly proof manure pits will decidedly minimize the fly menace on the farm.

Kill flies, destroy their breeding conditions and save an army of people annually. A worthwhile objective, isn't it? Very well then, do your part. Fly, fly away!

Hurrah for the Fourth!

THE common sense of the American people has been responsible for a reduction in Fourth of July fatalities. Municipalities have passed, and successfully enforced, ordinances against the sale of so-called toy cannon, giant crackers and other powder devices which lend themselves to accidents when carelessly handled.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that each year many children's names appear in the casualty or fatality lists the morning after the nation's birthday. And for this sad state of affairs the parents, rather than the youngsters, are to blame.

Grownups persist in purchasing accident and death-dealing articles at bootleg stands outside the city limits under a misguided notion that in so doing they are displaying both love of country and love of child. Whereas, they are in fact only generating unwarranted risk for their offspring.

Certainly patriotism is one of the finest characteristics to be found in man. But it is a poor brand of patriotism indeed that permits boys and girls to express it in a manner which leads to a hospital or to an undertaker's establishment.

Everyone should realize that tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, is always around the corner where toy cannon, high-explosive crackers and the blank cartridge pistol are concerned. Also, that their making and mangling power presents a real hazard. Therefore, the safety-first principle should be applied in celebrating the Fourth precludes the use of such dangerous things, not only on the part of the young but by the older ones also.

Celebrate this great historical event with a wisely-guided enthusiasm. But don't turn the day into one of tears. Hurrah, but hurrah properly for the Fourth!

(© 1939, Western Newspaper Union.)

The New Year

By Will D. Muse
in Atlanta Constitution

I. COME to you on the wings of dawn That is fringed with gold and gray, I come when the curtains of night are drawn For the march of a new-born day—I come—all fresh from the hand of God To you, to the rose and the crumbling clod.

II. Each day is a jewel brought for you To string on life's slim thread, Hopes that are born in your heart anew, Where old regrets lie dead— Each day a gift from the God who sees Your innermost soul: will you pain or please?

III. Each day is handed, a gift, to you, To use as your heart may will; You can live them false or live them true Till death your pulses still— But be not deceived, for the senseless clod Will tell the tale in the face of God.

IV. I come with the message of winter chill, And the blessings of rain and sun; The glory of forest, and field and hill, And the valleys where rivers run— I bring sweet life to the rose and clod, And you—from the vaults of a watchful God.

A REAL NEW YEAR..

By Blanche Tanner Dillin

MUSIC and dancing within the brightly lighted cabaret, while across the street in the shelter of a doorway a shabbily dressed young man, his coat pulled closely around him and his right hand on a cold object in his pocket, watched the slowly moving line of cars stop, leave their passengers and move on.

Five years ago tonight, Harlan Moore had celebrated New Year's eve in this same city with some school friends. A bitter quarrel with his

father had followed his arrival home, across the river, out in the country, early the next morning. Later that day angry hurt and somewhat ashamed he had left home unnoted, fully determined never to return.

The years since had been hard, and now almost penniless, without work and discouraged, a desperate plan, a way out of worry and want for a while, had suggested itself. It was dangerous—but then no one cared what happened to him—and the value of those jewels would keep him for a long time.

He stepped out and felt the now softly falling snow, which filled the unusually warm air, on his face. But an officer approaching drove him back. His heart beating hard and yet cold, he wondered if he had the courage to see the plan through.

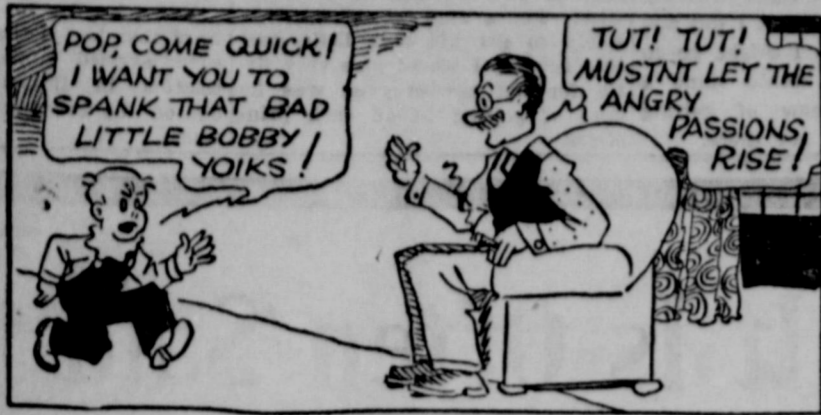
Just before the usual exclamations the cabaret swung into "Goin' Home." Scenes flooded Harlan Moore's memory. Again he saw the old home, and again the pained look in his father's eyes—pained to think that his son could come home in such condition. As memories crowded fast on each other he wiped a mist from his eyes. He jerked himself up quickly—he couldn't be a baby—besides he hadn't done anything wicked—hadn't—something whispered, but he had planned to.

As the dread of facing the years stripped him, the temptation came to see his plan through and the conse-



SUCH IS LIFE — That's Different

By Charles Sughroe



POULTRY

LIGHTS PROMOTE EGGS IN WINTER

Scratch Feed Is Scattered in Litter Previous Night.

Egg production can be profitably increased during winter months through the use of artificial lighting, suggests O. C. Ufford, extension poultryman of the Colorado Agricultural college.

There are three methods of artificially lighting the henhouse by the use of an automatic clock. Probably the most popular method is that of turning on the lights between 4 and 5 a. m. and keeping them on until daylight.

The evening lunch method permits the birds to go to roost at the regular time, but arouses them when the lights are turned on about 8 p. m., when a feed of grain is scattered in the litter.

Parisian Art Dealers "Stung"

Paris.—This is a new version of the story about what happens when Greek meets Greek.

There came a few days ago into the bewildering whirl of Paris a simple Greek peasant from the misty, myth enshrouded isle of Delphos, where all that is known of art is centered in the surviving work of Greeks of many centuries ago.

When the Greek youth descended from the train he was met by a fellow countryman, an ex-officer in the Greek army, a man of wide knowledge and great warm heartedness. He hurried his young compatriot to the hotel, where they had arranged to stay and there the innocent youth from Delphos revealed the treasure, the only one which he had brought from Greece with him. It was a Greek statue in gold.

As the ex-officer explained when he went about the experts next day trying to sell the statue—for the peasant was anxious to realize its worth—the thing was a glittering piece of Grecian beauty. And when interested would-be purchasers asked to see it, the officer replied:

"But you must come to my hotel. My young countryman is suspicious of the worldly wise people of Paris. He will not allow the statue to leave his possession."

So two of the would-be buyers went along to the hotel and gazed with

dazzled eyes upon the work of art. Never had they seen such a gem.

"May we take the statue away with us to examine the gold?" they asked. The Greek peasant frantically shook his head. Never that. The statue was all he had in the world. He could not afford to risk letting it out of his sight. But, if the experts wished, they could take samples of the gold from a part of the statue which was not visible—say under the arms. This



was finally agreed to, the samples were taken, and the experts carried them off and examined them to their complete satisfaction. They returned next day and handed over the 250,000 francs demanded, congratulating themselves on the youth's simplicity, for the statue was evidently worth a cool million.

The buyers carried off their prize and the ex-officer bid them good-by, saying he would see his compatriot off to Marseilles on the boat that would take him back to dear old Delphos. "I will return," he said, "for my commission."

But he never did. He sailed with his countryman for the homeland. The buyers of the statue know why. The pair were a couple of smart crooks—Greeks right enough—who thought out the simple scheme of putting some gold under the arms of a statue of a woman, a statue which was worth perhaps two dollars as an ordinary study. Apart from the tiny pieces under the arms the metal was worthless throughout.

RICH CARACUL COAT



This two-toned gray caracul kid coat shows the "dressmaker" flare that is being emphasized on the newer coats this season. The dress is of black satin with an "agnes" model turban.

a wide porch running across the front on which father could sit during a summer afternoon reading his book and smoking his pipe with nothing pressing to interrupt his leisure. It was a very attractive life which he pictured to himself as he was engaged in the heavy tasks incident to farm life, but it was one which he never realized. He died with the harness still on. Almost to the last day of his life the days were taken up with hard toil. It seemed sad that the little house in town with nothing more strenuous to do than to read an interesting book and to smoke a quiet pipe of tobacco never was more than an unrealized dream. But he was happy no matter how hard the work might be, and possibly leisure to which he had never been accustomed would shortly have grown very dull and tiresome. I am not sure that quitting work is likely to bring happiness no matter what competence a man may have.

QUITTING WORK

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

My father went to work very young. There were no laws limiting child labor in England when he was young, and before he was ten he was doing something to add to the all too meager family income. All through middle life and until old age stared him in the face, he looked forward to the time when he should have accumulated a competence and be able to give up the hard work to which he had been accustomed since boyhood. Leisure, he thought, would be very sweet.



As I write this a freighter is crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Japan. An old man of nearly seventy-five is in command of the boat. He quit work a few years ago after more than fifty years on the sea. He meant to enjoy himself. But leisure brought him no happiness. He has gone back to work. He can die happy only when he is still in command.

Bear Robs United States Mail

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—Yellowstone park's "holdup bears" have developed a new branch of the desperado business.

One of them recently robbed the United States mails. Park Naturalist Dorr Yeager tells of the occurrence, which befell one of his colleagues, Dick White.

"It seems that some days ago Dick stopped at the West Thumb road camp for lunch. The season being closed and the regular mail delivery having ceased, Dick was obligingly carrying a bundle of mail with him for the members of the different road crews around the loop. He left the mail in the car and, after enjoying a good meal, returned to continue his journey to Lake.

"Imagine his surprise, however, to find the package of mail not in the car, but between the paws of a black bear in a near-by tree. Bruin was examining the packet intently, sniffing and turning it over in an inquisitive manner.

"Suddenly he began to tear at it and, disregarding the shouts and threats of the man below, continued until he had extracted a box from its contents. The tree was shaken, clubs and threats were hurled, but the bear, utterly unmindful of the commotion he was causing, tore open the box and

feasted happily on the contents, which proved to be chocolates.

"Having emptied the box thoroughly, licked his paws and minutely inspected

SMART FOOTBALL WORK



Jack Elder's 97-yard dash to triumph for Notre Dame over West Point was due just as much to "smart" defensive football as it was to any fortuitous circumstance or "lucky break" to judge from the inside story of the famous play. The final score was 7 to 0.

Wooden Shoemaker Busy in Iowa Town

Orange City, Iowa.—The sturdy sons of the Netherlands in this little Flemish community clutter about in their wooden slippers at their tasks on their farms and truck gardens. J. Van Hoff has built up quite a wooden shoe business. He turns out a pair in 45 minutes. And he sells 'em for \$1.

Doubt Book's Title

London.—A Birmingham antiquarian going through some old papers has discovered a publisher's advertisement of "Nickelous Nickleby," by "Box." Now the question has been raised whether that or "Nicholas Nickleby" was the title Dickens intended for his novel.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Fur Seals

The male, or bull, fur seal often weighs as much as 400 pounds but the female is scarcely a fourth as big. Baby seals weigh about 10 pounds at birth. As the old bulls will not allow the young males to acquire families until about seven years of age, the males live in large colonies together and are the first ones killed for fur.

Costs Money to Keep Clean

New York.—Ten cents of every dollar spent by the average American family is for the purpose of keeping clean, a survey of this little-discussed phase of daily life by Ronald Millar, New York statistician, shows.

Basing his calculations upon a family of four, Millar estimates that \$1,000 a year is the least price of cleanliness that can be quoted. Of this amount, \$469.35 is the minimum yearly total for personal and household cleanliness; \$485 for the services of cleaners whether employed directly or indirectly, and \$72.80 for civic cleanliness. In personal and household cleanliness the statistician includes soap, polishes, shaving equipment and materials, hot water for washing or bathing, haircuts for husband and only, toothbrushes and dentifrices, handkerchiefs, towels, linen and power or upkeep for whatever cleaning devices that may be used. The housewife is granted, under the second group, 35 cents an hour at the rate of two hours a day for 300 days in the year. Whether or not she receives any actual pay, the work is still chargeable since it is time which any woman might employ for cash profit. Likewise, says Millar, the cleaning of railway cars, automobiles and even the grooming of 19,000,000

horses that still exist in the country ultimately becomes a charge upon the individual. "Food and shelter lead in the cost of living," says Millar, "but the cost of cleanliness is higher than that of clothes, education, amusements, owning an automobile and many other things that figure more prominently in the household budget."

The Children's Hour



Chinese Town Wrecked by Russians



View in the city of Lokhasua, on the River Sungari near the Siberian-Manchurian border after its destruction by the invading Soviet Russian troops.

Mash for Winter Eggs Favored by Specialist

With a 50 per cent production for young stock as a practical economical limit for their production, J. B. Hayes, poultry specialist at the University of Wisconsin, advises that careful feeding should attend their introduction into the class of producers.

"Forcing," he declares, "should not be attempted on young stock, nor should it be expected of them that production on top of early maturity gained from forcing will be the best for flock production."

For poultry stock which is in condition to be forced, such as pullets that are well along to maturity, and hens that have fully recovered from their molt and are again in good condition, increased feeding during the winter months is a good way to bring up production of the flock. One of the best of rations for the flock to bring them to better production is this one: Scratch Feed Mixture: Cracked corn, 2 pounds; wheat, 2 pounds; oats, 1 pound.

Mash: Bran, 100 pounds; wheat middlings, 100 pounds; buckwheat middlings, 100 pounds; ground oats, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds; salt, 3 pounds.

Practices in feeding that have been found to be the best, according to Hayes, include the feeding of grain in two or three portions during the day. The mash is the true "forcer" of the feed for the flock.

Rotting of Eggs Blamed on Carbon Dioxide Gas

According to a Cornell chemist, one of the chief reasons for the rotting of eggs is the escape of carbon dioxide gas through the shell. He discovered that newly laid eggs contain this gas in a limited quantity, but the porosity of the shell permits it to pass off within a short time.

He proved, however, that the egg would reabsorb the gas, and by exposing the shells to a minute quantity of carbon dioxide succeeded in keeping them fresh indefinitely. The cost of the treatment was said to be a few hundredths of a cent per dozen.

Fowls for Breeding

It is time to make the breeding pens. Select your best hens and confine them in small flocks of from 12 to 20, according to the breed, and place a good male in each pen. Have the hens in each pen as near alike as possible. If a number of males are allowed to run with a large flock you can never tell what the chicks will be when you select the eggs for hatching. Promiseous breeding, even for utility stock, is never satisfactory for a profitable flock.

Management of Pullets

With regard to the management of the pullets, it will be advisable generally to introduce the rations here to be used during the laying period. Any change in the diet should be made before eggs are forthcoming in large number.

All poultry keepers have difficulty in preventing the partial. While admitting that various may be responsible for this, there is no doubt that man has much to do with it.

The Friona Star

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COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

Well, New Year's day has come and gone again and the span of another year has been reeled off into eternity, and it is only reasonable to suppose that all the good New Year's resolutions have been made and a goodly portion of them already broken.

This seems also to be the time of year for taking stock and many of our business concerns are thus busily occupied. Some are through, others well into the job, while others are making ready to begin.

It occurs to me that if it is a good thing for one to take stock of his business affairs, it might also be wise to take stock of individual standing.

As I see it I should know how my balance stands, whether or not I have lost any of the friends which I had at the beginning of 1929, and if so from what cause—an unkind word, an unjust act, or thoughtless neglect.

Or maybe my ledger shows a gain in friendship. What has this gain cost me? A yielding to an unjust principle? A firm stand for justice or morality? Has the gain in friendship been an asset or a liability? If an asset, what plan of action shall I adopt in order that my balance sheet shall show a gain of such friendship at the end of 1930? If a liability what lines of action shall I adopt that I may rid myself of such an acquisition without showing any material loss at the close of this year?

What of my moral account? Have I stood for the things that are just and honorable, and that will bear the test of the closest scrutiny and severest criticism, or will the things I have countenanced or stood for, like a pair of bloomers, look better in the dark?

Does my intellectual account show that I have by taking thought gotten rid of any narrow or superstitious ideas and filled their places with thought of greater height, breadth and depth? Have I kept my mental account open so that thoughts of progress and expansion might be registered therein, or have I kept the account closely closed with the red line rulings of last year so that not a single entry could be made?

As to my public spirit account. Does it show any effort on my part to better the conditions of my fellow townsmen? To advance the interest and general worth of my little home city and community? Have I given any of my time for serving the Chamber of Commerce or to the city government? Have I said anything to encourage those at the head of these institutions, or have I spoken discouragingly of their every effort or tended to cool their ardor by throwing the cold water of sarcasm on their plans?

Have I encouraged them in their efforts to better the living conditions of our city by installing a better sanitary system, by complying willingly with the city ordinance, or have I hindered by objecting to such a procedure? Have I supported by word and act the move to install an efficient system of water works for the city or have I from selfish motive or otherwise done what I could to hinder such a move?

Should my balance sheet show a handsome surplus in my favor in each of these accounts, will I put forth an earnest effort to increase that balance during 1930 or shall I rest on my oars, so to speak, with the feeling that I have done my part for my town and its chamber of commerce?

Should I do the latter I would feel like I had proved to be a traitor to my country and my town and would deserve no share in the glory of what ever accomplishments might fall to them in future days or years. And if I could feel so toward myself, I

THE POST OFFICE



*The post office stood in the boat of the slave
 Behind the old stove and the crude cuspidors,
 The old stove was burnt to a dull dingy brown
 The cuspidors welcomed the men of the town
 When mail time arrived the whole town was there
 The mailman the merchant the maiden so fair
 Then back in the office distinctly we'd hear
 Them sorting the mail full of trouble and cheer
 And when the old window went up with a wham
 We crowded around in a sociable jam,
 All eager to hear from the folks that we knew
 Or hoping perhaps for a check over-due;
 A place for a smile but no place for a frown,
 The Post Office stood in the Dear Old Home Town.*

most naturally would feel the same toward any other citizen who would do likewise.

Having glanced briefly at my own balance sheet as to my moral, intellectual and political status, I would like to have all my fellow citizens join me in doing a little invoicing for our little Home City, Friona. What has Friona now that it lacked a year ago?

A year ago Friona had no high-line. Now she has one as good in every respect as may be found in the land, and owned and controlled by one of the ablest, most competent and most willing companies to be found anywhere. A year ago there was not even an agitation for a competent municipal water system. Now we are on the verge of the installation of such a system.

A year ago Friona had not so much as a franchise for gas service. Now she has a franchise with one of the strongest and best gas companies doing business in the State of Texas, and that company has already made its survey of the city and is making all possible speed toward getting its mains laid into the city from Hereford, and we have every reason to believe we will have this gas service within the next eight or ten weeks.

A year ago Friona's telephone service was utterly demoralized,

and the telephone situation was one intensely concerning our people. Friona's telephone situation is now in the hands of one of the strongest and most progressive companies doing business in Texas.

In addition to the business houses Friona had a year ago, she now has two more large mercantile buildings, one of them a two-story brick, with living apartments on the second floor, while the other houses two good stores. She has also a commodious theatre building with two smaller store rooms in the front, one large garage building with three store rooms adjoining. Also one very large warehouse for storage pur-

poses. And instead of two grain elevators, our city now has three, the new one being newly completed and larger than either of the others. Besides these, another roomy store building is in process of construction and three others are being contemplated.

The above list does not include the dozen or more dwelling houses and the Friona laundry building.

With all the above entries on the credit side of Friona's balance sheet, I know of nothing that she has lost that might be entered on the debit side, unless it might be a little of the egotism of her citizens, and perhaps some of the envy of enmity of her sister towns, any of which she can well afford to lose.

Then it is the time of year for making up the yearly budget. Business concerns everywhere have their budget either completed or nearly so.

If a budget is a good thing for business concerns I can see no reason why it should not be good for the individual, especially as pertains to efficient citizenship. Each citizen of Friona should make up a liberal budget of patience, optimism, perseverance, industry, economy and good will. And try to make it big enough to last throughout the year.

Some of our citizens utterly exhausted their budget of patience during the past year. Perseverance and civic industry also ran mighty low with many others, and good will budgets seemed also to be verging on to the red.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Friona Citizen, it occurs to me that it is up to each of you to make up an inexhaustible budget of each of the above named qualities so that you can use them lavishly and at the same time make them last until the close of the present year and have a little left to start the next year.

A man told me the other day that he thought everybody ought to do just what is right. I asked him why. He said he always tried to do right so that he might go to heaven.

Now that is queer logic to me. I do not make any great pretensions at doing just right or being right all the time, but if I did and did it simply that I might go to heaven I think I would stand a miserably poor show of getting in when I should get there.

According to my cogitations there is no reason on earth why one should always do right, except that he has no right to do otherwise. For a man who does right solely to get his own little soul into heaven, I would give very little for his heaven even was he sure of getting in on such principles.

J. G. Weir of Hereford was calling on friends and relatives here Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. P. McElroy received word that her mother, brother and sister arrived safely at their destination in Bakersfield, California on the evening before Christmas.

It Is Often Said

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"

—It is equally true that "Nothing satisfies like satisfaction," and that is the identical feeling one has when becoming the owner of one of our

NEW CHEVROLET SIXES

—See them at our sales room, where a complete line of parts is also kept in stock.

WILKISON CHEVROLET COMPANY

J. C. Wilkison, President.

To Carry On!

—Is our resolution for another year in a supreme effort to supply our trade with the best goods at the lowest conservative prices, and to give service you like WITH A SMILE.

Headquarters for

PETERS' SHOES—HARVEST QUEEN FLOUR

T. J. CRAWFORD

STILL IN THE WORK

—Of making men folk feel better by supplying them with the best of eats and comfortable and serviceable things to wear. For another year of helpful service, Not to antagonize our competitors, but to serve our patrons.

RUSHING'S GROCERY

The "M" System

We Specialize in the Choicest Groceries, the BEST in Fresh and Cured Meats, Courteous Treatment to customers.

LOWEST COMPARATIVE PRICES!
 BEST ARRANGEMENT OF GOODS
 EFFICIENT AND ACCURATE EQUIPMENT

EGGS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS OR CASH.

VISIT US AND TEST OUR STATEMENTS!

Friona Tailor Shop

Where Cleaning, Pressing, Altering, Repairing, Etc., Is Done to YOUR SATISFACTION!

We pay special attention to ladies' work and no garment is too delicate for us to handle. We use the famous Stoddard Solvent, and with our facilities are able to give you a class of work surpassed by none.

—We represent the best woolen houses and guarantee to fit you.

Hats Cleaned, Blocked and Retrimmed Like New—Work Called for and delivered.

FRIONA TAILOR SHOP

J. D. CURRY, Proprietor.

WHAT YOU WANT— WHEN YOU WANT IT!

EVERYTHING IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES

—And a full and complete line of all goods kept in a first-class drug store. Cold Drinks, Candies, Ice Cream, Cigars, Toilet Articles, Phonographs, Radios, Records, Magazines, Stationery.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Registered Pharmacist Always In Charge.

CITY DRUG STORE

J. R. Roden, Proprietor.

Maurer Machinery Company

"It Won't Be Long Now"

Until spring, and then comes the preparation of your land for seeding. Be prepared by equipping your farm with a full line of

Minneapolis, Moline Power Implements,
 Listers, Cultivators, One-Way Plows
 Twin City Tractors
 Minneapolis Combines

SEE REUBEN GISCHLER OR CARL C. MAURER FOR PRICES

HEADQUARTERS AT

MAURER'S

FOR THE PRESENT

HAS SURGICAL OPERATION

Owen Drake went to a Lubbock hospital last Friday and submitted to a surgical operation for the removal of some obstructions that were forming in one of his nostrils. The operation seems to have been a successful one and Owen is recovering rapidly from the operation.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all our friends for their loving sympathy and help in the hour of sorrow which came to us in the loss of our dear one, and also for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Spohn,
S. O. Spohn
Robert Spohn
Mrs. J. T. Miller
Mrs. J. W. Ford.

W. F. COGDELL HOME

W. F. Cogdell and family who spent Christmas with relatives and friends in Oklahoma, returned to their home near Friona Friday. Mr. Cogdell says Oklahoma does not look attractive to him any more since having lived in the Panhandle. Wheat, he says, in the locality where he was looking fairly well. He was in town on Tuesday morning for the purpose of meeting his wife's sister, Mrs. Will Berg, who is enroute from California to her home in Woodward, Oklahoma, and stopped for a few days visit at the Cogdell home.

"M" SYSTEM TO ORIGINAL OWNERS

Friona's "M" System store which was recently taken over by W. M. Blair and Nat Jones, was last week, reverted to the original owners, W. W. Hall and J. H. Martin. Mr. Blair having disposed of his interest in the store to these gentlemen. Mr. Jones, however, has retained his interest in the business and the ownership now rests with Messrs. Hall, Martin and Jones.

Since installation the "M" System has proven to be one of the town's most popular and going concerns, which is evidence that it deserves the liberal patronage received.

Rev. J. L. Beattie was a business visitor in Hereford Tuesday, going there to get his car which had been undergoing repairs.

Mrs. Leon Hart and daughter, Othella, who spent Christmas with relatives at her father's home, returned Sunday.

Judge J. C. Temple of Farwell was a business visitor here Tuesday. He is assisting in securing right of way for the Southern Union Gas Co.

KITCHEN CUPBOARD

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

This and That

IN THE SOUTH guava jelly is much used as a garnish for various dishes, as a breakfast jelly and for many dainty dishes. The crab apple jelly made from the fall crab apples is just as delightful and to many a more agreeable flavor than the guava. Serve it as the southern people do, and enjoy the same dishes. One in particular is cheese (the cream or cottage) formed into a ball and served on a crisp lettuce leaf with a spoonful of jelly as a garnish. This makes a dainty salad and one quickly prepared.

Balls of cottage cheese, pressed in at the top to form a cavity and filled with the crab apple jelly is a nice finish for dinner with a cracker and demitasse of coffee. Few of our housewives appreciate the food value of dates. Stuffed with nuts or cream cheese they serve as a delicious dessert and one that will not strain the family purse or the energy of the cook. Sometimes when pressed for ideas try this: Slice stoned dates into small glass serving dishes, sprinkle with a few pecans and top with lightly flavored whipped cream. The dates are sweet enough to not need sugar.

Melville Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar gradually and three eggs well beaten. Dissolve one-fourth teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of hot water and add to the mixture. Sift three and one-half cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. To part of the flour add three-fourths of a cupful of raisins and the grated rind of an orange. Add the orange juice and one cupful of nuts to the mixture, then mix all together. Drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets and bake in a hot oven.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

ELEVATOR AT PARMERTON

It is reported on the highest authority that F. H. Oberthier and business associates have secured a site and will build in the near future a 25,000 bushel grain elevator at Parmerton on switch.

Mr. Oberthier also states that they will build pens for feeding calves and baby beef.

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH DEDICATED

Rev. M. M. Robinette, pastor of the Baptist church here, last Sunday held his opening service in the new Baptist church the congregation has just recently completed.

These services were attended by a large throng of people and all available seating space within the commodious auditorium was occupied while many were unable to secure seats.

Rev. Robinette states that when all subscriptions now made are fully paid the entire building and equipment will be paid for and the congregation will be free of debt. He most cordially extends an invitation to people of all congregations to visit and worship with them at any time.

CLASS MEETING

Members of the young people's class of the Congregational church met at the John White home Monday night in a business meeting.

The object of the meeting was to reorganize by electing officers for the coming year and select a teacher. Officers elected were Miss Esther Reeve, president and Miss Milford Alexander was chosen as secretary-treasurer. Carl C. Maurer who has been serving as teacher several months was chosen to continue in that position. Members of the class present expressed utmost confidence in his ability to lead them and Mr. Maurer expressed his willingness to serve provided the class give him their unstinted support and the class now looks forward to a year of helpful, interesting work.

AMARILLO PEOPLE HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Benton of Amarillo arrived here Sunday afternoon and are spending the week as guests in the homes of L. F. Lillard and Carl C. Maurer. Mr. Benton is an ardent sportsman and the three young men will spend the greater part of their time in a hunt for wild geese.

Sheriff and Mrs. J. H. Martin and children, Neda Lee and Morris Edd, of Farwell spent Saturday afternoon in Friona.

Miss Juanita Crow, who spent her Christmas vacation in Abernathy, returned to her home here Sunday.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—A few genuine Mammoth Bronze turkeys, Bird Bros. strain. Poms. \$10.00, Hens \$6.00. MRS. R. L. CHILES, Friona, Texas. 20-1c

FOR SALE—Some very fine full blooded White Holland turkey hens, One of the best strains. Price \$3.50 each. A. S. CURRY, Friona, Texas. 23-1c

FOR SALE—One registered O. L. C. boar, papers furnished. W. C. MCKINNEY, Friona, Texas. 23-1p

WANTED—Any kind of housework by the hour. See me at 202 West Tenth Street. 51-1p

FOR SALE—181 acres improved land, located four miles south of Hereford. Will make terms. See J. C. WHEERRY at Great West Elevator for the next few days. 51-1p

FOR SALE—Used Case combine and IS-32 tractor. BLACKWELL HARDWARE AND FURNITURE. 23c

CARD OF THANKS

We extend our heartfelt thanks to those who kindly assisted us in the sickness and death of our dear son and brother. We especially thank those for the floral offerings. May God bless each one.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheets and Family.

SINCERE APPRECIATION

We want to extend our greatest thanks and appreciation to all the people of Friona and community for the beautiful flowers and the many dear acts of kindness shown us throughout our saddest hour, the loss of our dear one.

Mrs. N. B. Morton and Children, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Morton, Mrs. Mary Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Jones and daughter, Miss Neva, and Miss Burehett Raymon called on friends in Hereford Tuesday.

George Livings of Amarillo who spent the Christmas holidays here with relatives and friends, left Friday to resume his work in Amarillo.

Rev. Ernest Houlette, of Hollene, New Mexico, was in Friona on business Monday.

Shelby Jersig and Bonnie Potts of Bovina, called on friends here last Sunday.

S. F. Warren who has been receiving medical treatment at Clovis for several days is reported to be improving.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Morton of Anthony, New Mexico, who were here attending the funeral of their son, N. B. Norton, last Friday, returned to their home Saturday afternoon.

Cashier J. M. Osborn was a business visitor in Bovina Tuesday afternoon.

Messrs. G. L. Livings and A. O. Drake were appreciated visitors at the Star office Monday afternoon.

Messrs. Fletcher and Woodard, of Amarillo, were business visitors here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Pritchard and daughters, Ola, Ernie and Evans, of Walnut Springs, Texas, spent last week in Friona with old friends. They expressed themselves as well pleased with the country.

Johnnie Raybon and sister, Miss Burchette, and Charlie Busch of Lubbock, arrived here Tuesday and remained until Wednesday evening visiting friends. Messrs. Raybon and Busch returned home Wednesday evening, while Miss Raybon spent the remainder of the week here as the guest of Miss Neva Jones.

J. B. Vansey was in Friona on business Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wilson and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aiden, spent last week with relatives and friends in and near Dallas. They also visited Mrs. Wilson's sister in Oklahoma before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Buske spent last week in Abernathy, where they formerly lived.

Mr. King of Muleshoe was a business visitor in Friona Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Blair and children of Fort Worth arrived Sunday and spent several days visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Blair, Sr., of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Habbings spent Christmas with his parents near Lubbock.

Miss Treva Drake, who is attending business college at Abilene, is spending the holidays here in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Drake.

Miss Laverne Wimberly who is teaching school near Lubbock, is now at home.

Ray Singleterry of Amarillo called on friends here last Friday.

Miss Faye Singleterry spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Singleterry, of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico. While there she was present at a family reunion of Christmas Day.

M. A. Crum returned the last of the week from Lubbock where he spent the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir of Hereford were calling on friends here Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Chowder of Hereford spent Christmas here with relatives and friends.

Carroll Bowlin, of Clovis, spent Christmas in the J. A. Blackwell home. Mr. Bowlin is a brother to Mrs. Blackwell.

Prof. J. A. Mims, who spent the holidays with home folks in Fort Worth, returned to Friona Sunday.

During a holdup in Chicago a young male stenographer was hit by a stray bullet. Thinking he was mortally wounded, he whispered to a friend:

"Write to Mammie. Give her my love, and tell her my last thoughts were of her. Carbon copies to Sadie, Peggy and Kathleen."

Nothing---

Ever Happens Here, But Something Is Ever Going On!

Plenty to do, serving our patrons; plenty to do with—all kinds building materials and Builders' Hardware.

OUR PLEASURE—YOUR GAIN

Rockwell Bros. & Company

LUMBER

O. F. Lange Manager

IT IS SAID THAT "BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP" and this may be really true, and if so, we are IT. Since it is our business to care for the skin, the hair and the nails.

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My new filling station located at the corner of Main and Seventh Streets is now fully equipped and doing business, where I shall be most happy to greet all my friends and former patrons with a full stock of Magnolia Gasoline and Oils, and Batteries and Battery Service. Wishing to all a happy and prosperous year, I am, respectfully,

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If you aren't using the new and better Texaco Gasoline now, it's high time you started. In every particular it is a "high test" gasoline. Starts easily, responds like a flash, and is there with plenty of power. Best of all, it is easy on the valves and forms a very minimum of carbon.

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Of the City of Friona and the entire surrounding territory, we feel fully prepared for another busy, and we hope, useful year of serving all the people within our reach, and we most cordially extend to you the offer of our services in any and all lines of the banking business.

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Friona State Bank

M. M. Henschel, President J. M. Osborn, Cashier



LISTEN IN

and you'll say that Son has a good one on Pop. He told Pop that it was his fault that he got in trouble in school today and Pop wanted to know why. "Remember I asked you how much \$1,000,000 was, and you said it was a 'heluva lot!'" Pop said he remembered it. "Well, Pop, that isn't the right answer."

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J. C. WILKINSON, Agent

FRIONA TEXAS

H A T E

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

The Centurion came back, with a din of flapping canvas, and not waiting to be hailed, Ingelplein bawled angrily:

"What is this that you do, Captain Fellowes? You have reason to know this vessel. D'you tot see the colors she flies?"

"I'm not assured you have a justifiable claim to that flag's protection, sir," Fellowes answered shortly. "Captain Chater, I'm coming aboard to examine your papers."

"Party nigh piracy, I'd say," whined Chater. "A letter-of-marque don't give ye the right to search American vessels."

Nimrod Sopher nudged Fellowes elbow.

"'Tis as he says," murmured the lawyer-marine. "Look to your commission, my friend. The private ship o'war is distinguished from the regular naval vessel by a limitation of her legal exercise of hostility and supervision."

"I didn't ask your advice," snapped Fellowes. "It comes late in the day, Mr. Spencer, you'll take the ship. Tom, call away the longboat's crew; you'll go as coxswain. Yes, Cuffee, you, too."

In the bustle of mustering the boarding party, no one on the Centurion noticed the disappearance of the Ingelplein and Chater from the True Bounty's poop. Indeed, when the longboat pulled under her lee the only members of the merchantman's crew in sight were a young Rorke and the helmsman, but a rope ladder had been lowered from the waist, and Fellowes climbed its jerking rungs without a thought of danger, bidding his men follow him one at a time. He reached



"Well, Naow," he snarled, "Murdered Me, Ain't Ye?"

the bulwarks' level, and vaulted carelessly to the deck—to be pounced upon by a dozen seamen, whose hairy, brown paws effectually sealed his lips. In the background Chater hovered, whinnying orders:

"That's right, men! Grab the durned pirate. I calc'late he'll do for a hostage. Here, one o' ye cut loose that ladder."

But the last word was still wet on his tongue when a roar resounded from the bulwarks. Fellowes glimpsed a gigantic black shape falling through the air—and crashed down on the deck with the rest of the dozen as Cuffee bounced into their midst. Right and left, the negro kicked and struck, legs and arms hitting with ferocious accuracy.

Half-blinded, dazed, battered sore, Fellowes staggered to his feet, thinking to support Cuffee's charge. But a pistol cracked behind him, and he spun around in time to see Chater drawing a second weapon. And instinctively, without conscious effort, the Long Islander snatched for his own pistol, and pressed the trigger.

Chater's green eyes widened bewilderedly; the pistol slipped from his hand, his fingers clawing at his chest.

"Well, naow," he snarled. "Murdered me, ain't ye?"

And he flopped on the deck, a touselled heap of garments, leaning rustily.

"Will you have my surgeon?" Fellowes offered perfunctorily.

"No use. But ye won't find—what ye want. She's ag'in ye. Workin' for—British. But ye'll never know—not for certain."

The grotesque chin dropped, and Fellowes understood the man was dead—was surprised, too, that he should experience neither satisfaction nor compunction. But here was no time for reflection. The longboat's party, pouring over the lee bulwarks, were driving the True Bounty's crew forward into the fo'c's'le, no difficult enterprise, for the spirit had gone out of the ship's defenders, and they flinched under the hats of cutlasses and Tom Grogan's hearty abuse. Nimrod Sopher, tugging the boarders, of course, was wringing his hands, aghast at the sight of Chater's body.

"My dear Lion! What a misfortune! And a delicate question in admiralty

law. Manslaughter—in fact, it may be murder on the high seas—"

"Captain Fellowes killed Captain Chater in self-defense, sir," Cara Ingelplein's voice was low-pitched and steady, and there was color in her sun-warmed cheeks as she stepped from the cabin companionway. Ben Ingelplein, who followed her, was much less master of himself. His hands shook, and his mouth wobbled nervously. The duenna, billowing after them, funeral in black, her fat hands clicking a rosary, her beady eyes roving and probing, was as phlegmatic as ever she had been in Perenna. "You saw it with me, Father?" Cara appealed to Ben. "Captain Chater fired first. A dastardly shot!"

"A most lamentable incident," quavered Ben.

Fellowes was puzzled, nonplused, by Cara's testimony for him, the more so, as Sopher twittered immediately:

"Ah, then the case is simplified! Two witnesses, two impartial witnesses, should nullify any attempt at prosecution. But I will, with your permission, Lion, proceed to take depositions, and draw them up in due order. 'Tis a safeguard—"

"We have more important work to do than accounting for the death of that scoundrel," Fellowes interrupted sternly. And for the first time he looked Cara in the eye, disturbed by the directness of her gaze, the absence of any indication of a sense of guilt. "I am under a certain embarrassment, ma'am," he continued, trying to keep his voice level, to hide from her the distraction her mere presence caused in him. "I must ask you to pledge me your word of honor you and your attendant have no documents or papers upon your persons."

"We have none," she replied readily. "And your luggage? I am loath to search it."

"You'll find naught, sir, of any import." "You say this upon your word of honor?"

"Upon my word of honor," she repeated haughtily. "I am, whatever my sins, not one to practice lies, sir." Ben Ingelplein hemmed fustily.

"Since we are upon the subject, Captain Fellowes," he remarked, "I will give you my word of honor that no documents, other than those of a strictly business nature, are comprised in my effects."

"Then what is the purpose of your voyage, Mr. Ingelplein?"

"'Tis revealed in the ship's papers," Ben answered with new-found suavely. "A commercial venture to Spain. I am persuaded the war will soon be ended, and am anxious to establish satisfactory connections with Spanish clients against that eventuality."

Miss Ingelplein abruptly gave them her back, and Fellowes conceived a suspicion that she meant by this action to divorce herself from connection with her father's assertion.

"I am compelled to doubt you, Mr. Ingelplein," he returned. "I must detain you on deck while your luggage is examined."

The merchant shrugged his shoulders, somewhat light-heartedly. Fellowes imagined, his bearing similar to that he had displayed at Chater's house. But the realization that his task would not be easy only stiffened the Long Islander's determination.

"Cuffee," he called, and when the negro approached: "You are responsible for these three people. Keep them here until I release you."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowe'. Yo' look fo' lettah?"

"Yes." Some quality in Cuffee's tone made Fellowes expectant. "Why?"

"Yo' wait fo' see, Mars'r. Yo' no fin' him lettah below, Cuffee make juju fo' him."

Going through the True Bounty's clearance papers, manifest and log, and ransacking the contents of Chater's desk and locker, Fellowes was disposed to favor the employment of all the juju at Cuffee's command. After Ben Ingelplein's cabin had been searched with equal success, he called in the Centurion's hands to hunt for loose floorboards or concealed wall closets; and they tore the cabin to pieces—quite fruitlessly.

Frustrated at each point he assailed, Fellowes was striding the fo'c's'le deck, cudgeling his wits for some nook or cranny he hadn't attempted, when Tom Grogan accosted him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tit for Tat
"Ah," said the elderly tramp, giving his brimless hat a twist, "education is a wonderful thing in our line of business."

"Why, whatever good is education to us?" asked the younger road walker.

"I'll tell you," was the reply. "I was in Beverly one morning and knocked at the door of a tidy little bungalow. When the lady of the house came out to see who it was I quoted a little Shakespeare."

"Well?"

"An' she replied with a little bacon."

The Foods We Eat
A commission man, "shopping" in New York city found spinach from Mexico, honeydew melons from South Africa, fresh almonds from the Holy land, new potatoes from Florida, green peas and asparagus from California, butter from Denmark, eggs from China, meats from New Zealand and Argentina.

That's what modern transportation and cold storage refrigeration does for us.—Copper's Weekly.

Sweet Clover to Save Pastures

Heavy Early Grazing Is Regarded as Besetting Sin in Wisconsin.

Shall we have race tracks for our herds or pastures for profit producing animals?

Too much of Wisconsin's permanent pasture land is as bare as a race track in midsummer.

It provides feed for a short period in the spring but during the summer period it fails to function. "The reason is that either the soil is run down or the grass is worn out," says L. F. Graber of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, "and not infrequently both conditions operate to cut down the summer carrying capacity of blue grass."

Early Spring Grazing.

Mr. Graber regards heavy early spring grazing as the besetting sin in the management of grass land. He has found this practice wears out grass roots and makes grass plants weak and unproductive even when the soil is fairly fertile.

In order to improve blue grass and to increase its carrying capacity, investigators at the Wisconsin Agricultural experiment station seeded sweet clover on top of an old blue grass soil and for four years have had excellent success growing sweet clover right on blue grass. The plan seemingly works where the grass is poor from over grazing or from a lack of nitrogen. Apparently it works only where the land has plenty of lime and phosphate in it. Without these, sweet clover, the agronomists feel, will fall just as it often falls in cultivated fields.

In this treatment it requires heavy seedings of 30 pounds of seed an acre, and requires the removal, by burning or otherwise, of accumulation of old blue grass.

Sweet Clover Yields.

The combined yields of sweet clover and blue grass growing together, reported by the station workers, have been twice and three times that of blue grass growing alone. They find that a double benefit comes from this plan. In its second year of growth the sweet clover itself supplies excellent grazing during the dry period of the summer, and in the third year the grass is often so strongly stimulated by the nitrogen left by the sweet clover crop the year before that the clover could not be reseeded itself.

These benefits more than justify the absence of grazing the year of seeding sweet clover. This is essential in order to get the roots of the sweet clover well established in the blue grass sod the first year.

Advisable to Disinfect and Paint Tree Wounds

In bearing and neglected orchards where the presence of fire blight or blister canker is suspected, it is advisable to disinfect and paint all wounds made which are two inches or more in diameter. Several disinfectants may be used for this purpose, the most important of which are: Mercuric cyanide and corrosive sublimate, one part of each to 500 parts of water; or copper sulphate (blue stone) dissolved in water at the rate of quarter pound to one gallon of water—one of the cheapest and most effective disinfectants. These disinfectants may be applied by means of a sponge or several wraps of soft cloth tied around a stick about 12 inches long.

Brome Grass Pasture

Brome is a grass that is especially well suited to pasture on low, heavy, wet land in the northern regions. It makes a better pasture grass than it does a hay crop, as it does not yield particularly heavy as a hay crop. It is, however, being used more and more each year through the small grain-growing sections of the northern part of the United States and Canada, both as a pasture crop and as a hay crop. It is quite palatable and is relished by stock.

Agricultural Squibs

Trees should be planted as early in the spring as soil conditions will permit.

Reasonably early seeding for oats is much better as a rule than late seeding.

It is a good time to check up on treated seed corn as compared to untreated seed corn.

We can't change the weather, but we can make the buildings warmer where the cattle, hogs and hens are kept.

Package bees are used to increase the population of existing apiaries or to start new ones. Order now for delivery in late April.

Lath fencing, such as is used to keep snow off highways, can be used effectively by farmers in protecting yards, orchards and young windbreaks that usually blow bare of snow.

To encourage early spring brood rearing, it is necessary to maintain a temperature of about 95 degrees Fahrenheit in the entire brood chamber. Protection from the cold and winds can be supplied by packing cases and windbreaks.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for January 5

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 1:1-2:23 (Print Mat. 2:10-23).
GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins."
PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Care of Jesus When a Child.
JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Care of Jesus When a Child.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How the Child-King Was Received.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Childhood of the Saviour-King.

The central theme of Matthew is Jesus Christ the King, the fulfiller of the Messianic hope. In harmony with this pre-eminent theme, Matthew first deals with the all important question of His genealogy, for His right to occupy the throne of David must be established.

The royal covenant was made to David (11 Sam. 7:8-16, cf. Acts 2:30-32). In harmony with this, the first verse of Matthew's record constitutes a key to the book.

1. The Birth of Jesus, the King (1:18-25).

1. The Saviour was to be the seed of a woman (Gen. 3:15), the son of a virgin (Is. 7:14). This was fulfilled in the birth of Jesus. The genealogy (Matt. 1:1-17) shows His legal right to the throne, but something more is required in order to be the Saviour from sin. He must be both human and divine (Is. 9:7). The Saviour was begotten by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, thus becoming Immanuel, which in its fullness means, "God with us, God for us, and God in us."

11. The Childhood of Jesus, the King (2:1-23).

1. Wise men from the East seeking Israel's King (vv. 1, 2).

The King's reception was most heartless. His own nation received Him not. His advent was heralded by a star which guided men of a foreign nation to seek and worship Him, pouring out their gifts to Him. These men were Persian or Arabian astrologers—students of the stars. Their attention was attracted by the appearance of an unusual star. Through the influence of the Jews who remained in Chaldea, or the direct influence of Daniel extending to this time, they had become acquainted with Israel's hope as to the Messiah.

2. Herod seeking to kill the King (vv. 3-8; 16-18).

The news brought by the wise men struck terror to Herod's heart. He was not alone in this, for all Jerusalem was troubled with him. The news ought to have brought joy, but a glimpse at the social customs in and about Jerusalem of that day enables us to understand why this news brought uneasiness to the people. They were living in the greatest luxury. Fine dress, sumptuous feasts, fine houses and other luxuries led to gross immorality. This is why Herod and Jerusalem were troubled. A Saviour who would save them from their sins was not wanted. Their desire was to continue in them. Herod demanded of the priests and scribes information as to where Christ should be born. The fact that they were able to tell him so promptly shows that they had a technical knowledge of the Scriptures, but not a heart for the Saviour set forth therein. We face similar conditions today. This all occurred in Jerusalem, the city of the King, the place of all places where He should have been welcome. When the wise men returned to their country by another way, Herod slew all the male children two years of age and under in Bethlehem and its coasts.

3. The King found by the wise men (vv. 9-12).

The wise men having obtained the desired information, started immediately to find the King. As soon as they left the city, the star as it guided them in the East, appeared again to lead them on. Not that it had disappeared from the sky, but the dwellings of the city no doubt shut out the sight of it. Frequently, spiritual vision is obscured by the things of this world.

4. The King protected (vv. 13-23).

(1) Flight to Egypt (vv. 13-15).

To escape Herod's wicked aim, God directed Joseph to take Mary and the child Jesus and flee to Egypt. In obedience to the heavenly vision, he went and remained there till Herod's death.

(2) Return to Nazareth (vv. 19-23).

Upon the death of Herod, the angel of the Lord directed Joseph to take Jesus and His mother and go into the land of Israel. By divine direction, he returned to Galilee and dwelt at Nazareth.

Kind Words

Kind words can never die because they are expressions of God's love. God, the ever-living one, is love, and His words are eternal; they are the expression of His unchanging nature.—Selected.

In God's Atmosphere of Love

When we are living in God's atmosphere of love He notices our cry for help, though soft as a whisper or as a trace on a garment's hem.—Dr. B. Meyer.

The SUN RISES ON A NEW AGE

By Clara Agee Hays
NEW YEARS have dawned before but never a year as new, as strange, as tremendous as 1930.

With 1930 breaks the full sunrise of a New Age. The years come booming in like tides breaking upon Humanity's hopeful beach. Each leaves its treasure or its cross and ebbs away toward the horizon of Time.

The year of 1930, as all who have vision can see, is the highest, the mightiest tide that has ever come towering into our port of Hope.

We can see gleaming in its diamond-like spray the promise that soon there will be no more poverty to chill the hearts of ragged mothers and to steal the laughter of children. The year of 1930 opens a new era in which the statesman, the economist, and (most important of all) the ordinary citizen will succeed in banishing want. In time there will be no hunger that shall want for bread, no cry of pain that will not be answered by ministering hands.

The tide of the New Age carries on its crest treasure chests of brotherhood's untarnishable gold, cargoes of enthusiasm. We can hear in its thunderous advance the diapason of a new idealism.

Nineteen hundred and thirty should be a great year. We have all been made neighbors by the magic of wings and winged words.

In the New Year we will be more than neighbors. We will become good neighbors.

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Her New Year's Surprise
By Lily Rutherford Morris

A New Year's Discovery
By Katherine Edelman

GRACE DAVIS looked up from her office desk into the eyes of a strange young man. He was smiling down on her.

"Would you please write me a letter tomorrow? I'm going home for the holidays, and here's my address," depositing a slip of paper before her.

Grace stared incredulously. "Such impertinence! I don't even know you!"

"I don't mean to be impertinent, really. I can't explain now why I'm making the request, but I will on my return after Christmas."

"But—"

"It is most important that I receive at least one letter from you. Say anything you wish, but please write."

He left without another word and Grace sat motionless, staring after him. There was no one in the office to talk to, so she just stared and wondered.

Finally, she picked up the slip bearing his address and read: "Ben Graham, Avondale, Kentucky."

Where had she heard that name before? Somewhere, surely. "He was a nice looking chap anyway," she mused; "and there might be an honorable purpose back of the request. I think I'll give him a tryout."

It was a queer letter that Grace sent, but a nice one came back from Ben—so interesting that she sent another and was sorry that the holiday season lasted no longer. There was some doubt about knowing him afterward.

On January 1 Grace again looked up from her desk into the eyes of Ben, and again he was smiling.

"Happy New Year! I have come to explain," he said.

"Well, I'm waiting. Do satisfy my curiosity."

"That was a fraternity initiation stunt. I had to do it."

"Oh! Now I know why your name seemed familiar. You are in college here."

"Yes. One of the fellows knew you and picked you out for me to come to with that request. Am I to be forgiven for the 'impertinence'?"

"You are a good sport, Ben, and I'm for you!" holding out a hand which he eagerly seized, saying: "Happy New Year again! What about a dinner date for tonight?" (©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

IT WAS a typical mid-western New Year's eve. Snow was falling in soft, feathery flakes, turning the city into a panorama of beauty. Dorothy Crandell caught her breath sharply as she looked at the picture.

Suddenly she slapped on her brake in her interest she had almost seen a little fellow on the snow-covered park drive. Jumping out hastily, she inquired of the boy if he was hurt.

"No, ma'am," he answered, half apologetically. "I—I'm sorry I was in the way. I ought to have been looking in, but—but I was worryin' about ma."

"Oh, it was all my fault," Dorothy answered, surprised at herself.

"And—and I'm so glad you're not hurt. If you tell me where you're going, I'll be glad to take you there."

"You see, ma'am," the little fellow tried hard to keep the quaver out of his voice, "my ma is real sick and—and I thought, maybe, I could shovel snow for some rich folks to help out."

Dorothy Crandell was not in the habit of paying particular attention to ragged urchins. Born in the lap of luxury, she had never taken any interest in those who have to wrest an existence from life. Now she was shaken out of her usual selfishness, and frightened, too, by the thought that she might have killed the boy.

And, too, the manliness of the little fellow, coupled with his solicitude for his mother, touched her strangely. Something awoke Dorothy's heart that had never come to life before. Then she took the boy into her car

and drove back with him to the little cottage down in the hollow where his mother lay ill.

In the two hours that followed Dorothy Crandell made the discovery that she had been of very little real service in the world before. For the first time in her life she felt the glow of happiness that comes from helping others.

The gratitude and appreciation of the sick woman touched her beyond measure. Tears had welled up into the faded eyes as she took the bill that Dorothy pressed into her hand at leaving. "As soon as Jim comes back from the hospital and we get on our feet again, I'll pay every cent of it back," she said.

"No—no! you mustn't think of it," Dorothy answered back. This New Year's experience had awakened her to the discovery that life's greatest happiness lies in making others happy.

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The New Year and Evolution By W. D. Pennypacker

IT WAS more than a quarter century ago that John, a young man then, saw the present century ushered in...

For more than a decade prior to 1900, John, his parents, and groups of younger and older folk in a small town met for a social evening...

When Alice and Jack returned home in the wee hours the color was just coming into the eastern sky...

After New Year's After New Year's the country can settle back to a long run of hard work, with no disturbing influence until the appearance of the vacation literature...

Entitled to Cover Charge The farmer, having provided the lands for a dinner on New Year's eve, insists on inquiring why he cannot claim a share in the cover charge...

hours and wild festivities are no part of the present life of one who had reached adult life when the bells changed and whistles tooted, and horns blew, as 1900 was ushered in.

Children, and in some cases grandchildren are out in the wild jazziest of the night. Every one is doing it, he thinks, but himself. A world pleasure-mad is seeing a new year's arrival amidst a gaiety and thoughtless frivolity that is astounding.

As he takes another long pull on his friendly pipe there is a glow, followed by a dense cloud of smoke. The curling rings ascending in the half light of a lessening fire give the appearance of, and, in reality, cause the full effect of dreaminess.

How long John sleeps in the quiet room, while younger members of his family are out to welcome a New Year, we could not say.

Save for the clock, all is silent! Then there is the outbreak of whistles, the din of tin horns and bells. For a moment, protracted into ten minutes or more the darkness of the night is rent with distracting noises.

John rouses with a start. His pipe has fallen to the floor, and the first alone. He is still alone.

As he had dozed away John had, in fancy, been back in the old days. He had returned to his young manhood and the big reception every one gave to the coming in of the new century.

When Alice and Jack returned home in the wee hours the color was just coming into the eastern sky. They wished Dad a happy New Year—and they meant it sincerely—though, both were conscious that he belonged to a different epoch.

The breaking day, with an auspicious opening, was a happy one for the entire Ross family, and all were conscious that it marked more than a New Year—they sensed that it marked the beginning of another cycle in the evolution of the race.

After New Year's After New Year's the country can settle back to a long run of hard work, with no disturbing influence until the appearance of the vacation literature.

Entitled to Cover Charge The farmer, having provided the lands for a dinner on New Year's eve, insists on inquiring why he cannot claim a share in the cover charge.

Paul Bunton's New Year By James Lewis Hays

OH, IF you could only crack a whole row of nuts at once! "That's too much efficiency, Bub," said Uncle Charlie opening another pecan. "I ought to tell you about Paul Bunton's New Year's resolve."

Bob and Jim and Bub shouted. Anything about the giant wood cutter! "Well, it was on New Year's day, like this, the winter of the blue snow. He resolved he wouldn't waste a speck of time or a single motion in the year to come. And off he hiked, a mile at a step, to fetch his big blue ox and get busy."

"Was that the time he plowed the Grand Canyon?" "No, Jim, he had to log off North Dakota that year. He harnessed the ox to his big tree shaver and made a new blade for it by breaking off the top of Iron mountain and hammering it out with his fist. Away they went, mowing trees."

"Paul noticed whenever the blue ox rested it stood swinging its tail. So he strapped a great ax to the ox's tail and stopped him, after that, by a tail tree."

"Back and forth went the tail, and whack, whack the great trees fell with a mighty swish. And they went on cutting trees and not wasting a motion."

"But the trees the ox cut down with his tail fanned him until he began to sneeze. Paul didn't think it would hurt the blue ox, but he didn't want such violent sneezes to waste. So one of his axmen carved a gigantic wooden windmill and set it in front of the ox every time they stopped."

"Kerchoo! Kerchoo!" the blue ox would sneeze and "whiz" would go the windmill. Every time it whizzed it would make Paul Bunton's sawmill cut a hundred logs."

"How could it?" Bob asked. "Oh, easy! Paul fastened it to the sawmill by radio."

"Sure!" scorned Jim. "But," continued Uncle Charlie reaching for another handful of nuts

A Timely Hint New Year suggestion: Make one good resolution and stay with it.

The KITCHEN CABINET

More living becomes real life when it becomes sacrificial. We begin to operate with vital forces when we cross the border into the land of sacrifice.—Dr. J. H. Jewett.

There are many dishes which are handed down from one generation to another in families, who enjoy some of the old-fashioned dishes occasionally.

Salt Fish Dinner.—Soak, simmer, and drain the required amount of boneless codfish, until tender. Serve either as whole piece on a platter with plenty of butter poured over it, or flake it and add a rich cream sauce with hard-cooked chopped egg added and a bit of minced parsley.

Delicious Pudding.—Take one pint of fine bread crumbs, soak in one quart of milk for 15 minutes. Beat together until light the yolks of five eggs, add one cupful of sugar; stir in a tablespoonful of softened butter, add a bit of grated lemon rind, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Mix with the milk and bread and add one cupful of coconut. Bake in a pudding dish until the custard is set in the center.

Chowder.—This is a distinctive new combination. One may use fish, fresh or salt; clams, oysters fresh or canned, or any fish food one desires. The method for preparing is the same. Try out two good slices of salt pork cut into fine cubes until brown; add two good-sized onions thinly sliced, and cook, stirring five minutes.

Marlboro Pie.—Take one cupful each of sifted stewed apple, sugar and milk, one-fourth cupful of butter melted, two beaten eggs, a little grated nutmeg and lemon peel; bake in a pastry shell as for custard pie.

Ordinary Foods. Ordinary foods may be made extraordinary by the addition of seasonings and garnishment and the manner of serving. One of the ordinary dishes which is simple, easy to prepare as well as tasty is:

Apple Tapioca.—Take four tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one-third cupful of boiling water, cook twenty minutes or until the tapioca is clear.

Dubarry Macaroni.—Cut four slices of bacon into small pieces and fry. Add one sliced onion and one can of tomatoes which have been allowed to simmer until reduced to half. Season with cayenne, mace, allspice and a bit of bay leaf, salt and pepper. Cook thirty minutes, then add two cupfuls of cooked macaroni and serve.

Halibut on Toast.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter and add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; when well blended add two cupfuls of milk and cook until smooth, then add two cupfuls of flaked halibut; season to taste and add one teaspoonful of anchovy essence. Serve hot on squares of buttered toast.

For a delicious filling for a white layer cake add drained grated pineapple to a boiled frosting. It may be used with powdered sugar if in a hurry.

Horseradish Sauce.—Take one-half cupful each of sour cream and grated horseradish, salt, a little sugar and a dash of cayenne. Serve with fish or oysters.

Add a teaspoonful of anise seed to the jars of pickled beets when canning them. The flavor is especially pleasant.



Within the Reach of All CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use Cuticura Preparations every day.

Hollanders Frown on Flowers at Funerals

Because \$15,000 worth of flowers were spent for a single funeral in Holland, writes the Amsterdam correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, Dutch philanthropists have decided to abolish flower gifts for the dead.

Delicious Pudding.—Take one pint of fine bread crumbs, soak in one quart of milk for 15 minutes. Beat together until light the yolks of five eggs, add one cupful of sugar; stir in a tablespoonful of softened butter, add a bit of grated lemon rind, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a pinch of salt.

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Disillusioned

Two women, very hot and tired, were pushing their bicycles up a very steep hill. Said one: "I'm so sorry, my dear, to have brought you this way, but it looked quite flat on the map."

Then He Plays Well "I dream constantly of golf." "How do you make out?" "Fine." "Well, there's no harm in a man playing a little good golf in his sleep."

Start "I see one senator has challenged another senator to settle their differences with rifles. They shoot at targets, however, not at each other."

In the Ring Some of us are putting up a good fight; others confronted with imaginary difficulties are spending their time shadow boxing.

A formal party in a small town always means an enormous variety of food.

Red Cross, the new wonder bluing. Highly concentrated. All good grocers sell it.—Adv.

Why are boys like birds? Because they think mulberries are good to eat.

Advertisement for Koenig's Nerveine, featuring a portrait of a man and text about sleeplessness and nervousness.

Advertisement for Night Cough relief, claiming to stop it in one minute with one swallow.

Advertisement for Blue Star Ointment, used for various ailments like itching and sore throats.

Advertisement for 100 Acre Farm, offering land for sale with various improvements.

Advertisement for Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh, a healing antiseptic.

Advertisement for Parkers Hair Balsam, used for hair care and dandruff.

Advertisement for Floreston Shampoo, ideal for use in connection with Parkers Hair Balsam.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balsam, emphasizing its effectiveness for hair.

Large advertisement for Tanna-Menthol, a guaranteed medicine for sore throats, featuring a cartoon character and the product packaging.

International Sunday School

Lesson

BY DR. J. E. NUNN

JANUARY 5, 1930.

CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

Matt. 2:10-23

GOLDEN TEXT: Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

Introduction.

The Lesson Committee has given us this year a superlatively interesting and helpful series of lessons. The first half of the year is occupied with studies in Matthew, appropriately entitled "The Gospel of the Kingdom," and passing in review the entire life of Christ. This is the third of the Gospel studies we have enjoyed in the present six year cycle of lessons, for we had John in 1926 and Mark in 1928. We are to have Luke next year, the last of the cycle.

The last half of this year is occupied with studies of the representative men of women of the Bible, the first quarter (summer) being spent in the Old Testament and the second quarter (autumn) in the New Testament. In these rich courses we study of the men of the Bible, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Saul, Johnathan, David, Amos, Josiah, Jeremiah, Jonah, Zacharias, Simeon, Peter, Thomas, the centurion of Capernaum, the rich young ruler, Zachaeus, Stephen, Paul, and Timothy. Of the Bible women we study Deborah, Naomi, Ruth, Hannah, Elizabeth, the Virgin Mary, and Anna.

The Gospel of Matthew.

Matthew's name was originally Levi, but when he was called to be an apostle he was charged to be an apostle which means "the gift of Jehovah," equivalent to "Theodore," the latter being of Greek origin. Matthew's home was in Capernaum, the city of Peter and Andrew, a fishing town on the northwest shore of the Sea of Galilee, where Christ made his headquarters. Matthew's occupation was that of a publican, or tax-collector. Men of that calling were hated and despised by the Jews.

Matthew's call to discipleship came later than that of the very earliest disciples, Peter and Andrew, James and John, Nathanael and Philip. Those were all followers of John the Baptist, which Matthew apparently was not. The predominant aim of Matthew is to show how Christ's life, even in minor details, fulfilled the Old Testament prophecies of the Messiah, and to this end he introduced about forty proof passages from the Old Testament.

The Visit of the Wise Men.

"There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem."—Matt. 2:1. One of the most picturesque incidents in the Bible is the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus. "St. Matthew calls them Magi. A title is, more or less, a description. Their title introduces them as Persians of the sacred or priestly order of Persia."—Francis W. Upham, L. L. D. "Magi, not kings as the legend makes them, but having influence with kings, and intermeddling much by astronomical lore with the fortunes of individuals and peoples." "The exile, partly under Persian rule, the two hundred years of Persian supremacy in Judea, and the lasting connection between the Jews of the East and their brethren in Palestine, must have created a deep interest on both sides in faiths which had so much in common. Among the Jewish ideas diffused far and near none would find so easy and wide a circulation as that which, above all the

others, filled the mind and heart of every Jew in that age—the expected appearance in person of a great prince, of whom they spoke as the Messiah or 'Anointed'."—Cunningham Gekie. The Magi were astronomers, or rather astrologers; and when the wonderful sign appeared in the sky they at once interpreted it as indicating the birth of the long-expected Messiah.

Wise Men Find Christ-Child.

"And they saw the star, the rejoiced with exceeding great joy." As out of the heart of the East, the wise men turned to Bethlehem to find their Saviour, so out of the heart of all humanity—seeking, aspiring, groping, sometimes falling—men turn to that same Christ, if only they can learn the way to find him.—Rev. Walter Russell Bowie, D. D. "They followed the star until it stood above the Christ child. How important it is that we turn our eyes steadfastly toward the one true, guiding star. Many false lights spring up in the sky of the human imagination that, like the mirages of the desert, allure only to deceive. But he who follows the Star of Bethlehem with faithful gaze may be sure that the outcome of life will be peace."—Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

"And they came into the house." This was several weeks after the birth of Christ. Joseph and Mary spent forty days in Bethlehem, and would not remain in the stable, but soon would be able, the rush of the census being past, to find more comfortable lodgings. "And saw the young child with Mary his mother." No mention is made of Joseph, and he may not have been in the house at his time. "And they fell down and worshipped him." They did homage to the infant Jesus after the Oriental fashion, kneeling and touching the ground with their heads. "They offered unto him gifts." The gold intimated Christ's kingship, the myrrh his mortality, the frankincense his deity.

Flight to Egypt.

"And flee into Egypt." They would find many caravans going to Egypt and might easily join one of them. "Egypt was at all times the readiest place of refuge for the Israelites, whether from famine or from political oppression. It had sheltered many thousands of Jews from the tyranny of the Syrian kings. Consequently large settlements of Jews were to be found in various cities of Egypt and Africa. In Alexandria the Jews numbered a fifth of the population. Wherever, therefore the infant Saviour's home was in Egypt, it would be in the midst of his brethren, according to the flesh. At this time Egypt was a Roman province. This incident of Christ's stay in Egypt would be regarded as a precious memory by the African church—the church of Cyprian, Origen and Augustine."

Herod Murdered Infant Boys.

"Then Herod sent forth and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem." "The Massa-

creed of the innocents is the most detestable crime, save one, in all history. The number slain was probably not more than ten, or twenty at most, but the inherent cruelty of the deed, the practice of arbitrary royal power upon innocent and helpless babies, and yet more the intended regicide of the Lord of glory, have excited intense horror in all Christian times and realms."—Noah K. Davis, D. D. It was thoroughly in harmony with the character of the hated tyrant who, feeling that his end was near, ordered representatives of the chief families of Judea to be shut up in the hippodrome at Jerico and slain as soon as he himself died, so that his funeral might not lack mourners.

Nazareth.

"And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." This was the small town where Joseph had lived originally, being the village carpenter. It lies sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem, 20 miles east of the Mediterranean, and 16 miles west of the Sea of Galilee. "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets that he should be called a Nazarene." Nazareth was so scorned that when Nathanael first heard Jesus referred to as the Messiah he answered at once, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John 1:46). "The very name of Nazareth, indeed, was suggestive of insignificance; in Hebrew it means 'sprout.' And, remarkable to note, this same Hebrew name, with all its inherent insignificance of import, is the designation that is prophetically given to the Messiah in Isa. 11:1, where he is represented as a lowly sprout from the stump of Jesse. Hence when it was predicted by the prophets that he should be despised and es-

teemed not (see Ps. 22:6-8; Isa. 52:2-4; Ps. 69:11, 19, etc.), their prophecies were but a peculiar way of saying, 'He shall be called a Nazarene.'—James Morison.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Program, Sunday, January 5: President in charge. Song. Scripture reading: President. Lord's Prayer. Song. Business. Memory work drill. Song. Group Captain in charge. Jesus is brought to the Temple: John Burton.

Simeon and Anne: Virgil Weir. The Wise Men come to Jerusalem: Lee Euler.

Wise Men see Jesus at Bethlehem: Mark Lang.

The flight into Egypt: Benna Burton.

Jesus goes to Jerusalem: Raymond Euler.

Jesus is found in the Temple: Oliver Lang.

At home in Nazareth: Alfred Wedel.

Closing prayer.

All parents are cordially invited to be present at this B. Y. P. U. program at the church on January 5.

INTERMEDIATE B. Y. P. U.

At six o'clock Sunday, January 5, there will be an Intermediate B. Y. P. U. organized at the Baptist church. All children interested in either Junior or Intermediate B. Y. P. U. work are ur-

gently requested to be present at this time. There will also be a Sunbeam Band organized at the same hour for children of 7 years and under.

Parents, won't you help in this work by sending your children to the church to meet with us? The ladies of the W. M. U. are sponsoring this and have selected worthy ladies for each organization.

CONTRIBUTED.

F. T. A. FOOD SALE

The committee of the local F. T. A. has announced that there will be a food sale on Saturday, Jan-

uary 4, from 2:00 until 5:00 o'clock, at the office of J. J. Horton. Proceeds of this sale will be devoted to the purchase of books for the high school library. Since the funds will be devoted to a cause of general interest, it is urged by the committee that the sale receive the unstinted patronage of the entire community.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Program, Sunday, January 5: Leader, Frank Truitt, Group 1. Subject, "All Have Sinned." Song. Scripture reading. Prayer. Mr. Mims.

Introduction: Frank Truitt. The source of sin: Alice Baker. The nature of sin: Albert Conway. The effect of sin: Mr. Mims. The extent of sin: Lawrence Dumont. The sinner's problem: Mabel Wimberly. Sin, God's greatest problem: Arthur Baker. Song. Closing prayer: Arthur Baker.

Friona school resumed operations Monday morning after a vacation of a week. During the week all teachers returned to their homes except those who are living here.

Curb Stone Land Agent

When in the market for a good cheap piece of land, do not fail to see the CURB STONE MAN. Any time a bargain is sold in land, it is always sold by the CURB STONE MAN. List your land with the CURB STONE MAN—if it can be sold, I believe he can.

R. L. CHILES

THE CURB STONE MAN.

FRIONA, TEXAS

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MAURER'S

We are still on the job and ready to fit you with the latest in

READY-TO-WEAR

We have a number of items on our bargain counters at greatly reduced prices. Close outs on Ladies' Coats and Dresses, Boys' Shirts and Lumberjacks, and Men's Work Coats.

Maurer's

"WHERE YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY WISELY"

A Warm Reception

—Is given to our friends and patrons to whom we are grateful, and wish you a healthy, happy and prosperous New Year.

—We sincerely thank you for past favors shown us and hope for a continuance of same; and when you are in Friona make our tailor shop your headquarters—we are located in rear of Pemberton's barber shop.

Friona Tailor Shop

J. D. CURRY, Proprietor.

We Value Your Friendship

And respectfully solicit a generous share of your patronage during the coming year. Our stock is still complete and we are daily expecting more new goods.

Edith's Fashion Shop

SUNSET STAGE LINES

Busses Leave Friona: -- For Texico, Clovis, Portales, Roswell, El Paso: 11:25 a. m. 4:55 p. m.

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

Connections at Texico for Muleshoe, Littlefield, Lubbock; at Roswell for Carlsbad Caverns.

Connections at Canyon for Tulla, Plainview, Lubbock; at Amarillo for Panhandle, Pampa, Borger, Wichita Falls, Fort Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Denver, Colo.

Ticket Office: City Drug Store

MONEY TALKS BY YOUR CASH



I am your money, a Christian gentleman of many denominations. I am a power for good, and am consecrated to your service in all denominations at E. B. Black's, says Your Cash.

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Atwater Kent Radios!

The best Radio to own—Let us demonstrate to you!

Blackwell's Hardware & Furniture

CASE DEALER

THE NEW 1930



For elegance of our line and symmetry, beauty of finish, rigidity of construction and economy in price and up-keep, it is unsurpassed.

IN THE NEW TUDOR SEDAN

We wish to call your attention to the unusually good example of "Value far above the price." The body is roomier than before, giving more space in rear compartment. Entrance to the car is also easier because of the additional space provided at the folding front seat. The new fleet lines of the car are also emphasized by the straight moulding line from radiator to rear. The roll belt and crown roof are other pleasing features.

—In our line of used cars we are sure we have something that will answer your needs and worth every cent of the price asked. Let us show you.

Friona Motor Co.