

# THE MULESHOE JOURNAL

Vol. 3

Muleshoe, Bailey County, Texas, Friday, December 10, 1926.

Number 43

## Capitan Well To Drill 5000 Feet For Thoro Test

This morning H. J. Steinberg, drilling contractor stated to the News that the Capitan well was down 4450 when he left the location Wednesday night and that by noon today it should be to a depth of 4475 or 4500 feet.

The well is now in a red sand, and Mr. Steinberg states that so far they have struck no oil or gas, and that the formation that they are now drilling in is not an oil producing sand.

He said that he hoped to reach the Pennsylvania formation around 4400 feet, but so far had had no indication of it.

He stated that the well would probably be drilled to a depth of 5000 feet as the only instructions he had received was to keep drilling.

As to the rumors which have been afloat that oil had been struck there was no foundation for the same, and that he had indicated to no one that they were in oil formation or had passed through such formation.

The News has found Mr. Steinberg very open and fair in all of his information and has endeavored to give the news of the well for the special benefit of numerous subscribers over the United States, who take this paper for the oil news. This news will be given authentic, but no wild rumors will be knowingly published.

The Capitan well, to say the least, is making a thorough test in that section of the country, and as to the drilling, it has been one of the best drilled wells in the state.

For the past week the town has been full of strangers, who are classed as oil scouts, and it is evident that the oil interests are keeping close watch on this test.—Portales Valley News.

## Seven Cent Cotton Tough On Bula Man

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat,  
How in the World can Bula people eat?  
Flour up high, cotton down low,  
How in the World can we raise the dough?  
Our clothes worn' out, shoes run down,  
Old Slouch hat with a hole in the crown.  
Back's nearly broke, fingers all sore and cotton going down to raise no more.  
Seven cent cotton and ten dollar pants,  
Who in the World has got any chance?  
We can't buy clothes, we can't buy meat,  
Got too much cotton and nothing to eat.  
We've got no homes, we've got no wealth,  
Losing our credit and ruining our health.  
Can't help each other, what shall we do?  
I can not solve it, so its up to you.  
Seven cent cotton and bollies cracked,  
The load's too heavy for poor Bula backs.  
We're a good set of farmers as all know well,  
But something is wrong as sure as H---  
Some worked hard; we've groaned and sweat,  
Now we are ruined—we're a blowed up set.  
No use talking, any man's beat, with seven cent cotton and forty cent meat.—R. J. B., Bula, Texas.



This Map Shows How The Lee Highway Crosses The Union

## Rains and Sleet Halts Harvesting; Cotton Picking

Cotton picking and threshing is at a stand still this week due to the rains starting Sunday and continuing thru the week. The moisture will be fine on wheat crops over the Muleshoe country. The highways are slick and streets are muddy.

During the past six weeks the farmers have lost very little time with their harvesting and are in good shape.

## Mrs. D. E. Cox Takes Charge Hotel James

Mrs. D. E. Cox who has been operating a hotel at Sudan, leased the Hotel James and took charge the first of the month. Mrs. Cox was in the hotel business here at one time last year, and needs no introduction, as all will remember the splendid service she gave. She will serve regular meals and have the rooms. The interior was partly overhauled, which adds to the comfort of the roomers. We are glad to have Mrs. Cox with us again.

## Box Supper At Bula A Decided Success

Last Friday night a great company of people gathered in the Auditorium of Bula High School. An interesting program was rendered by the pupils, after which boxes were sold to the one giving the highest price. One hundred and four dollars constituted the money of said supper.

The gathering was indeed a great success. All in attendance expressed their appreciation and seemed well pleased.

Subscriber.

## Warning to Muleshoe Folks Who Gossip

We hope all the gossips read the story from Savannah, Georgia, telling of the conviction of a woman there for defaming another's character. One woman talked about another, as some women—and men, too—have a habit of doing. The lady talked about took the matter to court and asked the talker to prove it. Of course she couldn't; she said she was only repeating what she had heard others say, but could not produce the others and was fined \$200. That's fine. We would like to read of more convictions in these kind of cases. It might cause some people to find out what they are talking about before they start talking.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the people of Bailey County for their kindness in the illness and death of our Baby Boy.  
Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Shaw.

## South Plains People Profiting By Oil As Majors Take Leases; Wide Areas Now Being Tested

Oil derricks are being shadowed on the smooth surface of the lakes of the South Plains of Texas. Already the development of lands in the Upper Panhandle has brought a flow of liquid gold and now on the South Plains tests are being drilled, and the oil man is paying for the privilege of petroleum rights on the land.

Walter C. Teagle, the president of the Standard Oil Company, is reported to have said following his visit to Texas last July, that, on the basis of geological reports, he is convinced that the mother pool of the Panhandle oil fields has not been found. It is somewhere between Amarillo and Reagan County, and today drillers are sending bits beneath the level surface of the Plains to find it.

Since it became known that the Gulf Petroleum Company, acting on the advice of its geologist, had begun development in Castro County, there has been a lively demand for oil acreage. Solon Clements, who lives in Plainview and on whose land the Gulf well is being drilled, is the pioneer of this region, and he declares that his Plainview office is swamped with requests for information about the development here. Although there is now enough drilling in the county to assure a reasonable development, there are rumors of new locations.

The Clements No. 1, Gulf, is about three miles southeast of Dimmitt. It was spudded in November 10. The well is down about 300 feet. It is understood that the Texas Company has become heavily interested in the Castro County field, and has made a location on the Powell block, near Nazareth, and will begin drilling within a few weeks.

A location has been made near Hart postoffice in the southeast part of Castro County northeast of Dimmitt, about eight miles, the Mystery Oil Company, with headquarters in Amarillo, is drilling. The well was spudded in a week ago. The Mystery well is about seven miles north of the Gulf. The Nazareth location is six miles east of the Gulf.

The Humble is interested in Parmer County. Two wells are being drilled in that county, immediately east of Castro. Humble's No. 1 is about 25 miles west of Gulf's Clements No. 1. The Humble is reported to have purchased a lot of acreage in the south end of Castro County. Another test is being drilled by the Julian Oil Company north of Black, on the Santa Fe railroad, in Parmer County.

That the larger companies are in earnest in their quest for the mother pool connecting the Reagan and the North Panhandle fields is evidenced by the large

demand for acreage in Castro County. The Llano, the Humble, the Gulf, the Pure, and the Prairie are large lease holders in Castro County.—By Silliman Evans, Staff Correspondent, of Star-Telegram.

## Santa Claus Sends Us Second Message

The Journal is in receipt of a message this morning direct from the North Pole, signed Mr. and Mrs. Santa: Announce to the little boys and girls of Muleshoe that I am looking for them to write me at my store, (McCarty Drug Store) their wants and the Journal is to print their letters and send me a copy of the paper, so I can get their orders. Have them to be sure and leave the letters in the basement of the drug store not later than the 18th. He said I understand you will have a special Christmas number on the 22nd.

## Junior League Create Intermediate Section

Owing to the large number of children and the diversity in ages the Junior League has been divided into Junior and Intermediate sections. At a short business meeting held Friday afternoon the Junior section elected Jane Bucy, President; Margaret Roach, Vice-President; Neva Douglass, Sec'y-Treas.; Helen Hoskins, Assistant Sec'y; Naomi Scribner, Song Leader.

The following committee chairmen were elected: Program—Dorothy Rice; Social Service—Carrie Lee; Missionary—Jimmie Lee Hayes; Party—Neva Douglass.

The Intermediates have appointed their nominating committee and will elect officers at their next business meeting.

Alternate programs will be given by each section on Sunday evenings at five thirty.

We are now equipped with good new machinery to shell corn. Curtis Taylor and W. S. Bellar, Muleshoe, Texas. 43-45-c

C. C. Brooks and wife left last Saturday night about eleven o'clock immediately after the show, for San Angelo, Sheffield and other parts of the state where they will visit with friends and relatives. Mr. Brooks is also looking after his oil interests around Sheffield. Oil has been struck within one mile of his property. Luck and prosperity is wished for Mr. Brooks, we hope he spends a few million around Muleshoe. Curtis Brooks, and (Red) Cooper are running the theatre during their absence. Miss Polly Alford is also assisting by acting as ticket agent.

## What We Over Heard In The Post Office

The other day we were in the Post Office and over heard that fellow Geo. Dodson who carries mail on Route No. 1, raving like a Wild Lion. Some person out on Route 1 had dropped a couple of coppers in his mail box to pay for a stamp. I heard him say, "I had to get out of my car, stop the engine, take off my gloves and rake and scrape to get them out. One of the coppers hung in the crack of the old box and I had to spend at least 30 minutes trying to get the copper. You see I drive a Chevrolet and the engine got cold and I had to walk several blocks to get to a farmers house to get him to come down with his team and pull me around the field to get the engine started." He said "I wish those folks on my route would buy their stamps in large quantities and place them on the letters, so I would not have such a time every day in the year." I am sure all the people who live on both of the routes that read about this awful day George had will take notice and always have the letters stamped, instead of leaving the pennies in the box. I know Mack don't want to have that much trouble on Route 2 for he drives a Ford and there is no telling what he would do if he had the trouble that George had the other day. By the time those route carriers had finished their complaints, then Mrs. Carles started out and of all the chewing of the rag you never did hear in all your young life. Some good brother or sister had left a package in the Post Office tied with one little string and wrapped with tissue paper and addressed with a hard lead pencil. It was addressed to some one in Maine and had to be handled fifty times before it reached its destination. How in the world could the Postmaster see the address after a long trip, and the paper would likely be torn off before it had gone a thousand miles. I heard her tell George that she was not going to maintain a free wrapping counter this Christmas and hoped the folks would bring their packages well wrapped and plainly addressed when they come to mail them.

School inspection is to start again this month. Miss Wentland wishes to announce that she will finish her school inspection this month. Each school will be notified before the date for the inspection.

Regular meals or short orders, when you get ready. Try us out today. Mrs. Stidham, Elite Cafe.

From today to Dec. 31st, 1926, we will take renewals on new subscribers at bargain prices, \$1.00 per year.

Read the Journal for oil news.

## Suggestions for New Laws By Farm and Ranch

Inasmuch as many have suggested a law governing the planting of cotton, which to all intents and purposes would place a Government inspector in charge of the farms in this country, it might be well to have a few other laws of the kind for the regulation of other business. Therefore, Farm and Ranch offers the following suggestions:

There are too many drug stores. Reducing the number by half would decrease overhead and increase store volume of business, making it possible to operate on a smaller margin of profit. Therefore, we should have a law limiting drug stores to one for each 1,200 inhabitants.

We suggest a law limiting the number of grocery stores to one for every 1,000 population. It is a well-known fact that there are too many grocery stores and that the prices are unnecessarily high because of the heavy overhead and excessive operating expenses.

There are too many banks. A law reducing the number by 25 per cent and lowering of the rate of legal interest would benefit the entire population.

A law reducing the number of newspapers, farm papers and magazines would increase circulation volume of those licensed to operate; increase the amount of advertising and make possible better papers and better magazines.

Farm and Ranch suggests the adoption of Will Rogers's remedy for congested streets and highways by prohibiting the operation of any motor that is not paid for.

The number of commission merchants and middlemen of all classes handling foods and feeds is far too large. Let's have a law that will reduce the number by 50 per cent and limit profits to 7 per cent on the investment. For the good of farmers and the general public we would suggest a law making it a felony to use a scrub bull or any scrub sire on any farm in Texas.

We would reduce the number of filling stations by 75 per cent.

There are too many drummers. One can see a dozen in a country store that has less than \$2,000 worth of goods on the shelves, all of them trying to sell a bill of merchandise. Cut them by half, thus decreasing the cost of doing business.

We further suggest the reduction in the number of lawyers by 80 per cent; a 50 per cent reduction in the number of doctors and corresponding reductions in the numbers engaged in other professions.

There are too many of everything, just as there are too many bales of cotton. Let us be fair in the matter and put a Government inspector in charge of every farm and of every store and factory. Only one out of every ten or eleven persons engaged in gainful pursuits has a Government job, and we submit the question: Is it fair to the rest of us? Everybody ought to have a Government job, and if we pass the laws we have suggested, beginning with the law restricting cotton acreage, this great injustice will be remedied. We are for less work and more money.—Farm and Ranch.

## Sure Relief

**BELLANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS  
6 BELLANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief  
**BELLANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

## Stop Coughing

The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

## Boschee's Syrup

Has been giving relief for sixty years. Try it. 20c and 90c bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

**DON'T BE GRAY**  
Darken your gray hair, gradually, surely and safely in privacy of your home. Used over 20 years by millions. Money-back guarantee.  
**Aban Hair Color Restorer**  
At your Druggist 75¢  
HESSIG-ELLIS, CHEMISTS, Dept. W, MEMPHIS, TENN.

**DEALERS WANTED**—All or part time, to sell "Oilking" Oil Burners and Oil Heaters. Burners for Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces, etc. Will successfully burn a low grade oil, crankcase drainings. Thousands in use. All Burners guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Big money to hustlers. Write JOHN H. OIL BURNER MFG. CO., Muncie, Ind.

**ECZEMA, VARICOSE AND ALL OTHER FORMS.** Cured myself after 10 years' suffering. Send 25c for sample. L. B. Sartain, Druggist, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

**UNDERGROUND TREASURES**—How and where to find them. Write for this free booklet today; it may mean your fortune. MODEL CO., 332 Como Bldg., Chicago.

### Sting in the Jest

Many a true woman is classed as a dapper in jest.—Baltimore Sun.

### DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 28 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

The eruption of the Hawaiian volcano Mauna Loa, in April, released 160,000,000 tons of lava.

### For Croup What Would You Do?

Here is a physician's prescription used in millions of homes for 35 years which relieves croup without vomiting in 15 minutes. Also the quickest relief known for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If there are little ones in your home you should never be without a bottle of this valuable time-trial remedy, recommended by the best of children's specialists. Ask your druggist now for Dr. Drake's Glisco. It sends the bottle.—Adv.

A slot machine which sells ten different brands of cigarettes and makes change has been invented.

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it.—Advertisement.

A secret is what a woman tells another woman not to tell because she promised not to tell it herself.

## Chronic Head Colds

### A Simple Method of Prevention.

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable, or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh or chronic colds. It often produces chronic headaches and deafness, affecting the eyes and voice, and frequently weakening the lungs. Get rid of catarrh by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy, discovered by Dr. Blosser, a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, berries and flowers, which you smoke in a small pipe or cigarette. The smoke vapor is inhaled into the air passages of the nose, head, throat and lungs, and carries medicine where sprays, douches and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing, and as it contains no tobacco or cubebs is perfectly harmless, and may be used by women and children as well as men. If you suffer with catarrh, chronic deafness, asthma, hay fever, bronchial irritations, or if subject to frequent colds, get from your drug store a pocket size package of Dr. Blosser's cigarettes. Prove for yourself their pleasant and beneficial effects.



## PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.

PRICE \$150 AT YOUR DRUG STORE. Write for Free Booklet KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 10-15 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 50-1926.

# FULL CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



**Christmas Daring**  
by Eleanor E. King

### CHRISTMAS CAROLS

THE world these days is thrilling with the singing of Christmas carols. When the angels sang out their glad news above the plains of Bethlehem, they started all the best music and singing that our world has ever known.—Herald and Presbyterian.

### Christmas Spirit

By Martha Banning Thomas

NOT the green wreath hung on the knocker of the door. Not the gleam of silver tinsel dripping from the Christmas tree. Not the pile of packages heaped about—fat packages, slim packages, packages fairly bursting with their own secrets. Not the plump turkey and cranberry sauce and pies steaming with fragrant, holiday odors. Not the blizzard of greeting cards coming by every mail. Not the exciting ring of the postman who has a special smile as he hands out the letters.

Not the happy voice of the carol-singers who tramp through the snow under the stars to bring a bit of Christmas cheer to those shut away from the usual festivities.

Not bulky stockings knobby with gifts. Not the crunch and squeak of footsteps on snow on a frosty night.

Not these things alone make Christmas. They all help. They add the happy trimmings, as it were. But only as they take on the true spirit of this holy time do they merge into the power and the glory of the precious season.

Christmas! The interlude between the old year and the new. The promise of great things to come. The consummation of things that have gone. The priceless moment when men may reach up and be God-like in their pity and understanding.

The Star of Bethlehem is a symbol—a gift—an opportunity for the justification of the faith that is in us.

Let us be merry. Let us be gay. Let us feel the last, full measure of happiness at this happy time. But let us also dedicate ourselves anew to the highest possible expression of Christmastic tolerance, unselfishness, liberality, peace and good will toward men.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Sure, Santa Claus Was Here



LOUISE had not been oblivious to the courteous "How do you do's" and attempts at conversation—at least those that could be appropriately engaged in from the other side of the bars. The conversation assumed such a form as: "Two fives, a ten or some ones?" with an accompanying smile. Today, as she entered the great, white stone building, she made a resolve. She wrote her check and approached the desk. The smile and the same "How do you do?" greeted Louise. She hesitated, then nerved herself to meet the occasion and with quivering smile burst forth:

"Did—didn't I meet you at the University of Chicago? It seems to me I did. I—"

"N-um, well yes, perhaps. Yes, I believe you are right," acquiesced Bert, putting down some figures in the little bankbook so vigorously that the pen point protested sputtering, making the ink fly to the right and left.

"Looks like Christmas is making inroads in my bank account. Oh, but



the joy I get out of buying the things I have in mind; I wouldn't trade for a dozen bankbooks with full pages of deposits. By the way, did you know Tom Masters at the university? Your fraternity pin made me think of him. He had one just like it."

A queer look shot across Bert's face. "Of course. He was the best old scout. Can't we talk over old times some evening?"

Three days later Louise, all expectancy, put the finishing touches to the living room—a small Christmas tree gracefully distinguished one end. Wreaths hung in the windows and little sprigs of holly ornamented the center ceiling light. Louise turned on the circuit of Christmas tree lights and sat down to admire the tree and collect herself. She was a little worried. What in the world had prompted her to be so brazen? Never before had she acted so. To say the least, her customary timidity had certainly been put to flight—had deserted her. She had not long to ponder, for the doorbell rang.

Bert, the picture of neatness, looked more than his usual six feet in height as he stood alongside of Louise when he greeted her. For the first few minutes the evening seemed doomed to be a miserable failure. Finally Louise could stand it no longer.

"You probably will hate me forever when I tell you this, but I can't keep up this farce any longer. I knew you never attended the University of Chicago. I knew exactly what school you graduated from and that it had been with high honors, too. I knew what type of family you came from and the kindly care you gave your mother. I learned these things from the woman I am living with, as she is an intimate friend of your aunt. I have been lonely for company since my coming here and so determined I would not spend this evening, of all the ones in the year, alone. Now you can hate me if you like. I wouldn't blame you."

"On the contrary, I think this is a lark. I had a presentiment of just such a situation, but I couldn't imagine why you picked out this evening—Christmas Eve—for me to come and talk to you about mythical fraternity brothers. I was sure tired of waiting for an introduction. Then you know my name and history? And at last the meeting," cried Bert with one of his famous smiles. "Well, praise be to Christmas and the courage it gave you!"

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

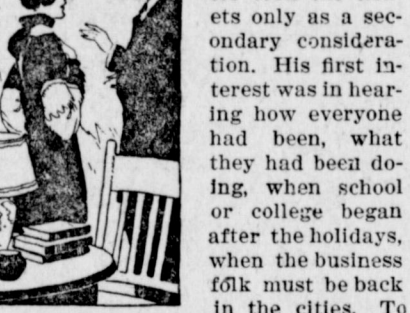
### The CHRISTMAS EVE HOME-COMING

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

IT WAS so cheerful when the unknown crowds were left behind and the known ones appeared. That was on the last part of the journey.

Dexter Lyons had been traveling all day and now it was dark and the lamps on the little branch line train were lighted and all the home-comers from all directions had met. Everyone knew everyone else on this train and the conductor knew them all.

The stove at the end of the train was burning almost too warmly. The train joggled along. The car was filled with people, bags, suitcases, packages of all shapes and sizes. The conductor took the tickets only as a secondary consideration. His first interest was in hearing how everyone had been, what they had been doing, when school or college began after the holidays, when the business folk must be back in the cities. To everyone he wished a merry Christmas.



They had hurried so to make connections, they had scrambled and pushed through the great holiday crowds. But now they were all sure they would get home on Christmas Eve. After they got on this train there could be no missing of connections and the conductor had promised them they would be on time.

Out of the windows occasional lights could be seen in the farmhouses they passed and in the streets of very small villages. But every house, no matter how separated and alone, was decorated. Christmas reached everywhere. It penetrated the traffic of cities and reached out to the most remote places.

There was a general chatter going on, a renewing of friendships, a talk between some who only saw each other at this time of the year, who had different interests and occupations and lived in different places but who enjoyed this annual little talk.

And then the engine gave a long, long whistle. It was not the ordinary whistle of an engine. It was the way the engine always whistled on Christmas Eve, so as to carry word to the waiting families and friends at the little station at the end of the line that the train was doing its part to wish them a merry Christmas by bringing its load of people.

Dexter was out on the station platform. Oh, such greetings as there were. And then a rush to the different homes where hot suppers were spread out upon candle-lit tables and where ruddy fires radiated their glow of cheer.

Dexter was surrounded by his family. And besides—there was Nancy. That made the home-coming perfect. For it gave him the hope, the unspoken promise that he would have his own, own home-coming before long.

Nancy would never have joined this family gathering on Christmas Eve when Dexter was just home, if she had not decided that certain matters he had taken up with her in letters were to be answered by assent!

"Oh, Nancy," he told her later, "it does, it does mean that you say 'yes,' doesn't it?"

And Nancy said that it did!  
(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

**Always Merry**  
A prosperous country like this always has a Merry Christmas.

**Santa's Substitute**  
The letter carrier is a pretty fair substitute for Santa.

## THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

(© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

### William the Silent

A YOUNG man—scarcely more than a boy—tall, dark, strikingly handsome, stood listening to a plan outlined to him by Henry II of France, to whose court he had been sent as hostage by his sovereign, Emperor Charles V of Germany. Henry's plan was of a somewhat alarming nature, for it involved the massacring of all the Protestants in France and the Netherlands. Yet the young man, himself a Netherlander, gave no sign of the horror he felt, and spoke no word to put the wily French king on his guard. For this bit of discretion he received thereafter the nickname of "William the Silent," although his nature was open, frank and far removed from taciturnity.

"William the Silent," prince of Orange and count of Nassau, was born in the Netherlands in 1533. As a youth he attracted the favor of Charles V, who taught him war and statecraft. On Charles' abdication the retiring monarch's son, Philip I, became king of Spain and of the Netherlands. He was cold-blooded, bigoted and stupid; the exact opposite of his great father. The Dutch states making up the Netherlands had even in Charles' time resented royal authority, and it had required all the old emperor's tact and statecraft to keep them pacified. Now, under the new king, they again grew restive. To make things worse Philip ordered a branch of the cruel Inquisition established in Holland. This raised a storm of angry protests, and Philip sent the bloody duke of Alva with an army into the Netherlands to enforce order.

Enraged by the oppression of his countrymen, William the Silent raised an army to oppose Alva; but the dull Dutch burghers were not yet ready for so radical an act, and William had to disband his forces for lack of support. In no way discouraged, he hit on a new plan for harassing the hated Spaniards. By advice of Admiral Coligny of France he issued "letters of marque," authorizing Dutch privateers to prey on Spain's ships and sea-coast. These privateers banded together under the nickname of the "Beggars of the Sea." They did incalculable damage to Spanish commerce and for years made their name a terror to all their country's foes.

In 1572 the Dutch again revolted against Spanish tyranny and made William their stadtholder, or governor. Yet, warned by his former failure, he saw that the people were not yet ready for absolute freedom; so he simply ruled in the name of King Philip. Spain increased its oppressions and war followed. William's two brothers were slain in battle, and at one critical juncture he ordered the dikes broken down that kept out the sea from the low-lying Netherlands and the country flooded to save it from falling into the enemy's hands. Philip's armies besieged Leyden, but William drove them away and raised the siege.

At last the time for freedom was ripe. Through William's efforts a number of the Netherland provinces combined, drew up and signed a declaration of independence, with the avowed purpose of driving out the Spanish and forming a free and united country where all religious sects should be at liberty to worship God in their own way. Thus the United Netherlands was founded.

In 1581 allegiance to Spain was formally renounced. William, the prime mover and central figure in the revolution, had devoted his entire life to this one great purpose. Yet when it was accomplished he would not make himself king of the newly created nation, but contented himself with governing it under the less pretentious title of "count."

Philip, seeing that William was the backbone of the entire revolutionary movement, hit on a most characteristic plan for wrecking the union of the provinces. Instead of sending armies at once to attack the revolutionists or to ravage their country in true medieval Spanish style, he merely issued a proclamation offering a huge sum of money for the murder of William.

Even in the country William had freed there were many scoundrels ready and eager to win the reward. Attempt after attempt was made to kill him, and for the last three years of his life the Liberator was in continuous danger of death. Undaunted by this new peril and the black ingratitude it involved, William continued calmly on his way.

But, though threatened men live long, the end came all too soon for the welfare of the United Netherlands. On July 10, 1584, a man named Balthazar Gerard, actuated by desire for the blood-money promised by Philip, entered William's house and shot him.

Philip had conquered, in so far as he had rid himself of an invincible foe. But the independence that William the Silent had won for Holland has remained to this day. The example in disinterested patriotism, statesmanship, honesty and justice that he set to the whole world served as a guiding star to many another sorely perplexed ruler in those dark corrupt days.

William the Silent's character and career bore a striking resemblance to those of George Washington, the resemblance being further carried out in the former's affectionate nickname of "The Father of the Netherlands."

## If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications.

## SKIN BLEMISHES

pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by Resinol

Be not merely good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.—Advertisement.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

## BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all gripe misery

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dizziness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only thirty-five cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.



### Nurse's Advice Rid Her of Pimples

Brooklyn. Mrs. Minnie Fensterer writes:—"My pimples and blackheads got so bad I feared it was eczema. I confided in a nurse friend of mine. I had been troubled with constipation and indigestion for some time. She advised me to try Carter's Little Liver Pills. You can see by my picture that the treatment has done wonders, and I am now free from constipation."

Chronic constipation many times causes pimples. Carter's Little Liver Pills encourage the bowels to eliminate the poisons. Druggists, 25 & 75c red packages.

## Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Destroys Malarial Germs in the Blood.

**Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!**

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters.

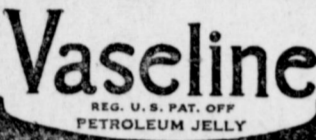
Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).



*Handiest thing in the house*

**RELIEVES COUGHS**  
Take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly. Stops the tickle. Soothes irritation. Helps nature heal. Tasteless, odorless. Will not upset you.

Chesebrough Mfg. Company  
State St. (Consolidated) New York



Enjoy **GOOD HEALTH**



**Nature's Remedy**  
RELIEVES CONSTIPATION, biliousness, sick headache  
A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

None but a fool is always right—Hare.

**The Cuticura Toilet Trio.**  
Having cleared your skin, keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

**"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"**

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Slow and steady wins the race.

Sore eyes, blood-shot eyes, watery eyes, sticky eyes, all healed promptly with nightly applications of Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Novelty is the parent of pleasure.

**Throat Tickle?**  
The exclusive menthol blend soothes dry, irritated, inflamed throats like magic. 5c

**MENTHOL LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS**

**"CASCARETS" FOR YOUR BOWELS IF HEADACHY, SICK**

To-night! Clean your bowels and end Headaches, Colds, Sour Stomach

Get a 10-cent box. Put aside—just once—the Salts, Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters which merely force a passageway through the bowels, but do not thoroughly cleanse, freshen and purify these drainage organs, and have no effect whatever upon the liver and stomach.

Keep your "insides" pure and fresh with Cascarets, which thoroughly cleanse the stomach, remove the undigested, sour food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken, and cost only 10 cents a box from your druggist. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Severe Colds, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipated Bowels. Cascarets belong in every household. Children just love to take them.

**Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson**

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(© 1926 Western Newspaper Union.)

**Lesson for December 12**

**THE BOY SAMUEL**

**LESSON TEXT**—I Sam. 3:10, 15-19.  
**GOLDEN TEXT**—Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.  
**PRIMARY TOPIC**—The Boy Samuel.  
**JUNIOR TOPIC**—God Calls the Boy Samuel.  
**INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—The Boyhood of a Great Leader.  
**YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—Hearing and Heeding God's Voice.

In order to grasp the story of Samuel's boyhood life, a survey should be made of I Samuel, ch. 1-3.

**I. Samuel Given in Answer to Prayer** (I Sam. 1:19, 20).  
The name Samuel means "asked of God." He was given to Hannah in answer to her prayers. In connection with her asking this gift from God, she vowed to give him to God. He was to be therefore a Nazirite all the days of his life.

**II. Samuel Given to the Lord** (I Sam. 1:24-28).  
For a time he was cared for by his mother in the home. The best nurse and teacher for a child is his mother. According to her vow when she asked the Lord for this child, at an early age she took him to the sanctuary and gave him over to the charge of Eli, the priest, to minister in the sanctuary.

**III. Features of Israel's History in This Period** (2:12-36).

1. The demoralized priesthood.  
(1) They were actuated by greed (2:12-17).  
It was God's will that those who ministered at the altar should live of the things of the altar, but they broke through the divine regulations touching this matter, even to securing their selfish ends by force.

(2) Gross immorality (2:22).  
The courts of God's house were thus polluted. The condition of the nation was most appalling: Degradation and ruin follow rapidly when God's ministers are under the sway of lust and greed.

2. An alienated people (2:30-32).  
Their sins separated them from God. God's holiness is such that those who practice sin are alienated from Him.

3. The cessation of divine revelation (3:1).  
The Word of God was precious in those days. "There was no open vision." This shows that God was silent. The message from the Lord was more a memory than a present experience. The same thing in principle is true of the individual life today. Some who once enjoyed fellowship with God no longer hear His voice speaking to them.

**IV. God Called Samuel** (3:2-10).  
In striking contrast with the degeneracy of the nation, we have before us the beautiful life of Samuel. Dwelling within the sacred courts and ministering before the Lord with Eli is the innocent Samuel who is become the savior of his people. In Samuel we have a striking pattern of child religion. The Lord gave him in answer to Hannah's prayer. From his birth he was dedicated to the Lord. While quite young his mother took him to the sanctuary of the Lord where he served and slept. Two traits in Samuel's character stand out in this call, namely, his cheerful obedience to the Lord's call and his surrendered will. He expressed his willingness before he knew what was required. He did not inquire what was wanted and then let his obedience depend upon its suiting him. We should believe that the Lord knows what is best and he will yield glad obedience to His commands.

**V. Samuel's First Prophetic Message** (3:11-18).

Up to this time Samuel obeyed the one who was over him, but the time had now come when he must directly hear and obey the Lord. The first message entrusted to him was a most terrible one. To deliver it was a most trying task. He hesitated to tell it to Eli, but when pressed by him he manifested the true courage which was lying back of his fear. It must have been a bitter experience to Eli to see Samuel recognized and himself passed by, but he was submissive. He knew that the slight was just. He could not fall to interpret it thus in view of the appearance of the man of God to him (2:27-36). This fearful visitation upon Eli's house was due to the sins of his sons. He was held accountable for not restraining them.

**VI. Samuel Established in the Prophetic Office** (3:19-21).

"And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him and did let none of His words fall to the ground and all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

**Supreme Blessedness**  
As long as we remain the ultimate owners and disposers of our goods we miss the supreme blessedness of life.—F. B. Meyer, D. D.

**Obedience**  
Obedience to God's command is the gateway to high experience and large blessing.—Christian Monitor.

**Life**  
Life is a constant want, therefore it should be a constant prayer.

**FANCY FEATHER TRIMS POPULAR; ORNATE SLEEVES A NEW FEATURE**

BY WAY of diversion and because millinery is ever capricious, mid-winter hats have quite suddenly begun assuming cunning and unusual novelty feather trims. To be sure the vogue had its initiation in Paris, the celebrated Reboux being one of the first to launch toques and turbans remarkable for their unique use of little feathers. One of these snug-fitting hats displayed wee feather birds pasted as flat as if they had been painted, marking the intersection where two shades of velvet met.

It is a flat feather flower trimming most stylists, sleeves have become the outstanding feature of dress. They are the object on which creative genius lavishes its choicest gift of design.

The deep armhole-sleeve is sounding a new note in dress fashioning this season. For the simple daytime frock, these sleeves are usually of the same material as the dress, but for the afternoon gown, they contrast in with striking effect. It would seem as if no color was too vivid, no handwork too ornate for these novel sleeves. For the dress in the picture the de-



SOME PIQUANT WINTER HATS.

which gives color and novelty to the modish hat shown last in this group. These floral appliques made of pasted feathers present an interesting new phase of the trimming theme.

As to the hat shown first in this group, it also exploits the feather-trim idea, in that twelve flat wings are applied on a background of glazier blue antelope felt.

Accenting the theme of embodying flat feathers as an intrinsic part of the making of the hat rather than in a showy trimming way, also carrying out the idea of odd and curious effect, the black soled velours model at the top to the right shows glided ostrich bandings combined with gold and green galloon.

Feather tassels and brushes, which drop from the hat over one ear, give

signer chooses black satin, sleeving it with red crepe, embroidered with gold. Now that elaborate beading and much glittering tinsel embroidery is so in fashion's favor, the woman of deft fingers and fine imagination could profitably devote her time to designing and making a pair of handsome sleeves, cut to the latest deep armhole patterns. These, sewed into a last season's straightline frock, of black satin or velvet, would provide a smart costume for midwinter dressy afternoon wear.

There is also a growing favor for the allover lace sleeve, especially with the black velvet gown. Another idea of economy for the home dressmaker is to match the material of one's last season's crepe dress, making sleeves shaped like those in this picture



DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCK.

piquant style to many a petite cha-peau, just as they did in days of yore, for we like the becomingness thereof. The model in the center accents the effectiveness of feather-brush trimming. It is a ruby-colored felt bound in soft velvet and trimmed with two flame-colored ostrich brushes.

Vari-colored pheasant feather motifs appear on the hat with a brim in the picture, reflecting the glow of the peony red felt which it trims.

Time was when sleeves were just sleeves. Today, according to fore-

Elaborate them by patterning with an allover braiding accurately matched to the crepe foundation.

Sometimes the material and not the color is contrasted in sleeve and gown. For instance a velvet dress may have georgette sleeves, a cloth frock is enhanced with satin sleeves of same color.

The vogue for metal cloth is responsible for the many handsome velvet gowns, sleeved with gold or silver fabric.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
(© 1926 Western Newspaper Union.)



**Colds and Coughs**

**MOTHERS** soon learn there's magic in a timely dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. "It has meant more to me than any other medicine I know of. My children love the taste of it and like to take it. Syrup Pepsin has meant much to my girl who is now thirteen years old and has taken it ever since a tiny baby. After taking it their colds and coughs vanish. I have had many experiences with good old Syrup Pepsin and just can't praise it enough." (Name and address sent upon request.)

**Truly a Family Medicine**

Why ever be sick? Let Syrup Pepsin clean out the cause of colds, coughs, fevers, bilious attacks, sour stomach, sick headache. From the teething period to the infirmities of old age, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has been the family safeguard. Countless friends urge you from years of happy experience to always keep Syrup Pepsin in the home. Get it today and have it handy, always. Sold by all druggists.

For a free trial bottle send name and address to Pepsin Syrup Company, Monticello, Illinois.



DR. CALDWELL AT AGE 83  
**Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN**

**Intelligent Philosophy**

Before philosophy can teach by experience, the philosophy has to be in readiness, the experience must be gathered and intelligently recorded.—Carlyle.

**It Was Familiar**

Composer (to singer)—Have you ever heard my new piece?  
Singer—Oh, yes, years ago, but it wasn't yours then.—Dorffbarbier, Berlin.



**ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

**Silent Night**  
"How was that banquet last night?"  
"Very quiet. They had neither soup nor after-dinner speakers."

**Future Hopes**  
"So Dolly married the doctor?"  
"Yes, she claims a professional man can afford bigger alimony."

**Children Cry for**



**MOTHER:—** Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Kills Headache - Relieves Pain 25¢**  
**DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER**

**FEDERAL BATTERIES**  
From FACTORY direct to you. Equal to any battery made regardless of price. Batteries furnished in one piece rubber box. Ford, Chevrolet, Overland and Roadie batteries \$1.75. Largest batteries priced in proportion. Positively guaranteed 18 months. Shipped same day order is received. Shipped c. o. d. without deposit.

**\$8.75** GUARANTEED 18 MONTHS  
FEDERAL BATTERY MFG. CO., 2629 Elm St., Dallas, Texas.

Only 13 Days Until Christmas



The Easiest Car for Her to Drive

If you're choosing a low-priced car that has to meet with feminine approval—be guided by the experience of tens of thousands, and buy a Chevrolet!

Like no other car of its class, Chevrolet combines those features which make a car easy for women to operate with those qualities that women instinctively demand in an automobile.

It is easy to start, steer and stop. It is simple and safe to handle under all conditions. And, best of all, it offers the inimitable smartness, elegance and luxury of bodies by Fisher on all closed models.

Just bring her in and let her see for herself how well Chevrolet meets her ideals of fine quality.

at these Low Prices!

Model	Price
Coach	\$510
Coach	\$545
Coach	\$575
Coach	\$605
Coach	\$635
Coach	\$665
Coach	\$695
Coach	\$725
Coach	\$755
Coach	\$785
Coach	\$815
Coach	\$845
Coach	\$875
Coach	\$905
Coach	\$935
Coach	\$965
Coach	\$995
Coach	\$1025
Coach	\$1055
Coach	\$1085
Coach	\$1115
Coach	\$1145
Coach	\$1175
Coach	\$1205
Coach	\$1235
Coach	\$1265
Coach	\$1295
Coach	\$1325
Coach	\$1355
Coach	\$1385
Coach	\$1415
Coach	\$1445
Coach	\$1475
Coach	\$1505
Coach	\$1535
Coach	\$1565
Coach	\$1595
Coach	\$1625
Coach	\$1655
Coach	\$1685
Coach	\$1715
Coach	\$1745
Coach	\$1775
Coach	\$1805
Coach	\$1835
Coach	\$1865
Coach	\$1895
Coach	\$1925
Coach	\$1955
Coach	\$1985
Coach	\$2015
Coach	\$2045
Coach	\$2075
Coach	\$2105
Coach	\$2135
Coach	\$2165
Coach	\$2195
Coach	\$2225
Coach	\$2255
Coach	\$2285
Coach	\$2315
Coach	\$2345
Coach	\$2375
Coach	\$2405
Coach	\$2435
Coach	\$2465
Coach	\$2495
Coach	\$2525
Coach	\$2555
Coach	\$2585
Coach	\$2615
Coach	\$2645
Coach	\$2675
Coach	\$2705
Coach	\$2735
Coach	\$2765
Coach	\$2795
Coach	\$2825
Coach	\$2855
Coach	\$2885
Coach	\$2915
Coach	\$2945
Coach	\$2975
Coach	\$3005
Coach	\$3035
Coach	\$3065
Coach	\$3095
Coach	\$3125
Coach	\$3155
Coach	\$3185
Coach	\$3215
Coach	\$3245
Coach	\$3275
Coach	\$3305
Coach	\$3335
Coach	\$3365
Coach	\$3395
Coach	\$3425
Coach	\$3455
Coach	\$3485
Coach	\$3515
Coach	\$3545
Coach	\$3575
Coach	\$3605
Coach	\$3635
Coach	\$3665
Coach	\$3695
Coach	\$3725
Coach	\$3755
Coach	\$3785
Coach	\$3815
Coach	\$3845
Coach	\$3875
Coach	\$3905
Coach	\$3935
Coach	\$3965
Coach	\$3995
Coach	\$4025
Coach	\$4055
Coach	\$4085
Coach	\$4115
Coach	\$4145
Coach	\$4175
Coach	\$4205
Coach	\$4235
Coach	\$4265
Coach	\$4295
Coach	\$4325
Coach	\$4355
Coach	\$4385
Coach	\$4415
Coach	\$4445
Coach	\$4475
Coach	\$4505
Coach	\$4535
Coach	\$4565
Coach	\$4595
Coach	\$4625
Coach	\$4655
Coach	\$4685
Coach	\$4715
Coach	\$4745
Coach	\$4775
Coach	\$4805
Coach	\$4835
Coach	\$4865
Coach	\$4895
Coach	\$4925
Coach	\$4955
Coach	\$4985
Coach	\$5015
Coach	\$5045
Coach	\$5075
Coach	\$5105
Coach	\$5135
Coach	\$5165
Coach	\$5195
Coach	\$5225
Coach	\$5255
Coach	\$5285
Coach	\$5315
Coach	\$5345
Coach	\$5375
Coach	\$5405
Coach	\$5435
Coach	\$5465
Coach	\$5495
Coach	\$5525
Coach	\$5555
Coach	\$5585
Coach	\$5615
Coach	\$5645
Coach	\$5675
Coach	\$5705
Coach	\$5735
Coach	\$5765
Coach	\$5795
Coach	\$5825
Coach	\$5855
Coach	\$5885
Coach	\$5915
Coach	\$5945
Coach	\$5975
Coach	\$6005
Coach	\$6035
Coach	\$6065
Coach	\$6095
Coach	\$6125
Coach	\$6155
Coach	\$6185
Coach	\$6215
Coach	\$6245
Coach	\$6275
Coach	\$6305
Coach	\$6335
Coach	\$6365
Coach	\$6395
Coach	\$6425
Coach	\$6455
Coach	\$6485
Coach	\$6515
Coach	\$6545
Coach	\$6575
Coach	\$6605
Coach	\$6635
Coach	\$6665
Coach	\$6695
Coach	\$6725
Coach	\$6755
Coach	\$6785
Coach	\$6815
Coach	\$6845
Coach	\$6875
Coach	\$6905
Coach	\$6935
Coach	\$6965
Coach	\$6995
Coach	\$7025
Coach	\$7055
Coach	\$7085
Coach	\$7115
Coach	\$7145
Coach	\$7175
Coach	\$7205
Coach	\$7235
Coach	\$7265
Coach	\$7295
Coach	\$7325
Coach	\$7355
Coach	\$7385
Coach	\$7415
Coach	\$7445
Coach	\$7475
Coach	\$7505
Coach	\$7535
Coach	\$7565
Coach	\$7595
Coach	\$7625
Coach	\$7655
Coach	\$7685
Coach	\$7715
Coach	\$7745
Coach	\$7775
Coach	\$7805
Coach	\$7835
Coach	\$7865
Coach	\$7895
Coach	\$7925
Coach	\$7955
Coach	\$7985
Coach	\$8015
Coach	\$8045
Coach	\$8075
Coach	\$8105
Coach	\$8135
Coach	\$8165
Coach	\$8195
Coach	\$8225
Coach	\$8255
Coach	\$8285
Coach	\$8315
Coach	\$8345
Coach	\$8375
Coach	\$8405
Coach	\$8435
Coach	\$8465
Coach	\$8495
Coach	\$8525
Coach	\$8555
Coach	\$8585
Coach	\$8615
Coach	\$8645
Coach	\$8675
Coach	\$8705
Coach	\$8735
Coach	\$8765
Coach	\$8795
Coach	\$8825
Coach	\$8855
Coach	\$8885
Coach	\$8915
Coach	\$8945
Coach	\$8975
Coach	\$9005
Coach	\$9035
Coach	\$9065
Coach	\$9095
Coach	\$9125
Coach	\$9155
Coach	\$9185
Coach	\$9215
Coach	\$9245
Coach	\$9275
Coach	\$9305
Coach	\$9335
Coach	\$9365
Coach	\$9395
Coach	\$9425
Coach	\$9455
Coach	\$9485
Coach	\$9515
Coach	\$9545
Coach	\$9575
Coach	\$9605
Coach	\$9635
Coach	\$9665
Coach	\$9695
Coach	\$9725
Coach	\$9755
Coach	\$9785
Coach	\$9815
Coach	\$9845
Coach	\$9875
Coach	\$9905
Coach	\$9935
Coach	\$9965
Coach	\$9995

Small down payment and convenient terms. Ask about our 6% Purchase Certificate Plan.

Valley Motor Co. Inc.  
MULESHOE, TEXAS

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Mulshoe Lodge A. F. & A. M.

meets at hall over McCarty building on the 2nd, Tuesday of each month. Visitors are welcome  
A. V. McCARTY, Jr. W. M.

\$1.00 per year during December, then \$1.50 the year. Send your dollar or bring it in before December 31st, 1926.

When you get hungry, think of the Elite Cafe, short orders or regular meals. Mrs. Stidham, Owner.

ANNOUNCEMENT—The White Front Garage announces that they have employed Chester Hales, of Oklahoma City, to take charge of the mechanical department of the garage. New machinery has been installed and we are ready to take care of your car trouble. A. W. Coker, Owner. 40tfc

The Methodist ladies will have their Bazaar and chicken dinner on Saturday December 11th.

Tube work a specialty a Weaver's Tire Shop, Muleshoe, Texas. \$525.00 ESSAY CONTEST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN, from fifth to eleventh grades. Closes Jan. 25, 1927. Write for particulars and free catalogue. RAMSEY'S AUSTIN NURSERY, Austin, Texas. 40-46-c

Remember the Methodist Bazaar and chicken dinner on December 11, 1926. Phone 54 all the local news.

CITATION

The State of Texas, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Bailey County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, that you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Bailey if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 64th judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 64th judicial district, once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, J. C. McClure whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Bailey at the Court House thereof, in Muleshoe on the Twenty First Monday after the first Monday in August, the same being the 27th day of December, A. D. 1926 then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court, on the 2nd day of December A. D. 1926, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 205, wherein Levi Pressy is plaintiff and J. C. McClure and L. E. Benson are defendants. The nature of the plaintiffs demand being as follows, to-wit: Suit on a note in the sum of \$600.00 dated March 3rd, 1925 and due one year after date, executed by the defendant J. C. McClure and payable to the defendant L. E. Benson, and bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum and providing for an additional 10 per cent as attorneys fees if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. For a valuable consideration the defendant L. E. Benson transferred said note to the plaintiff herein on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1925. Plaintiff prays judgement of the court for judgement for the principal sum of the note together with interest and attorney's fees and cost of suit.

Herein fail not, and have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Muleshoe, Texas, this, the 2nd day of December A. D. 1926. (SEAL)

C. C. Mardis, Clerk District Court Bailey County, Texas. 42-45-c

PICTURE FRAMING—See Henry George Furniture Store. 23tfc

ANNOUNCEMENT—We are in the market now, to buy maize and kaffir heads and ear corn in the shuck. See our Mr. Paxton at E. R. Hart Warehouse. Dogget Grain Company.

FOR LEASE—640 acres of land in Lamb county with well on it, to lease for one year for first crop. Crop to be agreed on. J. D. Hammett, Moberly, Mo. 42-43-c

FOR SALE—Or trade Chalmers six, full winter top, glass enclosure, first class running condition. Trade or tractor or stock, on old C. C. Mardis place, J. W. Gregory Jr., Muleshoe, Texas. 42-43-p

FOR SALE—Ford Sedan, in good shape. Reply to box 3. Muleshoe, Texas. 43-p

We are very glad to announce that E. J. Vance our local real estate man, returned Tuesday night from the Lubbock Hospital and is now reported by our local news reporter as doing nicely as we go to press. Such news as this is indeed received with a grateful heart to know that our fellow townsman is on the road to recovery.

Bargain rate Journal \$1.00.

FREE! Atwater Kent Radio!

February 15th, 1927, we will give away absolutely FREE to the person holding the free number, that they receive when they buy a battery from me one four tube Atwater Kent Radio Set.

This contest started on the first of November and closes on February 15th. Come in and let us tell you about the deal. It's FREE.

T. B. FRY

NOT ORIGINAL

We do not claim credit for originating the slogan "Dodge Brothers Dealers Sell Good Used Cars." But we do claim to be doing our part to impress the world with its truthfulness.

D. O. Smith, Agent

A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT

LAYING MASH

We have the Highland laying mash, made in Amarillo. Put your hens on a paying basis. On sale for only \$3.50

Bailey County Elevator



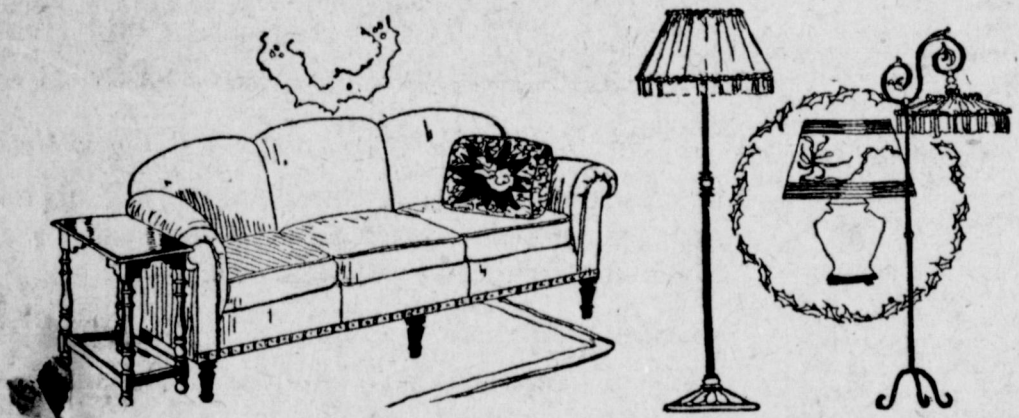
A Basket Worth Giving

Choice pickles and preserves, canned fruits and selected candies—a basket you will be proud to give, since it contains real value.

Henington Cash GROCERY

Phone 21, Sure We Deliver. Try Us and See.

Have You Seen Our New Furniture?



May we suggest that you purchase the good wife a living room suit with part of the crop money. Our stock of separate pieces or complete sets affords ample range from which to choose.

E. R. Hart Lumber Company



We want you to take notice of our Christmas display windows. A word to the early shoppers is warning enough to put them on the lookout for suitable Christmas presents.

M. P. SMITH

General Merchandise  
We give the J.N. Green Stamps

Did You Ever Stop and Think?

How much do you profit by paying rent?

Build a Home, You Owe it to your family. See us for plans

If it is car load prices you want see us!

Burrow Lumber Co.

East Main at Edward and Paul  
Muleshoe, Texas

SAY! LET WEAVER DO YOUR TIRE AND TUBE WORK Muleshoe, Texas

**Bailey County Abstract Company**

Established in 1900

S. Barron, Mgr. Muleshoe, Texas  
 Abstract, Loan, all kinds of Insurance and Conveyancing.  
 All matters pertaining to land titles given prompt attention  
 [Member Texas Abstracters Association; also Member Association of Title Men]



**STANDARD BATTERIES**  
 AUTOMOBILE - RADIO - HOUSE LIGHTING

**T.B.FRY, Agent Muleshoe**

**The Yellow Jacket**

Volume 1 Edited By The Muleshoe High School Number 9

**Freshman Items**

We are all very glad to have Miss Spencer back in school again.

Mozeli Alsup spent Sunday with Mildred Lee.

Luvana Morgan, Thelma Ferris and Ralph DeBord were absent from school Monday.

Rufus Gilbreth has returned to school.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Griffiths were visiting relatives here, Sunday.

The chapel exercise was enjoyed by every one Wednesday morning. Opal Haney and Ruth Harden sang a duet and Mrs. Keeney gave a piano solo.

Mr. and Mrs. Leverett, Mr. Denison and Mr. Jenkins spent the week-end in Lorenzo.

Now Freshmen you have heard so much about the dignity and wisdom of the Seniors but not so much about their innocence. Well they are certainly innocent. They still believe in Santa Claus. Read their little letters.

Muleshoe, Texas, December 6, 1926,

Dear Mr. Santa Claus,

I have been very good all year. Please bring me a doll and some little dishes. Remember Mr. Leverett as his mama won't let him believe in you. I am a Senior in the Muleshoe High School.

Your little friend,  
 Beth Mardis.

Muleshoe, Texas, December 6, 1926,

Dearest Santa:

When you make your annual trip this year I would like you to bring me a doll with sleeping eyes and bring Miss Spencer a new doctor because the one she goes to now makes her miss school to much.

Your Senior friend,  
 Mary Snyder.

Muleshoe, Texas, December 6, 1926,

Dear Santy,

Please bring me a sack of candy and nuts and a little set of dishes. I have been a very good little girl.

Your friend,  
 Vera Matthiesen.

Muleshoe, Texas, December 6, 1926,

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been very good, making C on department every month.

**NERVOUS HEADACHE**



Next time you have a nervous headache try this—

Two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Miles' Nervine.

If you can get a few minutes sleep, the headache is pretty sure to be gone when you wake up.

**DR. MILES' NERVINE**

If you are subject to nervous headaches, take Dr. Miles' Nervine as directed.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is recommended for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Neurasthenia

We'll send a generous sample for 5c in stamps.  
 Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

\$1.00 at your Drugstore

**MICK**

**The Auctioneer**

Will cry your sales anywhere, at 2 per cent and furnish one half of the advertising, printed at the Journal office. Make dates at Journal office at Muleshoe.

I wish to be very unselfish, I want you to bring Mr. Jenkins a pacifier as he needs it very much.

Your adopted child,  
 Mildred Lee.

Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Dearest Old Santa,

Please bring me a new English teacher and some more English books to study.

Your Friend,  
 Marie Gwyn.

Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Dear Santa Claus:

You can bring me what ever you wish to. It is immaterial with me. I am not particular what you bring.

Your friend,  
 Mildred McDorman.

Edward Street 111,  
 Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Chimly Street,  
 Progress, Texas,

Dear Sir:

I want you to sent me a sack of pop corn.

Yours Truly,  
 Fred Lee.

Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Dearest Santa:

Please don't forget to stop at my house when you come thru Muleshoe this year, but I'd rather you would stop at the Muleshoe High School and leave a new roof for the school building, a new kind of books so we can make better grades, and some little play things for the school so we won't get so tired.

Always yours,  
 Bessie Lasater.

Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

Santa be sure to bring me a big stick of candy. I also want a book on "English Made Easy" also you might send us a new English teacher if you have a real good one.

Very truly yours,  
 Rae Moore.

Muleshoe, Texas, Dec. 6, 1926,

Dear Santa Claus:

Please send Miss Chapin an out line for a year's course in English as she is incapable of making an out line for the year to keep the students busy.

Yours truly,  
 Jimmy Cox.



Says Eddie, the cute little fellow,  
 "Our apples are luscious and mellow;  
 They're tart and they're sweet,  
 Have firm, solid meat;  
 The colors—pink, white, red and yellow."

**Our Customers Are Our Best Advertisement**

If you have never used our Groceries let us fill your next order. You will notice the difference.

Phone 4 for service

**C. D. Guppton and Son**

Groceries and Meats

Renew your subscription to the Star-Telegram at the Journal office.

Let the Journal bid on your job.

**LAND FORSALE**—No agents authorized. South 1-2 section 19 Block Z Bailey County, Texas: If sold within 90 days will take \$21.50 an acre net cash to me or will subdivide and sell each quarter separately. Address H. R. Hamilton, owner, 2324 U St. Lincoln, Nebr. 38-44

During the balance of December we will offer the Muleshoe Journal for \$1.00 per year. This plan is good on renewals or new subscribers.

Short orders served at the Elite Cafe. Try us when in town. Mrs. Stidham.



**Toyland is Joyland**

Grown-ups are invited to bring the children to our Toyland—which is bigger, better, gayer and more interesting than ever. Toys and ingenious contrivances from the leading toy makers of the world are assembled here to gladden the

hearts of the young. The cleverest artists, designers and mechanics have made this display an experience for children that will never fade from their mind. Children love toys and Santa should bring them freely



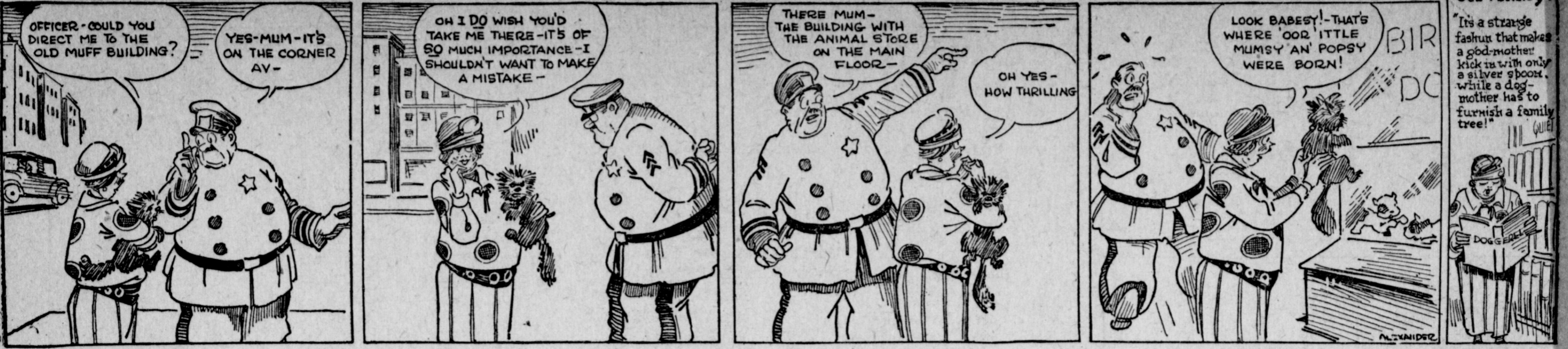
Go to the Basement for Toyland

**McCARTY DRUG STORE**

Visit the First Floor for Useful Gifts

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander  
© Western Newspaper Union



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe  
© Western Newspaper Union

Hail to the Boss



Along the Concrete

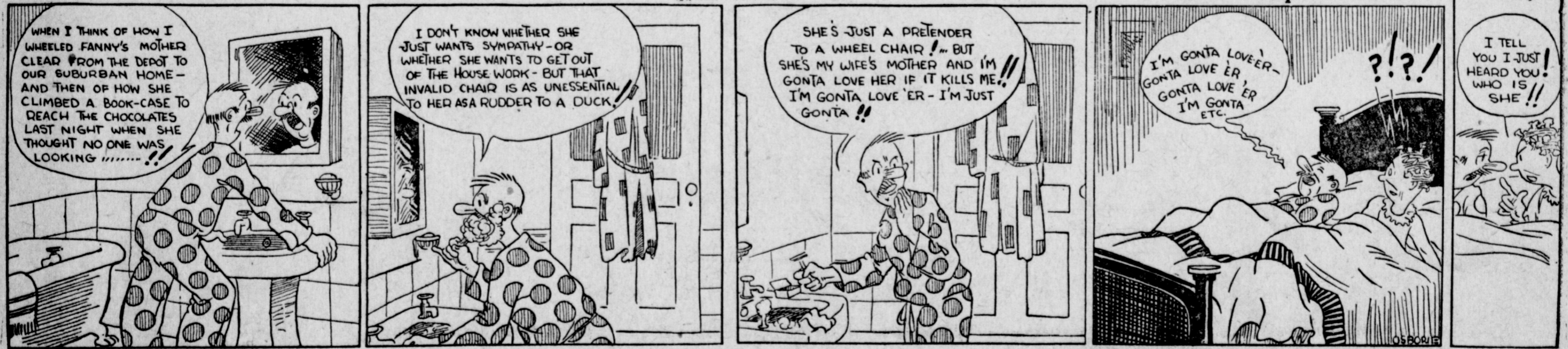
Ether Waves



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne  
© Western Newspaper Union

Felix Disciplines Himself



The Clancy Kids

Poor Auntie! She Was Only a Figure Head

By PERCY L. CROSBY  
Copyright, by the McClung Newspaper Syndicate



# LYDIA OF THE PINES

By HONORÉ WILLISIE

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)  
WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Lydia Dudley, with her baby sister, Patience, returns home from an afternoon of play. The home is an untidy home, the impoverished household of her father, Amos Dudley, in Lake City. Her father's friend and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, are discussing affairs in general. Land is getting more valuable every day. Amos thinks that it is time the Indians, who occupy a reservation twenty miles away, were moving in on order that the white men might have this land.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Poor brutes of Indians," said John Levine, refilling his pipe. "I get ugly about the reservation, yet I realize they've got first right to the land."

"The man that can make best use of the land's got first right to it," insisted Amos. "That's what my ancestors believed two hundred and fifty years ago when they settled in New Hampshire and put loopholes under the eaves of their houses. Our farmhouse had loopholes like that. Snow used to sift in through 'em on my bed when I was a kid."

Lydia, lying on her stomach on the couch, turning the leaves of "Tom Sawyer," looked up with sudden interest.

"Daddy, let's go back there to live. I'd love to live in a house with loopholes."

The two men laughed. "You should have been a boy, Lydia," said Amos. "A boy," sniffed Levine, "and who'd have mothered little Patience if she'd been a boy?"

"That's right—yet, look at that litter on the desk in the parlor."

Both the men smiled while Lydia blushed.

"What are you going to do with that doll furniture, Lydia?" asked John Levine.

"I'm going to make a doll house for little Patience, for Christmas," Lydia gave an uncomfortable wriggle. "Don't talk about me so much."

"You're working a long way ahead," commented Amos. "That was your mother's trait. I wish I'd had it. Though how I could load ahead on a dollar-and-a-half-a-day—Lydia, it's bedtime."

Lydia rose reluctantly, her book under her arm.

"Don't read upstairs, child," Amos went on; "go to bed and to sleep, directly."

Lydia looked around for a safe place for the book and finally climbed up on a chair and laid it on the top shelf of the sideboard. Then she came back to her father's side and lifted her face for her good-night kiss.

"Good-night, my child," said Amos. "How about me," asked Levine. "Haven't you one to spare for a lonely bachelor?"

He pulled Lydia to him and kissed her gently on the cheek. "If you were ten years older and I were ten years younger—"

"Then we'd travel," said the child, with a happy giggle as she ran out of the room.

There was silence for a moment, then John Levine said, "Too bad old Lizzie is such a slob."

"I know it," replied Amos, "but she gets no wages, just stayed on after nursing my wife. I can't afford to



"Poor Brutes of Indians," said John Levine.

pay for decent help. And after all, she does the rough work, and she's honest and fond of the children."

"Still Lydia ought to have a better chance. I wish you'd let me—" he hesitated.

"Let you what?" asked Amos.

"Nothing. She'd better work out things her own way. She'll be getting to notice things around the house as she grows older."

"It is the devil's own mess here," admitted Amos. "I'm going to move next month. This place has got on my nerves. I've got to get into a place where I can have a garden. If we go further out of town we can get more land for less rent."

"It's a good idea to have a garden," said John Levine. "I tell you, that cottage of mine out near the

lake, I'll let you have it for what you pay for this. It'll be empty the first of September."

"I'll go you," said Amos. "It's as pretty a place as I know of."

Again silence fell. Then Amos said, "John, why don't you go to congress? Not today, or tomorrow, but maybe four or five years from now."

"Nice question for one poor man to put to another," said Levine, with a short laugh.

"No reason you should always be poor," replied Amos. "There's rich land lying twenty miles north of here, owned by nothing but Indians."

Levine scratched his head.

"You could run for sheriff," said Amos, "as a starter."

"By heck!" exploded John Levine. "I'll try for it. No reason why a real-estate man shouldn't go into politics as well as some of the shyster lawyers you and I know, huh, Amos?"

Upstairs, Lydia stood in a path of moonlight pulling off her clothes slowly. Having jerked herself into her nightdress, she knelt by the bedside.

"Oh God," she prayed in a whisper, "don't let there be any more deaths in our family and help me to bring little Patience up right." This was her regular formula.

Softly as a shadow she crept in beside her baby sister and the moonlight slowly edged across the room and rested for a long time on the two curly heads, motionless in childhood's slumber.

CHAPTER II

The Heroic Day

Little Patience had forgotten the red balloon, overnight. Lydia had known that she would. Nevertheless, with the feeling that something was owing to the baby, she decided to turn this Saturday into an extra season of delight for her little charge.

"Do you care, dad," asked Lydia, at breakfast, "if baby and I have lunch over at the lake shore?"

"Not if you're careful," answered Amos. He dug into his coat pocket and brought up a handful of tobacco from which he disinterred two pennies.

"Here," he said, "one for each of you. Don't be late for supper, chickens."

He kissed the two children, picked up his dinner pail and was off. Lydia, her red cheeks redder than usual, smiled at Lizzie, as she dropped the pennies into the pocket of her blouse and stuffed a gray and frowsy little handkerchief on top of them.

"Isn't he the best old daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Sure," said Lizzie absentmindedly, as she poured out her third cupful of coffee. "Lydia, that dress of yours is real dirty. You get into something else and I'll wash it out today."

"I haven't got much of anything else to get into, have I, Lizzie?—except my Sunday dress."

"You are dreadful sort of clothes, child, what with the way you grow and the way you climb trees. I'm trying to save enough out of the grocery money to get you a couple more of them galatea dresses for when school opens, but land—your poor mother was such a hand with the needle, you used to look a perfect picture."

"There," warned by the sudden droop of Lydia's mouth, "I tell you, you'll be in and out of the water all day, anyhow. Both of you get into the bathing suits your Aunt Emily sent you."

"All right," answered Lydia, soberly. "Wouldn't you think Aunt Emily would have more sense than to send all those grownup clothes? Who did she think's going to make 'em over, now?"

"I don't know, child. The poor thing is dead now, anyhow. Folks is always thoughtless about charity. Why I wasn't taught to sew, I don't know. Anyhow, the bathing suits she got special for you two."

"You bet your life, I'm going to learn how to sew," said Lydia, rising to untie the baby's bib. "I'm practicing on Florence Dombey. Mother had taught me straight seams and had just begun me on over and over, when—"

"Over and over," repeated the baby, softly.

Lizzie put out a plump, toll-scarred hand and drew Lydia to her. "There, dearie! Think about other things. What shall poor old Liz fix you for lunch?"

The child rubbed her bright cheek against the old woman's faded one. "You are a solid comfort to me, Lizzie," she said with a sigh. Then after a moment she exclaimed, eagerly, "Oh! Lizzie, do you think we could have a deviled egg? Is it too expensive?"

"You shall have a deviled egg if I have to steal it. But maybe you might dust up the parlor a bit while I get things ready."

Lydia established little Patience on the dining-room floor with a linen picture book, brought in a broom and dustpan from the kitchen and began furiously to sweep the parlor. When the dust cleared somewhat she emerged with the dustpan heaped with sweepings and the corners of the room still untouched. Then with a sense of duty well done, she lifted little Patience and carried her up into the little bedroom.

The bathing suits were pretty blue woolen things, and when the two presented themselves to Lizzie in the kitchen the old woman exclaimed, "Well, if ever I seen two fairies!"

"A thin one and a fat one," chuckled Lydia. "Push the baby carriage down over the steps for me, Lizzie, and I'll prepare for our long, hard voyage."

Patience was established in her perambulator with her linen picture book. Florence Dombey was settled at her feet, with "Men of Iron." The lifts of cigar box and the knife packed in a pasteboard box were tied to one edge of the carriage. Patience's milk, packed in a tin pail of ice, was laid on top of "Men of Iron." The paper bag of lunch dangled from the handlebar and Lydia announced the preparations complete.

The way to the lake shore led under the maple trees for several blocks. Then the board walk turned abruptly to cross a marsh high-grown now with rippling cat-tails. Having safely crossed the marsh, the walk ended in a grass-grown path. Lydia trundled the heavy perambulator with some difficulty along the path. The August sun was hot. She panted. "You are getting fat, baby! Darn it, I wish I had a bicycle!"

"Aho! there! Hard aport with your helm, mate!" came a shout from behind her. A boy in a bright-red bathing suit jumped off a bicycle.

"Hello, Kent!" said Lydia.

"Hello, yourself!" returned Kent. "Wait and I'll hitch to the front axle."

He untied a stout cord from his handle-bars and proceeded to fasten it from his saddle post to the perambulator. Lydia watched him with a glowing face. She was devoted to Kent, although they quarreled a great deal. He was a handsome boy, two years Lydia's senior; not tall for his years, but already broad and sturdy, with crinkly black hair and clear, black-lashed brown eyes. His face was round and ruddy under its summer tan. His lips were full and strong—an aggressive, jolly boy, with a quick temper and a generous heart. He and Lydia had been friends since kindergarten days.

"I'm going to stay in the Willows all day," said Lydia. "Don't go too fast, Kent."

"Dit-up! Dit-up, horsy!" screamed little Patience.

The path, after a few moments, shifted to the lake shore. The water there lapped quietly on a sandy beach, deep shaded by willows. Kent dismounted.

"Discharge your cargo!" he cried.

"Don't be so bossy," said Lydia. "This is my party."

"All right, then I won't play with you."

"Nobody asked you to, smarty. I was going to give you my deviled egg for lunch."

"Gosh," said Kent, "did you bring your lunch? Say, I guess I'll go home and get mother to give me some. But let's play pirates, first."

"All right! I choose to be chief first," agreed Lydia.

"And I'm the cannibal and baby's the stolen princess," said Kent.

The three children plunged into the game which is the common property of childhood. For a time, bloody captures, savage orgies, escape, pursuit, looting of great ships and burial of treasure, transformed the quiet shore to a theater of high crime. At last, as the August noon waxed high, and the hostage princess fell fast asleep in her perambulator cave, the cannibal, who had shifted to captured duke, bowed before the pirate.

"Sir," he said in a deep voice, "I have bethought myself of still further treasure which, if you will allow me to go after in my trusty boat, I will get and bring to you—if you will allow me to say farewell at that time to my wife and babes."

"Ha!" returned the pirate. "How do I know you'll come back?"

The duke folded his arms. "You have my word of honor which never has, and never will, be broken."

"Go, duke, but return ere sundown." The pirate made a magnificent gesture toward the bicycle. "And say, Kent, bring plenty to fill yourself up, for I'm awful hungry and I'll need all we've got."

She was giving little Patience her bread and milk, when Kent returned with a paper bag.

"Ma was cross at me for pestering her, but I managed to get some sandwiches and doughnuts. Come on, let's begin. Gee, there's a squaw!"

Coming toward the three children seated in the sand by the perambulator was a thin bent old woman, leaning on a stick.

"Dirty old beggar," said Kent, beginning to devour his sandwiches.

"Isn't she awful!" exclaimed Lydia. Begging Indians were no novelty to Lake City children, but this one was so old and thin that Lydia was horrified. Toothless, her black hair streaked with gray, her calico dress unspeakably dirty, her hands like birds' claws clasping her stick, the squaw stopped in front of the children.

"Eat!" she said, pointing to her mouth, while her sunken black eyes were fixed on Kent's sandwiches.

Little Patience looked up and began to whimper with fear.

"Get out, you old rip!" said Kent.

"Eat! Eat!" insisted the squaw, a certain ferocity in her manner.

"Did you walk clear in from the reservation?" asked Lydia.

The squaw nodded, and held out her scrawny hand for the children's inspection. "No eats, all time no eats! You give eats—poor old woman."

"Oh, Kent, she's half starved! Let's give her some of our lunch," exclaimed Lydia.

"Not on your life," returned Kent. "Dirty, lazy lot! Why don't they work?"

"If we'd go halves, we'd have enough," insisted Lydia.

"You told me you'd only enough for yourself. Get out of here, you old she-devil."

The squaw did not so much as glance at Kent. Her eyes were fastened on Lydia, with the look of a hungry, expectant dog. Lydia ran her fingers through her damp curls, and sighed. Then she gave little Patience her share of the bread and butter and a cookie. She laid the precious deviled egg in its twist of paper on top of the remainder of the bread and cookies and handed them to the Indian.

"You can't have any of mine, if you give yours up!" warned Kent.

"I don't want any, pig!" returned Lydia.

The old squaw received the food with trembling fingers and broke into sobs, that tore at her old throat painfully. She said something to Lydia in Indian, and then to the children's surprise, she bundled the food up in her skirt and started as rapidly as possible back in the direction whence she had come.

"She's taking it back to some one," said Kent.

"Poor thing," said Lydia.

"Poor thing!" sniffed Kent. "It would be a good thing if they were all dead. My father says so."

"Well, I guess your father don't know everything," snapped Lydia.

"Evyfing," said Patience, who had finished her lunch and was digging in the sand.

Kent paused in the beginning of his attack on his last sandwich to look Lydia over. She was as thin as a half-grown chicken in her wet bathing suit. Her damp curls, clinging to her head and her eyes a little heavy with heat and weariness after her morning of play, made her look scarcely older than Patience. Kent wouldn't confess, even to himself, how fond he was of Lydia.

"Here," he said gruffly. "I can't eat this sandwich. Mother made me too many. And here's a doughnut."

"Thanks, Kent," said Lydia meekly. She held Patience's abbreviated bathing suit skirt with one hand.

"Where are you heading for, baby?" she asked.

"Mardy! Mardy!" screamed Patience, tugging at her leash.

"Oh, rats, it's Margery Marshall. Look at the duds on her. She makes me sick," groaned Kent.

"She's crazy about little Patience," answered Lydia, "so I put up with a lot from her."

She loosed her hold on Patience. The baby trundled along the sand to meet the little girl in an immaculate white sailor suit, who approached pushing a doll buggy large enough to hold Patience. She ran to meet the baby and kissed her, then allowed her to help push the doll carriage.

"Mardy tum! Mardy tum!" chanted Patience.

Margery's black hair was in a long braid, tied with a wide white ribbon. Margery's hands were clean and so were her white stockings and shoes. She brought the doll's carriage to pause before Lydia and Kent and gazed at them appraisingly out of bright black eyes—beautiful eyes, large and heavily lashed. Kent's face was dirty and sweat streaked. His red bathing suit was gray with sand and green with grass stain. On his head he wore his favorite headgear, a disreputable white cotton cap with

the words "Goldenrod Flour Mills" across the front.

"Well," he said belligerently, to Margery, "do you see anything green?"

Margery shrugged her shoulders. "Watcha playing?"

"Nothing! Want to play it?" replied Lydia.

"Thanks," answered Margery. "I'll watch you two while I sit with the baby. Isn't she just ducky in that bathing suit?"

Lydia melted visibly and showed a flash of white teeth. "You bet! How's Gwendolyn?" nodding toward the great bisque doll seated in the wonderful doll carriage. "I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

ceeded to dig up the doll carriage.

"I wish I had a doll like that."

"She isn't in it with Florence Dombey," said Kent. "Florence is some old sport, she is. Guess I'd better cut her down."

During the game of pirates, Florence Dombey had been hung from a willow branch, in lieu of a yardarm, and had remained dangling there in the wind, forgotten by her mother.

Kent placed her in Patience's carriage. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go up the shore and get Smith's flatboat. We'll anchor it out from the shore, and that'll be the wreck. We'll swim out to her and bring stuff in. And up under the bank there we'll build the cave and the barricade."

"Gee," exclaimed Lydia, "that's the best we've thought of yet. I'll be collecting stuff to put in the wreck."

All during the golden August afternoon the game waxed joyfully. For a long time, Margery sat aloof, playing with the baby. But when the excavating of the cave began, she suc-

**The Muleshoe Journal**

R. B. BOYLE, Editor  
\$1.50 per year

THE STATE OF TEXAS  
COUNTY OF BAILEY

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Bailey County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to have published in any newspaper in said County and if there is no newspaper in said County, then in a newspaper nearest to the courthouse in said County, for four successive weeks previous to the first day of the next regular term of the County Court of Bailey County, Texas, to be holden at the court house in Muleshoe, Texas, on the first week in January, A. D. 1927, the same being the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1927, the following notice:

**NOTICE IN PROBATE**

To all persons interested in the Estate of Wilhelmina Gaede, Deceased; You are hereby notified that Fritz Gaede has filed his application for the probate of the last will and testament of the said Wilhelmina Gaede, deceased, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1926, the same to be heard on the first Monday in January, 1927, at the courthouse in Muleshoe, Texas, further notifying all persons interested in said estate to appear at the time herein named and contest said application if they desire to do so.

Herein fail not but have you before said court on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court, this the 16th day of November, A. D. 1926.

[SEAL]

C. C. Mardis Clerk County Court,  
Bailey County, Texas.  
40-43-c

**Junior League Party  
Attended By Jolly Bunch**

Friday afternoon a jolly bunch of Junior Leaguers gathered at the home of Mrs. Connie Gupton for their regular party. The house was decorated in Christmas tinsel, and wreaths and covered with bright Christmas stars. A Star contest and Ringing the Christmas Bell were special features in the afternoon's fun. At five-thirty sandwiches and cocoa were served to the following children: Jimmie Lee Hayes, Neva and Tidwell Douglass, Jane and Marie Bucy, Helen Hoskins, Dorothy Rice, Beatrice Moore, Rheta and Roy Wilemon, Margaret, Lillian and Christine Roach, Carrie Agnes Lee, Dora Nell McCarty, Crystal Kennedy, Naomi Scribner, Juanita, Winborn and Addie Cochran, Hazel and Betty Nelson and Alice DeBord.

**Methodist Church  
Announcement Dec. 12**

There will be services at the Methodist Church Sunday morning and evening and at Longview in the afternoon at 3 p. m. League services at the regular time. You are extended an invitation to be present at all the services.

Mrs. W. H. Kistler and daughter, Beulah, left for California, Dec. 5, where she will spend the rest of the winter with her son, Merle Kistler, who lives in Pomona. Mrs. Kistler, accompanied by Mr. Kistler and her mother, Mrs. N. P. Woolpert, who has been visiting with her for the past few weeks, motored to Farwell Saturday afternoon and spent the night with her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Thomas. She took the train at Clovis, Sunday morning for her destination. Mrs. Kistler is leaving for California for her health, it being thought that the lower altitude and milder climate might be beneficial.

The Editor and wife received a card from Mrs. E. Kurz, who is visiting in Wittenwill, bei Thun, Switzerland, Europe. She stated she was receiving the Muleshoe Journal regularly and enjoyed every line. Are you doing your part to make the Journal better? Give us the news, we'll print it.

E. P. Hendrix, of Royse City, stopped over here Sunday, to give our city the once over. He is looking for a newspaper proposition on the South Plains. He left Monday for points below the caprock.

A. J. DeBord and son, Ralph, left last Friday for Capitan, N. M., where they went to get Mrs. DeBord, who has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. D. A. Davis for the past six weeks.

Carl Elrod and family returned from San Angelo, the latter part of last week where they have been visiting Jess Elrod and family. While Carl was in the San Angelo country he purchased a bunch of fine Hereford heifers. They arrived the first of the week and were placed in his feeding pens at his farm.

Ray Griffiths is sporting a new Chevrolet Coach, purchased from the Valley Motor Co.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. (Andy) Hicks on Wednesday morning, twins, boy and a girl. The Journal wishes to extend congratulations and hope that the youngsters will get along fine.

G. M. Vance, father of E. J. Vance arrived Tuesday night from Lamesa, to visit with his son and friends for a while.

T. B. Fry the Battery man is giving away a Free Atwater Kent Radio set to the lucky person on February 15th. Every time you purchase a battery from him you get a free number, and it may be the one that calls for the Atwater Kent Radio. Ask him about the plan. It's free.



**Muleshoe Nat. Farm Loan  
Association  
-NO. 3943-**

L. S. Barron, Secy-Treas.  
C. C. Mardis, President  
W. G. Kennedy, Vice-Pres

**Farm and Ranch Loan**  
5 per cent Interest 36 yrs Time  
A mortgage that never comes due.

See us for Loans

STATE OF TEXAS,  
Bailey County,

We, the undersigned Jury of Freeholders, citizens of said Bailey County, Texas, duly appointed by the Commissioners' Court of Bailey County, Texas, at its November Term, 1926, to view and establish a Third class Road from and to the points named below, and having been duly sworn as the law directs, hereby give notice that we will, on the 24th day of December 1926, assemble at the beginning point and thence proceed to survey, locate, view, mark out and establish said road, beginning at the public road at a point which is the common corners of Labors Nos. 16, 17, 24, 25, in League No. 201 Roberts County School Lands; Thence South on the Labor line between said Labors 24 & 25 in said League No. 201 Roberts County School Lands; Thence continuing South on the same Labor line running through Leagues Nos. 200 Roberts County School Land; 199 Lubbock County School Lands; 198 Lubbock School Lands; 112 Crosby County School Lands and ending at a point on the Ozark Trail at the Southeast corner of Labor No. 25 and the Southwest corner of Labor No. 24 in said League No. 112.

And we do hereby notify J. E. Moore, E. W. Miller, E. A. Williams, J. H. Damron, E. V. Hall, J. D. Goodwin, Ralls & Owens, J. H. Paul, H. C. Blackburn, C. G. Gay, S. T. Echols, M. B. Brown, T. W. Newsome, C. H. Smith, E. J. Callaway, I. A. Shattuck, W. R. Archer, M. J. Lynch, S. A. Devers, C. P. Gilpin, J. E. Griffiths, W. P. Davis, W. J. Pullam, and any and all persons owning lands through which said road may run, that we will at the same time proceed to assess the damages incidental to the opening and establishment of said road, when they may, either in person or by agent or attorney, present to us a written statement of the amount of damages, if any, claimed by them.

Witness our hands, this 1st day of December, A. D. 1926.

E. V. Hall, J. A. Baker, Walter Damron, J. E. Moore, Doc. Elmore, Jurors os view. 42-45-c

Dr. E. O. Nichols and Mrs. Rex Riggs' Supt. of nurses and Miss Stults, nurse in training, all of the Plainview Sanitarium were here last Friday visiting in our city. They had their dates crossed with today and intended to be present for the Baby Clinic. It takes place here at the County Nurses office at the court house, today, Friday December 10th.

**A. R. Matthews M. D.**

Physician  
and  
Surgeon

Muleshoe, Texas

**Lubbock Sanitarium  
(A Modern Fireproof Building)  
and  
Lubbock Sanitarium  
Clinic**

DR. J. T. KRUEGER  
Surgery and Consultations  
DR. J. T. HUTCHINSON  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
DR. M. C. OVERTON  
Diseases of Children  
DR. J. P. LATTIMORE  
General Medicine  
DR. NAN L. GILKERSON  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
DR. F. B. MALONE  
General Medicine  
MISS MABEL McLENDON  
X-Ray and Laboratory Technician  
C. E. HUNT  
Business Manager

A chartered Training School for Nurses is conducted in connection with the Sanitarium. Young women who desire to enter training may address the Lubbock Sanitarium.

FRUIT TREES THAT BEAR. Pecans and berries. Hardy, climate-proof Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Shades, Roses. Landscape plans made. Catalogue free. RAMSEY'S AUSTIN NURSERY, Austin, Texas. Established 1875. 40-46-

Remember the Elite Cafe serves short orders early or late. Mrs. Stidham.

Send Your

**Abstract Work**

-To The-

**Muleshoe Abstract  
Company**

A. P. STONE, Prop.  
Muleshoe, Texas

Agent for Warren Addition

**One Day Developing  
And Printing**

-MAIL US YOUR FILMS FOR-

**Quality Kodak Finishing**

Films mailed to us can usually be completed and mailed out the following day.

**Fox Drug Co.**

The Drug Store in Clovis.  
CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO

Mrs. J. E. Adams was operated on at the Clovis Baptist Sanitarium Tuesday morning. This makes the second operation she has had the past month. We are in hopes this will place her on the road to good health.

HENRY GEORGE

**Hill Crest Mortuary**  
Orlan George, Mgr.  
The Same Care After You Gave Before  
Phone 47 Muleshoe, Texas

**FLOUR AND FEED**

We Wholesale Belle of Wichita and Radiogram Flour. Give us a chance at your business.

We retail alfalfa hay, and all kinds of feeds.

Superior Chicken and Cow Feeds

ICE---We Deliver it

**JONES & KLUMP**

**We Buy and Sell**

Oil Leases  
Oil Royalties

**R. L. BROWN**

The Land Man



"EVERYTHING TO WEAR"

**Christmas  
Presents**



**Handbags Make  
Appreciative Gifts**

If you are wondering what gift to give, reasonable in price and of everyday practical use, you need search no further than this collection of beautiful Bags.

**Wonderful Gift  
'KERCHIEFS**

You will be more than delighted with the wonderful collection of gifts Handkerchiefs which we have ready for your choosing. They are priced very moderately, too.



**Gardner Dry Goods**

"THE PRICE IS THE THING"



FOR  
COMPLETE  
**INSURANCE**  
SERVICE  
SEE  
**J. E. ALDRIDGE**  
at office of  
Blackwater Valley State  
Bank  
LIFE-FIRE-TORNADO-HAIL

**Cleaning and  
Pressing**  
**Muleshoe Tailor  
Shop**