

LET'S LOOK AT THESE EVASIONS

The editor of the State Line Tribune is doing all that he can to impeach our standing and to lead us away from the county seat question—and we don't blame him.

When all this started we were not looking for a county seat fight—we were trying to help our tax collector get the people of this section of the county to pay their poll taxes.

We came back with the mere facts about Farwell as a county seat and accepted the nomination of "Moses," stating "we would do our best to lead the people of Friona out of the wilderness."

God called and a little soul went home, a precious one from us is gone; a voice we loved is still; a place is vacant in our home which can never be filled, but the grief and sorrow that is ours has been lightened by the kindness of our friends and the consideration that has been shown us.

We further said, "The Star pays its rent each month and is not subsidized with free rent to carry on Hambone policies". Notice that he does not deny that he is furnished with his building rent free so that he will be under the thumb of the Hambones.

We said in our issue of February 20: "Of course we cannot expect a user of 'canned editorials' to understand a progressive editorial policy". Note closely that we said "canned editorials".

Baby Dies In Mother's Arms Thurs.

Lola Marie, three-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Love of this city, died Thursday morning about 4 o'clock in its mother's arms on the farm of J. Mitchell, about ten miles west of Friona.

Lola Mae was born near Friona December 3, 1930, and died at the age of two months and 21 days. She leaves to mourn her passing her father and mother, a brother, all four grandparents and a great grandparent, besides a host of other relatives and friends.

When the parents retired for the night the baby apparently was in the best of health. The baby awakened its mother about four o'clock in the morning and started to nurse, gave a little sigh, and the mother thought it had gone back to sleep.

The grief-stricken young parents brought the little body into Friona to the home of Grandma Mitchell where it was kept until time for the funeral.

Funeral services were held from the Baptist church with Rev. Robbette officiating and interment was in the Friona cemetery Friday.

Card of Thanks.

God called and a little soul went home, a precious one from us is gone; a voice we loved is still; a place is vacant in our home which can never be filled, but the grief and sorrow that is ours has been lightened by the kindness of our friends and the consideration that has been shown us.

We wish to thank all of you for the help which was given us in our hour of need; we wish to thank those who sent the flowers which beautified the passing of our loved one.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Love. Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Love. Mrs. C. Foote. Othel Foote.

Still further he says: "Moses would criticize us for having bought a home in Farwell". We did not criticize him for buying a home in Farwell, even though we do think that a very poor town in which to purchase a home.

From now on we will disregard anything that the State Line Tribune may have to say about us personally or our paper, but we have decided to make as much of a fight as we can on Farwell as a county seat.

Dr. McElroy Loses Chicken House In Fire

Fire destroyed the stucco chicken house belonging to Dr. McElroy during the blizzard Saturday night. The house was about 14x50 feet and at the time of its destruction contained 75 fine chickens and 71 baby chicks.

Dr. McElroy had gone to bed before the fire started and was awakened by Harry Meade who discovered the fire. Attempts to save the structure were fruitless because of the heavy wind.

The doctor had some of the finest Barred Rocks in this part of the state and although all of his chickens were killed he will not lose this strain as he had 600 eggs and 84 baby chicks in Wicks hatchery of this city at the time of the fire.

Star Coupons Are Popular With Buyers

Friona Star coupons are popular with buyers in this city. People are beginning to realize that it is well worth while to ask their merchants for them.

Merchants say that more and more of their customers are asking for these coupons each day.

When you make a purchase be sure and ask your merchant to give you your Friona Star coupon. Save it. If you are already a subscriber give it to a friend who is not.

Never before have you been able to get a newspaper free by merely asking for its coupons.

Dr. Wills Called Away.

Dr. R. R. Wills, physician and surgeon, of Friona was suddenly called away by the illness of his mother Monday. Friends say that the doctor will return in about a week.

Volley Ball Game PANTS VS. SKIRTS Gym Friday Night

Friday night there will be a "hot time in the old town." At 8 o'clock most of the most prominent citizens of Friona will lose their reputation, and maybe their tempers, at the high school gym.

If half the threats that are being made are carried out it will be a battle royal and before the final minute of play the court will be red with the blood of the battling gladiators.

"We will wear skirts and defeat them," snarled Prof. Conway, with a mean look in his eye. "That bunch should be playing ping-pong with the babies."

"Volley ball—they never even heard of the game. We will throw the bums out of the court," howled J. A. Guyer, postmaster, who will captain the Townsman, with blood in his eye.

We interviewed each of the players. Their blood is up. It will be a fight to the finish. The teams will be composed of the following players:

Mayor Lundrum: "I can out-play them by myself; don't need any help. I'll run that game just like I run the city."

Howard Morris, manager of Buchanan & Rosson company: "I am the world's champion volley ball player of 1898. I think they will forfeit the game rather than oppose ME!"

Senior Party.

The senior class was royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Reeve Friday night of last week. Most of the seniors were present and enjoyed games of bridge, pitch and dominoes.

The seniors are beginning plans for the senior play to be presented before the closing of school in the spring. Mrs. Appiewhite has been secured to cast and coach the play. Seniors making an average of 94 or above are eligible to be in the play.

J. J. Curry, manager gas company: "I'll gas them out of the court. Tell 'em to stay at home. The spectators will never know they were in the game."

O. D. McClellan, plumber, says he will bring his favorite persuader—a piece of lead pipe.

Floyd Reeve: "They have about as much chance as a truck in a mud hole."

Faculty.

J. A. Conway: (I just cannot print what he says).

Prof. Heath: "I won the B. A. playing volley ball. Even wearing skirts we will clean the—" he said running his fingers through his beautiful hair.

Prof. Wallace: "Our girls would have more chance to win than these inconspicuous barranudas."

Prof. Mims, as he flexes a very mighty arm that will not stand for any foolishness: "I will paddle them, skirts or no skirts!"

Prof. Armstrong: "Just give me a corner and I will run them out of the gym. Goose eggs will be their score."

Prof. Armstrong (he gave us a horse laugh): "A walk-away. We will beat them. I like skirts."

Our Merchants

The Bella Donna Beauty Shop is owned and operated by Mrs. Edith Etheridge who is a daughter of O. G. Turner of this city. All kinds of beauty care is given by this establishment, from manicures to permanent waves and first class work is guaranteed.

The Bella Donna has the very latest and most modern type of equipment and Mrs. Etheridge is a skillful operator. She asks that you give her a trial and see for yourself the splendid type of work she is equipped to give.

In addition to beauty work the Bella Donna carries a small line of ready-to-wear of the latest patterns and styles.

Friona Poultry Show Displays Fine Birds

The Friona poultry show staged last week end by the Agricultural club of the Friona high school was a success in every way and the birds exhibited were a credit to this part of the state.

The agricultural club wishes to extend their thanks to the merchants and business men of Friona who financed the show, to the Plainview chamber of commerce who furnished the exhibition coops free of charge, and to the general public for the interest taken in the event.

The list of winners follows:

Rhode Island Reds: Young pen, first and second, Mrs. R. L. Chiles; third and fourth, Seldon Warren. Old pen, Lee Euler, first; Marvin Key, second.

White Orpingtons: First and second, Mrs. Hartsfield.

Ducks: First, Bill King; second, Gordon Massey.

Black Minorcas: First, young and old pen, W. W. Standiford.

Game: Old pen, first, Mrs. H. B. Whitley.

Capons: Bob Evans, old pen, first and second, V. E. Weir; young pen, first and second, Russell Loflin.

White Leghorns, first and second, Albert Conway.

Plymouth Rocks, first, Clyde Sherib; second, Ross Lacy.

Partridge Rocks, first, Mrs. R. L. Chiles.

White Rocks, first, Mrs. Weir; second, Bill King.

White Rocks, old pen, first, Bill King.

Buff Orpingtons: Young pen, first, Thomas Camp; second, O. G. Turner. Old pen, first, Bob Evans; second O. G. Turner.

Guineas, first, Carl Mams.

Turkeys, young pen, first, J. L. Gore. Old pen, first, Mrs. R. L. Chiles.

White Wyandottes, first, Mrs. A. E. Stanley.

Bantams, first, Clyde Crow; second, Paul Parr; third, Dale Turner.

Blue Andalusians, first, Carl Mams.

Brown Leghorns, first, Mrs. H. B. Whitley.

English Callers (ducks), first and second, Bill King.

Cornish Games, first and second, Mr. Whitley.

White Langshans, young pen, first, Bill King; second, L. F. Lillard. Old pen, first, L. F. Lillard; second, Bill King.

Near Blizzard Improves Farm Outlook Here

The near blizzard which visited Friona and Parmer county last Saturday will be of immense aid to the farmers of this vicinity. The storm blew in about Saturday noon with a few drops of rain and sleet, which later increased to a raging wind and blinding snow storm, continuing throughout the night and reaching its peak about midnight.

Traffic was practically stopped because of the heavy drifts which in places reached a depth of about three or four feet. Because of the heavy wind the snow did not get very deep on the level in the clear spots, but behind buildings, etc. the drifts were quite deep.

When the storm first blew in the ground was warm from the past week of beautiful weather which we have enjoyed, and at first the snow melted as fast as it hit the ground, but with the increasing cold which dropped to near zero, began to stay on the ground.

Parmer county now has sufficient moisture to assure us of a good wheat crop, with just one or two more rains of the same type that we have had during the winter, crops will be abundant in this section. Farmers tell us that they have plenty of moisture for present needs.

Friona Woman's Club.

The Friona Woman's club met at the Congregational church February 25, which was guest day, each member being allowed to bring a guest.

The following program was rendered: Song: Club and guests.

Club collect: Club and guests. Piano solo: Mrs. J. W. Reeve, of Canyon.

Reading: Mrs. R. Gisclier. Vocal Solo: Mrs. R. P. Conway. Introduction of speaker: Mrs. R. H. Kinsley.

Piano solo: Miss Harrison. Reading: Mrs. Appiewhite. Instrumental number: Mrs. T. J. Crawford and daughters.

After the program a very dainty course was served, it consisting of George Washington pie rolled, sandwiches and tea. The church was very beautifully decorated in red, white and blue by the hostesses, Misses J. A. Blackwell, L. G. Sympton, R. T. Slagle and E. F. Sylvester.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. R. F. Fleet and Mrs. J. T. Burton, hostesses.

Joint Meeting.

The Mary Martha and Lottie Moon circles of the Baptist church will meet at the church Friday, March 13, in an all-day meeting to observe the Week of Prayer program for home missions.

Devotional: Mrs. Leon Hart. Prayer: Mrs. Robinette. Indian Trails in Sunset Lands: Mrs. Wood.

Border Trails: Mrs. Burton. Song. LUNCH 1:30 p. m. song.

Devotional: Mrs. Dixon. Prayer: Mrs. Trullit. Little Mary's Truth Box: Sunbeams.

Shadowed Trails: Mrs. Price. Vocal solo: Mrs. Bales. Trailing the Sunrise Over Sapphire Seas: Mrs. Conway.

Reading: Mrs. Appiewhite. Blue Heaven Highway. Mrs. Dixon. Song. Thanks offering. Prayer: Rev. Robinette.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Phillips a daughter, February 23. The baby has been named Mary Francis. The Phillips live about eight miles northeast of Friona.

Advertisement for Magnolia Agency featuring an illustration of a man on a horse and the text 'A MODERN GIANT AND LILLIPUTS!' and 'MUSCLE SHOALS (50,000,000 horsepower)'.

J. C. Wilkison Sells Magnolia Agency to Lacy

J. C. Wilkison, who for the past several years has been agent for the Magnolia Petroleum company in Friona, Tuesday sold his interests to M. Lacy, one of our local farmers, who took immediate control.

"Wilk" is well known and popular among the citizens of this county, who were surprised by his sudden action. He has not decided yet just what he will do, but says he will remain in Friona. Mr. Lacy is one of our local farmers and is well known here. He will be assisted in his work by Nat Jones who will drive the truck, and Homer T. Walker, who will operate the Magnolia filling station across the street from the bank. The Star wishes Mr. Lacy well in his new venture.

The Fighting Tenderfoot

By William MacLeod Raine

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THE STORY

Garrett O'Hara, young lawyer, on his way to practice at Concho, wild western town, is shot at from ambush by Shep Sanderson, who mistakes him for Judge Warner, whom certain cattle interests wish to prevent holding court. Barbara Steelman, who thought the shot was directed at her, warns Garrett not to go to Concho because of the big cattle war. Steve Worrall tells Garrett about the cattle war between Ingram and Steelman, father of Barbara. Garrett tells Ingram he desires to remain neutral, but the latter declares there can be no neutrality. Bob Quantrell, young killer for Ingram, saves Garrett and an Englishman, Smith-Beresford, from being shot by Sanderson. The three become friends. Garrett accidentally witnesses a meeting between Barbara and Ingram. They are lovers. Garrett and the Englishman buy a ranch with Steelman as silent partner. Fitch, Steelman man, kills an Ingram follower. A posse, including Quantrell and Sanderson, capture and hang Fitch. Sanderson starts a fight at the ranch and Garrett and the Englishman are wounded. Ingram and Barbara appear and put an end to the fight. Quantrell changes sides and joins with the two "tenderfeet." A lull in the cattle war follows.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"What did you do?" asked Garrett, not sure how far interest should be pushed.

The killer looked at him out of bleak, unfathomable eyes. "I decided El Paso was no place for me."

That was all. O'Hara was left to guess what had made him so decide.

They rode down the dusty main street of Concho to the Steelman store. Pat McCarthy came forward to meet them, his face as usual hard and wooden. He offered them liquor. Quantrell took a drink and departed. There was a Mexican girl in town he wanted to see.

He turned before he left the office to say, "Better stick around here till I get back, O'Hara. I saw Shep head in into the Gold Nugget as we passed."

"I saw him, too, Bob. I'm not looking for him. My business won't take me into the Gold Nugget."

"I'd stay right in this office till I get back. Won't be gone more'n a couple hours." Quantrell was plainly a little uneasy about leaving him.

"Don't worry, Bob. I'll be here when you come back," his employer promised.

Into the store presently came Steve Worrall. He sat down in the office and chatted with McCarthy and O'Hara. The proprietor was called out by a clerk.

At once Worrall freed his mind. "You armed, O'Hara?"

"Yes. Any reason for asking me that right now?"

"I just came from the Gold Nugget. Shep Sanderson an' the Texas Kid were in there drinkin'. I'd be careful if I were you. The Kid's been mean ever since you shot him up."

"What's the Kid like?"

"Got a bad rep. I've heard say he's a killer but yellow. May be nothing to that. I'd lay off him an' Shep, too. Thought I'd drop in an' tell you. Better stay here in the store. Where's Bob Quantrell?"

"I don't know." There was a flicker of a sardonic smile in Garrett's eyes. "If that boy wants me to look after him he'd better stay closer. Otherwise I can't be responsible for what happens to him. Come on, Steve. I've got to go to the post office."

Worrall hesitated for a fraction of a second then rose promptly. He had warned his friend. That was as far as he could go. On the frontier every man must play his own hand.

Brad Helm, the fat hotel keeper, was in the post office. He nodded toward Worrall and O'Hara, got his mail, and as he passed out said in a wheezy voice audible to everybody present, "There's a letter for you at the hotel, Mr. O'Hara. It says 'important' on it."

Passing the Concho house a few minutes later, Steve and Garrett dropped in to get the letter. Helm maneuvered the letter into a corner of the room and whispered a word of warning.

"Shep an' the Texas Kid are layin' for you. They're givin' you an hour to leave town."

"Much obliged. I've been looking for this letter."

Garrett and his friend stepped out to the sidewalk.

"Come on down to the corral with me," Steve proposed.

"Not now. You come to the Gold Nugget with me."

The long man flung a quick look at him. O'Hara's eyes were shining with excitement.

"You're not going to the Gold Nugget, are you?"

"Thought I would. Shep and his friend are sending word out that I've got one hour to leave town. I'll spend part of that hour at the Gold Nugget."

Steve reflected that the safe thing would be to take Bob Quantrell with them to the Gold Nugget. But evidently his friend was not looking for the safe thing.

"All right. I'll throw in with you," he said.

As O'Hara walked up the adobe-lined street beside the lank freighter he felt again that odd lift of the spirit that came to him when danger was near. He was going to meet it, audaciously, foolishly. The roar of guns might at any moment greet him. On the frontier a man did not lightly serve notice that he was "looking for" another. Such an announcement meant business.

A short, thickset man came out of the Ingram store and down the street toward them. Out of a pallid face protruding fishy eyes looked at O'Hara. Thin lips opened to say insolently, "So you're still here."

"I'm still here, Mr. Harvey."

"Struttin' around, I reckon, because you've had a little luck."

More than once O'Hara had talked with Steelman about the posse which had attacked the cabin. It was the opinion of both of them that Harvey's hand had been back of the sheriff, his mind the dominating one. Ingram had been at the ranch and could not have known what was intended.

"Not your fault I'm strutting around, Mr. Harvey. I acquit you of blame. You did your best to make good the promise given in your store that I would not cumber the ground long." O'Hara's eyes bored into those of the merchant.

"Meanin' what?" demanded Harvey.

"Say, young fellow, if you claim—"

O'Hara brushed rudely past him. There was always a chance that Harvey might be detaining him in the street while his killers were making ready.

The lanky owner of the Longhorn corral looked at his friend, and in that look were both admiration and distress.

"Great jumpin' horn' toads, you sure go outa yore way to make enemies. Harvey ain't used to being treated thataway," he said. "Just what's yore play? An' why get on the prod all of a sudden?"

"This is the way I look at it, Steve." O'Hara answered, his glance sweeping doors and windows as he moved forward. "It's one thing for Sanderson to say he's going to get me. It's another for him to give me an hour to leave town. He thinks I'm hiding behind Bob Quantrell. I've got to show him I'm not. All you've got to do is to ask me that question when I give the signal."

"You mean the one you was speakin' about before we met Harvey?"

"Yes. You may not get time to ask it, but if you do I'll use it as a cue. If there's your trouble, you keep out of it."

"Keep out of it? You sure bump into fool notions, boy. When the guns begin to smoke I've got to join in to save my own hide."

"I've a notion they're not going to smoke. Here we are."

They turned in at the Gold Nugget. Sanderson and the Texas Kid were drinking while Shep talked. He boasted of how bad he was and what he meant to do to O'Hara. The words died in his throat as he caught sight of the two men who had just entered the place. His jaw dropped with astonishment.

O'Hara gave Shep's slow brain no time to guess what this meant. Lightly the young man walked to the bar, not more than five feet from his enemy. He ordered liquor which he did not intend to drink.

Sanderson glared at him, uncertain what to do. Was this a plant? Had he sat around drinking and boasting while his foe had gathered to ambush him? If not, why would this tenderfoot walk in so jauntily, knowing that he had no chance to beat the gunman to the draw?

The short red-headed cowboy known as the Texas Kid passed through much the same mental reaction, but he was decidedly more fearful than his companion. Why had he let the drink in him talk so loudly? Of a sudden he was sober, sick with terror.

"What makes you so white, Garrett?" asked Worrall, following instructions.

O'Hara did not look at him as he answered. His gaze was fastened on Sanderson. But in his voice there was a lit of triumphant excitement. So far his plan had worked perfectly. Would it carry through?

"I'm scared to death, Steve, of two scallawags who are going to run me out of town. One of them is a big bully puss fellow ugly as sin, a he-wolf on the howl, to hear him tell it. The other is a hammered-down red-headed runt. If you see them let me know so that I can run, Steve."

O'Hara's mocking eyes looked straight into those of the big bully. They taunted him and defied him and made light of his prowess.

The question that Sanderson growled made clear his thoughts. "Where's Bob Quantrell at?"

"Bob had better hit the trail," O'Hara said to Worrall. "These fellows who have me so frightened will drive him out, too, probably."

Uneasily the bartender polished the top of the counter. He decided to drop to the floor before the shooting began. A patron of the house flitted inconspicuously out of the back door. Four cowboys at a poker table suspended their play and watched the antagonists alertly.

Sanderson spoke vehemently. "I never claimed I'd drive him out.

Never gave out any such word. If anyone says I did he's a liar."

"You can tell Bob not to be frightened, then, Steve," O'Hara said easily. "The scallawags I told you about don't intend to worry him."

"Where's Bob at?" reiterated Sanderson hoarsely.

"How should I know? I'm not his keeper. Stick to the business in hand, Mr. Sanderson. If you should meet either of those terrible bad men I've described tell them I'm one tenderfoot so scared that I'm shaking. This goes for you, too, Mr. Texas Kid. Say I'm staying in town because I'm not frightened to travel. Ask them too to be too hard on a poor tenderfoot."

"They was funnin', don't you reckon?" the Texas Kid offered by way of explanation.

"Better tell them not to scatter jokes like that around. They might explode and hurt some one. Don't you think so?"

"I'll be movin' along," the Texas Kid said from a dry throat.

"Don't hurry. Stay and keep Mr. Sanderson company. He won't want to be left here alone."

"Say, fellow, lay off me," Sanderson growled. "If this here's a frame-



"Shep an' His Friend Went to Sleep in Smoke."

up you can't start smokin' too soon to suit me. I don't scare worth a whoop. See?"

Nevertheless, his eyes left O'Hara for a moment to sweep toward the door and window. He was plainly worried and anxious to be gone with a whole skin.

"You don't think I'd better get out of town, within the hour, say?" O'Hara asked.

Already the red-headed cowboy was moving toward the back door. Sanderson discovered himself deserted and began to follow, backing away slowly. His right hand hovered near the butt of a revolver but he made no motion to draw it.

"Don't ride me, fellow," the bully warned. "I can be pushed just so far. I'm not scared of you, not for a holy minute. Don't you think it. I'll meet up with you one of these days an' send you to h— on a shutter."

O'Hara's voice was a good imitation of that of the Texas Kid. "You're just funnin', don't you reckon, Mr. Sanderson?" he quavered.

"You or me, one, when we meet," Shep warned.

"Always tomorrow with you, isn't it? Well, it will be a thousand years till we meet, Mr. Sanderson."

The big man slid out of the back door. Outside, he whirled swiftly, at the same time dragging out his weapon. His eyes stabbed here and there looking for enemies. He saw nobody but the Texas Kid. That warrior was legging it on a run for the safety of Ingram & Harvey's store.

After Sanderson slid out of the half-open back door of the Gold Nugget there was a long moment of silence. The stage had been set for red tragedy. All present felt that it had been shaved by a narrow margin.

Steve Worrall let out a little whoop

Iceland Sagas Credited to Gaelic Influences

The Icelandic sagas are the finest of their kind, possessing qualities which are singularly lacking in the native poetry. The explanation offered by the authorities on these matters is that the sagas of Iceland are only native in so far as they are produced by the settlers, otherwise that they are not Icelandic but the poetry of the western islands, of the Gaelic races who made the emigrant stream into the country.

Unfortunately, both the authors and the dates of composition of the finest sagas have been lost, but the resemblance between the compositions and those of Ireland is so strong that it leaves little doubt that the Gaelic influences were largely responsible for their production.

There are quite distinct traces of the Celtic mythology, language and

Treatment of Burns

In every home where there are children the medicine closet should contain a good remedy for burns. It is advisable to always have on hand a bottle of olive oil and a bottle of lime water. When mixed in equal proportions this is one of the best remedies for burns that is known. Saturate cloths with the solution and cover the burn.

of delight. "Bluffed 'em out, by jinks—made 'em back down an' crawl off with their tails between their legs. Oh, boy, you're some wolf tamer."

One of the cowboys at the poker table slapped another a mighty blow on the back. "Made Shep take water, the tenderfoot did. Never saw the beat of it. Didn't think Shep would get off quit for h— or high water. Well, you live an' learn, boys." He swept off his sombrero in a bow to O'Hara. "You're one sure enough bad-man buster. I'll be doggoned if Shep didn't tackle more'n he could ride herd on that time, an' you lookin' no more dangerous than a brush rabbit."

Now that this crisis was past O'Hara felt a little sick and faint. "Let's get outside," he said to his friend. His desire was to get back to the safety of the store. Excitement no longer buoyed him up. It shook his nerve to think what a chance he had taken, how he had staked his life on the audacity of a swift frontal attack. Not for a moment did he feel himself into the delusion that he was Sanderson's equal with a six-shooter. The big man had not been afraid of him, but of Bob Quantrell and his allies. Shep had been obsessed by the suspicion that they were trying to trap him into drawing his weapon in order to give them a plausible reason for shooting him down.

O'Hara and Worrall walked past Ingram & Harvey's on their way down the street. They turned in at Steelman & McCarthy's store. A little man sat on a dry goods box talking excitedly to those present. He was ragged and unshaven. His boots were down at the heel, his hat chomped. He was the same Hank the lawyer had seen some cowboys making fun of once in Ingram's store, the one who had been "arrested for fragraney."

"Right then I lit out," Hank narrated. "No place for me. Like I said, that doggoned tenderfoot stood there devilin' Shep to draw, crowdin' in on him, tellin' how scared he was of Shep, an' ridin' him all the time. You go order that pilgrim a coffin, Mr. McCarthy."

McCarthy was facing the door. His hard eyes did not change expression. "He can order it himself, Hank. Here he is now." The storekeeper spoke to O'Hara. "Hank has been worryin' about you. Glad to see it was not necessary."

Worrall sank down on the top of a barrel and mopped his face with a handkerchief. "Some one worry about me awhile," he implored. "I'm wore to a frazzle worryin' about myself. This white-haired lad here is bullet-proof, I reckon. Different here. All I'm thankful for is you don't have to order a coffin for me, extra long size."

"Tell us about it, O'Hara," urged McCarthy. "Hank left in the middle of it."

"Not much to tell," O'Hara answered. "I had a talk with Sanderson. That's all. It was a mistake about his wanting me to leave town. At least he did not mention it when we met."

"Lemme tell the story," Worrall said. "I was among those present, an innocent bystander who stood to get all shot up if trouble began. Some one feed me a cigarette, then listen an' tell me if we ain't both loco."

The lengthy owner of the Longhorn got his cigarette and told his story. He told it with humor, making the most of its drama. When he had finished a red-faced cowboy spoke.

"I don't savvy yet why Shep didn't come a-shootin'. Was he scared, do you reckon?"

O'Hara knew why, but it seemed to him unwise to minimize the effect he had produced by stressing the fact that Sanderson had been afraid of a trap at the first meeting and had been restrained by Harvey at the second. It was possible that, having been plunged into this feud unwillingly, he might need all the reputation he could get as a dangerous man to attack.

"He was scared but bluffin' he wasn't," Worrall replied. "The Texas Kid didn't even make any claims he wasn't."

"What was he scared of?" the cowboy persisted. "Shep had better'n an even break, hadn't he?"

"Say, young fellow, how many men do you know who have stood off Shep an' Bob Quantrell an' Deever an' this

Texas Kid an' 'steppin other warriors for half a day? How many do you know who have crawled Shep's carcass an' branded him with grapplin' irons an' got away with it? I don't know so doggoned many myself." This contribution was from Worrall.

The cowboy rasped his chin and looked sideways at O'Hara. Certainly this slim, young pink-cheeked youth with the soft brown eyes did not look like a man-eater. Still, what he had done was written in the records.

"Well, if anyone had told me you could run a sandy on Shep—"

"Question is, what will Shep do now?" interrupted McCarthy. "He'll have to make some kind of a play to explain why he didn't get on the peck. Right now he's sore at himself as a toad on a skillet."

"Yep. He'll make a play," Worrall agreed. "Soon, too. Got to do it or lose his rep with the crowd he trails with."

There came the sound of a shot, of several in quick succession, of another. The men in the store listened. More than one made sure that his revolver would slide easily from the holster. McCarthy stepped back of the desk in his office and came back with a rifle.

"From the other store, sounds to me," he said. "I'll go take a look up the street."

He moved a step or two toward the front, then stopped. A man had come into the store. He stood by the cigar case, a revolver in each hand. From the barrel of one of them a thin wisp of smoke lifted. The man was Quantrell.

"What's up, Bob?" asked McCarthy. The eyes of the boy killer gleamed savagely. "They tried to get me—Shep an' Deever an' that Texas Kid."

"You hit?"

"Me? No." His buck teeth showed and his receding chin dropped as he laughed harshly. "Not me. Ask about them."

"What about 'em?"

"I got Shep an' the Kid. Came out the store, all three of 'em. Shep called to me an' smoked right up. Right away all of us went to it. That's all, except that Shep an' his friend went to sleep in smoke an' Deever took cover in the store. Me, I skeedaddled down the street my pronto. I didn't know how many other guys were inside."

"Well, he's made his play, Shep has," Worrall said. "He was sure enough a bad picker. Off hand, look like he might have had better luck with me an' Garrett. All I got to say is it might have been a lot worse—for us." He looked at O'Hara. "Am I right, old horn' toad?"

O'Hara nodded. "Quite right, I'd say."

CHAPTER VII

Peace Terms

No thrill as of wine raced through Barbara's veins these days when she rode the hilltops. Life had lost its savor. She did not at early morning drink in the air with unconscious joy because a new world had been born for her delight.

Until lately she had been queen of her little world with all the privileges that implies. The only daughter of Wesley Steelman, cattle king of the Sah Marcos, held an enviable position in that roughriding frontier country. Her personality had enhanced her value. By reason of vital youth, high spirits, and abounding good looks she was an individual in her own right. It had not occurred to her that she could not mold life to her liking. What was the use of wealth, power, a heady will, and a full share of charm (she was not absurd enough to deny to herself that she had a way with men) if these would not get her what she wanted?

Now she rode with diminished head. An immovable force had brought her up short. It had seemed to her, not many weeks since, a fine thing to draw David Ingram and her father together. Eagerly she had adventured to that end. By her means friendliness would grow in that divided community where enmity had been. Signally she had failed. That, she recognized now, had been inevitable.

A bitter personal humiliation had accompanied the failure. It had come to pass soon that when they met she had moved toward Ingram with gifts in her eyes, and what she offered meant so little to him that self-will and stubbornness were more necessary to his life. Love! What was that to him? He had snatched at her roughly, not because he needed her and could not bear to do without her but as a weapon with which to wound her father. When she let herself think of it Barbara became a river of woe because of the shame and sorrow in her bosom. She was young enough to feel that what had happened to her was tragic. It was not yet within her experience that time mellows the sharpest sting of shame to a tender-memory.

In the company of Garrett O'Hara she found comfort. In spite of his shyness he had a gift for companionship. She liked to explore his mind. He did not in the least object to being made fun of by her, for he sensed that she liked and respected him.

Once she referred to the secret that he knew. "Nice girls back East don't do what I've done. Down in yore heart what do you think of me? How much do you despise me?"

"I told you once that I'd want my sister to be like you," he answered. "So you did, before you had time to think over what I had done. It's not fair to press you too hard. Only—I'll wish yore sister better luck than that." Her smile was bitter. It seemed to him that her lips quivered with disdain of herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I Want a Good Man or Woman to work 8 hrs. daily. Easy, quick selling food product. Mr. Schaller made \$17 1/2 hrs. Mrs. Russell made \$14 one week. Free sample. Mack, 2125 W. Washington, Los Angeles, Calif.

For Constipation Non habit forming Safe Scientific

FOR COLDS SWAMPLAND PILLS—35 CENTS

DEALERS WANTED ALL STATES GUARANTEED NEW

Not Stocked "The lady complains that you showed her no courtesy." "But, sir, I showed her everything we had in the shop."—Vart Hen (Stockholm).

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 9-1931.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE Finney Wouldn't Have Warned Her



THE FEATHERHEADS

Felix Bawls Him Out



POULTRY FACTS

RECORDS VERIFY POULTRY PROFITS

Given Good Care, Feed and Shelter Return Dividends.

That the person who keeps at least 100 standard bred hens on his farm is engaged in a profitable venture is proved by a series of records kept by 128 flock owners in 43 North Carolina counties in 1930.

"One of the jobs of the poultry extension office is to keep, study and summarize cost of production records kept on poultry flocks in co-operation with the county farm agents," says P. A. Seese, poultry extension specialist at the North Carolina State college. "Last year this work was carried on in 43 counties located in widely separated parts of the state. The records were kept on 128 farms with an average of 21,425 birds for the year. The gross income from eggs alone in these flocks amounted to \$99,325.20. The birds consumed \$89,840 pounds of mash feed and 780,642 pounds of grain feed which cost the owners \$50,220.80. This left a profit of \$49,104.50 as a return above feed cost."

Mr. Seese says the 21,425 birds laid 3,426,250 eggs, which was an average of 159.9 each a hen.

Commenting on the figures, the poultry specialist says they are as accurate as any set of figures that are being kept today. They show, beyond all doubt, that the man who keeps a good flock of birds and gives them proper care and feed, houses them well and keeps down disease and parasites, may expect a good profit from his enterprise.

It is the purpose of the poultry workers in North Carolina to make the poultry industry of greater commercial importance, and they cite that it is even now fifth in value to all crops grown. There are some six million hens of laying age on the farms and the value of the industry is around \$40,000,000.

Chickens Need Vitamin D to Aid Egg Supply

Pullets which had no chance at sunlight, no cod-liver oil or other sources of vitamin D laid an average of 68.5 eggs from October 1 to April 30 at the University of Wisconsin last year, according to Dr. J. G. Halpin. Similar pullets fed irradiated yeast laid 96.6 eggs. Pullets receiving yeast not irradiated laid 71.2 eggs. Then ten fed cod-liver oil produced 106.8 eggs and those allowed to run under a mercury arc lamp which gave them ultra violet light, laid 116 eggs.

Professor Halpin recommends that houses should have windows framed and hinged so they can be opened on bright days in the winter so the hens may get direct rays of the sun. Windows having glass substitutes, which admit the ultra violet light should be kept clean as the rays giving the vitamin D cannot penetrate dirt.

Poultry Notes

Dirty eggs are costly.
Bare-back chicks may be the result of crowding in the brooder house.
If only the very best males are saved to head next year's flock, they will contribute to its improvement.

The average ration of feed and water that is used for hens contains only about 15 per cent of the mineral needed by the hen for egg shell alone.

Prevent in every way possible the carrying of infection from mature fowls and from contaminated ground to the young chicks. Keep young and old stock in separate enclosures.

E. L. Burnett of Cornell university insists that roup is not a contagious disease and that where it is found there is usually some unfavorable condition which is indirectly responsible for it.

Oyster shell is probably the best source of lime for poultry.

All breeds of poultry with white earlobes produce white-shelled eggs. This includes Leghorns, Anconas, Minorcas and Andalusians.

All breeds of poultry that have red earlobes produce brown or tinted-shell eggs. This includes all Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, Brahmans and Langshans.

To allow the excrement to remain in the chicken house is to cause the air to become vitiated and unhealthy. It should be a daily duty to clean it out. When a whiff meets one in the morning on opening the door of the poultry house it is a signal that all is not as it ought to be.

Chicks hatched after the first of May are usually a poor investment. It is especially true of the slower maturing heavy breeds. At this season, the parasites of the chicken have had an opportunity to multiply.

Act in Time!

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills.

Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Publicly Endorse Doan's:

MRS. T. C. COOK, 3228 DARWIN DRIVE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF., says: "I had dull, dragging pains in the small of my back and sometimes sharp pains, too. Headaches and dizziness were almost a daily occurrence. The least work tired me so that I could hardly get about. Doan's Pills, however, relieved me of all these symptoms and I felt better in every way after using Doan's."

Doan's Pills

A Diuretic for the Kidneys



Ungrateful Beggar

Hard luck pursued a Portland (Maine) man who, on being besought at the door for money for coffee and a meal, asked the young man in to a supper of corned beef, cabbage, pie and coffee. The viands disappeared in the absence of the family from the room and the donor was thanked. The next morning when he started to put on his rubber boots, he found them mushy with the beggar's entire unclean menu.

Appropriate

"What shall I wear for my screen test?"
"How about a filmy dress?"

Duty is far more than love.

IF SUFFERING WITH PILES, any kind, let me help you. Drop me a line. FRED C. WHITNEY, 141 25th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Sunshine

—All Winter Long
At the Foremost Desert Resort of the West—marvelous climate—warm sunny days—clear starlit nights—dry invigorating air—splendid roads—gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

PALM SPRINGS California

Without work no amount of talent, no amount of influence will carry a man very far in this world.—Cardinal Gibbons.

How to Escape FLU

- 1 Avoid so far as possible the places where flu germs are most likely to be spread; overcrowded cars and public meeting places; overheated, stuffy rooms.
- 2 Be careful of close contact with others and beware of all coughers and sneezers; breathe through the nose, get fresh air, but avoid drafts or chilling.
- 3 Get lots of rest. Eat plenty of citrus fruits. Keep the bowels open. Take extra precaution to keep in good physical condition, so your system will have high resistance against germs.
- 4 Above all, avoid catching colds. They lower your resistance to the flu germ. Ward them off. At the first sign of any cold, take Bayer Aspirin and remain indoors if possible until your cold is gone. If you have a sore throat, dissolve some Bayer Aspirin tablets in water and gargle; this will relieve the soreness and reduce the inflammation.
- 5 If you have any reason to suspect even a touch of flu, call your doctor at once.

South America Unique

South America is the only continent in which no places below sea level have been found.

A traffic officer has to decide quickly; and he's the boy for that sort of thing.

Canadian Natural Gas

Natural gas is found in abundance in Alberta and some parts of western Ontario.

None but the guilty know the withering pains of repentance.—Hosea Ballou.

Castoria made especially for CHILDREN

CHILDREN usually hate to take medicine but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And mothers like its action—so gentle, yet so prompt and effective.

Castoria is a never-failing comfort to children and mothers alike because it was formulated expressly for children—to correct their little ills and upsets.

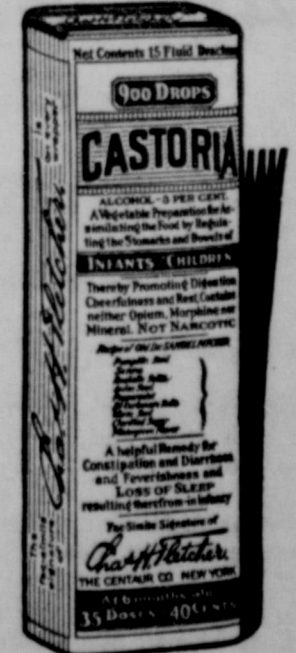
The beauty of it is you can give Castoria to children of all ages with equally sure results. When baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed; and free from pain, he is asleep again in a jiffy.

In an older child when coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, a more liberal dose is

usually all that is needed to cleanse and regulate the bowels.

Your doctor will tell you Castoria deserves a place in the family medicine cabinet until your children are grown. He knows it is safe for the tiniest baby; effective for a child in his teens.

Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, printed on the wrapper.



International Sunday School Lesson

MARCH 8, 1931

THE GOOD SAMARITAN
Luke 10:25-37

25. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and made trial of him, saying, Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?
26. And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?
27. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.
28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live.

29. But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?
30. Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead.
31. And by chance, a certain priest was going down that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.
32. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place and saw him, passed by on the other side.
33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion.
34. And came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.
35. And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come back again, I will repay thee.
36. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?
37. And he said, He that showed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

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Introduction.

Good Samaritanism is particularly essential to good Christianity because of the example of Christ himself, who was a superlative example of it, who ceaselessly went about doing good and hunting out cases that needed good doing. So the practice of helpfulness made one of the distinguishing marks of his discipleship. Some of the church fathers declared that Christ was picturing himself in the Good Samaritan.

The lawyer would have defined neighbor: "Any member of my family; or of my synagogue; anyone I like." Jesus teaches: "Your nearest, next-door neighbor is the man who needs you most; whether he is lying by the Jerusalem-Jericho highway, or on a street corner in Tarshish. If Jesus ever neglected anyone it was the man who had less need of him than some one else.

What Shall I Do to Inherit Eternal Life?

The same question was asked Christ by the rich young ruler, Luke 18:18; it was a subject commonly debated. The very wording of the question is contradictory, for if eternal life is to be inherited it comes of God's grace, and one does not need to do anything to receive it. This, in truth, is the teaching of Christianity, but Jesus did not discuss that aspect of the matter, preferring to take the lawyer on his own ground of the law rather than on the unfamiliar ground of grace.

"And he said unto him, What is written in the Law? How readest thou?" This kind of answer may often be found in the sayings of the famous Jewish rabbis, set down in their recorded discussions. The principle is illustrated over and over in the dialogues of Socrates, who always ironically pretended to be entirely ignorant himself, and to be seeking light from his pupils.

The lawyer quoted Deut. 6:5 and 10:12. No words were more familiar to the Jews. The heart signifies the affections; the soul the spiritual essence, the personality; the strength the physical nature, and the mind the mental capacity. We are to love God with body, mind and soul, and not merely with the feeling; this is the great meaning of this great sentence, "And thy neighbor as thyself." This is quoted from Lev. 19:18, and was the answer given to a similar question by the great Rabbi Hillel. Love of one's neighbor summarizes morality as love of God summarizes religion. The two together constitute the highest wisdom.

Love of God and Man.
"God must be served by all our nature, not by parts of it. There was an old barbarian chief who, when he was baptized, kept his right arm out of the water, that he might still work his deeds of blood. That is the likeness of the imperfect religion of many Christians."—Dean A. P. Stanley.
"It sounds simple—love to God, and love to man. It is the angel's message as they sang together

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when new life came to earth."—Caroline Hazard.

"We all have the two great duties, love of God and love of man. Now God expects of us something more than a mere formal fulfillment of the two tables of the Commandments. This do, and thou shalt live—quite so—but he would have a ready, hearty service, a going out of the way to do work for him."—S. Baring Gould.

From Jerusalem to Jericho.

"A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho." The "certain man" was thus a Jew, which adds point to the story. Jericho, the famous city of Palms, was about 15 miles east of Jerusalem and six miles west of the Jordan. He was "going down" for the road descends some three thousand feet before it reaches Jericho. "And he fell among robbers." The road is rimmed with steep rocks full of caves which were the haunts of desperate bandits. An Englishman, Sir Frederic Henniker, was here set upon by Arabs in 1820, was stripped and murdered. "Who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead." So far as the thieves cared, he might have been dead; it was a picture of the hard-hearted ways of the world wherever it is untouched by the mercy of Christ. Our Lord had often traveled this road going up to Bethany, and the parable may well have been based on some recent occurrence.

Moved With Compassion.

The painstaking tenderness of the Samaritan who stopped to help the man, verse 34, reminds us that it is the great Physician who is telling the story. Olive oil, with wine, the ordinary remedy for lacerations and wounds in antiquity, (Isa. 1:6) the words "set him on his own beast" indicate in the original that he did it gently. And all this, not to be seen of men, for there was no one around, "moved with compassion"—witness and not from a sense of duty, but the added item that at the inn he stayed with the poor fellow all night, taking care of him.

The Second Mile.
Finally, Jesus brings into the parable his doctrine or principle of "the second mile." The Samaritan had done a whole lot for this

unfortunate man—who was "nothing to him", as we say—more than might have been expected; had infinitely outdistanced the priest and the Levite in the practical application of religion to life; but he goes farther yet; paints fairer the beautiful lily of his kindness; so that "Good Samaritan" has become one of the most coveted titles that generous minded Christian man may bear.

Go and Do Likewise.

"No words, perhaps, ever spoken on earth, have had more effect than those of this parable. The Jews had no notion of humanity. The Greek despised all nations but his own as barbarians. The Romans were the great slave-holding, man-stealing people. The new thing which the gospel brought into the world was—humanity."—Charles Kingsley. "God so loved the world."

"The Jericho road did not end at Jericho; it passed the frontier of Judaea, it went into all the world. Wherever in this world sin had brought shame or suffering or sorrow, there ran the Jericho road. And the meaning of this Galilean was, that all of these sufferers were one's 'neighbors'."—Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D.

The lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" "is one of the everlasting questions, and must be forever asked by all good people, not only in this world, but in the life to come."—Dean George Hodges.

"The command, Go and do likewise, is the origin of all the beneficent alleviations of suffering, modern medicine, hospitals, doctors, nurses. Until Jesus the Good Physician comes not even good surgery appears. And until at his bidding doctors go out to the undoctored and unhealed races, men still perish in the misery of avoidable disease. We cannot help looking at this story of the good Samaritan and the commandment that follows it with a profound reverence. It is the fountain-head from which the streams of mercy, widening with the centuries, originally flowed."—Rev. Robert F. Horton, D. D.

This parable is one of the finest illustrations of complete and practical stewardship. It illustrates (1) the stewardship of time. The good Samaritan did not hesitate to interrupt his journey and disarrange his plans at the call of need. It further illustrates (2) the stewardship of ability. He was not a physician, but he knew the "first aid" of the day, and made good use of such skill as he had. Also it exemplifies (3) the stewardship of possessions. The good Samaritan gave the use of his donkey, he gave his food, and he gave his money, all to minister to the needs of an entire stranger, belonging to a hostile race. And primarily, it illustrates (4) the stewardship of the love of God. The good Samaritan "had compassion" on the wounded man. He carried God's tender mercy in his heart, the mercy that had been shown to him and that he was glad to show to others. All these forms of stewardship will be ac-

tive in a Christian life.
"Let us be kind!
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking
for this blessing only,
That we be kind."

Rockwell Presents Home.

College Station, March 3.—A model farm home, erected on the campus at the expense of the Texas lumbermen's association, was formally presented by J. W. Rockwell, Houston, president of the association.

The farm home, a six-room cottage, will be used as a key demonstration home under supervision of the extension service.

In Reward

Thrifty Employer—I consider, Partridge, that of all my employees you have been the most diligent and willing—never grumbling when you have to work late—and I think it is my duty this year to arrange the holidays so that you shall get the longest day.—The Humorist.

Nature's Protection.
The bureau of fisheries says that shrimps do not throw off a secretion which discolors the water, but that this fluid is discharged by the squids, which frequently travel in schools of shrimps. This discharge is a thin black fluid which occurs in sacs in the body of all octopods, and is used as a protection to enable the animal to escape when being pursued.

Ancient Portuguese Coins.
Records show that there was a mint for making coins at Ementa, in Portugal, established by the Suevic Goths between the years 436 and 457. It is therefore quite possible that jewelry and coins of Portugal be marked with dates of more than 1,000 years ago.

DR. R. R. WILLS
Physician and Surgeon
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Custom-Made Tailoring
Friona Dyers and Dry Cleaners
J. D. CURRY, Proprietor.

Income Tax Returns
Must Be In Mail by March 15
For expert service see
L. E. Bauerfeind
AUDITOR AND ACCOUNTANT
Friona, Texas
Make your appointments now, as I only have a limited amount of time to devote to this work.

SUNSET STAGE LINE
New Schedule, Effective January 10, 1931.

Read Down		Read Up	
Lv 9:00 a.m.	4:00 p.m.	Amarillo	5:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. Lv
Lv 9:40 a.m.	4:40 p.m.	Canyon	5:05 p.m. 10:20 p.m. Lv
Lv 10:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Umbarger	4:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. Lv
Lv 10:10 a.m.	5:10 p.m.	Dawn	4:35 p.m. 9:50 p.m. Lv
Lv 10:30 a.m.	5:30 p.m.	Hereford	4:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. Lv
Lv 10:50 a.m.	5:50 p.m.	Summerfield	3:55 p.m. 9:10 p.m. Lv
Lv 11:00 a.m.	6:00 p.m.	Black	3:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. Lv
Lv 11:15 a.m.	6:15 p.m.	Friona	3:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. Lv
Lv 11:35 a.m.	6:35 p.m.	Bovina	3:10 p.m. 8:25 p.m. Lv
Lv 11:55 a.m.	6:55 p.m.	Far-Texico	2:50 c t 8:05 c t Lv
Ar 11:15 m t	6:15 m t	Clovis	1:30 6:45 Lv
Lv 11:30 a.m.	6:45 p.m.	Clovis	1:15 6:15 Ar
Lv 12:05 p.m.	7:25 p.m.	Portales	12:30 p.m. 5:35 p.m. Ar
Ar 2:30 p.m.	10:00 p.m.	Roswell	10:00 a.m. 3:00 p.m. Lv
Lv 2:45 p.m.		Roswell	2:45 p.m. Ar
Ar 9:30 p.m.		El Paso	8:00 a.m. Lv

Direct connections at Clovis for Portales, Hobbs, Roswell, Artesia, Carlsbad, El Paso, Phoenix, Los Angeles, Tucumcari, Las Vegas, Plainview, Lubbock. At Amarillo for Panhandle, Pampa, Borger, Enid, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Wichita, Kansas, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver. Wichita Falls, Fort Worth and Dallas. Plainview, Lubbock; Guymon, Oklahoma.
Ticket Office at City Drug Store, Friona.

SPEND
But **Save Too**

Buy sensibly, buy normally. But don't spend ALL your income. Put a portion aside each month. That is the golden mean between the wastrel and the miser—a duty to yourself and your family. Why not start today?

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SIX-TUBE, ALL-ELECTRIC, MANTEL TYPE
National Pfanstiehl Radio
[Value \$60.00]
NOW ON DISPLAY IN OUR STORE.
See It and Hear It!
This Radio Will Be Given Away FREE
Ask Us About It.
See Us for Fresh Vegetables and Quality and Staple Groceries.
Key's Grocery
FRIONA, TEXAS

Announcement
TO OUR LADY CUSTOMERS
Our entire line of Corticelli Silk Hosiery has been reduced in price from 20 to 25 per cent.
NEW PRICES AS FOLLOWS:
Pure Thread Silk Chiffon Hose, regular \$1.50 grades, now \$1.50
Regular \$1.50 values, Pure Thread Silk Chiffon Hose, in both picot and supporter top, now \$1.25
Regular \$1.50 value, Pure Thread Silk Service Weight, now \$1.25
We are also introducing a New Number in a Pure Thread Silk Chiffon at \$1.00
Our regular \$1.00 values now go on sale at 89c
Maurer's

Convertible Frocks New Spring Note
DESIGNED TO FIT MANY USES. THEY APPEAR SMART IN WHATEVER FORM YOU WEAR THEM—SOME STYLES USE TWO COLORS FOR VARIETY
BY HARRIET
THE convertible frock or suit is what every woman should go in search of in planning her spring wardrobe this year.
One such serves so many purposes. Usually it is at least a suit and a dress. Often it takes on the threefold aspect of a frock, a suit and a silk ensemble. But that is one of the trickier kind.
Many women have a prejudice against a dress that they can assume to look like something else. But the smartest women this year are falling for convertible frocks because they are designed to look so chic whatever way you wear them. And there is no denying the advantage of a double-faced frock!
At a recent fashion show, out of 25 costumes shown, there were 10 that had at least a double use. A little lace dinner gown had a sweet little pastel colored jacket and, by slipping a pastel colored skirt over the separate blouse of the gown, there was a pastel suit with a lace blouse!
A going-away crepe wool suit for a bride had a topcoat to match and a separate printed silk skirt to go with the printed silk blouse of the suit. The coat of the suit was reversible, so that there could be evolved a silk frock and silk coat, wool lined, as well as the wool suit.
For days when women travel much, like to have different costumes and always appear individual, these convertible frocks are an answer to many occasions.
ONE of the smartest of the new convertible frocks is a beige wool week-end suit, with a short jacket lined with green and beige print silk. A complete frock of this same silk makes the waist and shows where the skirt is slit up the front. The skirt, a wrap-around type of contrivance, can be unbuttoned and there is the little green and beige printed dress, with the beige coat wool to top it, with cuffs and a pocket of the frock's print. It's quite new and one well worth copying.
Some of the convertibles like this are made of the use of two colors and beauty. This little blouse that settles down around the waistline, in perfect dress-fitting manner. This can be left open, for a bolero jacket and the pink crepe blouse shown. Or the jacket itself can be worn quite appropriately with evening dresses as a sweet little separate coat.
Two outstanding convertibles for spring wear are illustrated above. The beige wool week-end suit, left, when removed, reveals a green and beige printed dress. Slightly more formal is the black transparent velvet street outfit, right. Its jacket can be worn as a separate coat.
suit has a green felt hat to go with it, banded in beige and green. A convertible costume a little more formal is a black transparent velvet street outfit which looks like a dress with a scarf of pale pink crepe. As a matter of fact, there is a wrap-around skirt and a separate





Farmers Will Go To School

Facts About Tractor Care Will Be Studied.

How to get maximum results from tractor operation, for the longest time and at the least expense, will be fully explained to farmers of this vicinity at a tractor school to be conducted by F. N. Welch, local farm equipment dealer, aided by representatives of the John Deere organization. The school will be in session from one to four o'clock, March 11, in the Texas Theatre in Friona. Free lunch will be served at John Deere store, and interesting motion pictures will be shown as one of the entertainment features.

"We invite every farmer in this section to be our guests at this tractor school," says Mr. Welch. "It will be in charge of men who know everything about tractors. In plain, simple illustrated lessons they will teach what they know. They will demonstrate the easy, money saving ways of keeping a tractor tuned up for greatest efficiency throughout its life. Since tractors are coming into such wide use in this section and since a clear understanding of tractors by the user is such an important factor in successful operation, it will pay every farmer to attend this school. It is going to be a real sociable affair, with free lunch for all and a mighty interesting story told in motion pictures as sidelines. We are counting on a big crowd coming in to enjoy the big day with us."

Picture above shows a session of a similar school conducted by a farm equipment dealer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Whitson and son visited her sisters and brothers at Dimmitt Saturday and Sunday. Ernest Battle was in Hereford Saturday. Ed Mackle who was operated on Saturday is improving. Mrs. Ollie Ott and daughter visited in the home of her mother, Mrs. Campbell. Ollie Ott has been on the sick list this week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Collett attended court last Wednesday and Thursday. Ben Bates, Charlie and John Brown were in Friona Saturday. John Annen, who has spent the past month with his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Whitson, is visiting in Dimmitt this week. Mrs. L. M. Williams and daughters, Eunita and Estell, visited in the Jima Williams home Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Whitson and son, James, were in Hereford on Monday. The party at the Ollie Ott home Saturday night was enjoyed by many. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Collett and Ben Bates were in Hereford Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Jima Williams and baby Kathryn Faye took dinner in the L. M. Williams home Wednesday. Mrs. G. W. Wells, who has been in Amarillo during the serious illness of her son-in-law, Ed Makie, returned home Saturday night.

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Eleven-Mile

Miss Eunita Williams, Reporter.

O. G. Hill visited his ranch here first of the week. Miss Odessa Campbell visited

her sister, Mrs. Ollie Ott, Sunday. Mrs. Winn and daughter were shopping in Hereford Saturday. Paul Ramsey was in Hereford Saturday.

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Lets Contract For Improving Canyon Highway

Contract for grading and drainage of 15.5 miles of highway No. 60, or state number 33, from Canyon to the Deaf Smith county line, was let by the highway department last week.

New routing of the highway was effected by the commissioners court of Randall county in securing right-of-way privileges from property owners, and the distance between the two county seats, Hereford and Canyon, will be shortened and several right-angle turns will be eliminated. It is the intention of Randall county to pave its part of No. 60 at some time in the future.

Victory Seems Scored On Cut-Off Prevention

A victory was apparently scored in the Thursday highway meeting at Santa Fe at which Hereford was represented by Jonathan Pitman, S. P. Rosson, E. B. Black and Joe L. Pope who lent their influence against the move of Albuquerque citizens for establishment of a cut-off at Santa Rosa for number 60.

Should the state of New Mexico build and improve the cut-off, it would be a hard blow to traffic through Clovis and Hereford, but according to reports given by the delegates Monday noon at the chamber of commerce luncheon the proposal has been defeated for several years, at least.

The New Mexico legislature adjourned to give place to the highway session, said Mr. Black, who gave a resume of the trip to those at the luncheon. Albuquerque, Amarillo and Oklahoma interests favored the route along the Rock Island railroad.

It is claimed by his co-workers that the logical reasoning, and discussion of the prominence of this region, based upon a plea of friendship and goodwill, put forth by Mr. Pope went far toward shelving the cut-off proposition.

Jno. P. Slaton presided over the Monday luncheon and he said a very enthusiastic highway meeting was held in Dimmitt Friday, with Hereford, Dimmitt, Vega and Plainview participating. A state designation of a north and south highway is desired, and plans were talked over for getting recognition of the road connecting Vega with Plainview.

Results of the poll from several hundred questionnaires sent out by the chamber of commerce office indicates that improved highways stand first in point of desirability of Hereford citizens, said Secretary-Manager Pope, who also used the occasion to express his appreciation of the fine reception accorded him and the ready assistance that has been forthcoming in promulgation of his and the people's work.

"It is pleasant to be in Hereford," said Mr. Pope, "and, like the negro who succinctly told how long he had been sent to the penitentiary, I hope to be here 'from now on out.'"

Try a Want-Ad in the Star.

Plant Cotton

Cotton grows good in Farmer County.

As much as three-quarters of a bale to the acre was grown in 1929 by some farmers.

That kind of a crop will pay any year.

TRY SOME COTTON!

Friona Gin Co.

Business Picks Up.
Austin, March 2.—The general decline of retail department stores during January over December was only seasonal, according to the bureau of business research. However, sales in several cities during January exceeded those of the corresponding month last year, without adjustment for changes in price level.

PREACHING AT BLACK

Preaching services will be held here next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock by M. H. Dungan. There will also be a musical program in the afternoon at two o'clock by young people of the Hereford Baptist church.

Star Advertisers are sincere in their efforts to make buying easier for you. Read their messages.

WANTED—Clean white cotton rags. Bring them to the editor at the Star office.

Plainview Sale Booked by Ray Barber, April 9

Booking of the sale of dairy cattle for the Panhandle-Plains Dairy show in Plainview April 9 was made Monday morning by Col. Ray Barber, Hereford auctioneer. This is the second time that Mr. Barber has been given that responsible position. He had charge of the sales there in 1929 and hung up a record for dairy cattle sales, getting an average of \$200 a head.

A. P. McElroy, M. D.
PHONE 58A
FRIONA TEXAS

All Kinds of **Garden Seed**
Irish Cobbler and Triumph
SEED POTATOES
STAR BRAND SHOES
F. L. SPRING
DRY GOODS GROCERIES

You Are Invited To Attend FREE John Deere Tractor School

Under the Direction of Practical Tractor Men
WILL BE HELD AT

THE TEXAN THEATRE, FRIONA, TEXAS
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11
AT 1:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

As this is a short, practical course, we suggest that you be there early and get the benefit of all the instruction and demonstration.
THIS SCHOOL IS FOR YOU if you operate a tractor or are interested in tractors or power farming.
New power farming pictures and other instructive films will be shown.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON!

F. N. WELCH, FRIONA, TEXAS

Wednesday Morning at 10:00 A. M.
WE WILL HOLD **Big Demonstration!**
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FRIONA
COME EARLY AND BRING THE BOYS.

SOUTHWESTERN EXPOSITION AND FAT STOCK SHOW
FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MARCH 7 to 15 INCL., 1931.
Tickets on sale March 5 to 14 Incl. Final return limit March 17, 1931.
ROUND TRIP FARE FROM FRIONA \$18.75
Correspondingly low fares from other points.
For further information, reservations, etc., Call Or Write
W. B. STARK, T. B. GALLAHER,
Agent, General Passenger Agent
Friona, Texas. Amarillo, Texas

Auction
Sales are Profitable
Permit me to suggest that you book your auction sales at your earliest possible convenience in order to secure the date you prefer.
I am booking sales over a large territory this season. The splendid results obtained in recent sales of live stock, farm equipment and real estate has convinced the owners to sell at auction, the well known method by which you can get your buyers in one group and convert your property into ready cash in a day, and receive full value.
My knowledge of values enables me to render an efficient service which means dollars and cents to you the day of your auction sale. The many satisfied people I have sold for are my best reference.
YOURS FOR A REAL SALE
Ray Barber, Auctioneer
Superior Sales Service
Phone 241 Hereford, Texas
Sales Dates and Literature May Be Arranged at THE HEREFORD BRAND

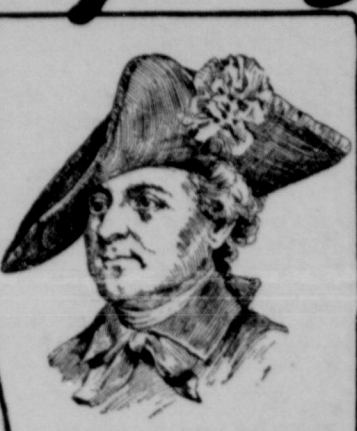
The Buying Guide for 34,000 Wideawake Readers

"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.
Make your wants known through the "Farmers' Market place." Rates are five cents per word for one insertion, or four cents per word per insertion when inserted in three or more consecutive issues.
DISPLAY RATES
Display Advertising Rates on Request.
The Southwestern **STOCKMAN-FARMER**
ROOM 14, NUNN BUILDING, AMARILLO, TEXAS

He Lost a Battle and Won a Campaign



GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE



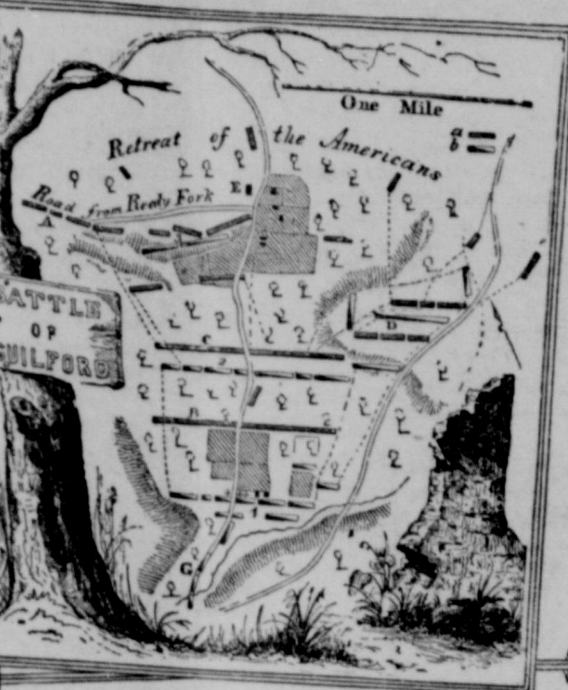
ISAAC HUGER



STATUE TO GEN. GREENE WASHINGTON, D.C.



COL. OTHO H. WILLIAMS



G. British advancing; 1. First position of British; B. Front line of Americans—North Carolinians; C. Second line of Americans; A. American right wing; E. Maryland and Virginia Continentals; 2. Second position of British; D. Fight between Hessians and Americans; 3. Third position of British.



COL. HENRY LEE



COL. WILLIAM WASHINGTON

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THIS month marks the anniversary of the battle of Guilford Court House in North Carolina, fought just 150 years ago—on March 15, 1781. Compared to other engagements in the Revolution this one is but little known to most Americans. The forces engaged were not large; it was not as spectacular as Washington's exploit at Trenton, Wayne's capture of Stony Point or the amazing victory of the backwoodsmen at Kings Mountain; and its highly-important result was not immediately visible. At the moment it was a victory for the British, but in the long run it was an American triumph and in a certain sense it was one of the decisive battles in the struggle for freedom.

But more than anything else the battle of Guilford Court House is a perpetual monument to the memory of a man who measured up to the supreme test of a great military commander—his ability to lose battles and win campaigns. That man was Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

The task which was given him in 1780 was one which would have daunted any commander. Sir Henry Clinton had captured Charleston and General Lincoln's army of 2,000 men. The British had overrun Georgia and South Carolina and with the brilliant Lord Cornwallis in command it seemed as though all of the South had definitely been won back to the crown. Congress had sent General Gates, the credited though little-deserving victor at Saratoga, to take charge of what patriot forces there were available there and, although he could ill afford to spare them, Washington sent a division of Continental troops under Baron de Kalb to help Gates stem the tide of British success. As for Gates, "his Northern laurels turned to Southern willows," and he suffered a disastrous defeat at the battle of Camden, which was all the more tragic because of the loss of De Kalb.

Following his success at Camden, Cornwallis proceeded with the invasion of North Carolina. The defeat of Ferguson at Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780, with its loss of 1,000 of Cornwallis' best men checked him temporarily and he fell back to Willsboro. But this lightened for only a moment the gloom which seemed to be settling down over the patriot cause. The outlook was still dark enough when Greene arrived in Charlotte, N. C., early in December. Washington had given him as his second in command Baron Steuben, and he also had Gen. Daniel Morgan, the real hero of Saratoga, John Laurens and "Light Horse Harry" Lee. Upon taking command, Greene immediately won the confidence of Col. William Washington, a brilliant cavalry leader, and the famous partisan leaders, Marion, Pickens and Sumter.

The total force at Greene's disposal was probably never much over 2,000. With his few hundred Continentals and the unreliable militia, whose numbers fluctuated constantly, he knew that he could not risk a pitched battle with Cornwallis. His only hope was to carry on the partisan warfare of the Carolina leaders on a larger scale, so he divided his army for that purpose. Sending Morgan with about 600 men to co-operate with Sumter on Cornwallis' left flank and giving him orders to threaten the British leader's line of communications and the various British posts all

the way to Augusta in Georgia, Greene took Gen. Isaac Huger with him in an advance into the valley of the Pedee to threaten Georgetown and Cornwallis' communications with Charleston.

On the face of it, this was poor strategy but subsequent events proved the wisdom of Greene's decision. The logical thing for Cornwallis to do was to try to defeat the American forces in detail and Greene's division of his forces seemed to offer the opportunity. But the new American commander had the Briton worried from the start, for Cornwallis had no illusions about Greene. "He is as dangerous as Washington," he wrote a friend. If he moved forward against Greene, Morgan would fall upon his rear. If he turned to crush Morgan, Greene would pounce down upon him from behind. He could not leave Camden and its vast stores of supplies unprotected. So it will be seen that Greene had "put him in a hole" at the outset.

Cornwallis' final decision was to follow Greene's example and divide his forces—which was just what Greene hoped he would do. More than that, the American commander began planning "miles and weeks ahead." He sent his chief engineer, Kosciuszko, and his quartermaster, Carrington, to examine the fords of the various rivers of North Carolina and to gather boats, wagons and supplies at strategic points. Then he prepared for a game of hide-and-seek on a large scale, luring Cornwallis on to attack him, but never allowing the Briton to catch him.

Cornwallis' first move was to send one of his best officers, Col. Banastre Tarleton, to attack Morgan. The result was the battle of Cowpens on January 17, 1781, in which Morgan won a complete and brilliant victory. Cornwallis immediately set out to punish Morgan but that leader, although encumbered with prisoners and the large store of supplies captured at Cowpens, retreated so rapidly that within a week he had covered nearly 90 miles and put his army across the Catawba. There on January 30 Greene, accompanied by only three men, joined him, having left Huger in command with orders to follow up the Yadkin and hurried across country to be with Morgan. Greene had now decided to unite his army in North Carolina and Cornwallis had decided to pursue the Americans northward—just what Greene hoped he would do.

Cornwallis spent two days at Ramsour's Mills, burning all his tents, baggage, extra clothing and supplies. He was stripping his army for a rapid advance. When he reached the Catawba he found that stream swollen by rains and for two days he waited for the water to subside. Then he crossed over, scattered the militia which Greene had left there to dispute his crossing and set out after Greene. The next day Greene reached the Yadkin, which was also swollen by rains, but Carrington was there with his boats and the little force of Americans was quickly ferried across. The last boats were leaving for the northern shore when the British advance guard came into view. Having no boats, Cornwallis was forced to seek shallower fords 25 miles up the Yadkin. We then hurried toward the upper fords on the Dan river in the hope of reaching them before Greene could. But again Greene's forethought proved its value. He had boats waiting for him on the lower Dan and he crossed over in these.

Greene's plan had worked perfectly. By keeping just in front of Cornwallis he had enticed him

northward nearly 250 miles away from his base of supplies at Charleston and at the same time had brought his own troops nearer to Steuben, who was assembling reinforcements in Virginia. It had had been a thrilling race, across the Catawba, across the Yadkin and across the Dan. Both armies were almost worn out by this mid-winter march, but Cornwallis was in much worse condition than Greene.

Cornwallis consoled himself with the remark that he had forced the enemy out of the Carolinas. But it was an empty boast for the enemy wouldn't stay forced out. No sooner had Cornwallis started on his return than Greene recrossed the Dan. By this time he had been joined by the rest of his army under Huger and at Guilford Court House, on ground which he had carefully chosen, he offered battle. The British leader was perfectly willing to accept the challenge, since it offered the possibility of retrieving some of the prestige he had lost in being outmaneuvered by Greene during the famous retreat.

Greene posted his troops in three lines, following the tactics which Morgan had successfully used at Cowpens. The North Carolina militia were in front with parties of expert riflemen on either flank. Three hundred yards behind them was a line of Virginia militia with Col. William Washington's cavalry on their right flank and "Light Horse Harry" Lee's on their left. Five hundred and fifty yards in their rear were posted the Continental troops with General Huger commanding on the right and Col. Otho Williams on the left. The first and third lines were on the edge of clearings, giving a good field of fire, but the second was in the woods.

All told Greene had about 4,000 men, but a large part of these were militia, none too steady under fire and given to sudden panics. Cornwallis had about 2,200 men, British and Hessians, and virtually all of them were well-trained soldiers. Cornwallis attacked about noon. Greene's first line became nervous as the British advanced to the attack, began firing too soon and with practically no effect. Then when the British line charged the line broke and the militia fled in disorder. The second line stood its ground better until the British turned its flank when it retreated past the left of the Continentals.

Cornwallis then pressed on through the woods to the second clearing and fell upon the Continentals. Among these were two veteran Maryland regiments who had been taught the value of discipline. They not only repulsed two British attacks with heavy loss, but also launched a furious counter-attack which broke the British line in the center. One British battalion was driven in confusion from the field, losing nearly half its strength.

The Virginia Continentals up to now had not been heavily engaged and Greene might have thrown them in at this moment, crushed Cornwallis and won the day. But these Continentals were not the veterans that the Maryland troops were and they would have been pitted against some of the best troops in the British army who saw victory almost within their grasp. If the Virginians failed, it might result in the destruction of Greene's whole army. We can never know how sorely tempted the American commander was then to gamble with fate, to stake everything on one last throw and to try the issue to the bitter end. But he must have realized that more than this one victory was at stake there. If he guessed wrong and lost his army, the South was lost and perhaps the whole patriot cause was lost. So he gave the order to retreat and retired from the field in good order.

Cornwallis had won, but he had paid dearly. In defeating Greene at Guilford he lost nearly a third of his own force. As Fox, the British minister remarked when he heard the news of this battle: "A few more victories like that and we are undone."

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

He Kills Girl, Self, Wounds Rescuer

Sacramento, Calif.—As she ran screaming for help from a room, Dixie Bronson was shot to death in the Hotel Lindy here by A. Sanzol of Susanville, who then killed himself. Walter Goodwin, hotel porter, who was rushing to the woman's rescue when he heard her cries, was shot twice in the face and in the hand.

CHARM IS LUCKY, BUT LUCK IS BAD

Rabbit's Foot Spells Misfortune for Herman.

San Francisco.—If Herman Moore, twenty, ever erects a statue to symbolize the apotheosis of hard luck, it will be a stone rabbit's foot surmounted by a howl of crepe!

Two years ago a friend gave Moore a rabbit's foot for luck. The first day he carried it Moore's wife ran off with another man. Moore pursued the couple to Marysville, trounced his rival, and brought his rambling helpmate home again. Just for luck Moore gave the rabbit's foot another rub.

The day that happened his wife left home again, taking his money and most of his clothing. Disgusted with life, but still loyal to his rabbit's foot, Moore decided to become a robber. He dared pneumonia to sit in a damp alley and watch a crap game all evening through the crack in a window at 2925 Lincoln way. At midnight, when the pickings looked good, he gave his rabbit's foot a rub, stepped up and robbed John Donning, the winner of the game. The total loot proved to be just—\$5.

Moore's wife's departure had left him sullen, and \$5 was not enough to replace the loss. So—Moore stole a suit. He transferred the rabbit's foot to the pocket of the acquired clothing and stood for a moment at the corner of Fulton and La Playa streets trying to make up his mind what to do next. Just for luck—he rubbed the rabbit's foot.

Along came Mrs. A. A. Lynburner, 889 Fortieth avenue, recognized the suit as one that should have been in her closet, and called a policeman. With his hand still on the rabbit's foot, Moore denied that he was a thief. The policeman searched the pockets and found in one of them a letter addressed to Mrs. Lynburner, enclosing the case against Moore. He started Moore toward the city prison.

Just before they entered the hall of Justice Moore took something out of his pocket, laid it carefully on the sidewalk and stamped on it. It was a rabbit's foot. He is now in jail charged with burglary, holdup and a number of other things, with his faith in women and rabbit's feet gone forever.

Drug Addict Doomed to Die for Brutal Murder

Hull, Quebec.—Austin Cassidy, drug addict and gunman, who at the age of twenty-eight had a police record 16 years long, will pay with his life for the murder of Bert Marshall, young Ottawa athlete.

Maintaining an air of sullen bravado, Cassidy spat contemptuously on the courtroom floor as Justice Loranger passed the death sentence. The bench remarked that Cassidy at least was being given time to repent for his crime, whereas Marshall had been hurled into eternity without a moment's warning.

"I am sorry," His Lordship commented—"I'm not," Cassidy snarled, interrupting him.

"So much the worse, my poor friend, if you are not," Justice Loranger resumed. "I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

Marshall was shot to death here some weeks ago after a trivial altercation following a collision between two motor cars. Cassidy served several prison terms, having first appeared in court when only twelve years of age. The jury before which he was tried returned a conviction after only 15 minutes' deliberation.

Mouse Puts Woman in Hospital With Injuries

Yakima, Wash.—"A mouse! It's going your way!"

A scream, a rattle of furniture, crash of glass, and Mrs. Fred Schell went to a hospital to have her wounds treated.

The trouble started when Pauline, Mrs. Schell's daughter, accidentally drove a mouse from its hiding place behind the kitchen stove. The animal dodged a lusty swing of a stove poker and headed straight for Mrs. Schell. She jumped from a low kitchen chair to the top of the table, which tipped and sent her crashing through the kitchen window. A badly cut arm resulted.

Laborer Walks Home After Fall; Then Dies

Truro, England.—Marshall Yelland, forty-two-year-old laborer, fell 60 feet down a clay shaft, climbed unaided up a 90-foot ladder to the surface, walked a quarter of a mile home and died the next day. Yelland was working at the Goonvean china clay works near here when the accident occurred, but he refused all assistance, including an offer to be driven home, fearing it would alarm his wife.

Upset Not Serious if Bowels Get This Help

When you're out-of-sorts, head-achy, dizzy, bilious, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy—don't worry. It's probably constipation.

Take a candy Cascaret tonight and see how quickly your trouble clears up. No more headache; no gas on stomach or bowels. Appetite improves; digestion is encouraged. Take another tomorrow night and the next night. Get every bit of the souring waste out of your system. Then see how bowel action is regular and complete.

Cascarets are made from cascara, which doctors agree actually strengthens bowel muscles. Ten cents at all drug stores.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue. It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself.—Steele.

Wisconsin Woman Lost 11 Lbs.

"Have been taking Kruschen Salts for fat reduction—am on my second bottle—I lost 11 pounds in six weeks and feel fine—Kruschen sure gives you a lot of vim and pep."

Kruschen Salts are used daily by millions all over the world not only to take off fat from overweight people but to rejuvenate the entire system. One bottle of Kruschen Salts (lasts 4 weeks) costs but 85c and one bottle will prove of vast benefit to people who have constipation, headaches, indigestion, nervousness, rheumatism, depression, acidity and auto-intoxication.

Not only that but one bottle will bring about body activity—increased energy, vigor and ambition, sparkling eyes and freedom from pimples and blemishes—millions know all this—you ought to know it. Take one half teaspoon in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—walk a little each day—cut down on sweets and fat forming foods.

Sold by druggists America over with the distinct understanding that one bottle will help you lose fat or money back.—Adv.

Learn to be a good loser. You are sure to need the knowledge.

WORTHY OF A TRIAL

Lewisville, Ark.—"I wish to add a word of praise for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I began using it fifteen years ago for nervousness and neuralgia. A few bottles brought me relief. I wish to say that the 'Discovery' is an excellent remedy for neuralgia, nervousness, colds, is a general builder of the system after a spell of sickness and I heartily recommend it as a medicine well worthy of a trial. I take pleasure in advising my friends to try it."—Mrs. G. V. Storar, Route 1.

All druggists. Fluid or tablets. Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., using the symptom blank which is in the carton, if you want free medical advice. Send 10c for a trial package.

A practical joke is one that is salable.

Bad Cold?
To avoid constipation, take Thedford's **BLACK-DRAUGHT**

THE LARGEST SELLING ASPIRIN IN THE WORLD FOR 10c

ALWAYS ASK FOR **St. Joseph's PURE ASPIRIN**
12 TABLETS 10c
26 TABLETS 25c 100 TABLETS 60c

Gathering Russian Grain to Dump on Markets



Giving an idea of how Russia is engaged in gathering all the wheat raised throughout the vast domain in order to dump it on the world's markets at a low price, this photograph of one of the stations in Asiatic Russia shows peasants bringing in their grain.

Scrapping the World's Shortest Railroad



What was said to be the shortest railroad in the world, running for one and one-half miles between the docks and warehouses on Governors Island, has been condemned by the United States army and torn up. Built during the war to transport stores and machinery on the island, the railway, with the official name Governors Island railroad, gradually decreased in usefulness.

HELEN TO WED AGAIN



Reports are being circulated in Bucharest society circles that Queen Helen, divorced wife of King Carol of Rumania, is planning to marry a Rumanian officer, Colonel Skellett.

TO RULE CANADA



The earl of Bessborough, a commanding figure in the British business world, who has been appointed governor general of Canada to succeed Earl Willingdon, the new viceroy of India. Bessborough is chairman of the gigantic Unilever Margarine corporation, deputy chairman of De Beers Consolidated Mines and chairman of the Sao Paulo (Brazil) railway.

Monarch Gets Refund

A conscientious local council has discovered that King George had paid it \$2.35 too much. The item in the records of the Egham (Surrey) council reads: "H. M. the king (re Windsor Park); 9s. 6d. overpaid on this assessment for last half-year. Refund to be made and set off against current rate."

John D. Tells Padre a Good Story



Judging from the expression on the face of Rev. A. T. Brooks of Boston, Mass., it must have been a good one that John D. Rockefeller had just related to him on the grounds of his winter home at Ormond Beach, Fla., where the minister was his guest.

They Predict a Coup d'Etat in France



The duke and duchess de Guise, known as the "uncrowned rulers" of France, who have predicted a coup d'etat to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France in 1932. The duchess stated that the military forces supporting their cause number at least 60,000.

NOT A DRAB STORY

By Fannie Hurst

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THIS may seem a drab story. Certainly it is not a gilded romance of life lived in the gayer moods of things-as-they ought-to-be. But since the heart is the source from which life drains its happiness and the heart of Ella was in its own way to find its own fulfillment, what may seem drab to the outsider was not that to this slim, sometimes grim girl.

There is no doubt that she was one of those persons born to carry more than her share of the world's responsibility. At seventeen, she was earning half the upkeep and expense of her home which consisted of a five-room flat in a two-family house on a presentable street. This she shared with her mother, a gay, rather childish woman who had never caught up with her years, and with her father, a building contractor, who was, even then, beginning to lose his sight.

From the point of view of many of her friends, Ella's mother was a trial sufficient to tax her endurance beyond limit. She was an airy person of rather good Eastern family connections who had never become reconciled to what she regarded as the cruder aspects of Middle-West life. The city in which she lived bored her. There was an air of patronage about the little lady.

Her habit was to lie abed mornings, leaving her daughter and husband, both of whom she adored, to scuttle about the kitchen for breakfast before they hurried away to work. More than often she waited for them to prepare the evening meal when they came from their work. She was the sort of woman who willfully creates within herself inefficiency, thereby at the same time forcing those about her to acquire skill at chores which would naturally be outside their realm.

There was no reason why Ella and her father should have been carrying on their business lives and at the same time carrying on their shoulders the responsibilities of the home. But that was the case. It had been, ever since Mrs. Lee was married to her husband and ever since Ella was tall enough to stand shoulder-high to a kitchen sink.

John Lee, long ago reconciled to this unequal balance of power in his home, and devoted in spite of himself to this airy little woman, his wife, carried on stodgily, relentless in his routine, even when the grim fear of impending blindness began to descend upon him.

At seventeen, Ella Lee, too old for her years, was assistant in a dentist's office. She was a quiet girl, far too slender, with a mouse-like face, taupe-colored hair which in a bobbed-hair age she wore in two mats against her ears. In Mrs. Lee's eyes, Ella, in her thin, pallid way, bore the imprints of the aristocracy of the world "back East," a semi-mythical world by now, which Mrs. Lee's imagination had embroidered as the years marched on. She was fond of visualizing grandeur of her girlhood back East that had never existed. In all sincerity, she cherished the belief that she had made the supreme social sacrifice in marrying John Lee and migrating to this Middle-Western city.

Meanwhile, endowed with the sometimes surprising vitality of the slender in body, Ella began to assume more and more the affairs of that household. Inevitably, there came the day when her father, blind, parsimoniously pensioned by the corporation that had employed him for the forty middle years of his life, was obliged to surrender his activities. It meant a severe kind of pinching for the household. Only the facts that Ella, through a stroke of incredible good fortune, obtained a better-paying position in the office of a nose-and-throat specialist, and that a newspaper advertisement had brought in a lodger for the best room in the flat, were the Lees able to make both ends meet.

It was hard, ratty sledding for a while, and it looked as if Ella's frail shoulders could scarcely bear the load. First, her father, along with the collapse of his eyesight, suffered a nervous breakdown. Then, for one reason or another, the lodger they had been able to obtain left almost without warning for reasons that had no bearing upon satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the Lees'.

Mrs. Lee, ineffectual as ever, tried to put her shoulder to the wheel; tried her hand at making fancy candies for the Woman's Exchange and even attempted to do a bit of sewing for the neighbors. But it was no use; she was a futile, spoiled woman. And much of this condition was due to Ella herself. She babied her mother, catered to her inefficiencies and willingly assumed a load that might have staggered a far more robust person.

Her father, feeble in strength, nervously gone in resistance, and tormented by the first years of learning his lesson of reconciliation to blindness, came slowly and unconsciously to demand more and more of Ella. The fact that she was carrying a load that not only obscured her youth but jeopardized her health, failed to make its impression on him. He only knew that he loved her and needed her; that she was indis-

pensable to his darkness and irreplaceable in his plight.

The pathos of this gaunt old man, empty-eyed, empty-handed, was almost more than she could bear. No labor of love was too much. She got up at dawn because he was sleepless then, and she could give to him the few precious hours before her departure from the house. Her return from the physician's office where she was employed was made in breathless, hurried fashion so that she might give to him a few extra moments before the preparation of dinner. Throughout all this, Mrs. Lee, well-meaning, bleeding sympathy for her husband, agonizing for her daughter, succeeded only in making herself more and more of an impediment.

Her cooking was so bad. Time and time again the luncheons which she served to her husband while Ella was at her work came scorched and tasteless to the table, irritating the nervous old man almost beyond endurance. Finally, it became Ella's chore, before she left the house in the morning, to prepare her father's lunch, place it in the icebox and leave written instructions to her little scatter-brained mother precisely how the food should be warmed.

"Poor Ella," said the neighbors, "I don't see how she stands it."

Neither did Ella, for that matter, but fortunately there was not much time to wonder about it.

The days were all too short for what she had to accomplish during them; the nights all too brief for the amount of sleep her tired body required.

The matter of lodgers, one of their major sources of income by now, was a troublesome and nerve-racking one. It was not that they did not seem satisfied, but almost invariably, once they obtained one, he or she would be called out of the city on the death of a relative or a change of position or some incident over which they had no control.

A young man named Nestus Nevins was to be the ultimate lodger who remained. He was a shell-shocked fellow of about thirty-two who found himself, because of physical disabilities, forced to live on an income which amounted to about ninety dollars a month. The capital representing this money had been left him by his parents, in trust, when he was only nineteen. It required care and discretion, in this day and age, to live on it.

He was a pale-eyed, timid fellow, by no means unintelligent, but a boy whose delicate health, both in childhood and later, owing to shell shock, had developed certain inhibitions and a lack of aggressiveness. He liked books and was capable of lying five or six hours of the day and reading. He was not averse to pattering about his room, trying his hand at composition and writing or doing a bit of carpentry for Mrs. Lee, throughout the long bright days, without so much as leaving the house.

He was the first young man who had ever cast a second glance at Ella. Over night, as it were, here life had taken on a turbulence. Excitement for this pale, lustreless girl that was without precedent in her entire experience. The days had come flamingly alive. Everything had taken on a significance that it had never claimed before. It was one thing to be just alive. It was another thing to be wakened to days that suddenly were tipped with the strange beauty of a strange meaning.

Mrs. Lee saw it happening. She saw the young Nestus begin to cast the magnetized eye of attraction upon her child. Strange tumults beat in her. She was the mother ambitious for her offspring. Romance had come even for Ella who, somehow, up to now, had seemed immune.

It was a strange enough courtship. The pallid youth, lying around the house all day, only perking up enough strength to put on his collar and smooth his hair as the hour of Ella's home-coming approached. Evenings, they sat in the stuffy little parlor, Ella reading to her father, or the four of them, aided and abetted by a system which Ella had worked out for the blind man, playing bridge.

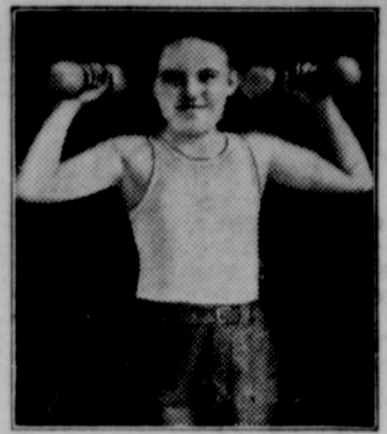
The moments of the young people alone together were so rare and sporadic that when the engagement of their truth finally came, Mrs. Lee, for the life of her, could not figure out where and how the words of tryst could have taken place. But they had. Ella and Nestus were married in the little parlor one Sunday afternoon so that the occasion need not interfere with her office work.

The household goes on as before, only there is the addition of Nestus Nevins now, who, in his way, is as much to be babied as Mrs. Lee or her husband.

But this is not a drab story, Ella, in her squirrel cage of service, is happy.

Gardens on the Mountainside

Negotiating the Jungfrau from Interlaken, and especially at Eigerjocher or other wayside stations of that mountain's wonderful railroad, visitors are amazed at the wild flowers, many of which are anything but wild when they grow in our sheltered gardens and hothouses. Right up to the snow line and the rim of the glaciers you will find alpenrosen, as they call our azaleas; violets, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, thistlebloom, anemones, gentians, clover and cornflowers, if that is what you call "bachelor buttons." The far-famed Edelweiss is rarely seen here, fortunately for tourists, for as the old guides will tell you, it grows in soft rock and brittle slopes, which are dangerous to climbers.



Strongest

"Gerald suffered with his stomach and bowels until he was listless and weak," says Mrs. B. E. Geren, 822 W. Main St., Oklahoma City, Okla. "Now he's the strongest boy I know. I gave him California Fig Syrup because Mother used it. It increased his appetite, regulated his bowels, helped his digestion."

Nothing could be more convincing than the way thousands of mothers are praising California Fig Syrup to show how it acts to build-up and strengthen headachy, bilious, half-sick, constipated children.

Your doctor will approve the use of this pure vegetable product as often as impure breath, coated tongue, listlessness or feverishness warn of constipation—or to keep bowels open in colds or children's diseases.

The word California on bottle and carton marks the genuine.



Our Unknown Relatives

Not one person in ten can tell you the names of their grandparents and where they were born.—American Magazine.

EXCESS ACID SICKENS—GET RID OF IT!

Sour stomach, indigestion, gas, usually mean excess acid. The stomach nerves have been over-stimulated. Food sours in the stomach.

Correct excess acid with an alkali. The best form of alkali is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It works instantly. The stomach becomes sweet. Your heartburn, gas, headache, biliousness or indigestion has vanished!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the pleasant way—the efficient way—to relieve the effects of over-acidity.

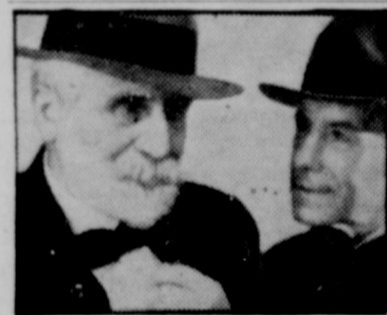
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has been standard with doctors for over 50 years. 25c and 50c bottles at druggists.

His Schooling

"Joe, am I the first girl you ever kissed?" "Yes, dear, I got my technique at the movies."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Laugh at it as you please, there is an Intelligentsia, and it is not to be vanquished.



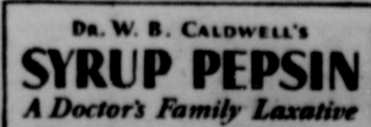
OLDER PEOPLE Must watch bowels Constantly!

As we grow older the bowels become more sluggish. They don't get rid of all the waste. Some days they do not move at all. So older people need to watch their bowels constantly. Only by doing this can they hope to avoid the many forms of sickness caused by constipation.

When your bowels need help remember a doctor should know what is best for them, and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist. Syrup Pepsin is a doctor's prescription for lagging bowels, good for all ages.

No restriction of habits or diet is necessary while taking Syrup Pepsin. Made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients, it is absolutely safe. It will not grip, sicken or weaken you.

Take a spoonful next time your tongue is coated, or you have a bad taste in your mouth. It clears up a bilious, headachy, dull, weak, gassy condition every time. When you see how good it tastes and how nice it acts, you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative for every member of the family.



MAC **A Higher Valuation** **BY MUNCH**



THE WARRIOR

NEWS OF THE FRIONA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Seventh Grade.

The seventh grade met Friday, February 27 and elected new officers as follows: President, Mildred Hughes; secretary and treasurer, Geraldine McFarland; reporter, Bernice Johnson; program committee, Ruth Harry, Nadeen Beniger and Ernest Osborn.

After all of the business was over the seventh entertained the seventh B with a short program as follows: Reading, Mildred Hughes; story, Virginia Short; reading, Edna Reed. The meeting adjourned until March 13, at which time the Seventh B, will entertain the Seventh.

Third Grade.

The third grade enjoyed a picnic last Friday afternoon. We received this privilege by having won the banner for the cleanest room last week. After lunch was eaten, many interesting games were played. Everyone reported a good time and we expect to win this privilege again before the end of the year.

So's Your Wild Oats.

How would you like to win \$50,000.00 by going to bed every night at eight o'clock for three months? Could you make the grade, especially if your bed was in the

WARRIOR STAFF

- Editor-in-Chief ----- Reba Hill
 Assistant ----- Glenn Reeve
- Reporters**
- Senior ----- Helen Crawford
 Junior ----- Pearl Highfill
 Sophomore ----- Chas. Reeve
 Freshman ----- Imogene Short
 Home Eco. ----- Ola Lee Callaway
 Agriculture ----- Paul Simpson
 Geometry ----- Daisy Dee Parr
 Cherokees ----- Albert Coneway
 Seminoles ----- Velma Laflin
 Athletics ----- Albert Coneway
 Commercial ----- Mabel Wimberley

living room where everyone who came into the house visited and passed?

Yet this is exactly the problem which confronts Eddie, the original "Wild Oats Boy", according to the terms of his uncle's will. He has plenty of cute little watch-dogs, too--those relatives who know that just one little slip-up and the money is theirs. There may be hold-ups, kidnappings--just anything to cause him to be one minute late. Can he stand the guff--the razzing and kidding? Will he win or lose?

Watch and listen for further developments concerning "The Wild Oats Boy".

Sixth Grade.

In spelling we are having a race one car starting from New York and going to San Francisco. The room is divided into two groups. The mileage is 24 and 17. The ones who made 10 in spelling last week were Cecile Birch, Willie Ellen Cogdill, Othella Hart and Virginia Weis.

Fifth Grade News.

In chapel Thursday, the fifth and sixth grade boys sang some songs. These numbers received more applause than anyone on the program, due to the two "colored" people featured in the songs.

This week the fifth and sixth have been playing volley ball instead of basketball.

There were only a few present at school Monday on account of the snow storm.

Answers to Last Week's Questions.

1. Any damage, detriment, suspension or forbearance of a right suffered by the one party to the advantage, profit or interest of the other will be regarded as consideration.
2. To cause one to enter into a contract through duress is to cause such enactment through threats or actual violence, to cause one to enter into a contract through undue influence is to cause such an action through deceit or some sort of cunning.
3. Remedies for breach of contract are: Measures of damages, liquidated damages, statute of limitations, specific performance.

holder had no notice of any inaccuracy in the instrument or defect in the title of the person negotiating it.

12. It is the design of the law to protect men in their business dealings with each other by reducing the opportunities of those who are inclined to be dishonest.

13. The main purpose of bankruptcy laws is to protect men in big business going bankrupt for their own welfare; or from hindering or defrauding their creditors. Another purpose is to protect the man who unintentionally goes bankrupt, giving him a chance to settle with his creditors and to re-establish his business.

MABEL WIMBERLEY.

Question for Commercial Law.

1. What is the special value of a trade acceptance?
2. What are foreign and inland bills?
3. What is a discharge of bankruptcy?
4. What is meant by "our heritage" in law?
5. What are the different kinds of negotiable instruments?
6. What is a draft?
7. What is a bill of exchange?
8. What are the rights of ownership?
9. What is a promissory note?
10. Are Sunday contracts enforceable at law?
11. Is there a material difference between assignability and negotiability?
12. What is a due bill?

DRAFGHON'S COLLEGE.

Training is the difference between a job at poor pay and a position with opportunities. "Proof of Positions" shows how we can train and place you in a minimum of time and expense. Mail Coupon today to nearest office, Dallas, Wichita Falls, Abilene, or Lubbock, and find out about the big opportunities in business.

Name _____
 P. O. _____

Mrs. L. E. Bauerfeldt underwent a minor operation on her hand at the office of Dr. Willis Monday.

CLASSIFIED

BUY STARTED CHICKS. They are past the danger age. You will raise them all. One, two and three weeks-old chicks shipped anywhere. Thousands now ready. Thirteen great breeds. WICKS MODERN HATCHERY, Clovis, N. M. 31-11

PRICES on vegetable plants lower than ever before. Write a card for kinds and prices. T. Jones & Co., Clarendon, Texas. 32-4p

FOR TRADE: 80 acres of land in Coree county, Arkansas, six miles from Leslie. Will trade for young stock. See G. C. Griggs, 3 miles north of Friona. 32-2p

FOUND: About 40 feet of hose. Owner can have the hose by paying for this ad and identifying same. See the editor. 31-11

TRADE: We will trade automobiles and trucks for land and assume the indebtedness against your land. Duckworth Motor Co., Clovis, N. M. 31-4p

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



Aquatic Queen



With lovely Beatrice Lee as queen of the aquatic festa at Los Angeles, you can understand why the participating yachtsmen had fair sailing in their annual regatta. The queen is shown above crowned with a skipper's hat.

Summerfield

BY MRS. L. JOHNSON

About ten members of the W. M. S. at this place attended the program and social given by the Hereford W. M. S. last Wednesday afternoon. They proved to be royal entertainers.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Huckert returned from a visit with their

Coming!

Don't fail to see one of the smashing hits of the season--

'The Silver Horde'

A great photoplay taken from Rex Beach's epic romance of the salmon fishing industry of Alaska, featuring

EVELYN BRENT
 and
 LOUIS WOLHEIM

which is showing at the

Texan Theatre

At Friona, Texas
 Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
 MARCH 5, 6 and 7
 ADMISSION: POPULAR PRICES

daughter, Mrs. Joe Helseman at Vega last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kendall and mother, Mrs. Lee Kendall, left for Hot Springs, N. M., Thursday for an indefinite stay.

Jeff Crawford of Black was a visitor with Mrs. Clayburn Carr last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Curry visited a cousin at Progressive Sunday.

Miss Emma Gunter, demonstration agent at Hereford, held a meat canning at Mrs. Gerald Morgan's last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Flowers visited her brother, Sam Ratcliff at Ford last Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Blakemore went to Amarillo last week to be gone several days and take medical treatments.

Several from this community attended the play at Black last Friday night and pronounced it very good.

W. L. Huntley and Glenn McCrate of Black attended a Red and White business meeting at Clovis Thursday night.

Those reported on the sick list are Leatrus Walsler, Ellen Atchley, Bernard Roberson and little Oscar Jay, jr.

The basketball tournament last Saturday was well attended but the rain prevented all the teams

present getting to play. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lookinoff entertained her sister from Antioch recently.

Guy Walsler, Jim Clark, A. J. Judd and Bernard Roberson have been working at Canyon for the Santa Fe the past week.

The snow storm Saturday night found several the next morning digging chickens and pigs out of the drifts. The moisture will be very beneficial.

Rev. Clouse of Amarillo came to fill his regular appointment for Saturday night but the storm prevented any services.

The rain and snow which fell before a driving wind Saturday night was hard on livestock, but the moisture will be beneficial to the wheat and spring oats that have been sown.

**To See-Well
 See Wor-rell**
 Eyesight Specialist
 112 E. 4th Clovis, N. M.

NOTICE!

I take this method of announcing to the public that I have taken over the Magnolia Petroleum Company agency at Friona from J. C. Wilkison, and will continue to run it on the same policy as of the past, and ask a continuance of your valued patronage. To those who are not our customers, see us about opening an account. For the accommodation of the public we have moved our office over to our filling station on Main street, where your orders will be received and promptly filled.

Try some of that good Anti-Knock Gasoline and the New Socony Motor Oil in your car for better motoring.

Yours Both for Quality and Service,
MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY
 M. LACY, Agent.

Hello Farmers!
 How About That New
3-Row Lister

You are going to need to start your Spring listing? We have what you need in a new Moline three-row at \$218.00, with cotton and corn attachments.

We also have the power to pull it in any of our three sizes of Twin City Tractors:

21-32 TC	\$1425.00	Delivered
17-28 TC	\$1275.00	Delivered
11-20 KT	\$1035.00	Delivered

Drop in and get our literature on anything you might need.

YOURS FOR BETTER SERVICE

MAURER MACKINERY CO.

1901 1930

WE HAVE SERVED YOU FOR 30 YEARS!

E. B. Black Co.

Furniture :: Undertaking

Ambulance Service--Day or Night

Hereford, Texas

SAVE SAFETY

"Dainty" is the word!

The fragrance of Shari Perfume achieved by a wonderful mingling of Rose, Hyacinth, Jasmine and Lily with rare and costly oriental flowers is the essence of daintiness. The silk covering of the container as well as the container itself is best described as dainty.

By inquiring among your friends, you will find that the daintiest women you know value Shari Perfume highly.

Why don't you test this famous perfume yourself now?

Shari Perfume \$1.50
 Two Dram Size

Sold only at Retail Drug Stores.

CITY DRUG STORE

1000 The Jewell Store