

THE MULESHOE JOURNAL

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JESS MITCHELL

Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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SAUERKRAUT TIME

With the approach of the season for making sauerkraut, the Journal editor who has a particular fondness for this delectable...

The manufactured products range in price from 5 to 10 cents a quart, depending on whether it is purchased in bulk or in cans.

Sauerkraut is wholesome and appetizing. It is valuable, primarily, as an additional leafy vegetable product for winter when the diet of most persons consists too largely of concentrated forms of food.

Sauerkraut does not furnish as much of vitamins A, B, and C as raw cabbage, but it is a fair source of all three of these elements which are essential for resistance to bacterial infection.

No long ago we heard a couple of Germans discussing the subject of kraut, and one of them asked the other how much he had put in his cabbage.

There is good news in the fact that cabbage wasn't very good this year, and we only put up five or six barrels in case of sickness.

Cabbage grown here is plentiful this year, it is good, and plenty of cabbage is also being shipped that is good.

BETTER LOOKING

Now that Huey Long, the windy governor of Louisiana is out of the pages, Al Capone is in the pie holes with a muzzle on Gen. Jake Walters.

The Legislature has the cotton program all tied up in pink ribbons for next year, cotton and wheat prices are steadily climbing, cream brings thicker money.

There is every present indication that the country has passed through its deepest valley of depression and is now climbing toward the mountains where the sun of prosperity continues to shine brightly.

THICKER SLICES

Just what started the idea of cutting meat thin, we don't know, but have a number of young folks enjoyed a Halloween party in the home of Frances Evans, Saturday night.

THE MAGIC OF MYSTERY !!

Excites the Curiosity of All

—And thousands of people are turning their eyes in this direction endeavoring to solve the mysteries of life in the enjoyment of health, wealth and happiness.

Not so many years ago this Plains country then considered fit for little but the roaming of coyotes and cattle, is now blossoming forth into an agricultural domain second to none throughout the entire United States.

Here fertile soil, lying under the dome of clear blue skies, surrounded by delightful climatic conditions, having a sufficiency of rainfall, may still be purchased at very low prices and on reasonable terms of payment.

If you are interested, we would be glad to tell you more about this delightful country. Just drop us a line of inquiry.

R. L. BROWN

"The Land Man"

Muleshoe,

Texas

Lazbuddie News

pretty darned good idea—and, we don't like it. We much prefer to have our cut about as thick as the Sunday issue of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

We know of nothing more disgusting than to land on a ham sandwich that looks like a safety razor blade has been used to cut it, for that will come nearer producing the tissue paper thinness than any other kind of blade.

Not have we any appreciation of the restaurant keeper who serves slices of louse leather so thoroughly cooked there is no taste to it.

It is a pleasure to eat a steak that is not cooked so well done that all trace of red, juicy, life-sustaining food has disappeared.

NO ILLITERATES

During the past two weeks contemporary newspapers in surrounding counties have been running stories telling of the very low illiteracy in their respective counties.

Some of the counties rate as low as six-tenths per cent illiteracy, while the largest percentage in any county that could neither read or write was only 2.7 per cent of its total population.

The Journal has closely read every statistic coming from the U. S. Census Bureau, and from the records of 22 counties embodied in this area, we fail to find Bailey County listed at all. Evidently there are no illiterates here.

We always knew it was an exceptionally smart bunch of people living in this county, and have been proud of them. Verily, we have a wise citizenship—that's one reason they are living here.

REDUCED RATES

The recent announcement of lower freight rates on cotton from West Texas points to coast concentration places has been hailed as glad tidings by both growers and shippers, and will mean an estimated saving of more than \$100,000,000.

Four hearings before the State Railroad commission, plus hundreds of trucks that were hauling the staple to export points at lower rates, were necessary to obtain the reduction.

The former cotton rate from Muleshoe was \$100 per hundred; the present or new rate is 84 cents, and that saving of 16 cents on the average cotton crop will mean considerable assistance under present conditions.

Progress News Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Baker and family and Carmie Blair, who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. C. W. Elmore, returned to their home in Los Angeles, Calif., last week.

Miss Ira Capehart returned last Thursday from Amarillo, where she had been visiting her sister.

Barbara Lindsay spent Sunday night with Christine Dorsett. She visited school Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Childress announce the arrival of a baby girl born Oct. 20. Mrs. Childress will be remembered as Miss Ruth Capehart by many in this community.

Mrs. J. M. Barger and daughter, Miss Dorothy, were shopping in Clovis, New Mexico, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilhite.

A number of young folks enjoyed a Halloween party in the home of Frances Evans, Saturday night.

Pauline Burton spent Sunday with Oleta Kemp.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mardis and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Myers were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myers, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Parker spent the weekend in Crosbyton.

The Home Missionary society met Monday, Nov. 2nd, with Miss Lucy Childwood. There were seven members and one visitor present.

The Epworth League was reorganized October 25th with Miss Lula King as president. A good program was given Sunday night.

We are glad to report that Emmett Marcum is improving rapidly and will soon be driving the bus again.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Taylor and son, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Adams were visitors in the Fenton home Sunday afternoon.

John Burns left Tuesday morning for Fort Worth on a business trip.

A Wedding Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. D. Julian entertained their eldest son, Leon, and wife, Sunday, October 25, with a delicious and beautiful wedding dinner.

The young people were united in matrimony, October 22, at Clovis, N. M. The dinner was given by Mrs. D. Julian, host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Julian.

Saturday evening, October 24th, a crowd of young folks gathered at the Julian home to celebrate the wedding. The evening was spent in playing games, making the bride and groom perform various comic stunts, and listening to music and singing.

Treats of apples, oranges, candy, chewing gum and cigars were given. A wonderful lot of fun was had by everyone present.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Gallman and Mrs. G. E. Cheney visited in the O. N. Jennings home, Sunday.

Mrs. R. Pyritz and Mrs. Finis Jennings visited at the Merritt home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Watkins, Virginia B. Melchins of Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. Dix Vetter, Sarah Bell and L. D. Vesie and Juanita Ivy visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ivy Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Waemon visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ivy Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dyck made a trip to Frederick, Okla., last weekend. Mr. Steinbeck went to visit his wife and new daughter. The young lady will answer to the name of "Frances Fern."

Mrs. Jim Jordan is seriously ill in a Plainview hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Treider and family have returned from Hot Springs, N. M., much improved from hot baths. We are glad to have them home again.

Lazbuddie school reopened Monday, Oct. 26, with a much depleted student body, especially among the high school students.

Mrs. Lucille Brock filed the local probate Sunday morning.

W. S. Menefee has returned from Dallas and a visit to his mother, at Greenville.

Mrs. John Steinbock entertained with a quilting party, Saturday and Sunday Oct. 23 and 24. Those who enjoyed the fun and work were: Mrs. Steinbock, Mrs. John Steinbock, Mrs. Mother Haskins, E. B. Haskins, Gordon Park, Raymond, and other friends.

Mrs. and Mrs. Carl Wilson moved to the Harry Jackson place Friday.

The Epworth League's entertainment was of the highest class and much enjoyed by all present.

Refreshments and games were the main features of the meeting.

They were of the current "snook" stories Sunday morning.

Circleback News

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Walker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Sharmon Sunday afternoon.

Miss Pearl Stone was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Damron, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Loretta McCollum spent Sunday with Miss Ruby Lee Cox.

Mrs. Ana Holland is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. V. Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCollum had as their guest Sunday, Mrs. Roy Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hall were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Perkins, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Lee were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cobb, Sunday.

Mrs. C. Nell spent Sunday with Mrs. Bill Hall.

Miss Olga Brown spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Inez Nettles, of the Fairview community.

Miss Dorothy Bell Brown spent Monday night with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown.

PLEASANT VALLEY CLUB MEET

The Pleasant Valley Home Demonstration club met at the home of Mrs. C. L. Hagermeter, Monday afternoon with nine members and 10 visitors present.

The meeting opened with roll answered with "My Baking Problem," followed by a business session.

A demonstration on baking Boston brown bread was given by the Demonstration agent, Miss Ruby Mashburn, after which a round table discussion was held on "Table Etiquette." Refreshments were served at close of the meeting.

A style show will be given by the club at the Y. L. school house Monday evening Nov. 9th. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.—Reporter.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Services held in the court house each Lord's day at 10:30 a. m., except the first Lord's day in each month.

We meet at 3:00 p. m. when Bro. L. W. Fisher, of Clovis, N. M., will preach each first Lord's day. Everyone invited to come hear him.—H. L. Clark.

SR. LEAGUE PROGRAM, NOV. 8

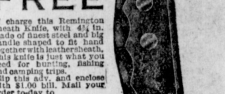
Subject—Questions of Interest. Scripture—Chosen by Leader, Mills Barfield.

Problems of Christianity in the City—Ralph DeBord.

Problems of Christianity in Rural Communities—Miss Inez Nettles.

The Methodist Church at Work in Mission Fields—Mrs. Good Harden.

The Task Ahead of the Church—Miss Hazel DeBord.



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THE LEGEND OF THE SAND HILLS

scarcely a mile south of Muleshoe are clearly visible a low range of sand Hills that run diagonally across South Plains country into New Mexico. The hills are not very high, their width is miles rather than feet. They are not very high, their width is miles rather than feet. They are not very high, their width is miles rather than feet. They are not very high, their width is miles rather than feet.

humility before their tepees, while the braves hurry to a large open space, gathering about the lodge of their chieftan.

Suddenly the human shrieks and cries are thrown out by the boom of the tom-toms, and the Indian braves throw off their gaudy blankets, revealing their strangely painted, muscular bodies. The cries become shriller, the noise louder, the beating of the tom-toms is faster. The red-skinned warriors now worked up to an unknown frenzy, begin leaping and running about a circle in the center of which sit the chieftans around a little fire of peculiar color. They wave their arms wildly, gesticulating in a peculiar way. Their heads jerk and nod in every direction as though their peeks were entirely loose in their sockets. Eventually their disconcerted cries drift into harmony and the barbarous chant is heard more distinctly. "Ah-ya, ah-ya," they cry in their native dialect, "great is Manawak, mighty man of medicine. Manawak brings victory to his people for many moons, makes them mightiest of all tribes."

Faster and faster they leap about the circle. The tom-toms continue their undiminished booming with increasing cadence. Exhausted braves fall out one by one while others leap in to take their places. About and behind them the squaws still bowed down with their faces to the ground keep up their moaning, while the weird dance of the enchanted circle continues.

From above, the Great Spirit looks down upon his red-skinned children and is mightily grieved, for he realizes his creatures have gone astray, and he is a jealous Spirit. Some of the braves are wearing wolves heads on their shoulders, but somewhere in the tribe is a member who, outwardly like the rest, wears the head of a wolf. He is a bad medicine man, and has deliberately deceived his fellow tribesmen, making them believe he was the cause of all their victories and prosperity, and he must be punished.

The Indian braves and their squaws have long ago sensed something was wrong. Childlike in the simplicity of their faith in the tribal medicine man who posed as a representative of the Great Spirit, yet they realized some mighty tragedy was impending. Several hours ago they looked off toward the south where the horizon seemed to be filled with a murky red atmosphere of an angry threatening nature. In the experience of their oldest members they had never before seen such a phenomenon. Slowly but surely it was approaching their village. The entire tribe was aroused and anxious. All the leading braves had gathered about the tent of their chief to inquire into the cause of such peculiar appearance. But the young chieftan could tell them nothing. In his few years he had never seen such before. Then they turned to their medicine man—the tribal representative of the Great Spirit—but he either could not or would not enlighten them. Sinful and selfish as he was, perhaps he would rather his people should perish than to reveal to them his own hypocrisy.

The atmosphere grew thick and murky. The sun was bedimmed and turned red with an ominous foreboding. Great clouds, the like of which they had never before seen, were drawing near. There was a strange silence passing over the plains causing the shrieks and cries of the bewildered dancers to penetrate more keenly the deadening atmosphere which was rapidly becoming surcharged with an unknown danger. Looking off into the surrounding prairies it could be seen that all wild animal life had deserted it. The river took on a strangely colored hue. The birds, that a little while ago were singing sweetly in the bushes growing alongside the stream, had forsaken their nests and fledglings and flown away to safety. Still the atmosphere grew denser. The ominous red clouds were drawing nearer. As far as the eye could penetrate toward the south there seemed to be a convergence of the agitated elements toward the spot where the Indian village lay.

The Devastation

Suddenly and with a mighty roar the storm was upon them. A red darkness enveloped them and the air was filled with stinging, blinding and suffocating sand. The Indians, realizing their blasted hopes, broke up the dance and fled for their lives. The squaws fell flat upon the ground where they had been kneeling and covered their heads with their blankets. The cries of helpless children and little papooses were soon stifled in the onslaught of the maddening holocaust. The wind, now sweeping with hurricane force, uprooted the tepee stakes and swept the buffalo hides and conical shaped wigwams before them with unabated vigor. Here and there the sand began to lodge and drift. Smoky mounds were visible where suffocated Indians lay, and the sand had already begun to sift over them their final entombment. The mounds grew larger with greater rapidity as the beginning obstructions increased, until finally there were great hills of sand.

Throughout that entire day and for a week afterwards the sand kept coming, the wind ever blowing it onward with a ferocious and unrelenting hot breath. Where it all came from no one will ever know. As far as the eye could see all this once beautiful valley of paradise had been turned into a barren desert of desolation. No sound was heard but the crushing roar of the storm. Not a thing was moving now, for it had all been anchored by the sand. The river was fast filling up. Where once it flowed a beautiful stream of crystal, now it

was but a muddy channel. Its edges once distinctly marked by green grass and growing bushes, were now indistinguishable. Not an Indian Wigwam remained. Manawak, the medicine man, had long ago paid the penalty of deception with his own life, the same punishment taking along with him thousands of tribal innocents who believed in his lies. There was only a handful of the hardest of the braves who escaped in some miraculous manner. Fortunate in finding a sheltered place in the midst of a dense growth of low trees they covered their heads with their blankets, shook of the sand as it enveloped them, trapping it beneath their feet, keeping themselves above the growing mound, until at last when the storm had abated, they were sitting in the top-most branches of the trees which had protected them.

Strong as were the hearts of these few braves who looked out upon this scene of desolation after the storm had passed, there was a distinct quiver in their voices as they lifted them in supplication to the Great Spirit who had somehow and for some unknown reason singled them out from all the thousands of other tribesmen and had saved their lives. Scarcely anything of their former land was recognizable as they scrambled from their places of refuge and looked about them. The happy Indian village which had once been their homes was entirely wiped out. Not a single pony of their vast herds was visible, nor was there any animal to be seen over this vast plain. As far as their swollen eyes could see it was a vast Sahara void of any living thing. The river was now only a ridge of sand, and the feculent hunting grounds along either side of the once mighty stream was entirely denuded of life and vegetation. Sadly they turned their backs upon the place they once called home. Minds torn with the anguish of disaster, their bodies emaciated from the lashings of the storm, weakened from hunger, and their tongues swollen from thirst, they turned their backs upon the place they once called home. Minds torn with the anguish of disaster, their bodies emaciated from the lashings of the storm, weakened from hunger, and their tongues swollen from thirst, they turned their backs upon the place they once called home.

Many, many moons rolled by. Time passed on in numbers of eons, and the great Spirit who holds no eternal grievance against his children relented that he had wrought such a devastation, and he said to himself, "My punishment is sufficient. I will again spare the land, making it once more what it used to be."

A new race of people began slowly drifting across this devastated area. Their faces were much paler than those of the former inhabitants. They brought with them their wives and children, some horses and a few head of cattle. It was in the springtime and the grass grew tall and succulent in the valley spots among the sand hills, while here and there were little pools of cool, sweet water nestling beneath the overhanging branches of the few scraggy bushes that had sprung up into growth since the great holocaust. But as the herds increased, these little pools proved insufficient to slake the thirst of both man and beast. The Great Spirit whispered to the men to dig, and they dug in the shallow places where the water had been standing, and lo, they were rewarded with still more water which came up to meet their spades with refreshing coolness. As the herds continued to increase and more water was required, the shallow wells were dug deeper and deeper, and with each deepening the flow of water became greater and greater. At length the entire land became filled with mighty herds of long horned animals, great tanks contrived to hold large quantities of water, and mechanical arrangements of huge fans were set over the wells to lessen the labor of man who sought to utilize the wind for lifting the cool nectar of nature to slake the thirst of the thousands of animals who came at the noon time to drink.

Time passed on again, and the pale faces conceived the idea of using the water from these wells to assist nature in the growing of their small gardens from whence came the vegetables for their own living, and little ditches were run out from the great tanks which carried the water in little rivulets down the rows where were planted a few potatoes, onions, beans and sweet corn. The effect was magical. The rootlets of these plants seem to dig their tiny feet deeper into the soft sandy loam, sucking up the water while the heads of the plants were lifted, and spreading out their leaves in a dark, rich green, began to grow by leaps and bounds, eventually producing luxuriant crops.

Again the Great Spirit whispered to these new settlers, and he said, "If you will dig yet deeper you will find more water, yea even greater than you can possibly imagine." So the pale faced people sent some of their folks again into the east where civilization was greater, and they brought back with them huge machines capable of digging into the ground, and so it was done. As these great machines bit their way into the loam rich soil they found it even so as the Great Spirit had whispered, for they finally went down to a depth where the water became so abundant it could not be kept down, but as they brought up the drill it followed closely after it, some of it, even so eager to escape its under-

ground confinement that it slipped past the great rod of iron and hurried ahead of it toward the surface. And man was elated. He clapped his hands for joy. The women folks and children too, were made happy, and they together said, "Now will we enjoy all the blessings that was once ours beyond the fringe of civilization."

So they brought forth their plows and horses, and planted larger gardens of greater variety than were ever planned before. Fields of many acres were laid out and planted to the crops they once raised in the eastern land from whence they came. Fruit bearing trees, and trees of shade, and many vines of grapes and berries of different sorts were planted. A great contrivance that ran with a circular motion, was let down into the newly dug well, and a machine which drank a fluid called "gasoline" and which belched forth smoke and fire was hooked onto it, and when the man gave the word, be-

hold the water leaped forth from the deep new well in a mighty gushing stream, so great that big ditches, some of them three feet wide, were necessary to carry it away from the well which was like a veritable artesian oasis in this desert of sand. The men were busy with their shovels and spades, directing the water onto the fast growing crops of rod planted for man and for beasts, and they were exceedingly happy.

So they sent word back into the civilization from whence they came telling their former friends and neighbors of the wonderful country they had discovered, and they too came hither, and dug wells and gathered great herds, and built happy homes and had great herds of animals grazing about and growing big and fat for the markets to which they would eventually be driven where they would be sold for

(Continued on page four)

KEEP HEALTHY

Use Common Sense

Old Man Winter and his "side kick" Jack Frost, will soon be here, while statistics issued by public health organizations confirm the belief that illness reaches its highest peak during winter time.

It's good common sense to forestall sickness by keeping your medicine chest full of the reliable specifics and remedies that treat germs roughly.

WE'VE A COMPLETE STOCK OF THEM

WESTERN DRUG COMPANY

MULESHOE, TEXAS

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Dollar Free with the purchase of a Suit or Overcoat . . . Hand-Tailored Suits and Overcoats at prices far below wholesale cost
MEN'S SUITS—BOYS' SUITS and OVERCOATS—SUITS WITH TWO PANTS.

Come Early and Avoid the Rush!
Sale STARTS Friday November 6th

- Men's Classy Suits, Below Wholesale Cost **\$9.85**
- Men's Suits, Below Wholesale Cost **\$4.98**
- Boy's Suits—\$15.00 and \$18.00 Values, Specially priced, \$4.98 to **\$7.98**
- Men's Overcoats, Hand Tailored. Keep warm **\$6.85**

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RINGS, LEATHER BAGS, BEADS, MESH BAGS, WATCH CHARMS, AND A NUMBER OF OTHER ARTICLES

AT ONE HALF PRICE

THE ARTICLES INCLUDED IN THIS HALF PRICE EVENT ARE THE USUAL NELSON STANDARD OF MERCHANDISE THEY ARE MOSTLY NEW, SEASONABLE ITEMS HAVE OUTSTANDING STYLE AND VALUE. COME SEE THEM—START YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW!

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Make sure your household daily for the coming year is a COMPLETE MARKET paper. You can't afford to miss the three daily business pages.

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Morning—Evening—Sunday

AMON G. CARTER, President

LEGEND OF THE SANDHILLS

(Continued from page three)
 much money that would buy still other things needed for the comfort and happiness of these hardy pale faces who had braved the desert and conquered it. And the Great Spirit when he saw all that had been accomplished, he was pleased within himself, and he said, "Truly, it is well that I relented, for these new people are a happy lot and I will give them still greater blessings."

More years rolled by and the day came when a lone Indian mounted upon a little pony passed through this land of transformation. Some cowboys caring for a bunch of cattle saw him in the distance, sitting astride his pony on the peak of a sandhill. Even in those days strangers were uncommon in this new country, and their curiosity

was so aroused that they went to see whom he might be. As they approached they discovered the new visitor was of another race and another age. He sat his pony like a statue, as his piercing eyes swept the country round about. The mantle of age had fallen about his shoulders and his face was furrowed with the plows of time. "How," he said to the men who came to see him, and they returned his salutation.

Slowly the conversation began, for the old Indian was busy with his innermost thoughts, and seemed to be trying to reconstruct a vision now hazy to his mind. At length he said to the cowboys: "My children, this was once a land of paradise where dwelt my people a mighty tribe, and on the very spot where we now stand there once ran a great river of sparkling pure water, while alongside its banks there

grew sweet grass and many fragrant bushes. Dashing through its liquid freshness there were many fish, and the birds sang their merry thrills. But my people displeased the Great Spirit and in his anger he filled up the beautiful river and covered over all the rich grasses with a blanket of sand until none could remain here and live. Save but a few, all my people were destroyed in the great storm of sand that swept over this land. Though the country has changed greatly since that day, there are still some marks of remembrance, and I fancy I can recall the spot where sat my tepee, and where my squaw and papposes lie buried by the hand of the Great Spirit himself. In those days I was a young chieftain of my tribe. I am now a broken man, having lived many moons more than is my allotted time, and I have come back once more to see the spot that was once so dear to my people before I too shall go on to the happy hunting ground where the Great Spirit lives forever. You have dug holes for water that my people knew not how to dig, tho we knew it was there. The mighty river of my boyhood days still flows beneath these hills of sand, and if you will dig deeper yet it will come to the surface in the laughing gladness of a little child and its face shall beam and smile again as it once did when I was young."

The aged Indian ceased to speak. Apparently his vision was completed and his message had been finished. Without lifting his head, his knees nudged the sides of his pony and he moved away into the distance while the cowboys sat their horses and wondered about the strange old chief who had returned to see and to tell. Not many days afterward the naked pony was seen mingling among the horses of the ranchers, and the people became apprehensive that some danger might have befallen the aged chief. They sought for him, and at length came upon the trail of the pony as it led into the herd. Back-tracking it they finally came upon the old chief who was peacefully reclining against a small hackberry tree that grew in a swale between some sandhills. His eyes were closed and there was an expression of peace on his bronzed face as his own spirit had crossed over the great divide into the happy hunting grounds where the Great Spirit dwells eternally.

Returning to their homes, the cowboys sent word to their neighbors, and gathering up spades and shovels they all came back to the spot where the ancient chieftain reclined. A grave was soon dug in the mellow sand and the body of the ancient warrior gently lowered into it. Alongside him was buried his blanket, his old bow, well worn at the grip from years of usage, and his quiver of arrows, for that was all he had. The hackberry tree, however, which he died beneath his living tombstone, and for many years afterwards, people used to point to that spot between the sand hills, calling attention of new-comers to the tips of the branches just visible at a distance above the surrounding sand mounds, and they would tell the story of the old Indian who well knew the early history of the Sand Hills. As if to completely blot out the past, and as a sign that the Great Spirit had entirely relented from the scourge he once sent upon this primitive people, several years ago a bolt of lightning struck the tree which marked the grave of the aged red skin, and today its location is not accurately known, tho it is said there are a few old citizens still living in these parts who can vividly rehearse the story he told, and they can point in the neighborhood of the spot where the old Indian lies buried.

Like some ancient prophet of medieval times foretelling the story of a new generation, the words of the old Indian told those cowboys many years ago have come true, and the blessings heaped upon the present generation of people dwelling in the rich valley of Agua Negra are abundant proof of the Great Spirit's complete forgiveness for that ancient sacrifice. The river still flows beneath the Sand Hills, and will doubtless continue so forever. But here and there its bosom has been punctured by numerous drills, and great wells, some of them yielding as much as 2,000 gallons of water per minute, are meeting up a copious supply of pure water that brings forth prodigious crops of great wealth to the hundreds of happy homes nestling peacefully in this western vale of Eden.

In this year of 1931 the work of reconstruction has only just begun. Since the day when that great typhoon of sand swept across this section of the Llano Estacado completely inundated the ancient river, mighty changes have transpired. Great battles were fought and the State of Texas came into being. Time passed on and the County of Bailey was organized. Then the town of Muleshoe, named after one of the early ranches of this section, sprang up. The fame of fertility of soil, healthful climate and abundance of pure water in this area went abroad, and home-yearning people began coming here to carve out for them selves and their families little tracts of land they might call their own, and they bulled for themselves delightful little monarchies wherein father became the king, mother the queen, and the children were little princesses, ruling over 160 acres of luxuriantly growing crops, where the cattle, hogs, horses and chickens they raised were their obedient subjects, while the wheat, cotton and sorghum

crops they sold added to the wealth of their kingdom, bringing the things desired to consummate the happiness of the regal family.

Today the Blackwater valley is rapidly filling up with a happy and prosperous people, for the value of irrigation has long been proven, and more than 100 irrigation wells are lifting the sparkling nectar from the sunken river onto the green crops for a luxuriant harvest. As the valley proper is filled up, new settlers reach out into the edge of the Sand Hills to find desirable locations. It is but a matter of a few years now until these hills also will be subdued for the water lies beneath them in a never-failing supply, just as the old Indian said. Just a few crops of vegetation turned beneath the soil of these hills adds the necessary humus to make it lie quiet beneath the winds that sweep across these prairies in the springtime. All the natural salts and other elements required for fertility are there in abundance, and when touched by the moist fingers of

water, the planted seedlets quickly spring into being and growth. These Sand Hills are especially adapted to the growth of orchards and vineyards, and the day will yet come, and not so far away, when they will be beautiful and fragrant with the blossoms of springtime, growing purple and red with the rich fruitage of fall—and the Great Spirit will then have entirely forgotten his early jealousy and will be perfectly happy.

Longview News Items

Mr. Bud Gee and family, of Sudan, visited E. S. Gee and family Saturday night and Sunday.
 Mrs. Clump of Littlefield, spent last Wednesday night with Mrs. A. L. Carpenter.
 The card and junior Sunday school classes were entertained with a Hallo' we'en party at the home of Miss Marie Galliger Saturday night. They report a very enjoyable time.

Sunday school was well attended Sunday.

Leta remember that the first Sunday in every month is our regular day for class singing. Everybody invited.
 Jacob Hatcher, of Floydada, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs Ford Carpenter.

"MELONS WHAT AM," SAH

That's the kind Ray Harre, farmer residing northeast of Muleshoe, raises. And the ground he paints them a particle when it comes to production. Harre had a little patch, he said the poorest land on his farm, yet it produced over 1,000 luscious specimens—fine, big, dark green colored ones, that would make anyone's mouth water. He gave H. L. Brown, local realtor, one of the big ones last Tuesday. It measured five feet and four inches in circumference, and tipped the scales at 90 pounds. Some melon, eh?
 Buy it in Muleshoe.

THIS IS A ONE STOP STORE FOR GROCERIES
 EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN THE GROCERY LINE
 —Including Milk, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruits, Candies, Meats, Staple and Fancy Groceries.
 You can fill your entire bill of wants here without having to look all over town.
 Buying from a "One Stop" Grocery means less trouble—less waste of time—less cost.
MOELLER'S GROCERY
 MULESHOE, TEXAS

Any RATTLESNAKES In Your Home?

Rubber hose, or any other flexible connection, is as dangerous as Rattlesnakes. It is likely at any time to become leaky, or disconnected, with resultant injury to health and property.

Because of its lack of durability and the ease with which it may become leaky or disconnected, rubber hose, or other flexible material, should never be used for connecting gas stoves or other gas burning appliances.

A three-eighths inch iron pipe connection is the safest and most efficient connection for the ordinary room heater. Have your plumber replace rubber hose and other flexible gas connections in your home with iron pipe. DO IT NOW.

This advertisement is not written for the purpose of giving alarm, but is written in the hope that consumers of the West Texas Gas Company may use an ideal fuel with the greatest possible degree of security.

Natural gas, when properly used, not only is a safe fuel, but it also is the cleanest, most efficient and economical fuel in existence.

The Service Department of the West Texas Gas Company is constantly available to help you with your gas problems. Its advice and assistance are free.

West Texas Gas Co.

Get Ready for— W I N T E R

These snappy mornings remind us that Winter is just around the corner. Better get ready for it NOW! We are prepared to supply your needs. Read these prices, for illustration of the values we are giving.

Men's Union Suits, good weight, for	39
Children's Union Suits, comfortable weight, for	49
Men's Overalls, full cut, 220 weight	39
Boys Overalls, in large sizes	65
Complete line of Sweaters for every member of the family.	
House Wash Dresses, various colors, patterns and trimmings	\$1.98

BOYS' OVERCOATS
 Values up to \$10 and \$15, for **\$3.50**

"Nancy Lee" Bloomers, for women and misses, \$1.00 value	39
Outside Bloomers	35
Sheep lined Coats for Men	\$3.98
Heavy double cotton Blankets	98
Double cotton plaid Blankets, 6x76	\$1.19

School Children—Attention!
 Nice Loose Leaf Note Book Cover, regular 15 cent seller, and 45 sheets of ruled pen writing paper, both for **10c**

Part wool Blankets, 6x80, satin trimmed	\$2.25
Men's Flannel Shirts, all sizes	98
Fancy Prints, fast colors, per yard	10

St. Clair Variety Store
 Muleshoe, Texas

Have Your PRINTING Done At Home!

The Muleshoe Journal Job Printing Department is equipped to handle all kinds of Commercial and Job Printing in an efficient manner, rendering a high grade service to its customers. We carry a large stock of all kinds of various papers, envelopes, card-boards, etc., and can satisfactorily meet your requirements.

NO OUT OF TOWN PRINTING CONCERN CAN DO ANY CHEAPER OR MORE SATISFACTORY PRINTING

Don't be deluded by out-of-town printing salesmen who tell you they can do cheaper printing than your home town printer—they cannot. It stands to reason that the home printer can do just as cheap work as can be obtained away from home—and we can do it just as well and more satisfactorily.

WHEN IN NEED OF PRINTING OF ANY KIND SEE YOUR HOME PRINTER FIRST	GOOD PRINTING IS A BUSINESS ASSET WE DO THAT KIND
------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------

There is no substitution of cheaper grades of paper, no typographical errors, you see proof of your job before it is printed and can make any desired changes, no extra mail or express to pay—and no long waiting for the job to be delivered. Our service is prompt and pleasing.

HELP KEEP THE HOME MONEY AT HOME

The Muleshoe Journal is a home enterprise, through the columns of this newspaper each week it fights the battles of the home town, emphasizes loyalty and co-operation, and is always in the forefront for those measures and movements that are for the betterment of the town and its citizens.

It pays county, city and school taxes here, it assists in the support of all local institutions and charity, it is always loyal to home enterprises, and deserves the business support of other home institutions.

YOUR PATRONAGE WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED

When in need of Job Printing of any kind, Phone 54 and a representative of the Journal Printing Plant will be glad to call and assist you in preparing your copy

—THE—
Muleshoe Journal
 JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

CEMETERY MEETING

A meeting of the members of the Bailey County Cemetery association has been called to be held at the Court House here Friday, November 6, beginning at 8:00 p. m., according to Mrs. J. E. Burton, secretary.

STATED MEETING of Muleshoe Masonic Lodge, 2nd Tuesday night in each month.

VISITORS WELCOME
J. B. ROBERTS, W. M.
CONNIE D. GUPTON, JR., Sec

STATED MEETING of Muleshoe Chapter, No. 732, Order of Eastern Star, first Tuesday in each month. Visitors cordially invited.
TRUMA GRIFFITHS, W. M.
IRENE EDMONDS, Secy.

Cecil H. Tate
Attorney-at-Law
Office in McCarty Building
Phone 86
MULESHOE, TEXAS

Dr. A. E. Lewis
DENTIST
Office over McCarty Drug Store
Phone 86
Muleshoe, Texas

Watch Repairing
Our Work will Please You
George Sanders
in Western Drug Store

Texas Utilities Co.
Appreciates the Business Received From Muleshoe

A. R. Matthews, M. D.
Physician
and
Surgeon
MULESHOE, TEXAS

DR. BUCHANAN
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT
GLASSES FITTED
Clovis, N. Mex.

Will in the future have regular office hours in Muleshoe. Until further notice consult Dr. Matthews as to dates.

Send Your
Abstract Work
—To The—
Muleshoe Abstract Company

A. P. STONE, Prop.
MULESHOE, TEXAS
Agent for Warren Addition

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. F. B. Malone
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Dr. J. H. Sikes
Surgery
Dr. H. C. Maxwell
General Medicine
Dr. R. L. Powers
Obstetrics and General Medicine
Dr. B. J. Roberts
Urology and General Medicine
Dr. Jerome H. Smith
X-Ray and Laboratory
Dr. Y. W. Rogers
Dental Surgery
C. E. Hunt
Superintendent
J. H. Foltz
Business Mgr.
A chartered training school for nurses is conducted in connection with the sanitarium.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Byron Griffiths was in Lubbock Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carlyle were in Lubbock, Friday.
Ray Wheatley, of Amarillo, was in town Saturday.
SCRATCH PADS, various sizes, 10c per pound. Journal office.
Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Hazel, of Sudan, were here Tuesday.
E. A. Bills, of Littlefield was here Saturday on legal business.
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Riddle, residing 10 miles north of Muleshoe, are the proud parents of a baby girl, born November 1.

NOW THAT— HALLOWE'EN —IS OVER

You had a good time at party, picnic, or street frolic—but Oh, those clothes—what a mess they were in when it was all over!
NEVER WORRY!
Just bring them to us, and we'll fix them up just like new. You'll never know the difference when our expert cleaner and presser gets through with them. Or if you prefer, just call—
Phone 45
—and we'll be after them in a jiffy.

MULESHOE TAILOR SHOP



MOTOR COMPANY
MULESHOE, TEXAS

Selling a Car with Value Far Above Price
Our Service Work
Also, has a value far above price.
Now is the time to have your car tuned up for winter driving.
Winter Is Coming
Let us fill your radiator with anti-freeze. We have both 'Prestone' and Alcohol. Do it NOW! "It's better to be safe than sorry."



DID YOU KNOW?

That the eye is particularly adapted for study and minute observation, being the only organ where physiological or pathological processes may be observed during life.
We keep up to date on our study of the eyes in order to give you the best service. Optical Science affords for the diagnosis and care of the eyes.
Dr. C. E. Worrell
Eyeglass Specialist
"Optometrist"
112 E. 4th St. CLOVIS, N. M.

FOR SALE: Team of good mules, Valley Motor Co. 40-1c

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Lewis were in Abilene last week, visiting her parents.
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Dennis were in Lubbock, Sunday and Monday.
Mrs. L. B. Luthium, of West Camp was here Monday.
Sam Becroft was here from Sudan, Thursday.
FOR SALE: Team of good mules, Valley Motor Co. 40-1c
Rev. C. A. Joiner visited in Plainview, Saturday.
Mrs. V. O. Key, of Lamesa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. P. Stone.
J. W. Ellis, of Mountain Park, Okla., is here this week.
Francis Miller was here from Sudan, Tuesday.

T. P. Hunter was here from Circle Back, Tuesday.
Miss Lucille Beaty returned Friday from a visit in Abilene.
J. H. Paul and Chas. Keffer were here on business from Amarillo, Saturday.

Born October 24, a baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lee, in the Balleysboro community.
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hobbs and daughter, Katherine, were here from Plainview, Tuesday.
Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Jones, of Clovis, N. M., were guests of Mrs. W. C. Bucy Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Aldridge visited in Plainview, Sunday.
Judge J. E. Adams was in Lubbock, Tuesday.
M. M. Mayfield was here from Amarillo, Monday.

Attorney F. A. Cooper and Carl Miller, of Amarillo, were here on business, Wednesday.

FOR SALE: Team of good mules, Valley Motor Co. 40-1c

J. W. Magness, tax assessor, of Parmer county, was here from Farwell, Tuesday.

Fred S. Reynolds last week made a self-reeder for A. L. Swanson, one of the 4-H club boys living west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Holland, of Dimmitt, were here Monday evening greeting former friends.

FOR SALE: Burners, flues, pipe line and oil tank from Perfection Oil Co. T. B. Frye. 40-1c

Mrs. T. A. Moore took her daughter, Nelma, to Plainview, Wednesday of last week, where she underwent a tonsillectomy operation.
Harvey and Jimmie Myers, of El Paso, visited last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Newman. They are brothers to Mrs. Newman.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts and little daughter, Bobbie Joe, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. F. Wurgesson, at Lubbock, have returned home.

Judge and Mrs. J. D. Thomas were here from Farwell, Saturday, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kistler.

Mrs. R. L. Faulkner left Wednesday for Memphis, Tenn., where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Frayser Batter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Melendy, Mrs. R. L. Faulkner and Mrs. W. C. Bucy spent Sunday in Clovis, N. M., the guests of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Jones.

Mrs. Curtis Taylor returned Saturday from Houston where she attended the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gardner have returned to their home in Hollis, Okla., after a visit with their son, A. J. Gardner and family.

MESA

Fri. & Sat. Nov. 6-7
Chas. "Chic" Sale in—
"THE STAR WITNESS"
With Walter Hutson
Also, Dogville Comedy
Sun. & Mon. Nov. 8-9
William Powell
"THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
"Take 'Em and Shake 'Em"
Comedy and News
Tues. Nov. 10
Eddie Quillan in—
"SWEET-TAKES"
Comedies—"Love in a Pond" and "Fisherman's Paradise"
Wed. & Thurs. Nov. 11-12
Charles Ferrell in—
"HEART BREAK"
Comedy, "Platinum Blonde"
Afternoon Matinee Sunday and every day 'till 5 p. m., 25c; Kids 10c anytime. Continuous showing from 1 to 11 p. m.

REED PLEADED GUILTY

Leonard Reed, a farmer living west of Goodland, Thursday of last week, pleaded guilty to a charge of wheat stealing sworn out by J. A. Beatty, post-master and store keeper at Goodland, his arrest being effected by the Sheriff's department.

His case coming up in County court, he was assessed a fine of \$30.00 and 30 days in jail.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Roberts and son, M. L. Jr., and Luchal Roberts, of Idalou, were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts while enroute to Ruidosa, N. M.

W. L. Steel, of Sherman, is here this week visiting his sister, Mrs. Irvin St. Clair, and family. Sunday afternoon they motored to Sudan to enjoy the picture show given at the Garden theatre that city.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Martin, living a half mile north of town, are the parents of a fine baby girl born November 2. J. H. is proprietor of a local dairy, and says a new milk maid comes in pretty handy these winter mornings.

C. A. Pohlman, of Sallinea, Kansas, and G. C. Pohlman, of Wichita, Kansas, were here Tuesday looking after their land interests in Bailey county. They have a fine 320 acre tract northeast of town which they are contemplating improving in the near future.

Dr. Buchanan, the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Clovis, will be in Muleshoe, Sunday, Nov. 8th, to see his patients. Any wishing to consult him relative to eye, ear, nose or throat troubles, or wishing to have glasses fitted should see him from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Musson, of Oklahoma City, Okla., are here this week looking after business interests on their 1200 acre farm north of Balleysboro. They are erecting two residences on the place. Crops are reported to be fine this year, and Mr. Musson contemplates feeding out about 300 head of cattle from home grown grain.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hays, of Littlefield, were in Muleshoe, Monday. Mr. Hays making three contracts for drilling three irrigation wells in this section during this month. He states he has had numerous inquiries for irrigation well drilling and indications are that several wells of this type will be put down in the Backwater valley during the coming winter months.

Otto Millican and Joe Ballinger, of Hereford, were here last Saturday looking for an irrigated farm in the Backwater valley for rent during the coming year. They are experienced irrigators, having practiced that type of farming for several years in Idaho before coming to Hereford. They had heard of the name of this valley and are anxious to get located here.

Deer meat don't last very long in this section. Not because of any climatic conditions, but because of the quality and the scarcity of venison. This was positively proven last week when the Journal force received a generous supply from O'Neil Rocky who brought back a deer from his recent hunt in New Mexico. Many thanks, O'Neil. And here's hoping you have good luck again next year.

The Journal is in receipt of subscription renewal from Levi Jensen, of Newton, Iowa. The renewal was not yet due, but he doesn't want to miss any of the paper's issues. Jensen owns a good farm in the southern part of this county which he thinks more of than some of the Iowa country, as he states in his letter, while crops are good, bank failures and other signs of hard times are prevalent in that section. Jensen and wife may be trailing down here to live in a good country before long.

GAME WARDENS VISIT HERE

U. S. Game Protector B. R. Britton, of Amarillo, and Deputy Game Warden Hugh Small, of Tulsa, were in Muleshoe, Tuesday, making investigations relative to the number of ducks in this vicinity.

It is their statement that ducks and geese are exceedingly scarce this year, owing to drought conditions of the past year. The hunting season for ducks has been changed, and a Federal law now opens it in Texas at 12:00 o'clock noon, November 16. In the interest of future game, officials are urging very limited hunting this year, stating that every bird killed this season will lessen the crop that much for the coming year.

All hunting laws will be rigidly enforced this fall, they said.

COMMEND SHERIFF'S FORCE

Much favorable comment is heard this week relative to the excellent work done by Sheriff H. Sterling and his force of deputies in maintaining the peace and prosperity of Muleshoe Halloween night.
It is also commendable of the younger generation of Muleshoe citizens that they had no desire to participate in the usual rowdism frequent on that occasion, and the few who did so were held in check by the officers.
"No one has any more right to destroy property on Halloween night than any other night," said Sterling, "and we were glad to be of this service to the citizens."
The problems of this century cannot be tackled with the mind of the last century—James Maxton, M. P.

\$ The Grocery DOLLAR

—Buys more food today than it has for many years past, and our stocks are larger and of wider variety than ever before.

Food and Grocery Prices are now lower than ever before since the World War, and there is no need of any housewife skimping in her family menu.

YOU STRETCH YOUR DOLLAR TO ITS FULLEST CAPACITY WHEN YOU BUY QUALITY GROCERIES FROM US AT QUANTITY PRICES

HENINGTON CASH GROCERY
RED and WHITE Store, MULESHOE

The Judges Selected These WINNERS

IN THE
CONOCO \$10,000 Hidden Quart Contest
FIRST PRIZE... \$5,000.00
HERBERT E. LAKE
204 Manufacturers Exchange Building, Kansas City, Missouri
SECOND PRIZE... \$2,000.00
C. S. PAVEY
102 Dochester Court, Waukegan, Illinois
THIRD PRIZE... \$1,000.00
MRS. ETHEL B. CHANCE
124 West Lynn Street, Norman, Oklahoma
\$500.00 PRIZES
VERNON ADAMS 1907 Hemphill St., Fort Worth, Texas
MRS. W. A. INGRAM Morgantown, Arkansas
\$100.00 PRIZES
MRS. LUELLA HUFFORD 1221 1/2 Ave Street, Harper, Kansas
ALEXANDER J. PETRIE 28 North Morris Street, Menard, Arkansas
\$50.00 PRIZES
GEORGE HAYDUK P. O. Box 252, Claypool, Arizona
TOM McDONALD Care National Supply Company, Seminole, Oklahoma
L. R. RADLEY 2516 N.W. Twenty-second Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
J. THEO. HORNE Box 54, Mearls, Utah

\$25.00 PRIZES
JACK WELLES 516 West Bakagot Street, Bowman, Montana
E. K. ELIASON 624 N. 11th Avenue, East Duluth, Minnesota
LYNN A. MAY 1523 South Indianapolis, Tulsa, Oklahoma
E. M. HUBBELL Box 13, Yukon, Nebraska
CLAUD CRAIG Route 7, Victory Drive, Marshall, Texas
WINNETT J. FITE 325 East Yampa Street, Colorado Springs, Colo.
ROY BAY, D.D.S. Florence, Missouri
EVERETT BABRY 1200 East Henry Street, Mount Pleasant, Iowa
FLEGGY JOHNSON 2323 Central Avenue, Great Falls, Montana
MRS. JAS. E. HARRIS Rural Route No. 1, Saffordville, Kansas
M. E. BLAKE General Delivery, Natipell, Montana
C. WILSON Rooms 218-19 First N.W. Bank Bldg., 9th St. and Harrison Ave., Fort Smith, Arkansas
MRS. GLADYS MERICHA 5427 Florence Blvd., Omaha, Nebraska
W. E. SARGENT 409 Ryan Building 26, Paul Minnesota
JOE L. MAHONS Rural Letter Carriers No. 1, Stafford, Arkansas
R. D. LATSCHE 1115 "O" Street, Littleton, Nebraska

A Word to All Contestants
We sincerely thank you for your interest in the "Hidden Quarts" Contest and for your entry. Almost all of you understood that the "hidden quarts" of Conoco Germ Processed Oil stay up in the motor, where it clings to, penetrates and combines with metal surfaces—and never drains away.
CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY
Sole Manufacturers of
CONOCO GERM PROCESSED MOTOR OIL
PARAFFIN BASE
ANY OIL WOULD BE BETTER OIL IF GERM PROCESSED