

# The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

VOLUME 6—NUMBER 4.

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1930.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

## CARPENTERS BUILD HOMES IN HOBBS AT RATE OF \$15 EACH, SAYS FRIONA VISITOR

T. L. Lawrence, proprietor of the Friona planing mill, was a business visitor to the new oil city of Hobbs, New Mexico, the latter part of last week, and reports that conditions there are varied and to some extent picturesque and dramatic. He says there are thousands of people there without money and without work, and that there are about 25 men there for every job that opens.

He recites one instance where a man had his family with him and was a recent arrival and was in need of money to live on, and being a carpenter, placed a bid on the building of three two-room houses, making his bid as low as \$45 for each of them. He was told that they had just refused a bid of \$45 for the three, and he said that was a fair sample of the way jobs were going in that city. As to accommodations he said there were literally hundreds of people camped in the open with no protection but an old car, and in some instances old bagging stretched from car to a couple of sticks or stakes set in the ground.

He said that at three o'clock in the afternoon he began looking for a place to sleep and failed to find any and was obliged to drive back as far as Lovington where towards night he secured the apparently only vacant room in the city, which was in a tourist camp.

He saw over 200 steel oil well derricks, each representing a well with a daily flow of from 500 to 13,000 barrels of oil. In his opinion the man out of money and out of a job had better steer clear of Hobbs.

### HOMELAND NEWS

Everyone was glad to see the rain which fell Thursday night and Friday. It was a great help to crops, although we have plenty of leaf worms in our community.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Collier and family visited at Alto, Texas, Saturday night and Sunday with his brother, Hill Collier.

Grandmother Mann returned on Tuesday from Iowa Park where she had visited Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mann, who returned with her to visit here a few days.

J. L. Blythe and son of Wellington visited in the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. A. Collier, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Adams are in Glen Rose where Mr. Adams is taking treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Collier left Monday for Wellington where they will visit for a week with their daughter, Mrs. Charley Cayson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shultz were in Portales, New Mexico, Sunday night-seeing.

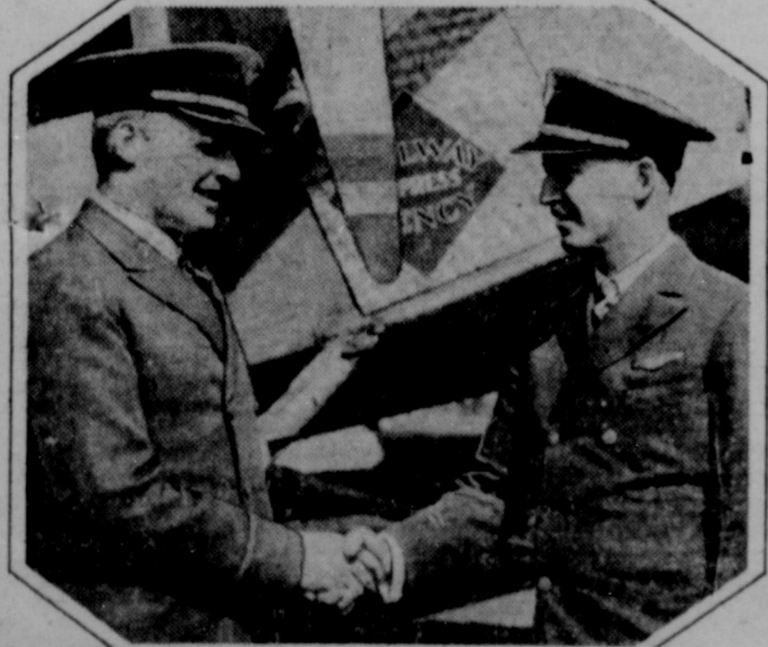
Rev. and Mrs. Brewer and children left Friday for Abernathy where Rev. Brewer will hold a revival for a week or ten days.

The Holiness meeting began here Sunday night and everybody is invited to come.

Sam Jones, Merlie Booth and Mrs. C. L. Shultz and daughter, Norma Jane, visited in Clovis last Sunday with the Booth girls.

There will be a lawn social at the home of Sam Hartsfield on Thursday night, August 21. All young people of the Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U. and Epworth League are cordially invited.

## Byrd Aid Takes New Job



Now that he has flown over the North and South Poles, Captain Alton N. Parker has settled down to become a commercial air pilot on the Western Air Express lines. Parker, who was chief test pilot on the Byrd Antarctic expedition and co-pilot on the Byrd Arctic flight, is shown at the right being welcomed by Si Morehouse, chief pilot of the Express, at Los Angeles.

### HAS LARGE CUCUMBERS

Mrs. E. M. Sherrieb visited the Star office Saturday afternoon and left the editor a token of her hospitality and friendship in the form of two cucumbers. They were what Mrs. Sherrieb styled "snake cucumbers," and one of the samples resembled its namesake to a remarkable degree, being nearly 42 inches long and over an inch in diameter, and of a dark green color. It was so crooked as to make it hard to get its exact length. The other specimen was 30 inches long, regular in form and 2½ inches in diameter at its largest part and light green in color.

Mrs. Sherrieb has a number of these growing in her garden, one of which is 45 inches long and still growing. They are used as ordinary cucumbers, for pickling or serving as a relish, and it is hard to tell the difference. This variety has one advantage in that they do not become bitter or strong when they get old or large, but the seed become too hard to use and may be taken out and the flesh remains as tender and sweet as before.

We thank Mrs. Sherrieb for the gift. As a novelty they were so much so that at least 40 persons stopped us on the street asking what they were, and only one was found who knew what they were or had ever seen one.

### SOME HOT WINDS

F. W. Reeve states that while enroute to Oklahoma last week, the wind became so hot they were obliged to close the car windows in order to keep the wind from burning their faces. On reaching Enid they found it so warm in the hotel rooms that sleep was practically impossible and the temperature was 113 at 8:00 p. m.

Mr. Reeves states that corn fields they passed while going were green, but the same fields on the return trip two days later were seared and white, no green showing, and farmers were in the fields with corn harvesters in an attempt to save the fodder.

According to Mr. Reeve, Friona people have every reason to be proud of the country and conditions as compared to that part of Oklahoma through which he passed.

### GROWING MILLET AND BEANS

Chas. Widmore, one of Friona's best farmers, is departing slightly in the variety of his crops this season from the line usually grown here and is cultivating a crop of German millet and pinto beans on his farm nine miles west of town. He has 15 acres of beans and 145 acres of millet, all of which look promising. The beans are up to a good stand and about three inches high, while the millet is the same height and shows a most thrifty appearance.

Showers last week were sufficient to make the crops grow fast and their only need from this on will be an occasional shower, since neither crop, it is said, requires heavy rains to thrive and produce bountiful yields.

## Stowaway at 11



Surprised that his plane was so unwieldy, the pilot of a big Cleveland-Detroit air liner landed in Lake Erie to discover that 11 year old Bobby Jeavons, above, of Cleveland, was hidden in the tail. Bobby was taken to Detroit and sent home the next day.

## Friona's Pretty Home Contest Is Closed for Year

The Pretty Homes contest, which has been conducted here this summer under auspices of the Friona Woman's club, closed on the 15th of this month, Friday of this week. All houses within the city limits were considered in the competition. The contest was in general charge of the above club under a committee appointed by the president, composed of Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson, chairman; Mrs. F. S. Truitt and Mrs. V. E. Rushing.

Three out of town judges were selected by the committee in charge to judge houses and determine the winners. A prize is awarded to first, second, third and fourth places.

Following is a list of the prizes offered:

First, the Club, \$5; six cups and saucers, A. N. Wentworth; pair silk hose, R. F. Fleet; pint lacquer and brush, Rockwell Bros.

Second, two records, City Drug store; \$1.50 in merchandise, Maurer's; gallon cherries, M System store; two boxes stationery, Friona Drug Co.

Third, pair silk hose, White & Key; gallon paint any color, Truitt & Landrum; 24 pounds flour, T. J. Crawford.

Fourth, dress pattern, color fast material, F. L. Spring; dish pan, Blackwell's; lawn sprinkler, B. T. Galloway.

Judging and awarding of prizes will be completed this week and the results of the contest with the names of the successful contestants will be given next week.

### TURNER-ETHERIDGE WEDDING

According to well established reports, two of Friona's popular young people journeyed to Clovis Thursday afternoon, August 7, and were quietly united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

The bride on this occasion was Miss Edith Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Turner, whose farm home is two miles west of Friona, and the groom was Dan Etheridge, the popular and genial bookkeeper at the Friona State Bank.

Following the ceremony which made them man and wife, these young people traveled to Amarillo and thence into the state of Arkansas where they are spending this week with the groom's parents and other relatives. They are expected to return within the near future and will then be at home to their Friona friends in the neat little cottage owned by Mrs. J. B. Lang on Cleveland Avenue.

Mrs. Etheridge is the proprietress of Edith's Fashion Shoppe and for the past few weeks has also been the proprietress of the Bella Donna Beauty Shoppe, and there she will continue to greet her friends and patrons and be prepared to supply them with the very latest in woman's toggery.

The Star heartily joins the army of friends of the popular young couple in wishing for them an abundant and enduring prosperity and may the Goddess of Joy and Contentment shed her sweet smile upon them as they tread life's pathway far, far through the years of the future.

### COTTON LOOKS PROMISING

Reports vary as to cotton conditions through the Friona territory, but all agree that there is a large acreage of promising looking cotton, mostly south of town.

Will Thomas, 12 miles south, says his cotton looks well, in fact better than one would expect because of the unusually dry season, and that many of his neighbors have cotton looking as well as his own.

Other parties in different localities bring similar reports, all agreeing that cotton prospects are favorable, but that the acreage is limited or reduced from that of last season, owing to the dry weather at planting time.

### FRIONA WEATHER

The weather during the past week has been rather warm during the afternoons, but still much cooler than the few weeks previous. Little wind has been in evidence and no rain has fallen over the town or immediate surrounding vicinity, but L. F. Lillard, seven miles northwest, reports that he had at least an inch and one-half of rain during the week, including Sunday afternoon. This being in the vicinity of the D. M. Towry farm, it is quite evident that a good rain was received there also. A heavy rain was received several miles southeast Wednesday afternoon.

## HICKS' FIREPROOF BUILDING OF FIVE STORE ROOMS READY FOR TENANTS; RINK ON TOP

### GETS TRANSPORTATION JOB

The contract for transportation of pupils to and from school has been let to F. W. Reeve, who had the contract the past three years.

Mr. Reeve is having all his chassis equipped with new bodies that will be attractive and comfortable for the inmates. This work is being done at Clovis and all the ten busses will be in readiness for the beginning of school September 8. Mr. Reeve will supply the busses and superintend their operation and the school board will provide drivers.

### ELEVEN MILE NEWS

L. M. Williams, wife and daughter, Estell, took dinner in the Wells home Tuesday.

L. M. Turner and son were in Hereford Wednesday.

W. A. Whitson and family visited the Turner home Sunday.

Altus and Quince Williams visited the W. C. Cogdell home in New Mexico Sunday.

L. M. Williams and family attended church in Hereford Sunday night.

Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wells of this community, and Miss Gladys Stevens of the Bippus community, motored to Clovis and were married shortly after noon Saturday, July 26. Everybody wishes them a happy and prosperous married life.

Mrs. H. O. Dorris called on Mrs. L. M. Williams Tuesday.

Mrs. G. W. Wells who has been in Amarillo under medical care returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Turner and were in Hereford Saturday.

A shower will be given at the Wells home Saturday night honoring the newly weds, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wells, and everybody is cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Turner and daughters took dinner in the Williams home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mackie visited her mother, Mrs. G. W. Wells, the first of the week.

Ernest Battle spent Saturday night with Henry Turner.

Ernest Campbell was a guest of Ernest Battle Sunday.

Mr. Boyd professed at Bippus school house Sunday night.

J. T. Quinn and family shopped in Hereford Tuesday.

J. W. Puckett visited his ranch here Sunday.

Ernest Battle is visiting his folks this week. He works on the Puckett ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Collett were in town one day this week.

Jim A. Williams is working for George Nash, running a tractor breaking sod.

### GUESS WHO.

Mrs. T. E. Ligon, who for the past few months has been conducting a hotel business in the upper story of the Maurer building, has abandoned the business and with her husband and small son departed from Friona.

While here Mr. Ligon was engaged as a carpenter and in mechanical work. They disposed of their hotel furnishings at public auction Saturday and left Monday to make their home in one of the new oil field towns.

The new brick and tile "flat-iron" building owned by R. L. Hicks has been completed and all is now in readiness to be entered by the various business interests that will occupy it.

The building contains five commodious rooms and faces on both Main street and the state highway and will be occupied by various interests. The north room fronting Main street will be retained by Mr. Hicks as an office room, while the other room on that side will be occupied by a cafe which will be thoroughly equipped for such business.

That part of the building fronting on the highway is divided into three rooms, one of which, the central part of the building, will be used as a storage room for cars while the front part of the west side of the building will be occupied by W. L. Beasley's filling station, and the rear part to be used as a mechanic's room or repair shop.

The building is constructed entirely of fire-proof materials with the exception of the windows, doors and their casings. The roof is solid concrete laid on steel joists and metal sheathing. The concrete roof being perfectly level and smooth will be used as a skating rink for the public and is reached by a stairway leading up from the central part of the house. It is a pretty building and neatly designed for the uses to which it is to be put.

### RETURNED FROM VISIT

Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Conway and family spent past of last week with relatives over the country. Mrs. Conway and children with her mother at Cameron, N. M., and Mrs. Conway in Jacksonville and Sulphur Springs with his father and sisters, whom he found enjoying good health. His father is almost 80 years of age.

Mr. Conway says the Plains from Lubbock to Friona has far better appearance than Central or Eastern Texas. He saw more crops growing within 25 miles of Lubbock than he saw in all the rest of the state through which he passed. Both corn and cotton will be short in other parts of the state.

He says the showers of the past several days have revived crop conditions on the Plains and they give every indication of good yields.

### RETURNED TO OKLAHOMA

Mrs. C. F. Reagan, who for the past two months has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hugh Lee, eleven miles north of Friona, returned to her home in Hugo, Oklahoma, last Saturday. Mrs. Reagan was accompanied by her sister who will visit in Oklahoma for a while.

### BUYING HOGS

Chas. Schlenker, farmer and ranchman, 18 miles west, veteran hog buyer, states he finds hogs to buy and business promises good. He says there are not as many hogs in the country as there should be because many farmers have disposed of breeding stock and gone to wheat farming. He contends that much of the wheat could be sold to better advantage if fed to hogs. He is feeding his feeder hogs on wheat which is the best and cheapest feed available.

### THE BURNING QUESTION!



## As Indian Women Taunted Police



It was no cordial reception for officers who arrived in Bombay recently to quell a disturbance of thousands of Indian women demonstrating against an edict of the chief magistrate. In this striking action photo a typical group of natives is shown taunting officers.



# The Handsome Man

By Margaret Turnbull

Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
W. N. U. SERVICE

## THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggy." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfied him.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

"Oh, not that from you, Sir George," she cried, and then stretched out a timid, pudgy, capable hand toward him. "Could we not be friends, we two? There's a heap I would like to speak to you about, and indeed there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. You were my own wee laddie when I took care of you."

Sir George looked at her with an embarrassed air. "You make it hard for me, Lady—"

"Aggy to you," declared Lady Sandison promptly. "You called me that when I was your nurse girl, and I'm still wanting to look after you."

"Aggy," he began, after a moment's hesitation. The maid came in with the cloth and began to set the table, and Sir George watched somberly. What was it in life that caught one and drew one toward the very people one hoped to avoid? He had come, only because of the duty he owed his father's widow, to see her once and be done with her forever—and he found he had forgotten how much he liked Aggy. It was preposterous, but it was true. This was the woman he had cursed many a day, many a night and he was dining with her!

Lady Sandison hesitated a moment when the maid left the room, and then went resolutely to where she had caused the extra blankets and sheets to be stored, and came back with a bottle of wine.

He stopped her as she was about to pour out a glass for him.

"No, Aggy, none for me, I'm too hungry, and the old man's horrible example is still before my mind's eye. I've been leaving that stuff alone."

"The Lord be praised!" said Aggy, and poured herself a generous glass. "There's no need of wasting His mercies, however. I can take it or leave it, and it has no effect. But to see you so discriminating is like an answer to prayer."

Sir George smiled and began his soup, he hoped not too ravenously. He had not dared take wine on so empty a stomach.

"This good sense you are showing will fit in well with a plan I have," continued Aggy as she took her soup spoon in hand. "How are you off?"

"Do you mean as to money?"

Lady Sandison nodded. "I do so."

"I'm broke," Sir George told her, without emotion. "The Yucatan oil scheme was a failure. I came out alive and without debt, but that's all I have," he hesitated, then laughed, and continued, "I have exactly seven-and-six between me and the cold world."

"Mighty!" exclaimed Lady Sandison. The maid brought in the fish and served it, during a profound silence.

When she had taken her way to the elevator with the soup plates, Lady Sandison spoke:

"The estate is in an awful bad way."

Sir George nodded. "I suppose so."

"What he did with his money's past finding out." Then she looked at the young man thoughtfully. "I've had a long talk with that lawyer body, Mr. Gillespie, and he approves of what I have done. I've let the house."

Sir George stared.

"Subject to your approval, of course, for it's yours, but I wasn't going to let a chance like this slip by. Some American folk that had more money than I could count in a month of Sab-baths. They wanted Sandisbrae and wanted it that bad that they came up to my price. They are highly recommended. I could pay the servants off with the first month's rent, and get them jobs with the new folk, and the rent for the rest of the season put in bank would settle up the debts, if you agree."

"It sounds quite reasonable," said Sir George, and there was silence again as the maid took the fish plates and brought in the meat course.

It was roast beef with potatoes and cabbage and that was the food of the gods to hungry Sir George, who fell upon it.

Lady Sandison, not having his appetite, ate a little more slowly and between bites studied her stepson.

"Seven and six is all you have?"

Sir George, his mouth full, nodded.

"Where'll you sleep?" asked the practical Aggy.

"I haven't decided yet," Sir George looked at her with a smile. "But at that I'm not 'daunted as you used to say, Aggy. I'll walk to Haviland's club and ask—"

"He's off and away," interrupted

Lady Sandison. "His mother told me that, over the telephone, this very day. He was out at Mont Denys for the week-end. I doubt she sent him there when she heard you were coming back."

Sir George looked somewhat discomposed.

"Why did you—"

"I didn't," said Lady Sandison, flushing a little. She called me. It seems she'd heard that I was here and you were expected, and she telephoned me and asked when you were coming."

"She has heard of the collapse of the oil business, I suppose?"

"I expect. She seemed to know everything but the date of your arrival, and I told her that myself and said that if Lord Archibald wanted to see you he'd just have to wait, as you had things concerning the estate to settle before you were off to America."

Sir George leaned back in his chair and surveyed this extraordinary woman.

"America! Why on earth should I go to America? Where did you get that idea?"

"It popped into my head," said Aggy. "Lady Haviland was so fearfully condescending like, and so feared that you would look up Lord Archie for a loan, that I just minded myself that the Sandisons were one of the

oldest baronetries in the kingdom and the Havilants but bare two hundred years! So I wasn't letting her try to patronize Sir Steenie's widow or his son. I told her exactly what popped into my head. Glad am I that I did, for it kept burling round and round there till it turned into as good a plan as any I could think of. So if you you nothing pressing to do the night, Sir George—"

He looked at her and smiled. "You go too fast for me, Aggy. I have to look for a place to sleep."

"Then that's settled," Lady Sandison declared, but the look she gave him implored him not to refuse her, "if you'll remember that I'm your stepmother and take a shakedown here at my flat. You're that tall and I'm such a shorty that I think you'll have to take the bedroom, and I'll take the sitting room couch."

To refuse, with those blue eyes, generally so hard, fixed anxiously on him was beyond Sir George. He tried to. He protested, but finally found himself saying: "I'll accept your hospitality gladly, Lady Sandison."

"Aggy."

"Aggy, but I'm to have the couch."

Lady Sandison for the first time that evening actually smiled. "I doubt it," she said. "I doubt you can double up that small, but we'll leave that until the time comes. At present, while the lass is clearing, we'll have the coffee and cigarettes in the sitting room, and I'll tell you this America plan."

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To refuse, with those blue eyes, generally so hard, fixed anxiously on him was beyond Sir George. He tried to. He protested, but finally found himself saying: "I'll accept your hospitality gladly, Lady Sandison."

"Yes," agreed Sir George, but he set his handsome jaw. Aggy was quite all right and a splendid manager. She had always been that, but she was not going to manage him into going to America.

Aggy saw the set jaw and began calmly: "You'll have mind when you were a wee bit laddie, I was used to tell you stories of my brother, Robert, in America?"

Sir George, absorbed in lighting his cigarette, nodded.

"He's still there, and he's a big man in his way."

"What is his way?"

"Some kind of contracting business. Putting up weirs and grand public buildings, bridges and they awful skyscrapers that crowd streets over there."

Sir George nodded to signify his comprehension.

"He's by way of being something awful well off."

Sir George's eyes opened.

Aggy nodded solemnly. "Him and me's been at outs for many a long year on account of a real impudent letter he sent me some time before I married your father. He doesn't know I'm married. I refused to go out to America and he pampered the way he said he would pamper me. Rob let fly some awful words about 'd—n obstinate females,' so I just didn't answer his letter. When he sent some lawyer bodies after me I just told them to take his money and his messages back to him. I would go my own gait. You see," she added, as Sir George looked at her inquiringly, "I was badly needed at Sandisbrae then. It would have been demoralized, but for me. Your father was rarely himself, and things were not as they had been in my lady's time. You were away in France."

Sir George nodded. He did not want to remember those times.

"I couldn't see my way to leaving the place, especially as your father was making up to Jock's lass, as I told you. And she with little sense in her wee, putty head! So I judged that it would be better for you if I stayed and let your father compromise himself with me. At least that's the way I let him think," she said, with a nod at Sir George.

"I daresay there was a lot of gossip about us, but none of it was true. However, it was my chance to set things right and I took it. Just when Sir Steenie knew he couldn't be left, I says to him: 'This is no place for an unmarried respectable woman.' 'Then d—t, marry me, Aggy,' he said, 'as I have asked you more than once.' 'Thank you, Sir Steenie, I says, 'We'll take the night train to Gles'ga and get the license, and I'll warrant you a peaceful life and no more extravagances.' 'Plenty of whisky and peace to drink it in, Aggy, my dear, is my notion of pleasure,' he said."

She paused and sighed, "I did better for him than most, and I saved something for you, Sir George."

Sir George's head was bowed on his hands. "Oh, Aggy, I'm ashamed that I thought of you as I did."

Aggy's firm lip trembled for a moment. "You might have remembered me better than that, Sir George," was on the tip of her tongue, but she held it back and said: "Bless me! What does a lad remember about his old nurse? And it looked bad. But that's by and gone, if only—"

And here her composure was shaken for a moment—"if only you believe me now."

Sir George leaned forward and took her fat, pudgy hand, which still bore traces of hard work, and patted it. "Would I be here, Aggy, if I didn't believe you?"

She laid her other hand on top of his—a rare caress from this most reserved person.

"That's my laddie," she said. "Sir George, I have often thought if you'd come back that first year—but then, how could you? It was probably better as it was, and now we'll take stock of what's left us."

"Very little, I'm afraid. The lawyer told me that I had nothing but Sandisbrae left."

"Did he so? There was a little something left over, that your father didn't spend. I let Sir Steenie think he gambled it away one night he wasn't himself, while as a matter of fact I hid it up the stair, in the tower."

"But that—" Sir George began.

"It's yours. It's no much, but it'll help."

"It's yours," he declared hastily. "It's all the widow's portion you have, Aggy. I'll never touch a penny of it."

Two obstinate Scots stared at each other. It was Aggy, Lady Sandison, who spoke first.

"You were ever a set laddie. There's no change in you."

"There will be no change in me, Agnes, Lady Sandison, must take her lawful share."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Grumbler Throws Away Chance of Happiness

May we be spared from the grumbler . . . And yet, if we would change his grumble into pleasure, we must exert a little patience of our own. Getting impatient and disdainful and short-tempered with him is likely to make him worse. And, after all, it isn't very hard to help these rather trying people along the road of life. The grumbling folk don't have a very easy time. Of course, they can be a positive nuisance to you. But just think what a real nuisance they are to themselves. To have always a spirit of grumbling in one's mind must be a load, the weight of which Pilgrim could never have imagined. In many ways the grumbler's burden is worse than Pilgrim's. You see, there was always a chance of his getting rid of it. He had got into some

bad habits, but grumbling was not one of them.

Once you start grumbling, the worst part of your mind will seize upon it, practice upon it, develop it, until you are in the nasty, almost unbreakable meshes of it. Soon it will choke every bit of happiness out of you. Resist grumbling always. Its power cannot grow if you do that.—London Tit Bits.

## First Investment Trust

The first American investment trust of important size was organized in 1921.

## Never Shake Varnish

Never shake varnish, enamel or lacquer in the can. This causes bubbles, which are difficult to brush out.

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner

## SUN MYTHS

The Sun went on talking to Harry, the adventurer in the sky.

"There is another story I like," he said. "You're quite comfortable?"

"Yes? That's good."

"In those old days, too, the Dawn daisy, Aurora, was supposed to open the gates in the east with her lovely pink-tipped fingers and then my golden chariot with white horses pulling it, came along. The Hours were supposed to have followed the chariot and to have scattered early morn-

ing dew and fragrant flowers.

"And in the west, when the day was over, Aurora met us once more and gave my horses refreshments."

"I must tell you more about Aurora. She had a husband named Tithonus."

Harry didn't know it, but he was amused at the Sun's chatter. It reminded him of a person who had lots of stories to tell and who wanted to tell them all, and who enjoyed them.

"Aurora gave her husband a kind of magic water to make him immortal but she couldn't keep him from growing older."

"He grew smaller and smaller and at last became so small he just changed into a grasshopper."

"Why a grasshopper particularly?" Harry asked.

"Why not?" the Sun returned. "Any way you've not heard the end."

"That seemed quite an ending to me."

"But it's not the real ending. At last his voice could only be heard the first thing in the morning and the last thing after the day was finished."

"I think the other ending is better," Harry said. "You can imagine what his voice must have been like when he was so small."

"Yes," agreed the Sun, "but then you might be confused thinking perhaps he had kept his man's voice in the grasshopper form."

"I don't believe I would think that."

"You liked the story, didn't you?"

"Yes, I thought it was very different. But tell me more about yourself, won't you?"

"I'm sure you must have heard that I am really a star," Harry nodded.

"I have been sending forth heat and light for so many years that you might think I would have grown tired. But it shows how strong I am—for I'm not tired at all."

"In fact I have so much more strength to spare that I could give heat and light to millions of earths such as yours."

"You're really very generous," Harry said admiringly, for he liked generosity and hated stinginess.

"Thanks," said the Sun. "To be sure I spin around on myself just as your Earth does, and naturally take longer about it for my size is so much greater."

The Sun looked at Harry as he spoke. "If you hadn't your magic suit on you couldn't sit by me. My temperature is around 10,000 degrees, and the interior part of my home is even hotter—it's just full of gas and heat."

"I don't believe I'd want to go there—even with this suit which protects me, so won't you just stay here and tell me more about yourself?"

"Willingly," the Sun agreed.

Changed into a Grasshopper.

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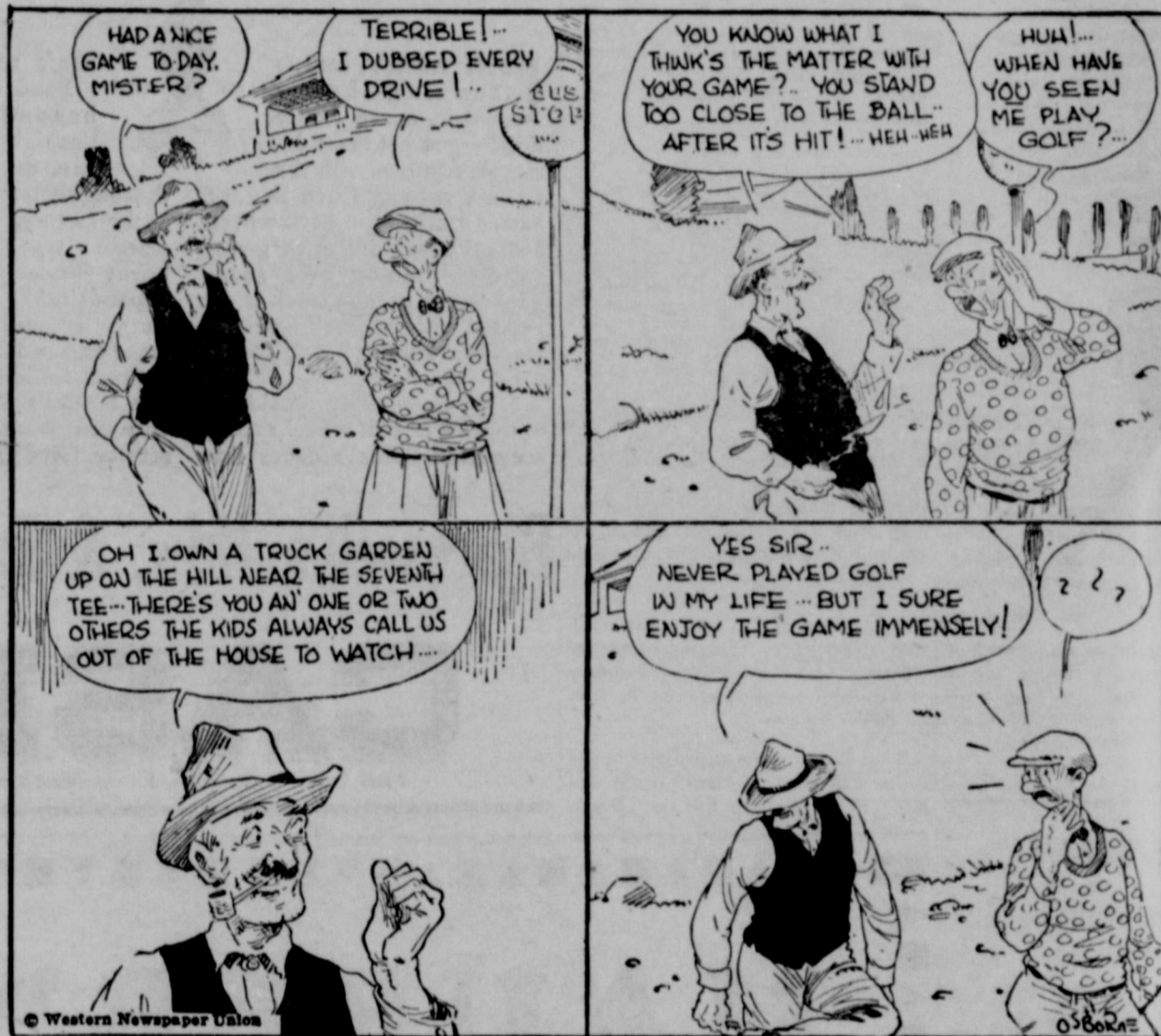
# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



LATE AGAIN

## THE FEATHERHEADS



© Western Newspaper Union

## The Spectator

## Community Building

### Home Owners Protected by Zoning Restrictions

Charles H. Cheney of Los Angeles, chairman of the committee on city and regional planning of the American Institute of Architects, says: "Property values are destroyed, cherished homes abandoned and neighborhoods ruined by the erection of one or more ugly or inappropriately designed buildings. More than \$3,000,000,000 was put into such buildings last year. Every vacant lot in an unprotected neighborhood today carries a threat of ruin to its neighbors.

"This is the greatest economic loss of our time, and one that can and will be remedied as soon as investors, home owners and the public generally learn how to protect themselves. More than 500 cities have established zoning in the last ten years.

"Architectural control of this kind is not new. Santa Barbara, Calif., in 1925 to 1928, required that all plans for private buildings be passed on by a competent architectural board of review.

"For 50 years high-class real estate subdivisions have been exercising careful architectural control, with marked success and increasing property values, by means of building restrictions established by private agreements in the deeds."

### More Than Mere Beauty in Attractive Grounds

There is just as much thrill in the small home ground development as there is in the planning of a princely estate, perhaps more, for there is something about beautifying a backyard which enlists the aid and interest of every member of the family.

There is something of creative art in converting an ugly asphalt into a thing of beauty or covering up an uninviting garage with lovely vines. A rose-covered fence would contribute its sweetness to the entire neighborhood.

A hedge may have to serve as a boundary, a tree may be planted for the express purpose of keeping the too strong sun out of a certain room, a bush may be utilized to screen an ugly object, vines may serve to cover unsightly portions of the house. Indeed, plants have their economic value!

Some wise home owners have even been clever enough to make their backyards serve as a sort of annex or extra room simply by making them liveable and attractive.

**Green Streets**

Trees are good citizens. They rarely disturb the peace of city streets, such as there is. They offer shade and decency against the violence of the great town. At best a modern city street is harsh, unbalanced, crazy. Only the trees reclaim it from its alienation and make it livable.

The little grassy yards and trees that people plant before their houses save Washington boulevard for civilization. And Grand boulevard, or Irving Park boulevard, or Ashland boulevard would do as well. People care for things like trees and grass. Where they cannot find them naturally they set them out in little squares, behind small iron fences, to remind them of serene realities beyond the city's border. They smuggle nature in. The rows of elms are green beside the surge and drive of motor cars and men along the road. Trees are good citizens, along with those who plant them.—Chicago Tribune.

**Varieties of Hedges**

There is no limit to the beauty possibilities of hedge planting. The hedge may be trained to have all sorts of variations. It may be buttressed at the ends. It may be trained to offer varying outline on top with some parts higher than others. The top may be on square or curved lines. The hedge may even be trained over an opening in the hedge to form an arch. In fact, hedges are almost indispensable in the intensively developed landscape scheme.

A well-kept hedge is so ornamental that it will pay every home owner to consider its use in his planting scheme.

**Beauty in Slate Roofs**

We have by now passed out of the period when slate roofs looked like smooth blackboards. We are literally having a revival of its use in this country, because the manufacturers have gone back to the old traditions and brought them to the front. Today we can secure as beautiful a slate roof for our house as any in the world, and yet have it laid with more technical skill. Thus while the old ways have been revived new life has been injected into them.

**Select Trees Carefully**

Trees once planted become a permanent part of the landscape. In most cases they will outlive the planter. Whether they give great joy, beauty and comfort to the planter and his family or prove to be ugly, displeasing eyesores to all who gaze upon them, depends upon how wisely they are selected.

**Not Markers for Missiles**

Eighteen states in the Union now have laws making it a misdemeanor willfully to damage official road signs.

### Italy Unable to Check Movement From Villages

Italy's efforts to check the flow of population to the cities apparently have not been successful. This is especially true in the Alpine districts. The rapid depopulation there in recent years has been causing anxiety to the Italian government, which two years ago authorized the expenditure of \$100,000 upon the construction of highways, the sanitation of mountain areas and other improvements. Afforestation laws, designed to create new opportunities for woodmen in the Alps areas, were also passed. The attractions of the cities of the plains have continued, however, to prove too strong for many of the old mountaineering stock, and the fall in the population of Alpine towns and villages has not been appreciably checked. Some villages have lost from half to two-thirds of their population in less than half a century.

### Wax-Work Show Mystery

Among the wax figures at Mme. Tussaud's in London, there are many of prominent politicians of today, and in one of these an old-fashioned hatpin was discovered embedded up to the head. It was removed, but next day two others were discovered in the same position. At one time, when those who practiced "black magic" wished to destroy anyone, they made a wax figure in his likeness and stuck pins into it. This was supposed to have the effect of making the person concerned fall ill, and unless something happened to break the spell, the illness would have a fatal termination.

### Gull Made Gift of Fish

Henry Pester was fishing in Long Island sound off Mayville, L. I. A sea gull frisked greedily about his catch. He kept chasing it away. Just to show that there were no hard feelings, the gull darted at the water, caught a one-pound weakfish, dropped it squarely in Mr. Pester's lap and flew away.

### Oldest Clergyman 102

England's oldest clergyman, Rev. Denham H. Norman of All Saints' vicarage, Warwick, recently celebrated his one hundred and second birthday. He is not a teetotaler and smokes three pipes of tobacco a day. He was born in Chichester and is one of 11 children.

### World Coal Production

The world production of coal last year created a sizable collective hole in the crust of the planet, 1,540,000,000 tons having been dug. The United States led with 552,465,000 tons, Germany ranking second with 352,156,000 tons and Great Britain third with 284,810,000 tons.

### Nothing Else to Do With It

"How do you suppose Perkins manages to keep on adding to his savings account?"

"That's easy. His wife doesn't play bridge, he doesn't play poker and they have no children."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Locust Pest

The 17-year locust is about one inch long when full grown and is marked with black and yellow.

## Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Bayer Aspirin breaks up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions on every package for headaches, pain, etc.



## TOOK IT TO BUILD HER UP

Strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

La Junta, Colo.—"After my little daughter was born, one of my neighbors persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build me up. The first bottle made quite a change in me. I got an appetite and can sleep much better, I am not so nervous as I was. I have six children and do all my own work. I can do so much more now than I could when I began taking the Vegetable Compound and I shall certainly recommend your medicine whenever I have an opportunity."—Mrs. JOHN OSBORN, R. #2, Box 216, La Junta, Colorado.

## DAISY FLY KILLER

Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Noat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Kills all species. 1/2 lb. of metal, not equal to tin every. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Meet your DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer.

HAROLD SOMERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Use and It is Druggists.

Fluoreston Shampoo—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hanco Chemical Works, Patcoque, N. Y.

## AT PARTIES SERVE POLY POP

10c Box With Sugar and Water MAKES HALF GALLON Sold by Grocers

## DROPSY

75 per cent of cases successfully treated. WRITE IN Multo Vita Co., Box 986, Britton, Okla. W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 32-1930.

It is common sense not to brag too much of having it.

**In the Same Class**

At that, a back seat driver is no worse than an arm chair housekeeper.—Arkansas Gazette.

Many think that all that is necessary to do good is to spend money on charity.

**STOP THAT ITCHING**

Apply Blue Star Ointment to relieve Skin Irritation, Itching Skin or the Itch of Eczema conditions, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Toes, Poison Oak and as an Antiseptic Dressing for Old Sores, etc. Ask your Druggist for

**BLUE STAR OINTMENT**

## How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

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

If you're fat—remove the cause! KRUSCHEN SALTS contain the 6 mineral salts your body organs, glands and nerves must have to function properly.

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

Take half a teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—do not overeat and—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished! Notice also that you have gained energy—your skin is clearer and your eyes sparkle with glorious youth—you feel younger in body—sooner in mind. KRUSCHEN will give you a fat person a joyous surprise!

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS (lasts 4 weeks) if even this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a surer improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned. Lead in druggists all over the world are selling lots of Kruschen Salts.

## FINNEY OF THE FORCE



© Western Newspaper Union

## No Place for a Hungry Man

# The Friona Star

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Mailed as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

I hear people saying these are hard times, that money is scarce, business dull, and progress is most necessarily slow.

That may be true, and other people may realize more fully than they have ever done before, but as for myself I cannot see much difference since with me money has always been scarce and business dull and progress slow.

Therefore, personally it is hard for us to discern any great difference, for by strict economy I have always had enough to eat, clothing to keep me fairly comfortable and never had to sleep out of doors involuntarily.

But evidently most people have been used to faring much better and these stringent conditions affect them seriously to the extent that they take cognizance of them in their conversation.

It occurs to me that under such conditions as people are now complaining of we as town and community builders should be careful of our conversation and actions as regards the growth and prosperity of our city and community.

When times are hard and employment difficult to get, money scarce, it is the best time in the world for the kicker to get an appreciative audience with rapt attention, while on the other hand the booster will have a hard struggle to get a single auditor.

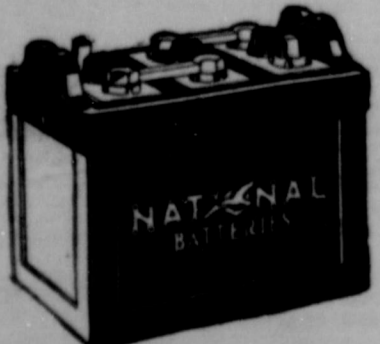
Thus I contend that it behooves the progressive citizen to be careful of his words and actions as regards his community's welfare and progress as a slight kick may be magnified into a thunder bolt.

## Fiddle Sticks



One fellow who makes light of music is 16 year old Arthur Groverman, above, of Washington, D. C., who is shown here with a violin he has just made from 2,500 safety matches. Arthur plays with the high school orchestra.

## NATIONAL BATTERIES



CORNER FILLING STATION

# The Great American Home



"HIGHER" EDUCATION

while a gigantic boost may produce but a sneer or sarcastic remark.

Another fact which has been called to my attention is that we cannot pull and kick at the same time. We cannot pull for the welfare of our locality and kick it at the same time, so we are therefore kickers or pullers.

I remember that I at one time owned a fine young mare. I had raised her from a colt. I was the first to sit astride her back. I taught her to lead; I placed the first bit in her mouth and the first collar on her neck and the first harness on her back and hitched her to her first load.

She was a beauty and had some of the best ancestry in the country for her credit. She was docile and intelligent and from the first load she ever helped to draw, she leaped into the collar with all her might and never faltered.

But she had one peculiar trait and a very serious one it was. Occasionally she would stop in her tracks and begin kicking and she rarely ever stopped kicking until she had divested herself of all her harness.

Now, here is what I noticed about

this fine young animal. She never kicked when she was pulling, and she never pulled when she was kicking, which, it occurs to me, is a lesson worthy of the consideration of every truly patriotic citizen of Friona.

We cannot kick while we are pulling and we will not pull while we are kicking. And do you know there is very little if any occasion for any such thing as a kick in Friona. From reports from other localities tell us that instead we have every reason to be pleased with our conditions as compared to that of the greater part of our vast country.

I recently heard a man remark that a "shallow man in deep water is a poor asset to any institution or profession". Come to think of it, I believe he was much nearer right than wrong.

I heard another man speaking of education and wondered why it was that so many people did not seem to care about education. The man said, "Well, we just must have common laborers and that class of people usually furnish it."

Cogitating over this remark it occurs to me that there is plenty

of evidence to substantiate the validity of such a statement. It also occurs to me that there is nothing degrading or humiliating about common labor and it may, as well as any other kind, be ennobling; nevertheless, it seems that there is a general yearning for some other method of securing a livelihood other than that which is usually termed common labor.

Be that as it may, will there ever come a time when there will be no such thing as common labor? But in the event that common labor shall always continue to exist, who will furnish it—your child or mine or the other fellow's progeny?

However this may be there seems to be a decidedly good incentive in such a thought, to patronize our schools to the farthest possible extent and derive from them all possible benefit, as they seem to offer the best avenue to a life of higher labor and greater achievement.

And speaking of schools reminds me that the next term of school in Friona will begin in just three weeks from the coming Monday, or to be exact, September 8.

I contend that the best is none

## Sur Hats May Be Popular in Autumn!

SMART FOR SUMMER WEAR, WHITE PANAMAS ARE LIKELY TO BE THE VOGUE FOR FALL FROCKS. HARRIET BELIEVES—BANDS ARE COLORED

BY HARRIET

AS an antidote to the end-of-the-summer fag, why not finish the season with chic?

It is so easy to do. Prices are reduced by this time so that you can pick up bargains. Since clothes have a direct bearing on your psychology, you can set yourself up in spirits by adding a costume or two to your wardrobe.

Perhaps a new hat is one of the best first buys. Not a hat that you look upon as a possible winter filler-in, but one that was made with a burning sun in mind.

You will make no mistake in choosing a white hat, for it is likely to be the most popular one with autumn frocks. Further it is quite the smartest hat right now. There are all kinds of white hats to be chosen. The sun hat, perhaps in modified form, is the ideal choice for August.

Paton makes a number of charming featherweight models in paper panama. They have enough brim to shade your eyes and are banded with different colors to match your pastel shaded frocks.

One of these uses the favorite tri-color scheme for its banding. The hat itself being white, red and blue grosgrain ribbon is used. The blue banding laces through the brim near where it joins the crown and the red ribbon laces through the crown, at one side.

Regulation panama hats are just as popular as paper panamas and scarcely heavier on the head. A trick with these is to have any number of different bandings, all made up with their tailored bows, which snap in place to make it seem you have several hats.

To finish the season properly, you should have at least one perfect afternoon ensemble. A plain color is somewhat preferable to a print, because you do not tire of it so readily and, given a becoming shade, you are likely to feel a little more formally attired.

A recommended choice is a



A Jean Paton model hat of white paper panama straw, left, is trimmed with red and navy grosgrain ribbon. Suitable for the luncheon engagement is the beige georgette afternoon ensemble, right. This frock might well be worn during the winter.

Madame Chantal ensemble of beige georgette which uses hand-run tucks in the most intricate of decorative designs as its only trim. The frock has a normal waistline, with a sash; and the bodice blouses slightly over it. The sleeves are short.

Over this slips a flaring three-quarters coat, also heavily tucked in its front portions and sleeves, giving a rich effect. The sleeves are especially chic, having a big puff let in on the outside that ex-

tends from above the elbow to the cuff.

This beige ensemble has an additional value. You can wear it with assurance and comfort during the remainder of the summer and then, if you wish, have it dyed one of the new raspberry or wine shades for practical winter wear. Or, you can keep it beige and wear it all winter, for there is no color more distinguished than beige. The perfect outfit is all beige, with perhaps a gold chain and earrings or pearls.

## Win Highest Beauty Honors



Famed for its beautiful girls, the south added to its prestige when 17-year-old Dorothy Dell Goff, above, of New Orleans, was chosen beauty queen of the universe at the International Beauty Pageant at Galveston, Tex. Mariane Mivica, below, as "Miss Rumania," was awarded second prize.

too good for the young folk of Friona and vicinity, and that they are entitled to as good schools as those of any town or city and is believes us as good citizens to provide for them the best schools possible to be obtained.

If we would have such a school it is up to every citizen in the district to lend his undivided support to the efforts of the men who constitute our board of education, also our superintendent and faculty of eighteen assistants in every effort they may put forth toward securing a school that will be the peer of any in the land.

I once knew an old gentleman who was very fond of debating and one of his favorite arguments of killing a dog beside choking him to death on butter."

And there is really more logic to the expression than would appear at first thought and might

be very appropriately made to read: There are more ways of teaching or practicing religion that going to church on Sunday school, for it appears that many people have reduced religion to those two very simple or lowest terms.

Benjamin Franklin is credited with the following "When religion is good, it will take care of itself; when it is not able to take care of itself, and God does not see fit to take care of it so that it has to appeal to the civil power for support, it is evident to my mind that its cause is a bad one."

Prompt, reliable, Friona Drug Co.

## INTERMEDIATE B. Y. P. U.

Program, August 17.  
 Topic: We are the light of the world.  
 Introduction: Edward Massie.  
 Salt of the Earth: Frankie Cassler.

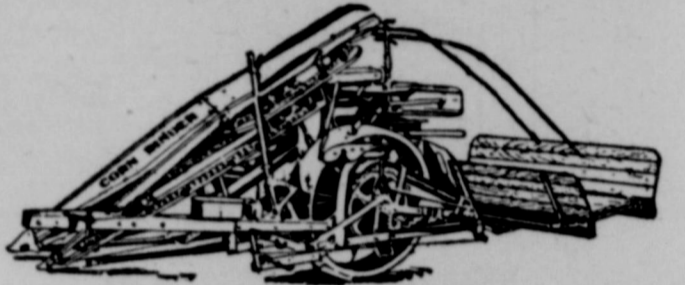
Light of the world: Lee Euler.  
 A boy who let his light shine: Bud Weir.

Influence of our deeds: Raymond Euler.  
 How a great man used his influence: Goldina Highfill.  
 Effects of our influence: Buck Fallwell.

For any flavor of ice cream or Sherbet, Friona Drug Co.

## Gathers, Cuts and Binds

# FASTER and CHEAPER



LIGHT DRAFT, steady running—better work, more easily done—you get these desirable features with the Case-Osborne Corn Binder.

Faster work, too—both wheels are of equal diameter giving steadier running over rough ground. A tongue truck is not needed with this well balanced machine although one can be used if desired.

Main drive chain outside or to the left of bull wheel readily accessible. This reduces side

draft to a minimum. Binding mechanism has ample range and ties tight bundles. Simple, durable knottor thoroughly tested and adjusted at the factory. Wheels are suspension type. The Case-Osborne Binder is noted for its dependability, light draft, and sturdy construction. A cost-saver and profit maker.

Come in and let us show you this binder's many advantages with you. We're always at your service. Give us a trial.

## Blackwell's Hdw. & Furniture

# CASE

Full Line of Quality Farm Machines

# MAURER'S

A Full Line of Winter Dresses and Hats  
 Now On Display

# Don't Forget Our SALE

A Chance to Stock Up On Silk Hose and Lingerie at a Wonderful Price

For the Men We Have Those Famous Florsheim Shoes at \$8.85

BROWNBILT SHOES

\$4.00 to \$6.00

Buy Them While They Are Down

**Citizenship in Athens**  
**Looked Upon Seriously**

In modern days the affairs of cities and states and nations are discussed and acted upon, not by all the citizens, but by a few representatives of these citizens, elected by them or chosen by a higher authority. These comparatively few legislators assemble at the designated place and act for the people they represent. But in ancient Athens it was somewhat different. All citizens were invited to join in the debates in the assembly halls, and all citizens so invited had a right to vote directly for or against the laws that were discussed. And they listened to the great men as they talked about the measures up for a vote of the populace, such great ones as Themistocles, Pericles and Demosthenes, among the greatest orators the world has ever seen, and then they voted.

The Pnyx, as this place of assembly was called, is partly in ruins now, but some of it is still to be seen on the hill across from the Acropolis of Athens. The speakers' platform, with its three steps, is immediately in the foreground of the picture. The listening Athenian citizens sat on the ground now sloping away to the left, but at that time it was probably level. The ground they occupied was enclosed by a circular wall. This was an open-air "congress," and a lively place at times, particularly when an important question was up for debate.

Two other famous buildings, the Acropolis and the Parthenon, are just to the left of the Pnyx, across a slight depression and on the neighboring hill overlooking the modern city of Athens.

**Provincetown Not the Oldest Cape Cod Town**

Provincetown, because of the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers stayed there while they were looking for the right site for their colony, has sometimes been regarded as the oldest of the many famous towns on Cape Cod. But properly that honor belongs to Sandwich. The first permanent settlers at Provincetown came in the neighborhood of 1680 but Sandwich was founded in 1637.

Sandwich, like Boston, was an intolerant town in the early days. We worry a good deal over intolerance in our own era, but it is well to be reminded that tolerance has always been a rare virtue. The first settlers passed a law that no other families could come to live in the town until they had secured the permission of the minister and the church authorities.—Exchange

**"Man on Horseback"**

The phrase "Man on Horseback" was first applied to Gen. George B. Boulanger of France (1837-1917), a politician who sought popularity in the most pronounced fashion, one of his methods being to appear in public on his black horse. It is commonly applied to any military dictator or a person who curbs the violence of mob rule to re-establish law and order. The same expression or a similar one "Robespierre on Horseback," is said to have been previously used by Barras in speaking of Napoleon Bonaparte; in this sense it was used to denote any ruthless leader that would willingly trample the people under foot, if such proceeding would further his selfish ends.

**A Prototype**

The Calais police station is located in the basement of the City building, with its barred windows facing the sidewalk that leads to the rear.

A business man happened to be walking past one of the windows where a sailor who had been drinking too freely was confined. He was called by the salutation, "Hey, Bud—Give us a match?"

"Sure," replied the business man who handed him one and started away.

"Hey, Buddy, this match won't scratch; it hasn't any head. Just like me. If I had a head I wouldn't be in here."—Boston Globe.

**Commercial Principle**

Gresham's law is a principle in finance and political economy, formulated about the middle of the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the London Royal exchange. The principle is: "Bad money drives out good money from circulation. The good coin (full weight and standard in purity) will be hoarded and the worn and thin, or light coins, will be used. Good money will also be used for export to other countries, where it will obtain more in exchange, while the light coins will be used at home, thus depreciating the national currency."

**When Washington Fled**

In 1818, when Trumbull exhibited in Faneuil hall (Boston) his famous picture of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he prevailed upon the venerable John Adams to inspect it. Approving the painting, the latter pointed to the door next to the chair of Hancock and said, "There, that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for commander in chief of the American army."

**Midshipmen**

The name "midshipman" originated in the British navy more than 200 years ago from the fact that the young men who were training to become officers were assigned quarters amidships on the lower deck. Thus "midshipmen" came to be applied to cadets or line and executive officers of the lower grade.

When the American colonies organized their navy, the British practice was followed in this respect, as well as in other ranks.

**California City Honors Animal Heroes**  
**With Medals at Public Ceremony**

A FOUNDATION to give concrete awards to animals showing heroism has been started in Pasadena, Calif., and already three dogs have received medals. The honoring of animal bravery was the idea of several local residents.

Three medals and ten honor medals are to be given each year. A gold medal is the first award; silver, second; bronze third.

**Saved Three From Flood**

Don, a mongrel, saved three lives during the tragic St. Francis dam disaster of two years ago and was therefore awarded the gold medal.

Mrs. Charles Chivvis and her two children were sleeping in their ranch home on the night the dam collapsed. Don was outside. The ranch is situated in the valley of the Santa Clara river, several miles from the dam.

When the dam broke and the great avalanche of water was loosed, Don heard it coming and ran to his mistress. His frantic barking awakened her. He tugged at the sleeping children.

Mrs. Chivvis gathered up her children and followed the dog. He led them to a high hill. They reached it just as the roaring river smashed the house to bits.

**This Heroine Scratched Mistress**  
To Patsy, a frisky wire-haired terrier went the silver medal. Patsy is owned by Mrs. Lillian Rivers of Pasadena.

Mrs. Rivers was sleeping one afternoon when a lessening of the gas pressure caused a fire in the room to be extinguished. The gas flowed, and just as Mrs. Rivers was losing consciousness, the dog leaped at her and scratched so vigorously that the pain temporarily revived her. Mrs. Rivers staggered toward the doorway but fell twice from the effects of the gas and seemed unable to rise until Patsy's faithful biting and scratching roused her. Finally she "scratched" fresh air.

**Honored After Death**

The bronze medal was awarded posthumously to Jinky, mother of May. May was decorated but in reality she was the one saved.



"Billy Watkins," young steed, above, received a posthumous ribbon of valor in behalf of "Matchless," a thoroughbred, who saved "Billy's" life in a stampede. The medal winning dogs below are, left to right: "Brownie," ribbon and gold medal; "Jinky," who received the posthumous bronze medal awarded his mother, and "Patsy," silver medalist.

May, while a tiny puppy, ran into the street almost directly under an approaching automobile. While snatching the puppy from under the wheels, Jinky was crushed. One of the ten honor ribbons went to Brownie, whose valor in saving little Helen Pappan resulted in his winning two national awards offered by dog-food companies.

Helen is now four years of age. Some time ago, she too was in the path of an oncoming automobile. Brownie leaped and pushed her to safety.

Another ribbon of valor was awarded posthumously to Matchless, a thoroughbred, for saving Billy Watkins, a young steed from being trampled to death by a group of vicious mules. Billy Watkins received the award in behalf of his deceased rescuer.

**W. M. S. REPORT**

The W. M. S. met at the church building at 3:30 Tuesday afternoon with five members present. Devotional was led by Mrs. Dilger. The lesson of Hannah was discussed, and was followed with prayer by Mrs. Highfill. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Dixon, Tuesday, August 19. Election of officers will be the last Tuesday, August 26.

**VISITS OLD FRIENDS HERE**

Raymond Wright, Amarillo, arrived here Saturday and spent part of the week visiting his many Friona friends while taking his vacation. He was formerly an employee of the Friona State Bank and formed a large circle of loyal friends while here. He is holding an important position with one of the Amarillo banks.

**RETURN HOME**

Misses Florence and Elen Killgore and Messrs. Hutson and Harding of Denton and Texas City who spent a few days here last week visiting in the Goodwine home south of town, left Saturday morning for their homes.

All these young people expressed themselves as well pleased with the appearance of the Plains country and would have enjoyed a longer stay, but business matters demanded that the young men return home.

**CROP PROSPECTS NOT GOOD**

It seems that most farmers are complaining of their corn not making a good showing for even a fair yield this season. They claim this to be due to the fact that corn when it reaches the stage of tasselling and putting on ears must have favorable conditions which failed to appear at the proper time this season, and the crop will thus be very light.

**SUNSET STAGE LINES**

Amarillo, Clovis, Santa Rosa Division

**Buses Leave Friona:**

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

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

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

Ticket Office: City Drug Store

**Largest Plane Set for Ocean Hop**



When the Dornier DO-X, above, world's largest airplane, takes off from Friedrichshafen, Germany, for its flight across the Atlantic in August, it will be piloted by an American, Lieutenant C. H. Schildhauer, right, former navy flyer. The plane, which will be powered with 12 American motors, set a record by taking aloft 169 persons at one time.

**SPRINKLED STREETS**

H. G. White, city secretary and superintendent of the city water plant, took time Wednesday morning to attach hose to a hydrant at Main and Sixth streets and give the roadway at that point a good wetting to kill the dust. He says he now has fifty connections with the water mains, with perhaps sixty users. He demonstrated the fact that he can throw a stream of water over the top of any building on Main street with the present arrangement.

**WILL HAVE NINETEEN TEACHERS**

Prof. J. A. Conway reports that the Friona schools will have a force of nineteen teachers employed during the coming term. These teachers have all been employed and the Star is promised a list of the names for use next week.

**LAYMEN'S MEETING**

The next meeting of the community laymen will be held Sunday night at the Baptist church for which an interesting program has been arranged. Prof. Conway, chairman of the program committee, extended an invitation to Dr. J. A. Hill, president of W. T. S. T. C. Canyon, to be present and speak. Dr. Hill replied that he was grateful for the honor, but other arrangements would prevent his being present. He assured Mr. Conway that Mr. Sheffield of the college faculty would be here in his stead.

Prof. Sheffield, head of the history department of the college, is a man of unusual ability and will give his audience an instructive and interesting discourse. Other feature will be community singing, led by R. F. Fleet, and a number of musical features. A cordial invitation is extended to the public and it is hoped that Prof. Sheffield will be greeted by a crowded house.

**Spring's Store**

A good place to buy almost everything you really need.

DRY GOODS—GROCERIES  
SHOES

F. L. SPRING

**Want Ads**

**Konjola Ends Neuritis and Stomach Pains**

Grateful Man Eager to Endorse Famed Medicine That Did So much for Him.



MR. W. T. BRYANT

"Konjola is the best medicine ever made," said Mr. W. T. Bryant, 1009 Morrell street, Oak Cliff, near Dallas. "Neuritis became so severe in my legs that I could scarcely walk. There was a constant aching in my back and shoulders. I could never get a perfect night's rest. My bowels were irregular and I was constantly taking cathartics. I always had a sour stomach, frequent accumulations of gas and severe headaches. My vitality was at low ebb, and I felt miserable.

"After giving Konjola a trial I am like a different man. Konjola restored my organs to normal condition and they now function perfectly. I am no longer bothered with indigestion or constipation. The neuritis pains have completely left me and my entire system is in good condition. Konjola deserves all the praise it gets—and more."

When taken for six to eight weeks Konjola the new and different medicine, will work wonders that will astonish those who suffer from the stubborn ills of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and of rheumatism, neuritis and nervousness.

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

Your Nyal Store. Friona Drug Co.

FOR SALE—Full blood buff Orpington cockerels, \$1.50 each. J. W. HIGHFILL, 3 1/2 miles southeast of Friona. 2p

COW TO TRADE for Leghorn pullets. J. A. BLACKWELL. 3

**CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**CONGREGATIONAL**

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

**METHODIST**

Sunday school at 10. W. C. Osborne, superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 and 8 p. m. Senior League will meet at church at 7 o'clock. DeWitt VanPelt, Pastor.

**BAPTIST**

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

Phone 55, we deliver. Friona Drug Co. 4

**EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM**

August 27. Subject: Christ in the hymns of the church. Leader: Milton Gore. Scripture. Prayer: Freda Hartsfield. Roll call. My favorite hymn about Jesus. Hymns of Nativity: Ouida Bell. Noche de Paz, duet, arranged by Mrs. VanPelt. Hymns of exultation and triumph Ernest Jones. Hymns of quiet praise: Floyd Brockfield. Hymns of challenge: Maurine Furlong. Hymns of aspiration, longing and sorrow: Paul Parr. Missionary hymn: Juanita Crow. Hymns of the cross: May Turner. Prayer hymn: Come thou Fount of Every Blessing: Sung by the Leaguers with bowed heads. Announcements.

**VISITING IN LLANO.**

Mrs. O. F. Lange and daughters, Carolyn and Doris Ann, have been spending the past two weeks in Llano, Texas. They are visiting Mr. Lange's father and other relatives and will be away for several days longer.

**ENTERTAINS INTERMEDIATES**

Members of the Intermediate B. Y. P. U. were entertained by Mrs. E. S. Euler at her home southeast of town last Thursday evening. There were 27 present and the evening was enjoyed by everyone present. After the social hour refreshments were served. We were glad to have as guests Mr. Truitt, Mr. York and Mrs. Crane.

With every dollar purchase, a free umbrella at Friona Drug Co.

**JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.**

Program, Sunday, August 17: Topic: Into a far country and home again. Jesus sits with sinners: Stanley Massey. The Son goes to his Father. Alta Standiford. He goes into a far country: Ray White. He becomes a swineherd: Dale Turner. He returns home: Edith Mae Frost. The feast: Glenn Turner. The Father's answer: Florene Elam. Poem: Mrs. Burton. Bible readings. For the best candy, buy King's candy. Friona Drug Co. 4

**A. C. YOUNG'S CROPS**

A. C. Young was in from his farm nine miles west Tuesday and paid the Star a visit. He says his crops look promising and he has hopes of a good grain yield. He has 20 acres of millet he says is fine and ready to head. He grows millet as cow feed and believes it is the equal of any hay grown. He has gone over his wheat land with a one-way since harvest and says the soil is in fine condition.

We deliver. Anything, any time, and place. Friona Drug Co. 4

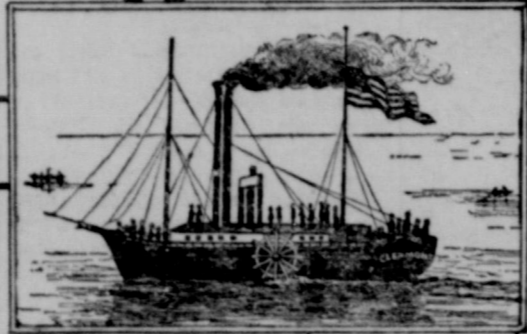
**W. M. S. PROGRAM**

Topic: Notable native Christian leaders. Leader: Mrs. Short. Prayer: Mrs. Truitt. Agbebi, Evangelistic pastor: Mrs. Wedel. Ovinda, Teacher and faithful steward: Mrs. Dilger. Helpers in China: Mrs. Burton. Brazil's grand old man: Mrs. Wood. Marimino Fernandez: Mrs. Dixon.

**HOMELAND REVIVAL.**

Revival meeting at Hub or Homeland, seven miles south of Friona, is going on now and through next week. Sisters Neva Clark of Altus, Oklahoma, is in charge. Don't fail to hear her message of love. Come and bring others with you. W. C. WILKERSON. Keep cool at our fount. Friona Drug Co. 4

# Who "Invented" the Steamboat?



**W**HO "invented" the steamboat? Ask ten Americans that question and the chances are that nine out of the ten, remembering a few outstanding names in their school histories, will answer "Robert Fulton," thereby proving once more what a strange jumble of fact and fiction is the average American's conception of the history of his country. For the question of who deserves credit for "inventing" the steamboat has recently started another of those controversies over historical matters, which sometimes results in clearing up certain disputed points in the annals of our nation. More often it does not, principally because the partisans never seem able to agree upon a strict definition of terms, without which it is virtually impossible to settle such disputes conclusively.

In this particular case the word "inventor" is the crux of the situation. While popular opinion accords that distinction to Robert Fulton, and in 1900 he was elected to the Hall of Fame at New York university as "the inventor of the steamboat," being the first inventor and the ninth American chosen to membership among "America's Immortals," his right to that title has been challenged on behalf of no less than eight other Americans. Outstanding among these claims is that in behalf of Lieut. John Fitch, who, it is asserted, made a successful trip on the Delaware river in a steamboat which he had designed more than 20 years before Fulton's historic voyage up the Hudson in the Clermont.

Fitch's right to the title of "inventor" is supported by his descendants who are members of the Fitch Family association. They have nominated his name for inclusion in the Hall of Fame at New York university with the demand that either the name and bust of Fulton be removed or that those of Fitch be added. They are planning a nationwide celebration in 1935 to mark the one hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of "the invention of the steamboat by Fitch in 1785," and they ask that this celebration be given recognition by the government and that public agencies and national patriotic societies co-operate in it as they did in the Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1907.

They base their contention that Fitch rather than Fulton was the "inventor" of the steamboat upon certain official acts of the government, the chief one being that both houses of congress by a unanimous vote, approved on February 12, 1926, an appropriation of \$15,000 for a suitable monument to Fitch as "the first in the world's history to successfully apply steam propulsion of vessels through water." This memorial was unveiled May 27, 1927, in the public square in Bardonia, Ky., where Fitch died July 2, 1798, in poverty and despair of proving to an unbelieving world the practical value of a steamboat.

They point out, too, that the labels on the models of steamboats in the Smithsonian Institution bears their contention that he was the "inventor." These labels read as follows: JOHN FITCH'S STEAMBOAT—Designed by John Fitch, built in Philadelphia in 1785, and first tested on the Delaware river July 27 of that year, when a successful public trial was made. Equipped with a steam engine which, connected by geared ma-

chinery, sprocket wheel and chain, operated six oars placed vertically in a frame on each side of the boat. "In 1788 Fitch completed his first commercial boat for carrying passengers, and it was driven in a similar manner. This boat was 60 feet long and 8 feet wide. She made a trip from Philadelphia to Burlington, about 20 miles, in July, 1788, the longest ever made by any steamboat up to that date. October 12, 1788, the boat took 30 passengers from Philadelphia to Burlington in 3 hours and 10 minutes, a speed of over six miles an hour. In 1790 Fitch built another boat which attained a speed of eight miles an hour and continued to run on the Delaware river, carrying passengers and freight, for three or four months."

**RUMSEY'S STEAMBOAT**—"Propelled by jets of water forced out through the stern. Tested on the Potomac river at Shepherdstown, Va., 1787."

**STEAMBOAT CLERMONT, 1807**—"Designed by Robert Fulton, built in the city of New York, and made its first trip from that city to Albany in August, 1807."

Of these labels, the one on Fitch's model is the only one which uses words "successful public trial." If, then, a "successful public trial" is proof of "invention," it would seem that there is no doubt as to the right of Fitch to be given the title of "inventor of the steamboat." However, there are those whose definition of "invention" is a vastly different one and they assert that no one person can claim the credit for the invention of the steamboat.

Of the other "inventors" of the steamboat, the volume "The March of Commerce" by Malcolm Keir in the Yale University Press, "Pageant of America," has this to say: "Samuel Morey of New Hampshire, who began experimenting with a steamboat in 1790, built a paddle-wheel steamer which in 1794 ran from Hartford to New York at a speed of about 15 miles an hour. This boat had the paddle wheel at the stern. A later boat of Morey's, built at Bordentown on the Delaware, was operated with two side paddle wheels. Others who were seized with the 'steam mania,' as it was derisively called at the time, were William Longstreet of New Jersey, whose boat made five miles an hour against the current of the Savannah river in 1790, and Elijah Ormsbee of Connecticut, who made paddles to imitate ducks' feet and operated them by steam in a boat that he nav-

igated from Cranston to Providence and Pawtucket and return. "Oliver Evans, who invented the high-pressure steam engine and tubular boiler, applied it to moving boats as well as highway wagons and mills. Steam dredges built by him, such as the Oruktor Amphibolos, operated in 1804 through the water under their own power. Robert R. Livingston, afterward associated with Fulton, built a steamboat and ran it on the Hudson. John Evans of Hoboken, N. J., experimented with a half-dozen different steamboats after 1791, and eventually hit upon the idea of the screw propeller in place of the more usual setting poles, paddles, oars, or paddle wheels. Stevens himself, however, soon discarded the screw propeller in favor of paddle wheels, and it was not until years later—in 1839—that the screw propeller received further attention.

"Benjamin Franklin, who had a finger in nearly every pie that was cooking during his lifetime, was a member of an association headed by James Rumsey, a native of Maryland, that proposed to try Franklin's idea of propelling a boat by sucking in water at the bow and ejecting it at the stern. A boat was built and run on this principle by Rumsey in 1787, a steam pump being the means of ejecting the water. Rumsey had in 1784 exhibited a steamboat before General Washington at Bath, Va. In this earlier boat the power had been steam applied by cranks to a series of setting poles. Fitch, who had applied for state monopolies over steamboats, contested Rumsey's invention, so Rumsey took his ideas to London but died there in 1792, before they became practical."

In mentioning the men who contributed to the success of the steamboat there is one name which cannot justly be omitted. Fitch, Fulton and the others had built steamboats which would operate on gently-flowing bodies of water in the East, but it remained for another man to tame the swift waters of the West. Fulton and Livingston tried it and failed. But Henry M. Shreve, whose name is perpetuated in the city of Shreveport, La., succeeded. Shreve called his boat the Washington and in it he made two round trips between Louisville, Ky., and New Orleans, making the return trip in the then unbelievably fast time of 25 days or less than a fourth of the time it took the bargemen and keelboat pole men to make the same distance. From that time on steamboats went everywhere, no matter how swift the current they had to buck.

(By Waters Newspaper Union.)

## A Few Little Smiles

**LOOKED QUEER**  
The Bride (indignantly)—I never was so embarrassed in my life!  
The Groom—Why, whass matter, dearie?  
The Bride—All through the wedding ceremony you had your eyes glued on the side door marked "Exit," and the best man actually started two or three times to grab you as if he thought you were going to make a dash for it.

**AN ACCIDENT**  
He—"Did that girl who was so determined to marry George get him?"  
She—"No, she did not." He—"Did he die of accident or disease?"

**From a Rear Seat**  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
On the vaudeville stage afar!  
I wonder how you'd look if I,  
With glasses up, were sitting nigh?

**Carry On**  
Pat, who was moving, had asked one or two of his friends to carry his chicken-house round for him.  
They found this a very strenuous job but struggled on. About halfway they set the coop down to have a rest when one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Why, where's Pat?"  
"I'm all right," came a voice from inside the house, "I'm carrying the perches."—Exchange.

**Godspeed!**  
"Let me take \$10 will you? I left my wallet at home."  
"Sorry, but I can't. I'll put you in the way of getting it, though."  
"Thanks. How?"  
"Here's a dime for carfare. Run home and get your wallet."

**Education Something Fierce**  
"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the mistress of a fashionable home of the prospective negro maid.  
"Dey was too highbrow for me," she answered. "Dey was always fightin' an' fussin', an' it sho' kept me busy runnin' from de keyhole to de dictionary, so Ah got mad an' quit."

**Nerve**  
"What's this extra charge for oil?" demanded the motorist.  
"That's for the oil we left on the upholstery," explained the garage man.

**HIS OWN GAME FIRST**  
She—"Do you ever give any consideration to our foreign relations?"  
He—"Can't say I do. My poor relations get all I have to give."

**Economics**  
The old experience comes again  
To all the conscientious lands,  
With many striving to explain  
What no one clearly understands.

**Even Split**  
Angry Mistress—"In the time it takes me to tell you to do the work, I could do it myself."  
Housemaid—"Yes'm, and in the time it takes me to listen to you, so could I."

**Foolish Chance to Take**  
"George was killed going to pay a debt."  
"There! That is what comes of wanting to pay one's debts."—Stray Stories.

**Education's Costs**  
"Since you gave your son a car has he kept his promise to do more studying at college?"  
"I'm certain of it, because he writes home much oftener now for money for books."

**Trained Caddy**  
The Collier—Loading as usual?  
The Terrier—Nope, I gotta job. I get a pork chop just for retrieving that little ball and dropping it some where near the hole.

## PAJAMAS IN CHILDHOOD'S REALM; BERET FOR FALL GAINS CLASS

IF THERE'S one place more than another where pajama costumes seem to fit into their environment becomingly, that place is in the children's realm. Bless their dear hearts, how cunning they look flitting about in their little trouser and blouse outfits, and with what enthusiasm designers are creating pajama styles for wee folks. There are as many kinds of pajama styles for fashionable youngsters as there are for grownups ranging from lounging to beach types.



ATTRACTIVE AND PRACTICAL SUIT

For the making of juvenile pajama costumes shantung is proving a most adaptable material. It has so many arguments in its favor, first among which is the fact of its perfect laundering qualities. Then too the lovely colors of shantung fit charmingly into the happy scenes of the lilliputian world.

Shantung in a delightfully cool-looking light green was the choice of the designer who styled the attractive and very practical suit illustrated. Bordered with white shantung make a pretty trimming. A unique feature is the group of tucks down the front, the blouse buttoning at the shoulders. The pockets are adequate to store the trinkets which children take such joy in carrying about with them during play hours. The neckline is finished very prettily with a narrow scarf which is tied in a soft bow over one shoulder.

A new fall inspiration is the white beret worn with the very chic neck ruffles pleated of white maline or starched chiffon. Add to this ultra combination white gloves and white purse and the black frock or ensemble is set off to perfection.

Black velvet touched with white repeats and repeats in the showing of autumn berets. The very attractive model to the right at the top in this group tells its own story of chic.

The importance of velvet for autumn is already conceded by milliners, especially white millinery as an accent for black costumes, makes way for a program of perfectly charming berets styled of white velvet. These are manipulated in every conceivable way. A favorite type has a long shoulder drape, as shown first in the group below. Wide white velvet ribbon works out very successfully for models of this type. Frequently the piece-velvet is shirred, and being thin and dainty as chiffon, the effect is all that one can wish for.

In all children's style displays nowadays particular attention is called to pajama fashions. Just now the



SOME BERETS FOR FALL

Designers are especially making a feature of shirred velvet. Note the stunning beret illustration in the lower left corner. It is of velvet shirred in a manner typical of the new trend. White feather brushes tipped with black add their quota of smartness. The center hat is crocheted of chenille. It intermingles black and white in a tweed effect. Emphasis is also placed on the chenille beret color matched to the costume with which it is worn.

The group pictured concludes with a formal beret suitable for evening wear. It is made of glittering black cellophane with a band and a bow of narrow white velvet ribbon.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY  
(By Western Newspaper Union.)

LOVE—  
LOVE WILL  
NEVER  
DIE.

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"WHAT did Tom say?" "He said if you didn't win the race when there was so much at stake, your love was as weak as ditch water, and pretty soon it would be as dead as a door nail." Mary reluctantly told him as she eagerly scanned his face for some refutation of Tom's bald statement.

"And then I suppose he said you should marry him," he finished. He nodded.

"I'll knock his block off!" said Karl Wesson. "But, say, wait, Mary, we'll take him up on that little statement. You know that my love will never die, but I'm willing to let his brainless statement stand, because—he set his jaws and tensed his muscles—I'm going to win." He looked at his watch. "Time to go, dear. Sing me your favorite song before I leave. I'll buy me up when I'm struggling in the icy waters of Lake Georgia."

And when the clear mezzo-soprano voice rose and fell in "Love—love—love will never die," and finally trailed away, Karl seized his fiancée in a bearlike hug. Then, seizing his hat, he rushed from the house, calling back to her as she stood in the door: "I'm bringing home the bacon, Mary, never you fear!"

A half-hour later he had boarded the train that bore him to Georgia to enter the great marathon swim. It was no ordinary race that Karl Wesson was entering. It was a race between Tom Slocumb and himself for the girl they both loved. If Karl won the marathon he would be in a position to marry, an event which had become increasingly more remote through his mother's invalidism and the constant drain upon his lean pocketbook. If he failed, his rival would, in exchange for Mary's heart and hand, pay off the mortgage, which was to be foreclosed next week on her home.

That was the way matters stood, to put it baldly. But it had never been put baldly, or any other way, by either Mary or Karl. They tacitly avoided the subject. But Karl knew that Mary's love and mistaken sense of duty toward her aged father would lead her to sacrifice herself for his comfort and happiness.

Knowing the pressure that was being brought to bear upon Mary by her father, who viewed with growing alarm the prospect of being turned into the street, Karl had in desperation entered the swim. A veritable fish in the water, he felt he would win; he must win, and save Mary from that great hulking fellow who had amassed hordes of filthy lucre in the slaughter house.

Mary sat rigid and petrified, staring into the loud speaker of the little homemade radio in their small cottage, her dear old friend and neighbor Mrs. O'Rafferty, who had long held Mary's secrets in her ample breast, now holding Mary's trembling hand.

"This is station WKE," said the radio announcer, "broadcasting from Georgia the progress of the great marathon swim." Then, after an interminable time, during which he outlined the positions of the various swimmers, he announced: "Karl Wesson well in the lead—his powerful arm cutting the water like a turbine wheel—keeping rhythmic time with his trainer's count—wa-hun—two-heo—wa-hun—to-hoo—"

And outside the little street organ played lustily: "Love—love—love will never die—"

Not much change in the swimmers' positions until noon, when it was broadcast: "Karl Wesson falling behind—in the throes of cramps—"

In the oblivion that followed Karl Wesson's anguished cry: "My God! I can't! I can't!" was heard only by his trainer, as writhing in agony, he sank six feet below the surface of the water.

Late in the afternoon, as Mary and her companion sat tense and white, there was broadcast into that little cottage: "Karl Wesson away behind—still struggling with cramps—no chance—"

Mary sobbed. Outside the hurdy-gurdy struck up vociferously: "Love—love—love will never die—"

"Go away!" cried Mary, when the little Italian rang the bell and held out his hat. "Go away! I can't bear it! Love will die! Love dies!"

"Lawve—he never die!" stoutly protested the fat little man as he smilingly backed away with the nickel which was Mary's inducement to go, but Tony's inducement to stay, for, despite her pleading to "Get away!" the little organ clanged forth in one deafening grand finale.

"You've heard the news, Mary," said Tom Slocumb, as at six o'clock he made his appearance. "I knew he hadn't it in him to win that race—"

Mary's chin went up. "He has it in him to win one race that I know of," she said sarcastically.

"Oh—all right. Just as you say. But you wouldn't turn your poor old father on the street, would you? Think that over and make it snappy!" he

said stultily as he turned toward the door.

"Wait!" she called out sharply. He turned. She slumped into a chair. And on the square little organ, played riotously. It leaped at her. It shook her. It argued with her: "Love—love—love will never die."

"Tonight at ten," she said, resolutely. He went away.

As old Mrs. O'Rafferty jogged up the street for some butter two freckle-faced boys sprawled over the sidewalk, barring her progress.

"He's licked, I tell you!" shouted one. "He ain't! Can't you read?" yelled his antagonist, pointing to the headlines of a newspaper laying on a stand in front of a cigar store. And while the affirmative and the negative rolled in the dust, prosecuting their debate, Mrs. O'Rafferty wiped her spectacles and scanned the paper.

It read: "Karl Wesson putting up superhuman fight—writhing with cramps for half an hour at a time—established a record for cramp endurance over long periods of time, should be rewarded."

And across the square the little street organ was triumphantly grinding out: "Love—love—love will never die," with Tony smiling and bowing to Mary, as, leaning from the window, she gesticulated wildly in a vain attempt to drive him off.

At exactly ten o'clock Tom Slocumb ran up Mary's steps, a telegraph messenger following closely on his heels. As Mary passed him to take the wire from the boy, he stepped into the living room and turned on the radio. It was broadcasting.

"Karl Wesson's plucky refusal to be beaten establishes a record for enduring cramps. Mrs. O'Rafferty of Wesson's home town telegraphs widow's mite, \$10, to start fund for Wesson." Click went the radio, as hearing Mary's approaching step, he turned it off.

As she entered she was reading the wire, which ran:

"Bringing home the bacon, Mary. Enough for our wedding breakfast, anyway, \$2,000 worth. Couldn't say what I wanted to with flowers today, but paid Tony to say it with music. Hope he did his duty."

Mary stopped and listened. There, outside on the square, Tony was deafeningly, exultantly, grinding out Karl's message: "Love—love—love will never die—"

Half laughing, half crying, she flew to the window and threw it open. She beckoned. Smilingly, Tony approached, hat in hand, and as she threw a crisp bill into soft folds, she whispered: "You're right, Tony; you're right!"

"Sure 'ting!" he grinned. "Lawve—he never die!"

**Scientists Still Seek Baffling Missing Link**

In advancing the theory that the cradle of human development is to be found somewhere in Central China, Doctor Black, British scientist, presents a number of interesting theories. He points to the fact that Central Asia was roamed at will by animals until the age when the Himalaya mountains rose.

Following the rising of the Himalayan range in the Mid-Tertiary time, the monsoon winds sweeping in from the Indian ocean laden with moisture met the barrier of the mountains. Forced to rise and so become condensed, the winds parted with their moisture, heavily watering the southern slope and permitting a luxuriant growth of vegetation, among which the fortunate anthropoids which had remained on the south of this barrier found existence easy and effortless.

But not so those which were left north of this barrier. For, as the winds crossed the mountains, having left their moisture on the southern side, they again descended and by expanding became drying winds.

One by one the springs failed, rivers dried and lakes became saline. Deprived of their moisture, the trees of the forests withered and died, and slowly the once heavily wooded region became a Sahara.

None suffered more from this change than the anthropoids. In the open, according to Doctor Black, the old process of swinging from branch to branch was no longer possible, and an upright gait was forced upon the creatures with the aid of a branch from dead trees.

That such a branch first grasped for support would also prove an effective weapon against an adversary would quickly be discovered, and when by accident a fragment of stone became lodged in the lower split end of such a stick, the greater effectiveness of such a reinforced weapon would not long await discovery.

The arid climate increased the discomforts of existence until the creatures were slowly driven to other climes. And thus, as the ages passed, they migrated to the four corners of the earth.

Here the study of the development of mankind ends, for the time being at least, until some fortunate scientist is able to dig up the fossilized remains of the creature that is the missing link in the chain which will lead us definitely to the Garden of Eden. —London Tit-Bits.

**Peace Conference a Failure**

Jack has a proclivity for settling his difficulties with his boy playmates in a manner which brings him home often with a black eye. His dismayed mother advised the lad not to fight, but hold a peace conference. A few days later the lad returned home bedraggled, and said:

"The peace conference didn't work. While I was a-telling Billie where to head in he got the best of me."

**Spark Plugs Cause of Many Faults of Engine**

Spark plugs that are worn out, improperly adjusted or dirty, cause missing of the engine, resulting in hard starting, excessive drain on the battery, poor engine performance, higher gasoline consumption, and larger engine repair expense.

All that is needed to correct such faults is to clean or re-gap the plugs; or if the car has gone some 10,000 miles with the same spark plugs, to replace them with new ones.

This mileage is about the limit at which engineers put the efficient life of spark plugs.

If the spark plugs need cleaning, fill the lower part of the plug with alcohol or equal parts of ammonia and water, and let stand for a few minutes. Rub the carbon from the insulator with a cloth-covered stiff wire or wooden peg. Then wipe the plug dry. Clean points with emery cloth.

The spark plugs are equipped with two electrodes set in such a manner that the electric current must jump across a small gap from one to the other. In making this jump a spark occurs. It is this spark that ignites the mixture of gasoline and air in the cylinder. The size of the gap between

the electrodes affects the type of spark adjustment. The gap for use in average motors should be no wider than .025 inch. For high compression motors it should be .020 inch. At the same time the distributor contact points should be adjusted. These should be between .015 inch and .020 inch in width of gap.

Tests show that a motor in which spark plugs had been used for a little over 10,000 miles developed 31.2 horse power, when run at an engine speed equivalent to 20 miles an hour. The same motor run at the same speed equipped with a new set of spark plugs gave a horse power reading of 38.0, an increase of 6.8 horse power.

The importance of inspecting the spark plugs and breaker contact points at least twice a year cannot be over emphasized as high compression engines of today impose a greater demand upon them than ever before.

**THE MOTOR QUIZ (How Many Can You Answer?)**

Q. What is the cause of an engine back-firing through the carburetor?

Ans. Improper valve or ignition timing, crossed or defective ignition wires, lean mixture or sticking valves.

Q. What is the cause of back-firing in the muffler?

Ans. An intermittent spark caused by improper adjustment of distributor breaker points, sticking breaker mechanics, loose or badly worn distributor brush, short-circuited wires or loose connections. Turning off the switch and coasting with the car in gear will cause gas to collect in the muffler which will often ignite when the switch is turned on.

Q. What percentage of stolen cars is recovered?

Ans. Ninety-three per cent. Seven years ago this percentage was only 74.

Q. What percentage of the 5,198,167 motor vehicles produced in the world in 1928 were made in the United States?

Ans. Eighty-three and one-half per cent.

**Son Making Good**



Walter Johnson, Jr., son of the "Big Train," appeared on the mound for the Bethesda Juniors in the Capital City league for the first time since he was injured when struck by an automobile several months ago. His father, at the same time, was plotting the Nationals into first place in the American league. This photo shows Walter, Jr., warming up on the mound.

**College Baseball Players Not Agreed on Coaches on Bench**

College baseball in the East and West differed in one unimportant respect. To keep the coaches from haranguing the umpires the Big Ten had an agreement to keep the coaches on the bench, but in the East the tendency was to keep the coaches off the bench.

Fifteen years ago, when Tack Hardwick was Harvard's baseball coach, Yale asked that the coaches be kept off the bench during the Harvard-Yale series and the same arrangement was in effect in the sixty-second annual series this spring.

Hardwick, however, says that the

system is no good. "College baseball is miles and miles behind professional baseball in strategy, skill and everything else," he says. "Yet the professionals have directors on the bench. It will take a lot of argument to convince me that college players do not need a bench director."

It really takes the college boys to prove how intricate baseball is. They play pretty smart football and basketball, but it is really astonishing to see how many simple and fundamental mental mistakes they make in almost every game of baseball which they play.

**NOTES OF SPORTS**

There are 200 golf clubs in the area of Chicago.

Fort Worth has sold Infelder Nick Urban to the Dallas steers.

The tusks of 4,000 elephants are needed each year to supply billiard balls for the world.

Granville Bush, younger brother of

**Gallant Fox Best**



Earl Sande, premier jockey, who has ridden Gallant Fox to fame, paid the horse his respects. He said: "I think he is the best horse that I have ridden over a distance of ground for a number of years. He is better than Zev over a long route, but I believe Zev had more early speed."

**PITCHER PENNOCK FIGHTS OLD AGE**

HERE'S an old saying that youth must be served and that old age must fall by the wayside. Herb Pennock, the slender southpaw, is quietly and earnestly fighting to hold his own with Col. Jake Ruppert's ball club, and it appears as if he will succeed in his task of keeping youthful, for a while, anyhow.

Pennock has reached the heights of big league baseball more than once. He has passed the peak of greatness as a pitcher and is now on the road that leads to the way out or to the minors. The southpaw no doubt realizes this much himself, but he would like to have another season or two before he quits the game he loves so well and retires to his home in Kennett Square to give all his time to his family and the breeding of foxes.

Pennock believes that he will have a successful season and help the Yankees to overthrow Connie Mack and his world's champion Athletics in the American league race. Bob Shawkey, manager, holds the same opinion as his veteran southpaw. According to Bob the "Gob" and "Doc" Painter, the trainer, there is nothing out of gear with Pennock's arm and Herbie should be able to take his regular turn on the mound, not every four days, but once in about every five or six days.

This is great news as there is no more likeable or affable individual in baseball than this same Herb Pennock.



Herb Pennock.

**Book on Sports Reveals Few Causes of Genuine Fatigue**

The athlete who has wondered about the tired feeling that follows unusual exertion is given the "inside dope" by Professor Elwyn of Columbia university in his new book, "Yourself, Inc." The runner or swimmer isn't simply tired; he has been poisoned—and the villain in the case is himself.

Research has shown that exercise develops in the muscles a poison called lactic acid, which must be slowly burned up by oxygen to effect recovery. In the few seconds of a 100-yard dash more than an ounce of acid is formed, requiring over an hour before the last drop is burned away. The heat generated in an active person's

muscles consumes the oxygen and releases the carbon dioxide. Experiments have shown that a swimmer exhales 12 times as much carbon dioxide as an idle person does. A marching man with a heavy pack develops sufficient heat every five minutes to raise the heat of his body one degree Fahrenheit; at the end of 10 hours, however, he does not reach boiling point, thanks to his wonderful automatic cooling system.

**AUTOMOBILE HINTS**

Kentucky has one automobile for every nine persons.

Motorists who wantonly rob nature of its wild flowers ought to be taken into custody along with the other bandits.

Noise under the floor board, when the car is coasting with the clutch disengaged, may be a clue to wear in the universal joints.

To the reckless speeder in the underworld every pedestrian is a "jay walker" who takes his chance of having placed himself accidentally on the spot.

Don't, if you are a woman driver, presume that every man will give way to you. Even if he should want to in this unchivalrous age, he cannot be expected to inspect the driver of each car.

There is a clue to what is wrong with the car in the color of the smoke that issues from the exhaust pipe. If it is black, the meaning is too much gasoline. Blue or white smoke indicates an excess of oil in the engine.

An efficacious means of keeping awake while motoring is to keep one foot off the floor, says Time, the News magazine. The probable explanation is that the strained position forces constant attention, and wakefulness.

**OF ALL KINDS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES**

Guy of the Cuba, is pitching for a semi-pro club in Chicago.

Six of the first nine players on the University of Illinois baseball team this year were sophomores.

The Southern amateur golf championship has been undefeated by title holders three years running.

Paulino Uzcudum, Basque pugilist, wears gloves that weigh 28 ounces each when he is in training.

Gordon (Cy) Williams, Temple university pitcher, signed a contract with the Detroit American league team.

Orval Martin, Purdue distance runner, never lost a Western conference race. He won eight in six meets.

Athletic games still hold their popularity, although aviation, at present, is undoubtedly the world's greatest sport.

Schulmerich, bigger than Ruth, is starring in the Los Angeles outfield and the Cubs are watching him closely.

Billy Bayne, pitcher sent to Chattanooga by the Boston Red Sox, is making a bid to get back in the majors.

Since 1918 the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast league has sold \$678,000 worth of players to the major leagues.

Bill Slater, singles champion of the Northwestern International Bowling Congress, has been active in the alleys for 15 years, but has yet to bowl his first "300" game.

Football and baseball are becoming so popular in Mexico that on Sunday afternoons vacant lots in cities and

**Tallest Traffic Cop Is Guarding Busy Corner**

Officer Harold D. Johnson, the six foot three guardian of the busy corner at Fourteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, midway between the Capitol and the White House, is the tallest



Officer Johnson and His "High Sign."

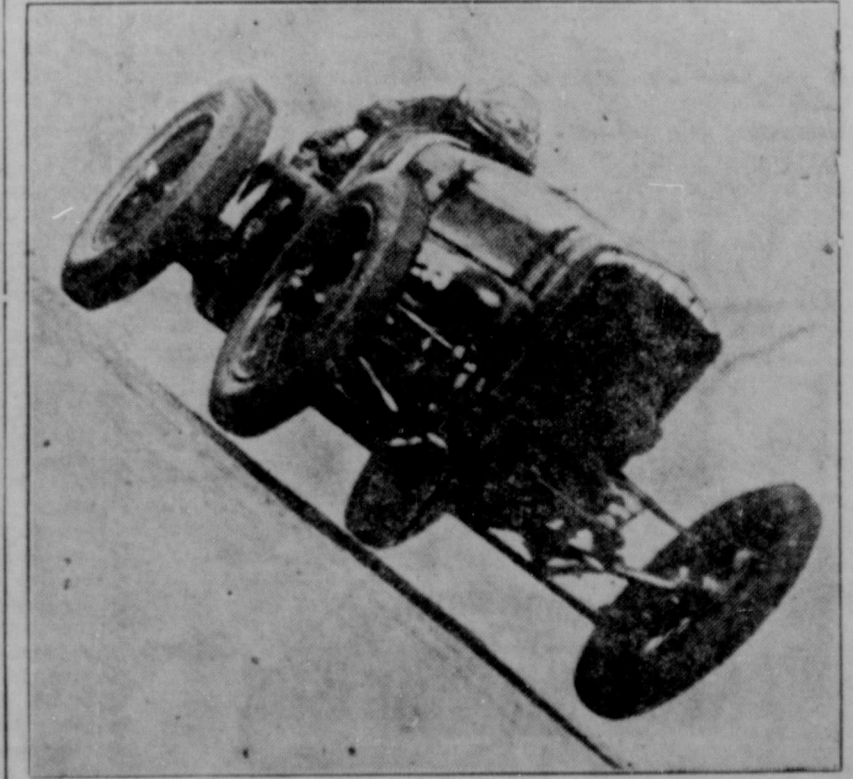
traffic cop in Washington, if not in the country.

So tall is this stalwart officer that a special semaphore, six inches higher than standard, was erected for him. Photo shows Officer Johnson and his "high sign" with the dome of the Capitol looming in the distance.

**Control Drivers**

The age limit for driving automobiles in England is now at seventeen. All operators are required to obtain a driver's license. This license is issued only with certain specifications. Most important of these is that which requires the applicant to make a declaration as to whether or not he is suffering from any mental disease or physical ailment which to his knowledge would cause the vehicle while under his control to be a danger to the public.

**KAYE DON SMASHES ENGLISH MARK**



Kaye Don, in his powerful Sunbeam racing automobile, tearing around the Brooklands track at a speed of 137 miles per hour to create another record for the track. Three of the wheels of his racer are shown off the board track as he takes a hairpin curve.

## International Sunday School Lesson

BY DR. J. E. NUNN

August 17, 1930.

### SAUL

A Man of Great Possibilities Who Failed.

1 Sam. 9:15-17, 25-27, 10:1, 19:9-11, 31:1-4.

Golden Text: Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10:12

#### Introduction.

"Saul began so well! And Saul might have been what David was—accompanied by God, prosperous, and the idol of his people. Two

souls stand side by side for a moment on the same platform, with the same divine goodness and love encircling them, and the one steadily rises, while the other as steadily sinks. How awful are the endless possibilities of progress in either direction that lie open for every soul of man!"—Alexander Maslaren.

The story of Saul opens in Samuel's old age. The great prophet-judge had not learned the lesson which he should have learned from his predecessor, Eli, but had repeated Eli's great mistake in failing to train his two sons in ways of righteousness. The people saw that, as judges, those young men

## Telling Them Apart—By a Hair



When it comes to an ingenious method of telling twins apart you must hand it to the Hunter twins, above, for using their heads. When they boarded the liner Ecuador at Los Angeles for a voyage recently passengers could easily identify them because Clarence, right, bobbed her hair while sister Marie, let hers stay long.

took bribes, were avaricious, and perverted justice; therefore, despairing of a successor to Samuel from his own family, they asked Samuel to appoint some one to be king, as all surrounding nations had kings. Samuel protested, but the people insisted, and finally Jehovah told his prophet to grant their request.

#### Saul's First Meeting With Samuel.

When Saul started out from home to find the asses that had strayed from his father's pastures, little did he dream of the experiences to which his journey would lead. Though he did not suspect it, the hand of God was guiding him. The failure to find the animals he was hunting resulted in his meeting with Samuel, the old prophet, who had so long judged Israel. "That these two should meet, and that the older of them should have the opportunity of instructing and influencing the younger, was of the greatest consequence for the future welfare of the nation. And the meeting is brought about in that casual way that a first sight seems to indicate that all things happen without plan or purpose. Yet we find on more careful examination that every event has been planned to fit in to every other as carefully as the pieces of a dissected map, or the fragments of a fine mosaic."—Blakie.

#### Saul's Commanding Appearance.

"When he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward." When Saul was brought before the people they were at once impressed by his splendid physique. "To an Oriental people, a stately and commanding personality was essential to an ideal king. They liked a king that would look well on great occasions, that would be a commanding figure at the head of an army, and inspire at first sight an involuntary respect for the nation that had such a ruler at its head."

#### Saul and Johnathan, His Son

The warlike Philistines on the Mediterranean seaboard had gained such ascendancy over the Israelites in central Palestine that they would not allow them to have smiths to make weapons and sharpen their tools, so that they might be as defenceless as possible. They look with deep suspicion on the election of Saul as king, considering it a portent of revolt. Saul knew that he would soon be attacked by them and carefully prepared an army. Johnathan, Saul's brave and noble son, himself took the offensive, and news of his successful attack flew over the land. A host joined Saul at Gilgal, the ancient capital.

In this battle Saul almost lost the day and nearly lost his own son by invoking a curse on any one who should eat before the victory was gained. But Johnathan did not know of his father's injunction and ate a little wild honey to strengthen himself for the pursuit. Saul, when he heard it, was on the point of slaying Johnathan, but the people were more sensible and their determined protests saved the crown prince whose gallantry had really won the day.

#### Saul Forfeits His Kingdom.

At the opening of this important campaign Samuel bade Saul wait at Gilgal till he should come to offer sacrifice and obtain Jehovah's favor for the way on which he had entered. In order to test Saul's faith and obedience Samuel delayed his coming for a week beyond the time he had set. Saul's soldiers were deserting and at last his impatience could brook no further procrastination. There should be sacrifices, but he would offer them himself, which he proceeded to do. In the course of this impious proceeding Samuel appeared, horrified, and sternly rebuked Saul's unfaith and disobedience. "Because you have not kept the Lord's command," the aged prophet declared, "your kingdom shall not continue." It was a true prophecy, and must have shaken Saul's

willful self-confidence, but he soon forgot it and was as headstrong as ever.

#### Saul's Moral Decline.

"The spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." As the result of Saul's disobedience the Spirit of Jehovah left him, for the Holy Spirit cannot make his abode in an unholy life. To punish him, the Lord sent an evil spirit to take his place, a spirit which tormented him with melancholia, one of the most distressing of all forms of insanity, as the records of insane asylums show abundantly. Modern insane asylums also show the power of music as a soothing treatment for the insane, and it is used for that purpose exactly as David's harp and David's lovely psalms were used in the case of Saul. The young shepherd, David, calmed and delighted Saul by his beautiful soul as well as by his sweet songs and became at once a favorite with the king.

#### Saul Seeks to Kill David.

For the remainder of Saul's life his dark story is interwoven with the bright history of David. The shepherd boy's defeat of the Philistine giant, Goliath, made him the ideal of Saul's army, won for him Saul's daughter, Michal, as his wife and aroused against him the king's bitter jealousy. Fortunately Johnathan, the fine spirited crown prince, who would naturally be most jealous of David's rising fame, felt nothing of that embittering passion, but loved David as his own soul.

When Saul planned David's death it was Johnathan who interceded for him, winning his father to better thoughts, and gaining for David his old place in Saul's affections. But this did not last long, for war broke again with the Philistines and the laurels again went to David, so that Saul's murderous jealousy was once more excited.

"And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the spear." Moffatt's translation is, "Saul tried to pin David to the wall with the spear." A sudden frenzy, born of his jealousy, came over Saul, and he was in the habit of yielding to his fits of passion rather than suppressing them. "But he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the spear into the wall." David had not lost the agility of his shepherd days, when he had to meet the wolves and bears that attacked the sheep. "And David fled, and escaped that night." He saw clearly that further attempts to soothe Saul were futile; the king had placed himself beyond help.

#### Saul at Endor and Gilboa.

Though David was in exile, fleeing from place to place with a band of bold followers who adored him, Saul continued to seek his life. On two occasions, when Saul was pursuing him, but really could have slain him, but refrained. During this period the aged Samuel passed away.

"Saul's last offence was his consultation with the witch of Endor. He knew that God had ordered witchcraft punished and put down throughout Israel. He knew that he himself had arrested and punished all whom he could find who practiced necromancy and divination, and that it was a great sin to consult such; but now utterly desperate, with no hope of a communication from God, he requested his servants to seek him out a woman who had a familiar spirit." Next day the battle was fought.—Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D.

#### Saul's Despair and Death.

"Now the Philistines fought against Israel." The long-time enemies of Israel had gathered all their forces for a long life-and-death struggle. The fierce onset of the Philistines drove Saul's army back upon their camp, and then pursued them as they sought safety in vain on the slopes of the

mountain. "And the battle went sore against Saul and the archers overtook him." "Therefore Saul took his sword, and fell upon it." On the day after the battle the enemy found Saul's body, recognized it, and cutting off his head, fastened his body and those of his sons to the wall of Bethshan.

#### Warnings from Life of Saul.

"We have seen Saul declining from very promising appearances of religion, and advancing from one degree of impiety to another; till at last he scrupled not to consult the devil himself, and then perished miserably by his own hand. Let us, then, beware of formality and hypocrisy. Let us fear to depart from the clear line of duty in even the minutest circumstances; for many have fallen by little and little."—Thomas Robinson.

For the best refreshing drinks, Friona Drug Co.

#### KEY FAMILY ON VACATION

J. H. Key of the White & Key grocery store of this city, with his entire family departed early in the week for a few weeks vacation at some point on the Texas Gulf Coast. Mr. Key expects to spend a large part of his time while away fishing and hunting and a general recuperation.

A pleasure to serve you. What you want when you want it. Friona Drug Co.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank each and every one for their many deeds of kindness and words of consolation during the sickness and death of our darling son and brother, and we also thank each one for

### Brightest Boy



"America's Brightest Boy for 1930" was the title Arthur C. Williams, above, of East Providence, R. I., acquired by winning the Edison scholarship for which 49 boys from the 48 states and the District of Columbia competed in New Jersey recently. He is entitled to four years tuition at any technical school.

the floral offerings. May such sorrow never come to any of you, is our prayer. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Collier and Children. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cason. For the best of service, Friona Drug Co.

## Summerfield

BY MRS. L. JOHNSON

Mrs. J. A. Noland and daughter, Mrs. L. B. Lookingbill, were hostesses at a miscellaneous shower honoring Mrs. Robert Sisk, nee Lorraine Hayes, last Friday afternoon. The house was beautiful in decoration. There were many nice and useful gifts presented to the

honoree. Miss Opal Hayes gave a solo in her usual charming manner. Miss Leatrus Walser gave two appropriate readings. Mrs. Gerald Morgan gave a toast to the bride. Mrs. Andrew Behrends rendered a piano solo. Delicious refreshments of punch were served by the hostesses.

Ky Lawrence went to Oklahoma recently to visit in the home of his parents.

Bill Storey and son Kelly, formerly of this place but now of Amarita, Oklahoma, has been visiting relatives and friends here the past two weeks.

Mrs. J. B. Davis and children returned last week from a visit with relatives at Borger and Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beck are the proud parents of a baby son, born last Thursday morning.

## HOGS

### RAISE MORE HOGS

When your bank account gets low, bring a load of hogs to Friona ON FRIDAY and get TOP PRICES by selling to

## SCHLENKER

# FOR SALE

Machinery and equipment for installing a 25-barrel Midget Flour Mill. This machinery originally cost \$3,500.00. Will take \$350.00 for same if sold at once.

# M. A. CRUM

FRIONA, TEXAS



## SCHOOL DAYS

BEGIN THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

—have you had your child's eyes examined? Millions of children will struggle through the tortuous hours of study handicapped. This near tragedy can be averted by having your child's eyes scientifically examined and fitted with glasses, if needed.

We Specialize In the Care of Your Eyes.

## DR. C. E. WORRELL

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST  
112 East Fourth Clovis, New Mexico

## The Ethics of Saving

The wisdom of ages we have for our guide, Showing how men have lived and how they have died. From Solomon's Proverbs to the wisdom of now, We are taught the ethics of saving and how; But it makes little difference by whom they are taught, These lessons by many are all put to naught. Saving is simple; it has no complex plan; Just store for the future wherever you can. The Friona State Bank is a good place to store Your money while you are making some more.

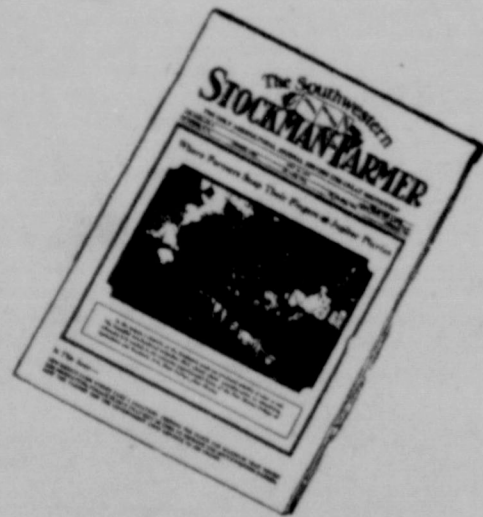
## THE FRIONA STATE BANK

# Having Bought the J. J. HORTON Insurance Agency

—I am now prepared to handle your insurance needs and will appreciate your business and can give you the best of service.

# JESSE M. OSBORN

## The Buying Guide for 34,000 Wideawake Readers



### "FARMERS' MARKET PLACE"

If you have something to sell to the farmer or stockman—whether it be hogs, dairy cattle, fencing or a harvester, you will find a buyer among the readers of the Southwestern Stockman-Farmer. This serves as the buying guide for 27,000 prosperous farmers in the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Southern Colorado and Western Oklahoma.

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