

The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

VOLUME 5—NUMBER 49.

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1930.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

COUNTY FEDERATED CLUBS ANNOUNCE TAG SALE TO BE HELD ON PRIMARY DATE

The ladies of the county federation of clubs announce that on election day, July 26, will be Tag Day for the purpose of raising funds to finance the organization throughout the year.

There will be tags on sale at each of the polling places throughout the county and these tags will be sold at ten cents each and they hope to be able to sell one tag to each voter who votes at either of the polling places.

Owing to the fact that the chief objective of the county federation of woman's clubs is the general improvement of all the communities of the county in any and every way that will make the entire county a better place in which to live and to stimulate and encourage in all lines of living, either intellectually, morally or socially, a good citizen should not hesitate to buy liberally these tags.

STAR APPEARS EARLIER NEXT WEEK FOR JULY 4

All copy for the Star, covering advertising and news contributions, must be in the office for next week not later than Wednesday noon. This request is made that the paper may be issued earlier and the newspaper workers may be permitted to observe the Fourth of July in rest or recreation.

Please keep this in mind, move your schedule up for a day, and no inconvenience will result.

HOMELAND CLUB REPORT

The Homeland Woman's Club met at the Syndicate Hotel with 25 members, six visitors and eight new members present. Our demonstration was given on canning green beans and the tied dyeing process.

The club voted to have a picnic July Fourth. Everybody is invited to bring a well-filled basket. We spread lunch about 6:30 p. m. at the Syndicate Hotel. Misses Loflin, Hall and Boatman were appointed as the picnic committee.

Mr. Walter Lander and Mrs. Livings favored the club with short talks. Misses Berg and Harder served delicious fruit salad, angel food cake and iced tea.

REPORTER.

UNION LAYMEN'S COMMITTEE

The program for the Union Laymen's meetings so far as it has been appointed, is as follows:

Methodist member, E. V. Rushing; O. G. Turner, alternate.

Baptist, Prof. J. A. Conway, Congregationalist, F. W. Reeve.

The other churches of the city so far have not been heard from as to whether they will furnish a member each for the committee and take part in the move or not.

The next union meeting will be held at the Congregational building on the third Sunday night in July and the program will be published as soon as it is arranged.

ELEVATOR NEARING FINISH

The new 25,000 bushel grain elevator being built by the Pool Elevator Corporation here, is now practically completed and ready for business.

In fact, quite a lot of grain has already been placed in it and is now awaiting shipment, but there is a few minor details of construction to be installed before it is fully completed. The office and scales are not ready for business, but will be by the end of the week, and the business is now all being handled at the old office and scales.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Subject: What showing does our Year's Missionary work make? Leader, Theima Osborn.

What are we trying to do? Juanita Boggs.

Saxophone solo: Ray Landrum. How much have we learned about mission this past year? Forrest Osborn.

Reading: Frances Lacy. How well does our giving show up? Freda Hartsfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newkorn all of Farwell, and Miss Lillian Oliver of Abilene, who is visiting relatives in Farwell, passed through Friona on their way to Amarillo Tuesday and called on friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Brewer of Bovina, visited in the Nat Jones home Thursday evening.

WHEAT NOT READY TO CUT

A. C. Young was in from his farm northwest of town Monday and reported fair prospects for row crops. Though his crop is not yet large, it is growing nicely. Mr. Young stated that he had not begun his wheat harvest as his grain was yet too green for cutting and would not be ready for several days.

A NUISANCE

Much complaint is being made by county and city officials concerning the practice of many of our citizens of dumping their refuse and old junk in the bar-pits along the highways and in other places where it becomes an eyesore and nuisance to the public.

These old cans, bottles, broken and wormout kitchen ware, dead chickens, hogs, dogs and cats form an unsightly mess and an unsavory stench to be endured by people who have respect enough for themselves and others not to do such things.

Then when the road is graded the machinery gathers this stinking and unsightly refuse and casts it into the middle of the highway to form potholes and punctures for those who travel it.

Health officials state it is against the law for persons to dump such stuff along any public road or even on their own premises. All such matter should be either burned or buried.

Road officials state it is unlawful to dump any kind of hindering substance into bar-pits or on public roads, especially if it interferes with traffic. It is also unlawful to drive a tractor over the highways with lugs on the wheels, but many people make a practice of doing this.

Officials have hesitated to enforce these laws, not desiring to be over-authoritative about the matter, but intimate that unless the practice is stopped they will find it necessary to enforce the law by fining all offenders.

The city has a dump ground south of town where refuse and rubbish should be dumped and all dead animals should be burned or buried.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their faithful kindness and goodness shown us during the sickness and death of our beloved husband, son and brother, Earl Day, also for the beautiful floral offerings, May God's richest blessings rest upon each of you, is our sincere prayer.

Mrs. Earl Day,
Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Day,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolf and Family.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

There will be no preaching services June 29, due to the appointments of Rev. J. L. Beattie in Lazbuddie and Mr. E. L. Richardson in Spring Lake. The regular Bible school meets at 10 a. m. in the evening the C. E. will devote their meeting to "The ways and means of improving our society." The executive committee has compiled a questionnaire to find just what young people are thinking about, which will be used in this meeting.

INTERESTING METHODS

The large attendance at the revival meetings now in progress at the Church of Christ near the school house is decidedly gratifying, though on account of the busy season and intense heat it probably is not so good as it otherwise would have been.

The preacher, Mr. Bonneau, is delivering some of his most convincing sermons.

Miss Frances Clement of Wellington is visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Clement. Miss Clement is a niece of Mr. Clement and will spend the summer here.

J. S. Potts, candidate for county treasurer, with his small son, were calling on friends in Friona Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Drager at their home west of Friona, a son, Matthew Herbert, June 26.

Mrs. Virgil Merrill and children are visiting friends and relatives at Abilene.

EARL DAY

Earl Samuel Day, son of Bert and Florence Day, was born near Grand, Oklahoma, June 19, 1907, and departed this life June 15, 1930, age 22 years, 11 months and 26 days.

He grew to manhood near Arnett, Oklahoma, attending school there. He was loved and honored by all who knew him. He was converted and united with the First Christian church of Arnett December 28, 1927, where his membership remained until death. He always lived a good, clean, moral Christian life. He moved with his parents to Friona April 28, 1928, where he made a host of friends. He was united in marriage to Miss Hazel Loar, daughter of George Loar, of Arnett, August 3, 1929, and the happy young couple made their home near Friona. He leaves to mourn his death his wife, parents and a sister, Mrs. Robert Wolf, of Grand, Oklahoma.

A precious one from us is gone. A voice we loved is stilled. A place is vacant in our home, which never can be filled. One short and useful life is finished.

Another grand spirit has flown; His kind deeds and sorrow ended; He has gone to his eternal home.

Funeral services were held in Bovina Wednesday morning and were conducted by two of his neighbors, Rev. R. F. Jones and Rev. Brewer. After the services the body was laid to rest in the Bovina cemetery.

The church at Bovina was nestled and prettily decorated by the members of the congregation, who showed the bereaved family every kindness in their power. He leaves here his faithful wife and one son to mourn his departure.

LOCAL AVIATOR

Friona can now boast of at least one resident aviator in the person of R. W. Parr, who has recently purchased an airplane of the Eagle Rock make. Mr. Parr keeps his plane in the hangar at Hereford except on occasions when he has it out for excursions or for practice.

Mr. Parr graduated from a school of aviation in Chicago and has only to pass certain government tests before receiving a government license as an airplane pilot. When this is secured he will devote the greater part of his time to flying and to giving instructions in air craft.

A GOOD REVIVAL

The revival services that have been in progress at the Church of Christ and which came to a close the early part of last week created a great interest and were productive of a considerable growth in the membership of the church. In all there were 27 members added to the church roll, 15 of whom came in one direct confession of faith, the others coming in by letters of transfer from other churches.

The congregation was so well pleased with the services of Minister Thornhill, who did the preaching, that he was extended a unanimous invitation to return and preach here again next summer.

ELECTRICIAN SHOE SHOP

Another business enterprise was added to the list in Friona this week when Mr. Mitchell, formerly of Texico, installed his electrical shoe repair machinery in the Weir building here.

Mr. Mitchell has not all his machinery here, but it is enroute from the factory, but he has enough that he can do most all ordinary work in his line and is ready to serve the public. He believes in the future of Friona and will move his family here as soon as suitable residence can be secured.

RENEWALS COMING IN.

The Star is pleased to have any of its former readers renew their subscriptions or have their names reinstated on our subscription list. Among those who have recently renewed are the Devlin Engineering Co. and John D. Meyer of Augusta, Missouri. Mr. Meyer was formerly a subscriber but allowed his subscription to lapse and now comes for reinstatement. We heartily welcome all renewals.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Williams of Littlefield visited Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Clements Sunday and were accompanied home by Edna Bee and Cecil Roy Clements, who will visit at Littlefield for some time.

Johnnie Raybourn of Lubbock visited friends here last Sunday and was accompanied as far as Abilene by Miss Neva Jones of this place and Louise Jones of Abilene, who spent the past week here as the guest of Neva Jones and Juanita Crow.

Bruce Sullivan of Fort Worth arrived here Tuesday afternoon en route to Roswell, New Mexico, and stopped for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sullivan.

Wheat Market Is Uninviting; Grain Stored

Owing to the unusually low price for wheat now prevailing many farmers are storing their wheat rather than placing it on the market.

In the opinion of many the price will not get lower, while there is a decided probability of a rising price which will more than pay the price of storage and shrinkage. At any rate it is cheaper to use as feed than mill or kafir.

LIST OF JURORS FOR JULY TERM OF COURT ANNOUNCED MONDAY

Sheriff J. H. Martin Monday issued for publication, the jury list compiled last January for the term of district court which convenes here the 14th of July. The list reads as follows:

Grand Jury.

Ben Galloway, E. T. Caldwell, Clarence Denny, F. L. Spring, Geo. Treider, Joe Landrum, E. H. Meek, Jack Parker, Lawrence Star, T. C. Crawford, T. E. Lovelace, Frank Foster, B. N. Graham, Jim Nix, Will Parker, J. W. M. Alexander.

Petit Jury, First Week.

Lee Hopingardner, D. B. Lanford, O. E. Massey, F. L. Carson, J. D. Porter, Nat Jones, Jack Carr, J. C. Brown, J. H. Blewett, C. M. Presley, E. V. Crain, Moss Early, W. F. Perry, A. M. Ezell, R. T. Gischer, S. A. Barbee, G. E. Free, I. W. Barnhouse, E. C. Osborne, O. F. Lang, J. R. Eason, C. J. Mobley, R. L. Bledsoe, W. W. Hall, L. Hastings, C. A. Gullin, Clyde Goodwin, Joe Jesko, J. H. Key, Tim Isham, F. E. Kepley, M. B. Buchanan, H. J. Helms, J. R. Finley, L. H. Hoffman, M. Bryant.

Second Week.

Raymond Jones, Z. M. Holly, D. W. Hanson, T. H. Hughes, F. B. Ayres, W. R. Grayson, Dennis Lloyd, J. L. Lookingbill, H. C. Hays, Roy Euler, J. W. Lanford, J. W. Ford, R. L. Chiles, A. A. Koeltz, Chas. Wilburn, R. G. Kimbrel, C. P. Harper, J. H. Lee, H. A. Bennett, L. A. Claymore, M. Lacy, Martin Bulmahn, Geo. Wiley, Jesse Newton, G. W. Magness, V. E. Hart, C. M. Fowler, F. B. McCurry, T. J. Crawford, L. H. Gatlin, Stacy Queen, H. L. Pemberton, N. J. Brand, Ben Bates, H. P. Eberling, R. W. Parr.

Third Week.

R. L. Hightower, Lee Osborne, Frank Lust, J. A. Blackwell, W. F. Cogdill, Clyde Perkins, G. L. Livings, J. B. Christian, J. W. Hodges, E. R. Furlong, John Beniger, Ed Boggs, W. L. Beasley, R. D. Leoney, T. H. Murry, L. F. Becker, W. B. Bibbes, Chas. Gray, A. L. Ratty, Dug Caldwell, Gordon Duncan, L. T. Camp, Ralph Paul, Herman Darsey, L. R. Dilger, A. O. Drake, C. D. Carter, Britt Clark, H. C. Burge, A. B. Cole, J. R. Coker, Travis Brown, O. H. Crowell, Aubrey Brock, C. E. Allen, A. H. Tedford.

JUDGE TEMPLE HERE

Judge J. C. Temple of Farwell was a business visitor in Friona Wednesday shaking hands with Friona friends and looking after business matters. He always wants to vote for the right man in political matters but with the mass of candidates for state and county offices he finds it a hard matter to decide in some instances.

J. A. HART HERE

J. A. Hart, who lives several miles northwest, was in Friona on business last Saturday. He says he has a good stand of cotton on about 100 acres and that it is growing nicely and is as far along as necessary at this time for a good yield. Mr. Hart says his crops are all looking well.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGREGATIONAL

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

METHODIST

Sunday school 10:00 a. m., A. S. Curry, superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 and 8:00. Senior League will meet at church at 7:00 o'clock. DeWitt VanPelt, Pastor.

BAPTIST

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

Floyd Browder of Mulshoe was in Friona Tuesday.

MR. LIPHAM DEAD

Joe Neal Lipham died at his home about seven miles south of Friona Tuesday morning after a lingering illness of four years and confinement to his bed for the past ten weeks.

Mr. Lipham was born on April 21, 1874, near Dadesville, Alabama. Being left motherless at an early age, he moved to Grayson county, Texas, with his father when about eleven years old. From there the family moved to Truby in Jones county and the next 34 years of his life were spent in that county in the cities of Truby, Anson and Abilene.

Two years ago he moved to Parmer county and located on his newly acquired farm where he spent the remainder of his life. In 1897 he became converted and joined the Baptist church in which he was an active member until he became ill about four years ago.

Funeral services were held in Bovina Wednesday morning and were conducted by two of his neighbors, Rev. R. F. Jones and Rev. Brewer. After the services the body was laid to rest in the Bovina cemetery.

The church at Bovina was nestled and prettily decorated by the members of the congregation, who showed the bereaved family every kindness in their power. He leaves here his faithful wife and one son to mourn his departure.

LOCAL AVIATOR

Friona can now boast of at least one resident aviator in the person of R. W. Parr, who has recently purchased an airplane of the Eagle Rock make. Mr. Parr keeps his plane in the hangar at Hereford except on occasions when he has it out for excursions or for practice.

Mr. Parr graduated from a school of aviation in Chicago and has only to pass certain government tests before receiving a government license as an airplane pilot. When this is secured he will devote the greater part of his time to flying and to giving instructions in air craft.

A GOOD REVIVAL

The revival services that have been in progress at the Church of Christ and which came to a close the early part of last week created a great interest and were productive of a considerable growth in the membership of the church. In all there were 27 members added to the church roll, 15 of whom came in one direct confession of faith, the others coming in by letters of transfer from other churches.

The congregation was so well pleased with the services of Minister Thornhill, who did the preaching, that he was extended a unanimous invitation to return and preach here again next summer.

ELECTRICIAN SHOE SHOP

Another business enterprise was added to the list in Friona this week when Mr. Mitchell, formerly of Texico, installed his electrical shoe repair machinery in the Weir building here.

Mr. Mitchell has not all his machinery here, but it is enroute from the factory, but he has enough that he can do most all ordinary work in his line and is ready to serve the public. He believes in the future of Friona and will move his family here as soon as suitable residence can be secured.

RENEWALS COMING IN.

The Star is pleased to have any of its former readers renew their subscriptions or have their names reinstated on our subscription list. Among those who have recently renewed are the Devlin Engineering Co. and John D. Meyer of Augusta, Missouri. Mr. Meyer was formerly a subscriber but allowed his subscription to lapse and now comes for reinstatement. We heartily welcome all renewals.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Williams of Littlefield visited Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Clements Sunday and were accompanied home by Edna Bee and Cecil Roy Clements, who will visit at Littlefield for some time.

Johnnie Raybourn of Lubbock visited friends here last Sunday and was accompanied as far as Abilene by Miss Neva Jones of this place and Louise Jones of Abilene, who spent the past week here as the guest of Neva Jones and Juanita Crow.

Bruce Sullivan of Fort Worth arrived here Tuesday afternoon en route to Roswell, New Mexico, and stopped for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sullivan.

SANTA FE IMPROVES YARDS; MAKES FILL-INS AND LAYS ADDITIONAL NEEDED TRACKS

VISITED THE PLAINS

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Burton Jones and son of Lone Oak, Texas, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gore, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones are Mrs. Gore's parents.

C. S. Jones of Childress, a brother of Mrs. Gore, also visited her last week, and Milton Gore is at home from Colorado visiting his parents.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY CONGREGATIONALISTS

Whereas, in His all-wise providence it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our beloved brother and co-worker in the Kingdom of God, the late lamented Charles M. Stevens, and

Whereas, he was a member in good and honorable standing in the Ministerial Brotherhood or Association of the Congregational churches of the State of Texas and having known him through our many years of Christian association with him, to be a conscientious and ardent Christian, believing in and striving the ascendancy of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and knowing that his passing from our midst can never be perfectly filled and that this association and his local church have suffered thereby an irreparable death, therefore be it

Resolved that we, the members of the Panhandle Ministerial Association of Congregational churches, and the members of the Panhandle Association of Congregational churches do hereby give public expression of our deep sorrow and loss, and the further expression of our sincere appreciation of his great worth as a fellow man and neighbor and that he went about doing good just as did his great master; and be it further

Resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting of the association, and be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of his two daughters, Mrs. J. B. Lang of Sarasota, Florida, and Mrs. Hamline Lyons of Clearwater, Minnesota.

And now in consideration of a further loss which this association and Congregational churches of the State have sustained by removal of our beloved superintendent to other fields of labor, your committee further recommends that it be resolved, that we, the members of the P. A. C. C., assembled in annual meeting, do hereby and at this time publicly express our deep regret and sorrow at the removal of our beloved Dr. A. E. Ricker as our superintendent, he having been relieved of the responsible position by reason of increasing age, and removal to other and distant fields of less trying labor; and that we also express our abounding love for him and our sincere appreciation of his appreciation of his patient and devoted services in our behalf and his kind and thoughtful consideration of our needs, and his constant loyalty to his Master; and that we assure him of our long and loving remembrance, and may his closing years be filled with peace, happiness and continued fruitfulness.

Neither would we be neglectful of the promised blessings of usefulness and progress that have come to us by the services and leadership of our recently selected superintendent, therefore, be it Resolved, that we do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude for the fact that we as churches and as an association have been given the supervision and kindly officers of our dear friend and brother, the Rev. Lucian J. Marsh, whom we have learned to love and trust even as any of his predecessors. We love him for his frankness, his sincerity, his liberal and progressive mind, and his ever striving for more and better things in the spiritual life. And we would further resolve that we make it our desire and hope that no cause other than the burden of years shall remove him from us.

(Signed):
H. G. ENNY,
JOHN WHITE, Committee.

MAKES GOOD AT TECH

Frank A. Spring, one of Friona's popular and progressive young men who has been attending Texas Tech the past year, has made the honor roll for the spring term with an average grade of B plus on 18 term hours, according to the report of the registrar's office.

DOUBLE SPEED AT SANTA FE GRAIN

The Santa Fe Grain Company has recently installed a set of scales at its old office building for use during wheat harvest. This arrangement will enable the company to speed up weighing and dumping to practically double what they were. These people say they are here to serve the people and are not sparing either expense or labor in their effort to do so. Two elevators, two scales and two weighing clerks with two grain dumps will take care of double the amount of grain in the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Learner of near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, arrived here on Friday of last week for a few weeks visit in the home of Mrs. Minnie Goodwine, south of town.

Mrs. Learner is a sister of the late W. E. Goodwine and it is their first visit to the Plains country. Their home is about 75 miles from the Gulf Coast and Friona people were surprised to learn from them that it was warmer in Friona last week than it ever gets at their home. They are well pleased with the appearance of the Plains country.

Rev. M. M. Robinette of Bovina, pastor of the local Baptist church, who has been quite sick for the past week, is gradually improving. He was exposed to smallpox and was vaccinated, but in spite of that he later took the disease.

When the pastor first became ill he believed it was because of his sore arm and continued to believe so until he broke out. He suffered several days with an intense fever which went as high as 104 degrees. He hopes to be able to fill his appointment here Sunday.

Following is a list of officers: Lee Euler, president, Wilbur Meade, vice president, Edward Massey, secretary, Bunnah Burton, chorister, Goldwina Highfill, reporter, Virgil Weir, treasurer; Captain group 1, Imogene Short; group 2, Raymond Euler.

Program for Sunday, June 29: Topic: The mission of America. The great financial power on earth; Madeline Beasley.

First in science and education: Virgil Weir.

Jesus' ideal: John T. Burton.

America First: Frankie Causler.

REPORTER.

SERVE BIRTHDAY DINNER

Misses Esther and Mary Reeve were hostesses last Sunday to a group of young people at their home with a dinner party in honor of the birthday of their cousin, Miss Alice Guyer. About a dozen guests were present.

BAPTIST LADIES AID

The Baptist Ladies Aid will meet next Monday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at the Baptist church building.

Next Sunday at the regular hour of meeting the Junior B. Y. P. U. will elect officers. Members are urged to be present and take part in this election.

John Williams moved his family last week from Eden, Texas, to Friona and they are living in Mrs. Smith's house.

Famous Father— Worthy Son



F. Hopkinson

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



RECENTLY there was unveiled on the wall of a modest brick house in Philadelphia a bronze tablet which tells the passer-by that "Hall Columbia" was composed here by Joseph Hopkinson on April 22, 1798. The unveiling was done by a little girl, Martha Hopkinson, who thus honored the memory of her great-great-grandfather, a man whose name is known to comparatively few Americans. Yet Francis Hopkinson and Joseph Hopkinson offer an example of "famous father-worthy son" scarcely paralleled in all American history.

It is eminently fitting that their names should be recalled as Independence day approaches for they contributed materially to the foundation of our Republic and the establishment of the national tradition.

Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1737, the son of an Englishman who served several years as a judge of the admiralty and a member of the provincial council. Hopkinson was the first scholar entered at the University of Pennsylvania (then the college of Philadelphia) and was graduated with its first class. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1761. After serving as secretary to a conference between the provincial authorities and the chiefs of several Indian nations, and as librarian and secretary of the Philadelphia library, he went to England in 1769 and became an intimate friend of Lord North, Benjamin West and John Penn.

Upon his return to this country he resumed his law practice, kept store for awhile and became a member of two societies which united in 1769 to become the famous American Philosophical society. In 1772 he was appointed inspector of the customs at New Castle but was removed because of his radical ideas. He next moved to Bordentown, N. J., and was a member of the provincial council of that colony from 1774 to 1776. In the latter year he was elected to the Continental congress from New Jersey and became one of America's immortals when he signed the Declaration of Independence.

Historians now seem to agree generally that the Betsy Ross legend of the origin of the flag can be accepted only with reservations. She may have made the first flag, so far as the actual cutting and sewing of it was concerned, but she was not the "designer." The evidence as to who actually was is at best incomplete, but such evidence as exists points strongly to Francis Hopkinson. It is known that he was greatly interested in the heraldic art, especially as it applied to seals, flags and coins. It is known that in June, 1777, he was chairman of the navy board, acting under the marine committee of the Continental congress, and that the famous "flag resolution" of June 14, 1777, establishing the design of the national flag, was presented to congress among the business of the marine committee.

But the strongest evidence is contained in the words of Hopkinson himself which are on record. On May 25, 1780, he wrote to the board of admiralty saying, "It is with great pleasure that I understand my last Device of a Seal for the Board of Admiralty has met with your Honours, Approbation." This seal, which was adopted May 4, 1780, had 13 red and white stripes. In a later letter he asked for compensation for his services, itemizing a list of designs that he presumably had prepared. Among these was "the flag of the United States of America" and "a great seal for the United States of America, with a reverse."

But even though it may not be possible to establish his right to that distinction, he showed his versatility in other ways which entitle him to remembrance. As early as 1774 Hopkinson had won a name for himself by publishing an allegory in which he recounted the wrongs of the colonies and this is said to have done much to fan the spirit of revolution in all who read it. Throughout the Revolution he continued to use his gifts as a writer in a series of satires directed at the British, which were published in the newspapers of the day and attracted widespread attention.



MARSHA HOPKINSON UNVEILING TABLET



J. Hopkinson

some of them even being attributed to Benjamin Franklin.

The most famous of all of Hopkinson's writings was "The Battle of the Kegs," based on an incident which took place during the British occupation of Philadelphia. A certain David Bushnell had invented a turtle-shaped, one-man submarine which he proposed to use in attacking bombs and time fuses to the bottoms of British vessels in the Delaware river. Tests of this submarine, however, were not very successful, so the ingenious Bushnell next conceived the idea of loading a number of kegs with powder and putting them in the river to float down and explode against the ships when they touched them. Most of them blew up when they struck ice cakes in the river but one did actually destroy a British boat. This was enough, however, to throw the British into a panic and they began bombarding every floating object in the river, both the guns on the ships and soldiers on the wharves keeping up an incessant fire for hours.

When Hopkinson heard of this incident he was so amused that he wrote a poem called "The Battle of the Kegs." It immediately became the most popular soldier song of the war and Washington's soldiers sang it to a variation of the tune of "Yankee Doodle" during the remainder of the conflict. It reads as follows:

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS
Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trell forth harmonious ditty—
Strange things I'll tell that late befell
In Philadelphia City.
'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood
And saw a sight surprising.
As in amaze he stood to gaze—
The truth can't be denied, sirs—
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sirs.
A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First dammed his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing."
"The kegs now hold the rebel hold
Packed up like pickled herrings;
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying."
The soldier flew, the sailor, too,
And, scared, almost to death, sirs,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran 'till out of breath, sirs.
Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some "fire" cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half-naked.
Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-snooring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Lovings.
Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"
At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sirs;
Upon one foot he had a boot,
And 't other in his hand, sirs.
"Arise! Arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city."
"The motley crew in vessels new
With Satan for their guide, sirs,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sirs.
Therefore, prepare for bloody war!
Those kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despoiled shall be,
And British courage doubted."
The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dead array, sirs,
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sirs.
The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.
The rebels vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and woods,
With rebel echoes sounded.
The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter—

"Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
"Amongst folks above the water."
The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sirs,
Could not oppose the powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sirs.
From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Returned to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more—upon my word, sirs,
It is most true—would be too few
Their valor to record, sirs.
Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked kegs, sirs.
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.

In 1788 Hopkinson published a group of seven songs which he dedicated to "His Excellency, George Washington." Whether or not this had anything to do with his appointment as United States district judge in Pennsylvania is a matter for conjecture. At any rate in 1790 Washington named him for that position. He did not live long to enjoy the new honor, however, for he died of a stroke of apoplexy on May 9, 1791.

His son, Joseph Hopkinson, born in Philadelphia November 12, 1770, followed closely in his father's footsteps. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1788, he also studied law and began practice in Easton, Pa., in 1791. But he soon returned to Philadelphia and rapidly rose to a position of prominence at the bar. He was elected to congress in 1814 and at the close of his term moved to Bordentown where he remained until 1822. He then resumed the practice of law and in 1828 President John Quincy Adams appointed him judge of the United States court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, the same office held by his grandfather, Thomas Hopkinson, under the British crown. Hopkinson died in Philadelphia January 15, 1842.

In addition to his distinction as a jurist, Hopkinson was for many years president of the Philadelphia academy of fine arts, which he helped found, and vice president of the American Philosophical society which his father had helped establish. He was a writer of wide renown on legal, educational and ethical subjects but he is best remembered for the patriotic song which he wrote in 1798.

Conflicting stories are told as to the reason for Hopkinson writing "Hall Columbia." According to one version he wrote it in honor of President John Adams because of Adams' protest against the shameful attempt of the French government to exact bribes from American ministers sent to France to make a treaty which would smooth out the difficulties between that country and the United States. Another version is that it was written in order "to get up an American spirit which should be independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents" in the threatened war between France and Great Britain.

Whatever the motive back of it, it seems pretty definitely established that Philadelphia theaters went to Hopkinson and tried with his help to put words to a piece of music called "The President's March," which was an arrangement of an old German folk song. Fox had been unable to find words that would adequately express the national feeling, but Hopkinson and his wife wrote such a song and Mrs. Hopkinson played it on the clavichord. Fox sang the song in the theater, advertising it as the "new federal song" and it gained instant popularity. It was not known as "Hall Columbia," however, until it was first sung in a New York theater some time later, but for the next 16 years, until Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner" swept the country, it was regarded as the only national song of the new republic.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



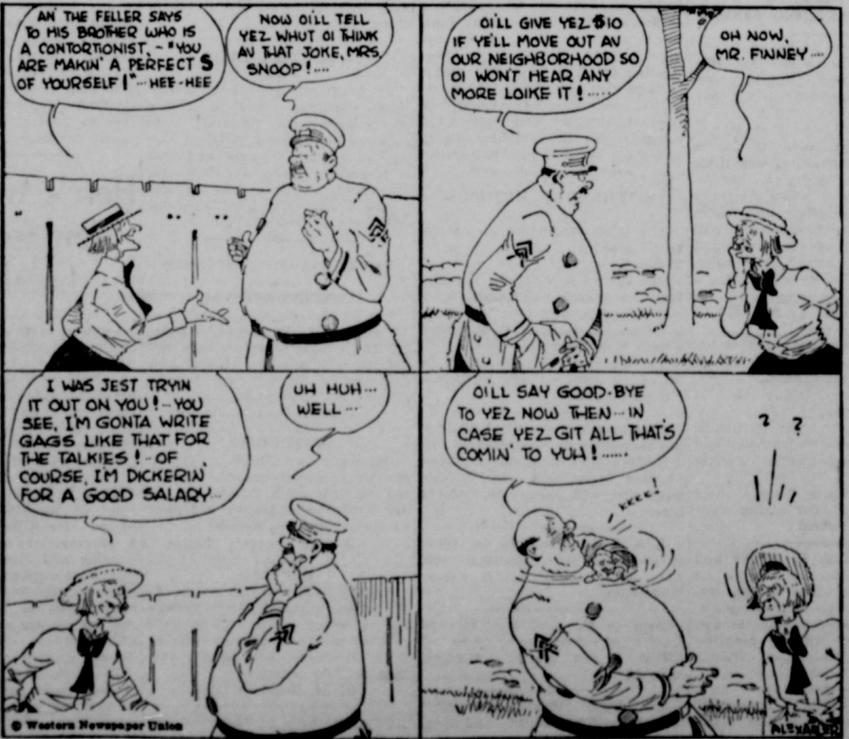
THE FEATHERHEADS

The Street Cleaners



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Don't Get Your Neck Out, Snoop



Seeing Big League BASEBALL

By BILLY EVANS
Sportswriter, Big League Umpire
and General Manager of the
Cleveland Indians

In the old days of umpiring, there was but one man in charge of a game. Now we always have two, sometimes three and in a world series game, four.

Back in 1908, working a series in New York between the Washington and the Yankees, then nicknamed the Highlanders, I saw Walter Johnson



Walter Johnson.

pitch three remarkable games in succession. In those days one umpire was in charge.

Little more than a rookie, really his first year in the majors, this being in 1908 (Johnson had joined Washington late in the fall of 1907), he shut the New York club out in three straight games.

The first game was played on Friday, September 4, 1908, Washington winning 3-0, Johnson allowing only six hits. The second game was played Saturday, September 5, Washington this time winning 6-0, only four hits were made off Johnson's delivery. In those days Sunday ball was not legalized in New York and Walter had a day of rest. Monday was Labor day, two games being scheduled for the afternoon. Joe Cantillon, then managing Washington, announced in the papers if Johnson shut New York out in the third game he would send him right back for the fourth successive start.

New York used the great Jack Chesbro, famous spitball pitcher, in an effort to break the shut-out epidemic. Johnson proceeded to turn in the best game of the three, again blanking New York, this time 4-0, allowing two measly hits.

In the late innings of the third game Johnson was hit on the right arm by one of Chesbro's fast breaking spitballs. The game had to be delayed about five minutes before Walter was able to resume play. He finished the game under difficulties.

During the intermission the arm became so stiff and badly swollen that it was impossible to use him in the fourth game as Cantillon had advertised he would.

For remarkable consistent pitching I rate these three games by Johnson as the greatest bit of hurling of all time. Three shut-outs in three consecutive games allowing six, four and two hits in each affair, there being an improvement, rather than a deterioration in each game, is, to my way of thinking, a most remarkable pitching effort—one that should stand for all time.

About the time Walter Johnson was breaking in the majors, Ed Walsh was at the height of his career. Walsh will go down in the records as a super-pitcher, if ever there was one. He pitched his arm and heart out long before he should have been through. He gave about sixteen

years of pitching in about eight seasons.

Old-time fans, and they need not be so old at that, will readily recall the great work Walsh did for the Chicago White Sox back in 1908. He kept his team in the running from start to finish, only to see the championship lost in the final game of the season.

During that eventful season Walsh took part in 66 ball games, more than one-third the number played by his club, and only 12 less than half the games played by the Sox, Chicago taking part in 156 contests.

His best pitching performance that season was a 1-0 defeat in which he struck out 15 Cleveland batters in eight innings. He forced the late Eddie Joss to set a world's record to beat him, Chicago failing to get a run or hit, not a man reaching first base. It was a trick of fate that so wonderful a feat should bring only defeat. To my way of thinking, Ed Walsh was the greatest of all spitball pitchers.

The records set by Walter Johnson and Ed Walsh, stand out pitchers of their day, will probably stand for years, if not for all time, for model bits of great hurling.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Minor Leagues Will Attempt to Slash the Salaries of Stars

Seeking to effect a violent and drastic slash in the salaries of Class AA baseball players, Harry Williams, president of the Pacific Coast league, will serve as a committee of one in a three-cornered huddle this summer with Thomas Hickey, head of the American association, and Charles Knapp, boss of the International league.

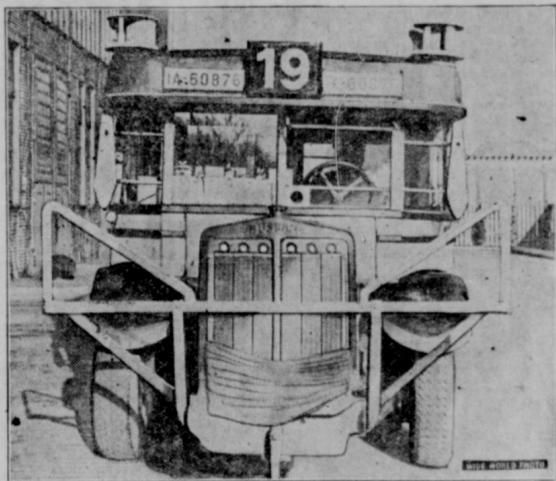
A date for the conference has not been set, but when Williams leaves for the meeting he expects to carry

with him pleas of eight Coast league club owners.

Williams will present to his contemporaries, at the forthcoming session, figures which probably will be adopted by them as the "peaks" in salaries.

Like the major leagues, the Coast circuit wants to make various slashes, but wants first to make sure that the International and American association will follow suit.

BERLIN HAS NEW TYPE OF FENDER



The Berlin Traffic company is at present experimenting with this new type of fender which is here shown on a Berlin bus. The new fenders are expected to prove a great help and guide to drivers in enabling them to judge their distance in narrow lanes of cars and in driving in small quarters.

BILL, THE BUS DRIVER SAYS

"It's safe to wait till others pass. There ain't no doubt about it. Tell that rule to a drivin' fool; Don't whisper it, but shout it."

(By MARCUS A. DOW.)

A joint is a place where two streets join, intersect or cross and are mostly gamblin' joints where reckless drivin' fools risk their lives.

A laundry delivery bus was bowlin' merrily along a street in Chicago about a year ago when I was there spendin' a vacation and heap plenty dough, and the driver had the right-of-way. That is, he thought he had the right-of-way (right-of-way stuff is mostly the bunk) at this particular joint with houses built right up to the sidewalk line on all four corners, but a five-ton coal truck on the side street quickly changed his right-of-way theory.

Shirts and nighties were scattered half a block in each direction and the laundry driver was taken to a hospital where they built plaster casts around his legs to hold them together. He suffered nothin' worse than a double splintered fracture of both legs that crippled him for keeps, and that's nothin' to give three rousin' cheers about.

When a railway engineer runs a locomotive in a yard where there are no block signals he has a rule, "Be prepared to stop within your range of vision." A simple rule and a good one for drivin' fools to learn. If the distance from a point just in front of your car to a buildin' on a corner is 14 feet, that's your range of vision. Then you should be prepared to stop in 14 feet.

Dependin' too much on the other guy and poor judgment as to what is a safe speed are often causes of collisions at joints. You think 20 m.p.h. is a safe speed, but then you are going 30 feet per second. Multiply your speedometer speed by one and a half and you get the number of feet you travel per second. See if you can stop in two seconds! And see how far you go before you stop. Also before a bluff in the neck leaves your friends weepin' and sayin' "He was good guy, but so careless."

Slow down as you approach intersections because they're dangerous gamblin' joints where human lives are lost on the turn of a set of wheels if luck goes against you.

AUTOMOBILE HINTS

When the steering suddenly becomes stiff try lubricating the king pin bushings and inflating the tires. It usually works.

A pawnshop lending money on automobiles, trucks and tractors has been established in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

Most automobile accidents are caused by drivers who have caused them before—just as most crimes are caused by those who have violated the law before.

Your tires will last longer if you switch the rear ones to the front and vice versa every few thousand miles. As the rear tires get most of the wear, this evens things up.

The president of a large automobile firm says a machine for each member of the family is the thing. This seems to exhaust all the immediate possibilities, and we guess the next thing will have to be a guest car.

Pennsylvania has had 400 sets of its 1930 automobile license plates made up bearing letters but no numerals to test their efficacy as compared with the all numeral or combination numeral and letter plates.

CUPID WINS OUT OVER WEST POINTERS



Paul Capron, left, chatting with Christian Keener "Chris" Cagle in the editorial rooms of a New York paper. Both men are former West Pointers; both are now out for the same reason—Dan Cupid. Chris recently joined the sports staff of the paper, while Capron has for some time been a reporter on the paper.

INTERESTING LITTLE NOTES OF VARIOUS KINDS OF SPORTS

The Chicago area has a total of 209 golf clubs.

Walter Beall, who once pitched for the New York Yankees, is with a Baltimore semi-pro team this year.

We have seen too many umpires go wrong in broad daylight to run much of a temperature over night baseball.

Sale of Hugh McMullen, catcher, to Baltimore of the International league, was announced by the Minneapolis association club.

Chapple Geygan, Milwaukee infielder, was released from the Brewers and will go to the Wichita Falls team of the Texas league.

When Manager Leslie Nunamaker of the Lincoln Nebraska State league team took charge of his team when the men reported there were 49 can-

didates on hand, and only five of the number were holdovers from the 1929 season.

Sam Byrd, Yankee outfielder, who is battling with Dusty Cook for the outfield post vacated by Meusel, is from Georgia.

A Missoula (Mont.) Independent basketball team twice flew to Kallispell, Mont., last winter to fulfill cage engagements.

Shortstop Leo Durocher of the Cincinnati Reds, considered one of the best billiard players in baseball, has been invited to compete in the Eastern sectional billiard tournament to be held next fall.

The Springfield Midgets have released Catcher C. R. Weaver and have signed Outfielder George Harrison from Atlanta.

Jim Londo, Greek wrestling star, has been thrown once in seven years. His conquerer was Dick Shikat, recognized as champion in some states.

Three clubs in the American league now have their players numbered so the fans may identify them—the Yankees, Senators and Indians.

The Boston Red Sox management announces the outright release of Bob Ashbjornson, a catcher, to the Reading International league club.

A suit of sails used by yachts in the American cup races cost approximately \$25,000, requiring about 50,000 yards of canvas with strips triple sewed for strength.

Since the National league was launched in 1876 only seven players have earned batting averages of more than .400 and only four have entered that class in the American league.

Pat Crawford is playing second base for the Giants when certain pitchers are working for the opposition. He is not as flashy in the field as Eddie Marshall, but is a more reliable hitter.

Sir Thomas Lipton, perennial America cup challenger, is eighty years old, but refused to do anything about it.

Poised for Throw



Miss Margaret Lawson, University of Kansas coed, poised for the javelin throw, in which she was a bright star during the annual girls' track meet. She is also a springer, high jumper, and hurdler. The meet is the one athletic event of the year which draws all of the men to the grandstands while the girls take the field.

Community Building

Township Play Centers New Recreational Idea

That part of the Michigan Thumb tributary to Port Huron has developed a new recreational idea. The people are organizing what they call "Township Playdays." Maybe the rest of Michigan will be interested to see what comes of it.

The township is the oldest, the simplest and most democratic political unit, but it seldom has served the purposes of a social group. The school district with its centrally located schoolhouse was more convenient.

But good roads and transportation are contracting big areas and little ones, and people more widely separated are coming to regard themselves as belonging to one neighborhood. Obviously if the Thumb folks succeed in getting together by townships for their "playdays," the very size of the gatherings will lend an atmosphere of success to the undertakings.

It is proposed to provide games and sports for all the people, young and old, big and little, men and women. And there are to be professional sport directors to teach the backward how to play and to inspire all with that spirit of co-operation which will enable them to play together.

There may be more to this thing than appears at a glance. It is a capital idea to play with.—Detroit News.

Disadvantage to Have Trees Too Near House

The proper placement of trees in regard to the house is a problem all by itself. No doubt there is something extremely cozy-looking in a house tucked immediately against a tree, but the overhanging branches tend to cut down the chimney draft, offer more fire hazard, in case of lightning, and in other ways prove a detriment.

Trees placed at least 20 feet from a house offer better background values, and throw even better shade. Their picturesque or "homey" effect is the one thing desired above all; to secure this, trees in front of a house ought to be to one side, rather than directly in front, in order to frame the house. Thus two trees, one to either side, offer the maximum effect, in the frontal approach.

Large trees to the rear give background effect to be secured in no other way. Even here the center of lawns are best left clear, and the trees kept to the sides, unless they are at the extreme back limits of the lot, where they preferably may be in the center.

Making House a Home

The house is the center of the little portion of the earth's surface we call home. To it lead the drives and paths; around it lie the lawns and gardens that mean so much to the hours of our recreation and delight. To make the surroundings a picture of harmony is to make the house truly a home. Does your front entrance, a most prominent picture, have that air of both welcome and dignity so much desired? Are those paths and drives bordered with evergreen hedges as well as your rose and perennial gardens? If so, you are fortunate indeed, but remember, no place should be considered complete until the patriarch of the evergreen tribe, the specimen box, is planted.—Exchange.

Little Town's Advantage

Contrasted with the clamor and commotion of the big cities, life along any "Main street" is better for anyone than living in the city. The changes in social life make amusement available to the "small town" resident. No one wants a steady diet of one thing, and the small community offers a variety that the "big city" cannot give.

Homes and Credit

There are two kinds of credit. One is constructive, the purchase that outlives the debt; the other is destructive, the purchase that is used before the debt is paid. Credit is becoming more and more a question of character rather than collateral. Permanency of the family, the fact that they own their own home, is one of the principal standards by which credit is measured.

Improvement Always Possible

Rational planning is good, even for the city or town that is not in process of marked development. Much can be done with existing conditions by way of improving traffic facilities, establishing order, eliminating unsightliness, providing beauty and adopting desirable regulation of signs, billboards, building and remodeling.

Marble for Outdoor Use

The desirability of marble for the garden does not end with its distinctive beauty . . . for its unusual weathering qualities, its ability to withstand extreme changes of temperature and its imperviousness to moisture make marble the most practical of materials for outdoor ornamentation.

Money Well Invested

Money spent in home modernization has a definite social value. This aspect must never be overlooked when considering this most important subject.



On the Air!

TERENCE and James, happy young sons of Mrs. Mary Murphy, 4925 East 49th Place, Maywood, Los Angeles, Calif. Terence is widely known through his radio recitations.

His mother says: "I am proud as can be of my boys. They are sturdy and full of life. I have never used any medicine for them but California Fig Syrup. It always relieves constipation or upsets quickly."

Millions of mothers are praising California Fig Syrup. When your child's breath is bad, tongue is coated, or he is headachy, bilious, feverish, without appetite or energy, give him a little of this rich, fruity syrup. See how he responds to its gentle influence. Appetite, digestion and assimilation improve. Stomach and bowels are toned and strengthened by it, doctors say!

The genuine always bears the word California. Look for that when buying.



PELLAGRA

Write for BIG FREE book giving signs, symptoms and valuable information regarding pellagra. Just your name and address.

DR. S. E. MADDOX
Carbon Hill, Alabama Dept. 1090

For Ivy Poisoning
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

DIABETES

Relieved in 3 days. Cure not impossible. Write for Free Booklet, The Flowering Herb Co., Dept. 5, 5529 Dakin St., Chicago.

Start Saving Early
Every child born in Concord, N. H., is presented with a bank book and a gift deposit of \$1 by a savings bank of that city.

that
sluggish feeling

Put yourself right with nature by chewing Feen-a-mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern—safe—scientific. For the family.

Feen-a-mint



INSIST ON THE GENUINE

FOR CONSTIPATION



Mother of Four Babies

"Although I am only 22 years old, I have four babies to care for. Before my first baby was born my mother urged me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was so terribly weak. I had to lie down four or five times a day. After three bottles I could feel a great improvement. I still take the Vegetable Compound whenever I need it for it gives me strength to be a good mother to my family."—Mrs. Vern L. Dennings, 510 Johnson Street, Saginaw, Michigan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

The Friona Star

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
 JOHN W. WHITE, Editor and Manager
 NUNN-WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
 PUBLISHERS
 Also Publisher of THE HEREFORD BRAND, HEREFORD, TEXAS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One Year, Zone 1.....\$1.50
 Six Months, Zone 1.....\$1.00
 One Year, Outside Zone 1.....\$2.00
 Six Months, Outside Zone 1.....\$1.25
 Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

This is truly a great country with wonderful possibilities and I assure it. It never gets too dry to do good.

I have heard it said by people of a cynical turn of mind that it is a country of the greatest possibilities and the smallest probabilities, but it is a poor rule that will not work both ways and I like it better and find it just as true the other way around—it is a country of the least probabilities and the greatest possibilities.

In proof of this view we have only to consider present conditions and those of a few weeks past when farmers were saying they could not possibly have enough wheat to pay for cutting on account of the dry and windy weather.

Now they are cutting and threshing their crops and report from 8 to 25 bushels per acre. There seemed no probability then, but they are experiencing a maturing possibility.

I hear people say, "Yes, we can stand a lot of dry weather and still make a crop, but we cannot stand it all dry." Well, it occurs to me that they have just about done that this year, and I will venture the guess that there is not another country in the world where they could have done so unless perhaps a country under irrigation.

Speaking of farm relief, one man puts it this way, "Farmers have to buy so many things that they must raise more stuff than they can sell in order to pay for them."

I was passing the little park in the heat of Friona and noticed that many of the young trees looked like they would appreciate a drink, and thought if I had a nice little park like that and had as much water and as many good water mains as this city has I certainly would make arrangements to pour a lot of that water about the trees.

I may be wrong in my reasoning in many instances but do not see how I can be wrong in this case. These trees if kept alive and growing will be worth to the city many times the cost of water.

I became what I suppose some people would call prodigal for a man of stooping form and hoary locks, last Saturday night when I went over to the talking picture show. I had never seen a show of this kind and thought there was no better time to begin than by patronizing the first one here.

I took Milady along and we were pleased, both as to the pictures and talking. I had little difficulty in understanding what was said, as the voices came to my ears much clearer and distinct than do most of the flesh and blood theatricals or public speaking.

So far as I could tell I never was in a more orderly and well-behaved audience than the one attending that show. There was no rudeness and no disconcerting giggles, whispering or talking among my fellow auditors, while the room was dark enough to make the pictures show plainly, there was still light enough to see over the audience.

I just feel like Harvey is to be commended for the kind of show house he is operating and so long as he does this he is deserving of public patronage.

His name is Eberling, but I like to call him Harvey because I am a friend of his and hope he feels the same toward me, and I feel more friendly toward a man when I call him by his first name without fear of giving offense.

I like for others to address me in the same way as it always seems that people can become sympathetically closer to each other when that title "Mr." does not have to be placed between them.

I have always disliked the word "Mr." when used as a handle for my name, and I would much rather people would address me as simply "Jodok" rather than "Mr. Jodok."

I said something a few moments ago about the possibilities and probabilities of this Plains country and it has occurred to me that these same terms may appropriately be applied to Friona as a city.

Friona has wonderful possibilities in store and her probabilities are equally as great and certain if her possibilities are correctly directed and it is altogether in the hands of her citizens to do this.

I hear some people say that Friona must have a sewer system, paved streets and other desirable and almost necessary utilities before she can ever assume anything like metropolitan proportions, or attract and hold more business concerns and more people who will make their home here.

Then I hear others say that these things are desirable but they cost too much and we can never get them until the city grows in population and wealth to the extent that it can afford financially to do these things.

Well, this kind of reasoning reminds me of the old and mooted question, of which came first, the hen or the egg? I have never yet seen a chicken that was produced without an egg having come first, which experience leads me to believe that the egg always comes first.

There is another thing about producing the chick. The egg must pass through a period of careful, continuous and sometimes expensive incubation before the perfectly formed and healthy chick is produced and it takes a healthy chick to accomplish any growth even after it has passed the incubation period.

Friona, as I see it, might be said to be now in its incubation period, the time during which it will form the constitutional developments of a healthy and growing small metropolis and during this period it will require time, anxious attention and considerable expense. Is it worth the price? I say yes.

Miss Juanita Crowe is in Canyon where she is having her eyes treated.

W. A. Beasley and son Earl of this place returned home last week from parts of Oklahoma, where they had been during the past two weeks.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Friona Star is authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for election to the various county offices under which headings their respective names appear, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary Election in July.

For County Judge:
 JOHN ALDRIDGE, Jr., of Farwell, (Re-election).
 CLYDE V. GOODWINE

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
 W. L. VENABLE, Bovina.
 W. W. HALL
 W. D. (Bill) KIRK

For County Treasurer:
 WALTER LANDER
 JOHN S. POTTS

For Tax Assessor:
 J. W. MAGNESS
 J. J. DeOLIVEIRA
 J. M. (Jim) LANDRUM

For County Attorney:
 J. D. THOMAS

For District and County Clerk:
 GORDON McCUAN
 FRED BARKER

For County Commissioner, Precinct Number 1:
 D. H. MEADE, of Friona, (Re-election).
 J. W. M. ALEXANDER

SUNSET STAGE LINES

Amarillo, Clovis, Santa Rosa Division

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

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

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

Ticket Office: City Drug Store

Desire for Beauty Met in Decoration of Wood

From remotest ages man has expressed in wood carving his yearning for beauty, writes Tom Gill in American Forest.

Man numbers among his earliest instincts an impelling desire for beauty—a groping toward the creation and possession of beautiful things, Mr. Gill says. Two materials man found ready at his hand in which to fashion and perpetuate his instinct—clay and wood—the woods of the world with their varying textures and colors.

"But clay, even with its abundance and ease of molding, came to serve little more than utilitarian ends among the early peoples," Mr. Gill writes. "It did not lend itself to the creation of beauty. It was not durable. So it is in wood that we find here and there the first scattered remnants of man's artistic beginnings.

"From the remotest ages the decoration of wood has been a foremost art. For the tendency of the human race is to ornament every article of use, the American Indian his pipe, the Polynesian his paddle. A primitive art then thus becomes imposed upon a medium that lay abundantly at hand—a material that has always been a friendly and quite familiar thing."

"Jed" Smith Stands High in Ranks of Pioneers

When the roll is called up yonder Jedediah S. Smith, pioneer explorer of the Oregon country, will be on hand, writes Fred Lockley to the Portland (Ore.) Journal. With his inseparable companions—his rifle and his Bible—he traveled for years over the West.

With five companions he went in the fall of 1824 to Ross' headquarters on Salmon river in what is now Custer county, Idaho. As it was late in the season he decided to go with Ross to the Hudson Bay company's post in what is now Sanders county, Montana. They crossed the Bitter Root mountains on November 1, passing through Ross Hole and reached Flathead post toward the end of November.

Smith was the first American to cross the Continental divide north and west of the three forks of the Missouri since the days of Lewis and Clark. He was the first American to explore the Columbia river drainage in the Upper Salmon river district since Andrew Henry had been here in 1810.

Newspaper "Stock"

There are four commercial processes of making paper pulp from wood. They are known as the groundwood, the sulphite, the sulphate, and the soda processes. Each is especially adapted to the manufacture of certain grades of paper or to the pulping of certain woods. News, cheap magazine and cheap catalogue papers are made mostly of groundwood—that is, of uncooked wood mechanically ground into a pulp. The groundwood process is the cheapest of all the pulping processes, and the pulp yielded is by far the greatest. The quality of the pulp, however, is so low that even in cheap papers it is not strong enough to use alone, and considerable quantities of longer and stronger fibered pulp must be added.

Weather Forecasts

The weather bureau says that within two hours after the morning observations have been taken, forecasts are telegraphed from the forecast centers to about 1,600 distributing towns, whence they are further disseminated by telegraph, telephone, radiograph, radiophone and mail. The forecasts are delivered early in the day, generally none later than 6 p. m. on the day of issue, and are available to more than 5,500,000 telephone subscribers within an hour of issue. This system of forecast distribution is wholly under the supervision and mainly at the expense of the government. The weather map is mailed immediately after the morning forecast is telegraphed.

Not So Modern

Youth sometimes finds it isn't so strictly modern in its ways after all. A high school lad was making some mysterious telephone calls at home. He talked in that strange, garbled language known as "pig latin," so that his mother wouldn't understand his conversation. For a week the strange words echoed over the family telephone. Then suddenly the telephone conversation went back to straight English. The boy's mother knew the "lingo" well. "Why, we used to talk it when I went to school," she told her son.—Detroit News.

Tyler's Old Well Sweep

An old well sweep which once belonged to the family of President Tyler of Virginia is now in the possession of the National Woman's Country Club.

The sweep is in perfect running order, though it has seen about two hundred years of service. Its donor is anonymous. The club also possesses a clock of unusual type which stood in the living room of the White House during the Tyler regime.

Original "Pancake"?

Historians tell us that the first "baked bread" was made when some mush, probably consisting of ground wild barley and water, was accidentally spilled on a hot stone, which was protecting a fire in front of a cave. When the food was scraped from the stone it consisted of a pancake with a brown crust. Its improved taste and health-giving qualities over raw food undoubtedly led to experimentation with fire.

Her Dream of Being a Bride

By ISABEL NEILL

WILMA slipped quietly into the great church, deserted now at the dinner hour rush time. It was dim there, in the great quiet building, and cool, after the warmth of the June day outdoors.

A faint odor of flowers hung heavily in the air. The chancel was massed with green, and there were great baskets of white lilies and delphinium here and there.

Another wedding, probably that morning! The old church had stored away the memory of many weddings—the delicate, drifting odors of millions of bridal blossoms, threads of satin frocks, bits of veils; echoing murmurs of hushed voices—and happiness! All of it was concentrated here—the happiness of others.

Wilma closed her eyes and let the spell steal close around her. She had come often to the old church—it was on the way to her work—but not to pray.

She came here to see her own wedding. When she closed her cloudy blue eyes tightly she was able to forget that she was only Wilma Wilson, an underpaid clerk in Watson's great department store; she was Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's popular brides. She could see herself sweeping down the aisle, not in her cheap little tweed suit and felt hat, but in a misty, floating chiffon dress, and a creamy lace veil over her brown hair. There were silver slippers on her feet, and in her arms were flowers. The flowers weren't orchids such as most brides carried. Wilma was particular about that. They were the flowers she had known and loved in her grandmother's garden—nodding, pearly lilies of the valley, sprays of pink and blue forget-me-nots, dancing, silvery columbines, a tiny pale rosebud or two.

Wilma knew she was a lovely bride. It compensated her for being a rather indifferent clerk, one who wasn't able to speak up and take her own part as the city-bred girls did, and one who had to bear the brunt of much of the displeasure of her department manager.

Yes, there she went, down the aisle; Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's most beautiful brides. The wedding march was played softly, and every one was turning to look at her.

And waiting for her—ah, that was the sorry part of the dream! She was never able to see his face. She had dreamed the dream dozens of times, but she had never had a single glimpse of that bridegroom standing so quietly there at the altar.

The music was playing on. She was walking down the aisle; she was almost there—he was turning—turning to her!

It was a hand on her shoulder that roused her. She started up, her dreaming forgotten. A young man was standing at her side, staring at her.

"Pardon me—I was afraid you were ill," he was stammering.

"I wasn't ill," Wilma said frankly, but confidently. "I was tired today, and I slipped in her to rest. I—I was day-dreaming. I'm sorry I troubled you."

"I'm the one to apologize. I'm afraid I interrupted a lovely dream. Tell me about it. You see, I've noticed you before. I drop in here now and then, and I've seen you praying, or dreaming, or whatever you'd like to call it."

Wilma had started out of the church. On the great stone steps she paused a moment.

"It was nice of you to waken me," she said softly.

"Maybe you'd let me walk away with you," suggested the young man. "I'll wager that you haven't eaten, either. Come on—I know a dandy little place on a side street where we can get fried oysters for forty cents. Eat with me and tell me more about your dream."

Over the clean, white table Wilma learned that the boy was Glenn Martin, that he came from a small country town, that he made fifty dollars a week and that he was soon to get commissions as well.

"You didn't tell me about that dream," he reminded her.

"I'll tell you—a year from today," laughed Wilma.

"I'll hold you to that," smiled Glenn. "And I'll be back Sunday evening to remind you of your promise."

A year from that day Wilma saw another wedding; not in shadowy St. Mark's in the city, but in the simple country church she had attended as a child. The wedding march, ground out wheezily on an old organ, sounded like celestial music to her ears. The daisies and June roses set about the church looked more gorgeous to her than the delphiniums and lilies of the city.

But her bouquet was just as she had dreamed it, and down at the altar, waiting for her, was Glenn, his face turned eagerly toward her.

Mrs. Ebb Coffman of Abernathy who visited her father, J. O. Jones here last week, returned home on Sunday.

J. C. Wilkinson, local Chevrolet dealer, was a business visitor in Hereford Monday.

Mrs. DeWitt VanPelt is spending this week in Lubbock.

Mr. Casey visited relatives at Floydada last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Jersig of Bovina visited Mrs. Jersig's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Welr, Sunday.

Misses Faye Singletary and Frances Nichols spent Sunday in the Joe Singletary home at Pleasant Hill, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth Weir spent Tuesday afternoon at Bovina as guests of their daughter, Mrs. Shelby Jersig.

W. W. Hall, candidate for tax collector and sheriff visited in Farwell Wednesday. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Belle, who remained in Farwell for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Bell.

Miss Evelyn Newby is visiting relatives at Grady, New Mexico, this week.

Leo Sambaugh of Hale Center is now connected with the Farmers' Elevator at this place.

GOODYEAR TIRES

You are really tired when we TIRE you—but you are never TIRED of OUR PRICES—See our greatly reduced prices.

CONOCO GASOLINE, KEROSENE, OILS AND GREASES

Keep your engine running strongly and smoothly. Wholesale or Retail.

DOCK OR DELIVERY PRICES—SEE US ABOUT IT

Corner Filling Station

New Mexico Ranches

WE CAN SELL YOU SOME OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE RANCHES

SMALL OR LARGE

ALSO GOOD CHEAP FARM LAND.

J. P. STEWART

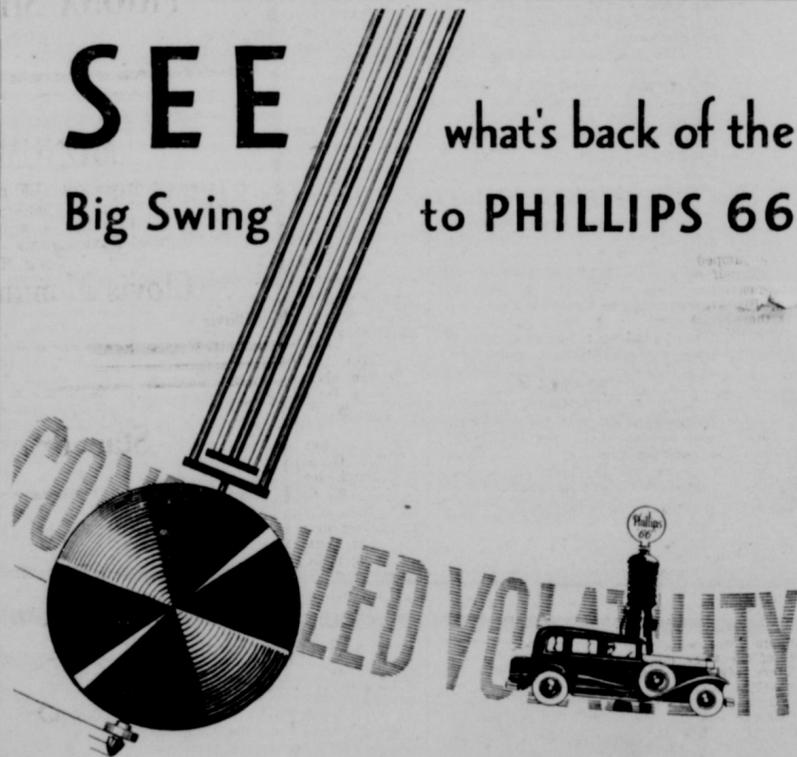
J. J. HORTON

Mosquero, New Mexico

Friona, Texas

SEE Big Swing

what's back of the to PHILLIPS 66



Claim your right to pep, power and mileage, when you pay for gasoline. Take a cue from thousands who have found extra value in Phillips 66. It's the new-day gasoline—with volatility controlled to fit each season's special needs. A winter gas in winter. A spring gas in spring. A summer gas in summer. A fall gas in fall. Product of the newest science in refining. Fill up with Phillips 66 and start for anywhere—with a new fine feeling at the wheel.



Phill-up with **Phillips 66** REGULAR and ETHYL

H. T. MAGNESS, Agent
 Friona Motor Company, Friona Garage and J. B. McQuiston
 Retail Dealers

The Girl in the Red Car

By GENEVA COOK

BIG SVEN JOHNSON and the other men in the quarry had a lot of fun with Craig Elton—or tried to. There was something about Craig, with his squared shoulders and his fine gray eyes with their level gaze, and his willingness to laugh at a joke though it was made at his own expense, that somehow made them like him. But with all that, Big Sven and Tank and Charlie and Pete and the others in the gang regarded him as an untried "soft city fella."

Craig had never minded their smiles until today. He knew their contempt for any "collich boy." He had come up to the Mooseville quarries this summer for experience, and he was willing to stand the gaff. But it was hard today. For on this morning when they were hauled up in the big wooden topless box (the men called it "the dump") for lunch, there beside the engine house was a little red car. And in the little red car was Rita Marsden, her black eyes sparkling as she watched the huge crane lift them slowly out of the shaft and swing "the dump" over to the ground.

Craig had seen Rita Marsden speeding around what there was of Mooseville every day since he had come up this summer. There was no way anyone who worked in the quarries, even a "collich boy," could introduce himself to this slim, high-spirited girl.

It was bad enough to have to climb out of "the dump" right before her attentive black eyes. But when Big Sven Johnson, acting upon his rights as gang boss, approached the girl, and called officiously, "Good morning, Miss. You see us come up. We like nice company," Craig reddened with embarrassment. Big Sven grinned knowingly around at the men. "This is a good gang," he continued, winking at them over his shoulder. "All but one fella. Collich boy. Slow vorker. That one!" He pointed a gritty finger to the place where Craig had been—but the "collich boy" was gone.

Fifteen minutes later Craig sat miserably with his lunch on an empty flat car at the top of the inclined tracks which ran down sharply to an oil shop. Beyond the shambling wooden building, now unused, save its yard, where Big Sven and some of the other workmen parked their roushackle cars, ran an abandoned dirt road down toward Hansen's hill. The new shaft which was being sunk from the quarry was run right under this road. Even the workmen, hardened to risk as they were, did not dare drive across the road over the shaft, for the weight of a car would be sure to cause a cave-in.

Suddenly Craig was startled from his unhappy reflections by the sound of a motor from below. He jumped to his feet. Speeding merrily along over the road past the old shop was Rita Marsden's little red car.

A shout from behind him told Craig that the other man had seen it, too. "The shaft! Cave-in!" shouted Big Sven. "Cave-in! Cave-in!" Hoarse excited voices took up the cry. Already there was a flash of red beyond the shops and around the curve.

Craig threw himself on the flat car and released the brake. The car shot down the slide at a dangerous speed, Craig clinging to the sides with his hands. At the bottom Craig jumped to the ground, gathered himself up and raced toward the nearest car, the old open flivver of Big Sven Johnson. The key was there! The motor coughed and sputtered and choked—sputtered again—and was turning! The car lurched out of the yard and, gathering speed, bumped swaying down the uneven dirt road toward the hill.

Craig raced the laboring motor faster, faster. He had to catch that girl. He blew the horn madly. But the little red car did not stop. Just beyond that next curve was the shaft.

He was blowing the horn steadily now, but he couldn't seem to make her hear. Just as she went round the curve, he saw her turn, heard the screaming of brakes, saw the stop light flash on. . . . There was a silence.

As he made the curve he saw it in the road before him, the little red car, its front wheels just at the edge of the weak place in the road. There was a wide crack not a foot ahead. He sprang from the flivver. Crumpled over the wheel of the red car was the slim body of Rita Marsden. He climbed, cautiously, with infinite slowness and care, out on the left hand running board. The car held. He opened the door, and lifted the girl in his arms. He carried her tenderly and laid her on the soft grass at the side of the road. After a moment she opened her eyes—and smiled up at him.

At half-past four, when Big Sven Johnson and his gang came up in "the dump" for the day, the rest of them watched with eager eyes Craig Elton climb, gray but happy, into the little red car (some of the men had towed it back from danger), and turn smiling to Rita Marsden.

"Well, Sven, vot you got to say now?" called one of them.

Big Sven Johnson shook his head. "Boys," he said, "I say about that collich fella—all I said before, I take it back—his eyes followed the red car down the road, and it was moving very slowly—'He's a fast vorker!'"

(Copyright.)

It'll Be Disguised

Not that there is a widespread demand, but if sulphur-and-molasses ever does come back as a spring medicine it will probably be chocolate covered and called Mol-Sul or something.—Detroit News.

Want Ads

FOR SALE—One Allis-Chalmers 20-35 tractor in good condition; guaranteed; good terms. HOMER T. WALKER, Friona, 49-2p

WANTED—Let me repair your old furniture and chairs, also frame your pictures. I live on the Sanderson place. G. G. COLDRON, Box 353, Friona, 49-1p

FOR SALE—One Allis-Chalmers 25-35 tractor in good condition; guaranteed; good terms. See HOMER T. WALKER, Friona, Texas, 49-2p

RABBITS—Diamond bred Chinchillas from highest quality registered stock, \$6 per pair, \$8 trio. Young stock only. ELMORE PARKER, Friona, Texas, 49-3p

FOR SALE—Two steel go-devils, one two-row lister cultivator, one three-disc Saunders plow. L. F. LILLARD, 48-4p

Summerfield

BY MRS. L. JOHNSON

The Home Makers study club closed their meetings for the year with a lovely luncheon at the home of Mrs. J. A. Noland. Between courses Mrs. O. G. Hill of Hereford sang a solo, also Mrs. H. D. Reed of Hereford favored with a piano solo. After luncheon the president called the house to order and election of officers took place. Mrs. Lee Curry was re-elected president, Mrs. Cannon vice president, Miss Eva Blakemore secretary, Mrs. Ray Johnson treasurer, Mrs. W. L. Huntley parliamentarian and Mrs. L. Johnson reporter. Some fine talks were made by Mrs. Bob Wilson and Miss Gunter, the new county demonstrator of Deaf Smith county. Besides those mentioned as visitors were Mrs. Annie Smith of Artesia, New Mexico, and Mrs. Mary Ewing of Farmington, New Mexico. The next meeting will be in September.

Miss Lena Johnson entertained a number of friends at the ranch home last Tuesday night.

Mrs. Jay Sanders and children of Big Square are visiting in the Louie Huckert home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lookingbill and daughters, Miss Ruth and Mrs. Homer Crop, spent the weekend in Tulla.

Mrs. Ray Johnson is enjoying a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith and son James, of South Texas, and an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Crozier, of Dallas.

Mrs. Jess Hines returned last week with her daughter, Geraldine, who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Mary Ewing of Farmington, New Mexico, visited the past week in the Lee Curry home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Roberson motored to Artesia last Monday, returning Tuesday with his aunt, Mrs. Annie Smith and daughter, Glevis, who will spend a few weeks in the B. C. Roberson home.

Miss Lola Wayne Cox of Plainview is visiting in the L. B. Lookingbill home for the summer.

Arlene Turner of Canyon spent a few days with his friend, Elton Johnson, and will assist W. L. Huntley awhile.

Mrs. L. Johnson and Mrs. Ray Johnson motored with Mrs. O. G. Hill of Hereford to Perryton for a week-end visit with Mrs. W. R. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Walker and daughter spent several days with relatives in Pampa, returning home Thursday.

Mrs. Lenox of Kansas is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jim Hines.

Mrs. Lee Curry and daughters, Glenn and Mary Lee, spent Monday in Amarillo.

The senior B. Y. P. U. of Hereford put on a good program at this place last Sunday night.

Mrs. James Carl of Kansas City visited in the Louie Huckert home last week.

Jack Hills of Oklahoma City, accompanied by his father, who lives in Kentucky, are here this week looking after business interests and while here they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Goddard.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Singletery and baby daughter, Jeannine of Hereford, were in Friona Sunday.

Bryant Singletery of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico, called on Friona friends last Sunday.

W. A. Beasley and son, Earl, were business visitors in Bovina Saturday.

Miss Eloise Pitman of Hereford was calling on friends here last week.

J. H. Sparks who has been visiting his sister in Louisiana, returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Gideon of Hereford were Sunday visitors with Roy Coker and family.

Elma Jennings of Tulla spent several days with her friend, Geraldine Huntley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beck had as their guests last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Finney of Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Williams of Texico.

Mr. and Mrs. Mildred (Buddie) Teague of Lubbock visited here this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schuler of Rhea a daughter, on June 7.

Mrs. Pemberton and Miss Faye Singletery spent Tuesday evening in Clovis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dennis, accompanied by Miss Treva Drake, left Saturday for Beeton where Mr. and Mrs. Dennis will visit for some time with relatives while Miss Treva will visit in the home of her sister, Mrs. Virgil Howard of Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Loar of Buchanan, New Mexico, and three Tucker brothers of Oklahoma, and Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe of Granite, Oklahoma, attended Earl Day's funeral here last Tuesday.

on Mt. Ararat, haven't you? No, sir, I haven't seen a newspaper for three days, confessed the waitress—Exchange

Smart Pup.

I have a little dog. He's very intellectual. And to describe his culture My words are ineffectual.

When he gets in the library Quite carefully he scours it, And when he finds a book that suits His taste, why then he devours it.—Chicago Daily News.

No Longer Madam X.

A Negro girl came to a bank regularly to draw her weekly pay. She could not read or write, so she made an X on the receipt. Then one day she made a circle. "What's the matter, Mandy?"

Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier. "Why?" Mandy exclaimed, "Ah done got married yesterday and changed mah name."—London Express.

FRIONA GARAGE

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING
AUTO ACCESSORIES
OVERHAULING JOBS—ALL KINDS
Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Cooper Tires, Quaker State Oil
LET US SERVE YOU

CANTRELL BROTHERS

Maurer Machinery Co.

FRIONA, TEXAS

THE PRICE OF WHEAT IS LOWER, WE ADMIT, BUT SO IS THE PRICE OF

The Famous Sanders One-Way Plow

WE HAVE THEM FOR SALE

SIZES—6, 9 AND 12 FEET

Regular terms, one-third cash, balance handled through the A. B. C. Finance Corporation at 10 per cent. No carrying charge. Turning your wheat land now may mean several extra dollars next year.

Sanders Sod Plows—Rock Island Listers

DON'T FORGET

That we are dealers for the famous Sanders One-Way.

Linking Town and Country

Evidently a desirable and necessary accomplishment for the development of either. Mingling, one with the other, is the most natural method. Mingling requires rapid, comfortable transportation. For this nothing excels

The New Chevrolet Six

See One At

WILKISON CHEVROLET COMPANY

J. C. Wilkison, President.

A New Assortment

Just Received

NECKLACES, BEADS, BED SPREADS, WINDOW CURTAINS and many other useful and attractive articles for personal and home decoration. We are also well prepared to serve you with foot wear from our large stock of THE CELEBRATED PETERS' SHOES. Straw hats galore, pretty and serviceable house dresses, men's work clothes. Everything in groceries.

T. J. Crawford

"RED AND WHITE STORE"

A Chamber Of Commerce

Active, progressive, energetic, vigilant is one of the best indications of growth, development and accomplishment that any town, however large or small can have. Just so it is with MAGNOLIA GASOLINE, KEROSENE, OILS AND GREASES in your farming and mechanical operations. They add pep, speed and constancy and absolutely remove friction and produce bouyancy.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

J. C. WILKISON, Agent

FRIONA

TEXAS

Wholesale Only.

I AM BUSY

But never too busy to serve my patrons in the line of any and all kinds of SHOE REPAIRING. Work Guaranteed.

FRIONA SHOE SHOP

C. S. BURNES, Proprietor
C. S. BURNS, Proprietor.

MONUMENTS

—An agent drives over 100 miles to sell you and back again to set it up. To make a strong selling point, he tells you his firm has on a sale this month.

Investigate—Save Agents' Profits and That Long, Long Haul.

Clovis Monument Works

Clovis New Mexico

Star Brand Shoes

LEE COVERALLS AND PLAY SUITS

Garden Seeds

Groceries—Dry Goods

F. L. SPRING

Friday and Saturday, Special Features

50c HINE'S Honey and Almond Cream	29c
\$1.00 Stationery	50c
50c Whiz Fly Liquid	39c
\$1.20 Mi 31 Solution	69c
75c Theatrical Cleansing Cream	49c
\$2.00 Thermos Jug	\$1.39

REGISTERED PHARMACIST ALWAYS IN CHARGE

City Drug Store

Dr. J. Small

"Right On the Corner"

"Right Now Service"
PHONE NO. 5

"Right On the Price"

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Bobbs Merrill Co. W.S.U. Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

They did not try to plan for the future, they simply contented themselves with the knowledge that whatever came to them must be good. They did not look ahead to the winter—without a church, without a parsonage, with a meager twenty-five dollars a month to provide food and clothes and a roof over their heads. They merely accepted the present that was given them, and smiled at each other, and strove in every way possible to impress upon themselves the sublimity of their faith, the boundlessness of their possibilities in divine love.

As they went out to the car answering the call of Eddy Jackson's siren, they met the postman coming in.

Ginger ran ahead of the others, and took the mail from his hand.

"Three for father, one for Marjory—mine, mine—the rest is for me."

Ginger's watchfulness over Marjory and Hiram Buckworth increased. She intercepted every glance, endured the soft smiles with a glowering grimace, answered every light sally as though it were intended for her ears alone.

One evening, soon after dinner, Hiram Buckworth decided that he must withdraw to his room to prepare his sermon for the following Sunday, and Marjory thought she would go upstairs and manique her nails. But Ginger was not to be distracted by mere plans for the future. She saw them both upstairs, saw the door of her father's room closed behind Hiram Buckworth's rigid back, saw Miriam encoached on the foot of her bed with files, orangewood sticks and buffers. Then she went to the studio with a sigh of relief. There she settled down to a complete balancing of her accounts. She counted the dimes in the doll's trunk. She made careful entries in her huge ledger.

Her waste basket she found full of overflowing of discarded letters, little white angels, which had accompanied the contributions to the home. Ginger was systematic and orderly. These angels were to be burned. So with waste basket in one hand, lantern in the other, she made her way carefully over the narrow beams, and down the wobbly ladder.

She noted, comfortably, that the two doors remained closed as she had left them, and a pleasantly soothing stillness pervaded the house. Softly, happily, with waste basket and lantern, she slipped around the curve of the circular staircase and stopped. She stopped aghast, electrified, spellbound. For beneath her, before her very eyes, there lay revealed a scene whose unutterable disgustiveness was beyond her power of description.

The wide living room was lighted, dimly lighted, by one small corner reading lamp, and in the shadowy, semi-darkness, Ginger saw two figures—her sister, Marjory, and Hiram Buckworth—whom she had left behind their separate closed doors not twenty minutes previous. By what strange intuitiveness each had discovered, behind those barring doors, that the other was descending to the common meeting ground of the living room below, Ginger never knew—nor even which had made the initial move. But one fact was evident—there they were.

One of Hiram's arms was about her sister's shoulders, and his free hand was fondling very gently, very caressingly, the soft gold of her hair. Marjory herself, plainly not to be out-distanced in madness, was raising her soft white fingers to his cheek, his lips, his eyes. Ginger's irrepressible gasp startled them. They looked up at her, gravely. They did not move.

"Excuse me," Ginger's voice was cold and subdued, very small. "I thought you were in different places—doing other things."

She turned short around upon the stairs, and went up to the attic. In the studio she sat herself down, heavily, and fell to deep consideration. She saw clearly that the situation was critical. Marjory was hopeless. She had ogled the grocery clerk. She had almost held hands with Tub Andrews and the ukelele. She even practiced her blandishments on Eddy Jackson, who had the fortitude to withstand her wiles. And now she was flagrantly necking the young minister. Ginger writhed in helpless fury. The minister! Even a grocery clerk may aspire to ownership, a bank janitor may progress slowly upward. But once a preacher, always a preacher.

Plainly, then, responsibility rested upon some other than Ginger, and Ginger squared her shoulders to receive it. Marjory was lacking in strength of character—so much was

evident. But Hiram Buckworth, now—he was a minister, he must have some right principle within—an appeal to him, perhaps—Ginger regretted that she could not entirely abandon Marjory to her own misguided ways. The home for the blind was on its way to firm establishment, it was true, but alas, so many dimes went into the purchase of a load of coal, a month's groceries, a delicate operation for the eyes. An appeal, then, to Hiram Buckworth.

The next morning before breakfast, Ginger, alert and watchful, saw him walking down the flagstone path between the rows of flowers, inhaling great breaths of the fresh morning air, his entire manner and countenance reflecting a smug and satisfied contentment with the world at large. She hurried down, and joined him.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began firmly, "excuse me for butting in—and it really isn't a thing against Marjory, you know, for she is just as nice as she seems to be—"

"I should say she is!" "But I've known her a long time, and really, she is a terrible flirt, though at heart she doesn't mean a thing by it. I don't know whether she has told you—I mean—You see, it is already arranged—"

"Ellen! You don't mean that Marjory—that she is engaged—"

The use of the word relieved her. She was finding it unaccountably hard to express herself in a way that would gain the desired result, without committing herself to falsehood.

"Well, yes, in a way. Not exactly engaged, you understand, but it is all understood, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do know what you mean." The bright ruddiness went suddenly



She Stopped Aghast, Electrified, Spellbound.

out of Hiram Buckworth's face. "I understand entirely too well. You are a good sport for tipping me off. I see."

And then he went quickly indoors, and said nothing else. The appeal to Hiram Buckworth had indeed reaped results after a fashion, but Ginger did not feel very well pleased. Hiram Buckworth, although anything but a romantic figure, was a nice chap. And the shocked look on his face, the strange, hurt, stricken look, had touched her heart. He had looked sorry. Ginger did not enjoy seeing people look sorry, not even disgusting pretenders who pawed and held hands.

Breakfast, usually such a gay and cheery meal, proved an awkward occasion. Hiram Buckworth seemed every inch a minister, unsmiling, grave, and stiffly formal. He talked exclusively to Miss Jenkins, and not very entertainingly. He did not look at Marjory, who had come in a little late with her usual bright morning radiance. But her radiance was of short duration, paling swiftly to startled, wide-eyed wondering. She had no appetite, toyed idly with her fork, and kept her eyes upon his face, curiously, as though her eyes were seeking something, asking questions. But always they found nothing, received no answer, immediately after breakfast he excused himself, and went quickly out of the room.

Ginger was very uncomfortable indeed. She tried to tell herself that she was merely imagining that these things were so—that it was a mere chance that Hiram had not looked at Marjory, that Marjory could not eat her breakfast. But she was uncomfortable. Not even a trip to the studio, and a painstaking count of her doll's trunk of dimes sufficed to put her in a cheerful frame of mind. Not

Cultivate Serenity to Fight Mental Fatigue

Mental fatigue cuts down efficiency and spoils happiness. American life with its high-power speed for both work and play produces an unusual amount of mental fatigue. To aid in the cultivation of more serene habits, Dr. Lauren H. Smith, writing in Hygeia Magazine, makes the following suggestions:

1. When we work, let us keep our interest in it and make it pleasurable.
2. When we play, let us enter into it for all it is worth without regard for anything else.
3. When we rest and sleep, let us turn the mind and body loose to themselves and let them do what they will.

even the coming of the postman, with sixteen letters for E. Tolliver, made her really happy.

He fished two small packages from his bag and handed them to her. "I see you're getting some more of those samples," he added cheerfully.

"Those are for the twins," she answered, flushing. "Personally, I am not interested in beauty preparations."

The day passed dully, a busy day, as Saturdays always are in parsonages where arrangements are always leading up to the climatic Sabbath. Hiram Buckworth remained down town for luncheon. Marjory, a still, white Marjory, busied herself in a studied way about the work of the house. And dinner in the evening was an increasingly painful repetition of the morning meal.

When the dishes were done, Ginger repaired to the veranda. Miss Jenkins sat there, alone, solemnly rocking.

"Where's Margie?" "She went to bed. She has a headache."

"Oh, I see." Ginger went upstairs, and knocked gently at her sister's door.

"I'm in bed," called a muffled voice in answer.

Ginger opened the door, and went in. "I just wanted to see if I could do anything for your headache." She gave her sister a sharp look. "You've been crying."

"I think I'm getting hay fever," said Marjory. "My eyes sting. I'm going to sleep now." Ginger, at this dismissal, turned toward the door. "And Ginger, don't you go and talk about it to—Miss Jenkins—or anybody. If I have a headache and hay fever it's nobody's business but my own. Not that anybody would care anyhow."

"I won't talk about it. Go to sleep now, Margie, I'll be very quiet not to disturb you."

And Ginger closed the door softly behind her.

CHAPTER VIII

Sunday, ordinarily such a pleasurable hurried day in the parsonage, was no less than a dreary ordeal. Marjory appeared very late for her breakfast. She need not have appeared at all, for she ate nothing.

"Headache all gone?" inquired Ginger.

"M'm."

Hiram, instead of walking companionably to church with the girls, excused himself and went on in advance, explaining that he wished to see somebody about something. Marjory dreamed absent-mindedly during the service, while Ginger, on the contrary, listened attentively to every word, reporting confidentially to her sister, later on, that she didn't think so much of the sermon.

In the afternoon, Eddy Jackson came in the car to take them to Pay Dirt and although Hiram tried to be excused from the party there was no evading Eddy's friendly insistence.

But while there was great galey at Pay Dirt, the arrival of the car from the parsonage brought a sudden slump in their high spirits. Alexander Murdoch was there, and Ginger's wrath, long slumbering, vented itself upon his unoffending head. Why should he spend all of his spare time at Pay Dirt? What had a mere car grocer to do with the conduct of agriculture? And why, if mere friendship for Eddy attracted him thither did he so openly ignore his friend's his ardent attentiveness to Miriam? And why, for that matter, should the so-sensible Miriam, be suddenly thus gay and shining?

"What's the matter with everybody anyhow?" demanded Eddy crossly. "That's some grouch of a preacher if you ask me. Margie's clear at the bottom the dumps, worst thing in the world for her complexion. And even you, Ginger, you're no cheerier than a broken crutch."

"Well, I have a lot of trouble," said Ginger dully.

The one bright moment in the afternoon for Ginger was when Alexander announced that he was leaving the next day for the farther West.

"Walking?" she inquired coldly. "Oh, no. Business has been quite good. I shall be able to ride quite a little distance before I connect up with another Orange and Black."

"Sort of a can tour."

"Something of the sort, yes." But if the parsonage group had little to contribute to the day's enjoyment it was more than compensated by the glad hilarity of the others. Mr. Tolliver laughed like a boy at the bald and ribald jokes of the can grocer. Miss Jenkins and Mrs. Jackson exchanged giggling reminiscences of their own untrammelled youth. Miriam and Alexander were ringleaders in the day's recreation, doing all sorts of absurd young things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Learn to rest the mind by leaving the mind alone.

4. When we think, let us make a decision and carry it out. If we decide incorrectly it can be reconsidered later.

5. When we are very tired, let us not permit a temporary or extreme emotional reaction to drive us into an act that will have permanent results.

Dogs' Jumping Powers

Dogs can usually clear a fence 4 1/2 feet high. However, when they jump up to 7 or 8 feet they usually catch at the top of the fence and pull themselves over.



THE PIGS

"I didn't mean," said Porky Pig, "that I was a great-grandfather of the pigs when I said just now that I was a great grandfather."

"I didn't mean a regular great-grandfather."

"Oh, you're as clear as mud," said Pinky Pig.

"Well, from the way you like mud, then," said Porky, "you must have at least a liking for my speech."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Pinky squealing, and twisting his tail into a funny little knot.

"I meant," continued Porky, "that I was a very great grandfather. Great like fine noble people, great like masterful pigs, great like discoverers, great—Great!"

And the last "great" he squealed with all his strength.

"Ah, then you mean you're a great pig," said Miss Ham, "you don't mean that you've grown into a great-grandfather by having great-grandchildren?"

"Aren't we great-grandchildren?" asked Pinky Pig.

"No indeed," said Porky. "You're not my great-grandchildren, neither are you great in any way at all."

"Ah, and I suppose you're not of



"You're Older," Said Pinky Pig.

The pig family, eh?" asked Brother Bacon turning up his snout, for he had been snubbed most horribly and he was still feeling a little bit ashamed of himself, and wanted to appear very bright in the eyes of all the pigs gathered there in the barnyard.

"Of course I'm of the pig family, but I'm an honorable pig. I'm Grandfather Porky Pig. Yes, I am."

"Well, none of us ever tried to tell you that you weren't," said Brother Bacon.

"But—and that means so much—" continued Porky Pig, "there is a difference between me and all the rest of you."

"You're older," said Pinky Pig, grunting rudely.

"That may make me wiser," said Porky Pig, treating Pinky's speech as a compliment which was not at all the way it was intended to sound, "but that is not what I mean."

"Tell us," urged Miss Ham.

"They value pork more than they used to. They think it is good food now—a lot of them do."

"Oh yes, they think more of it than ever."

"But oh, dear squealing, grunting pigs, how fine it is for you, that you have a great, a very, very, very great, grandfather."

"That certainly is lucky for all of you."

And the pigs squealed and grunted and seemed to think it was a very good thing that they had a sense of humor. Porky took himself quite seriously.

He really, really did.

Grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal.

CONUNDRUMS

What insect does a blacksmith make? A firefly.

Which letters are the hardest workers? The B's (bees).

Why is a steel trap like smallpox? Because it is catching.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

What can you find twice in every corner, but once in every room? The letter "r."

Why is a tennis player like a fisherman? Because both are concerned with the net.

From what word of six letters can you take away one and yet have twelve? Dozens—dozen.

Why is a false friend like the letter P? Because he is always first in pity and always last in help.

If a woman was to change her sex, how would it affect her religion? She would be a he then. (Heathen).

Why is a heavy thunderstorm like a large Spanish onion? Because it is peal upon peal (peel upon peel).

When could the British empire have been bought most cheaply? When Richard III offered his kingdom for a horse.

How is it that trees can put on new dresses without "opening their trunks"? Because they leave out their summer clothing.



These are the delicious flakes that guard against constipation . . . so naturally . . . so normally.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
A Product of General Foods Corporation

Meaning to Dreams
According to the lore of the gypsies, every dream conveys two separate messages—one, an indication of something good in store for the dreamer, the other a warning of some pitfall to be avoided.

How much luck is there in speculation and how much shrewdness?

CONSTIPATED?
Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.
Mild, safe, purely vegetable—
at drugists—only 25c
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

STOP THAT ITCHING
Apply Blue Star Ointment to relieve Skin Irritations, Itching Skin or the Itch of Eczemic conditions, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Toes, Poison Oak and as an Antiseptic Dressing for Old Sores, etc.
Ask your Druggist for
BLUE STAR OINTMENT

Happy Woman Tells How She Lost 19 Pounds of Fat in 27 Days

During October a woman in Montana wrote—"My first bottle of Kruschen Salts lasted almost 4 weeks and during that time I lost 19 pounds of fat—Kruschen is all you claim for it—I feel better than I have for years."

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Be sure and do this every morning for "It's the little daily dose that takes off the fat."—Don't miss a morning. The Kruschen habit means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

At the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts are carried to every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of the body and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

If you want to lose fat with speed get an 85c bottle of Kruschen Salts from any live druggist anywhere in America with the distinct understanding that you must be satisfied with results or money back.

Favorite Authors
According to a survey of the women teachers of the United States, the favorite authors of the average teacher are Temple Bailey, Gene Stratton Porter, Charles Dickens, John Galsworthy, Zane Grey and Kathleen Norris.

Rabbit fur has had the distinction of bearing more than sixty different names in the fur market.

BLACK FLAG LIQUID
SPRAY THIS LIQUID!
FLIES AND MOSQUITOES MUST DIE—
QUICKER BECAUSE "It Penetrates"
BLACK FLAG LIQUID
Kills quicker—Always costs less

Black Flag Liquid penetrates! It penetrates the tiny breathing tubes of flies, mosquitoes, moths, ants, roaches, bedbugs, fleas, etc. It brings quick death to every last one. Always costs less than other well-known insect-killers. Money back if not satisfied.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BLACK FLAG POWDER

Oklahoma Directory

MERIT MILK MAKER
Best for Dairy Cows
That Good Feed Satisfies Their Need.
HARDEMAN-KING CO., OKLA. CITY.

"Our Best on Every Head"
The National Commission Co.
of Oklahoma, Inc.
STOCK YARDS - OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

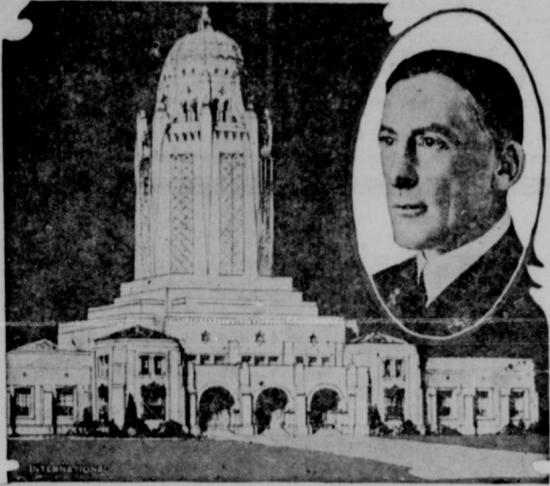
Prest Machine Works Co.
Machinists and Electricians
Motor Repairing a Specialty
Oklahoma City, Okla.

MERIT EGG MASH
Best for Laying Hens
That Good Feed Satisfies Their Need
HARDEMAN-KING CO., Oklahoma City

FILMS DEVELOPED FREE
and Prints 3 cents Each on Trial Roll.
THE CAMERA COMPANY
Desk M. Oklahoma City, Okla.

Wanted, Men and Ladies
to learn barber trade. Special low tuition. Free catalogue. Oklahoma City Barber College, 104 W. California. Harry Kuna, Mgr.

"West Point of the Air" in Texas



Rising majestically from the exact center of a 2,300-acre field at San Antonio, Texas, this administration building will form the nucleus for what is designed to become the world's greatest aviation training school. The air corps training center, which will be virtually a "West Point of the air," will have a field staff of about 5,000, with about 1,150 students trained annually. It will be dedicated June 20 and 21. Inset is Brig. Gen. P. F. Lahm, who is in command of the training center.

THREE-LEVEL LANES IN AIR PROJECTED

Upper Stratum Set Aside for Fast Liners.

Washington.—Using as a basis the data supplied by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, the bureau of aeronautics of the Department of Commerce has made plans to test the value of high altitude flying with the object of adding materially to the speed and also to the reliability of the nation's air transportation.

It is proposed to develop three "stacked" lanes across the skies of the United States, one of which, the highest, will be reserved for a commercial express service on high speed air mail planes will move; the next lowest will be used by medium fast planes, while the third and lowest lane will be reserved for slow, heavy-duty freight carrying ships.

Plan Is Controversial.

While engineers of the bureau of aeronautics view this "marking off of the skies" as largely experimental, W. Irving Glover, assistant postmaster general in charge of air mail, has come forward to speak for room on the uppermost lane for the fast mail planes of his service. This announcement has drawn attention to a plan which involves many interesting theories and which is still largely controversial.

Three airlines at three altitudes, Mr. Glover said, are likely to be the result of studies by the Department of Commerce, but at exactly what altitude the topmost or high speed lane would be established has not been revealed. It has been assumed, however, in view of the fact that the experiment is to be carried out by using the data supplied by Colonel Lindbergh, that this lane would be located between 10,000 and 12,000 feet. The second lane, for medium-fast planes, presumably would be located in an altitude range between 8,000 and 10,000 feet, with the third lane for the slow craft below that.

Natural Earth Current Involved.

Scientists have long known that the movement of the earth creates an earth air current which moves at an enormously high speed, which produces a prevailing west-to-east air force. But the very lowest altitude at which the effect of this wind could be felt is 20,000 feet, which is considerably above the topmost and high speed lane which is proposed under the findings of Colonel Lindbergh.

It would be possible for present planes to climb to an altitude which would be able to take advantage of this earth wind movement. At least certain types of aircraft would be able to reach the range of this wind force, but that would solve but half the problem. It would mean that west-to-east service would be too fast for the practical purposes of a two-way service which sought to operate on synchronized schedules. Westbound planes would always be at an enormous handicap, regardless of the level at which they were flown.

Critics Question Efficiency.

Another factor which must be considered, critics of high altitude flying say, is that of efficiency. In the sense that the air is an ocean navigable by aircraft, with the earth the shore line of this new sea, every air line is necessarily a coastal line. In coastal transportation the further off shore the traffic must be moved the less efficient it becomes in affording transportation to receiving points located along that shore line.

But there is another point at which efficiency may be lost in high speed lanes. The fastest of these lanes would be located in thinning atmosphere, where a large portion of the efficiency of the propeller must of necessity be expended in maintaining level flight. Therefore, unless planes are to be moved along by strong wind forces, their speed depending largely on the assistance of the winds, little would be gained from an air traffic lane at high altitude.

AIR LAW INSTITUTE COMES IN AUGUST

Legal Code to Be Planned at Chicago Meeting

Chicago.—Wizards of the air and of the law will meet in August at Northwestern university to take some measurements of the rights of man in the third dimension.

At the Air Law Institute, a feature of the Northwestern Law college summer session, they will strive to do for the law of the air what was done in other new fields for centuries past by the more difficult medium of experience, according to Dean Emeritus John H. Wigmore and Dean Leon Green.

"While man was content to move and live on a plane surface," Dean Green said, "the problems of the law presented only two dimensions. With his advent into the air the law must be extended into the third."

Experiences of European air experts will be brought to the institute by lecturers on British, French, German and Italian air law—Dr. A. D. McNair, Cambridge university, England; Capt. Albert Roper, secretary general of the Commission Internationale de Navigation Aerienne de France; Dr. Hans Oppikofer, director of the Institut für Luftrecht, Albertus universität, Königsberg, Prussia, and M. Antonio Ambrosini, director of the Italian Instituto do Diritto Aeronautico.

George B. Logan, chairman of the legislative committee of the St. Louis air board and member of the advisory board of the Air Law Institute, and Prof. Carl Zollman, air law lecturer of Marquette university, will represent American law methods.

Prominent among American air and law experts will be Maj. William P. McCracken, former assistant secretary of commerce for aeronautics; Maj. Reed Landis, air ace during the war; Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former assistant United States attorney general and member of the committee on aeronautics of the American Bar association, and Howard Wickoff, general counsel of the American Air Transport association.

Air Reservations to Guard Power Plants

Washington.—Owners of plants or storehouses in which high-explosive material is kept may have them certified as air space reservations so that airplane pilots may be warned to fly around them or at a safe altitude above them, according to an announcement by Clarence M. Young, assistant secretary of commerce for aeronautics.

"Areas once certified, if the public safety dictates, may be required to display distinctive day and night markings in order that airmen may avoid them or fly over at a height sufficient to permit of a reasonably safe emergency landing outside of the danger area thus marked, which in no case should be less than 1,000 feet."

Markings will consist of painted signs bearing the symbol H-X for day-time flying. For night flying a revolving red beacon will be used, or a system of projector lights in conjunction with flashing red lights placed above the structure.

Turning Is Difficult Maneuver for Flyers

One of the maneuvers that the student flyer finds difficult to learn, though not the most difficult, is that of turning. It is quite different from turning an automobile in that the pilot must operate two controls, the stick and the rudder. Two planes of travel must be changed instead of but one.

Poorly made turns have led to airplane accidents. Now the thought grows that the one control or the other used in turning will be made automatic in its operation, probably the aileron which gives the necessary bank to the turn.

A FAMILY DOCTOR'S LAXATIVE IS BEST



Your health is too important! You cannot afford to experiment with your delicate bowels when coated tongue, bad breath, headache, gas, nausea, feverishness, lack of appetite, no energy, etc., warn of constipation. This applies not only to grown people, but more particularly to children. That's why a family doctor's laxative is always the safe choice.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is prepared today under strict laboratory supervision from fresh laxative herbs and other pure ingredients, and exactly according to Dr. Caldwell's original prescription. Today, millions of families rely on Dr. Caldwell's judgment in the selection of their laxative. For Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in bottles ready for use, sold in all drug stores, is now the largest selling laxative in the world!

Overheard

"Is he matrimonially inclined?"
"Well, he's bending all his efforts in that direction."

Plenty There
Although a successful motion picture expert for many years, it was only recently that Arthur Ripley made his first motor trip into the San Bernardino mountains. Not knowing about the steep grades and long climb in second gear, Arthur merely figured by mileage with the result that when he reached the Rim of the World road his gas began to get low. Spying a native, he shouted:
"Hey, feller, where can I get some gas around here?"
"Straight ahead," pointed the man, "the real estate office ain't more than two miles away."—Los Angeles Times.

Golf Ball Easy to Identify
Players may easily know their own golf balls by using one which has just appeared in England. The "identification number" is stamped in red on each of the six "poles" of the ball, so that a player may instantly identify it as his, no matter how bad may be the lie in the rough.

Politeness is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of
Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue
It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.
Procrastination is delightful. That is why there is so much of it.

"flies are highly dangerous" says the U. S. Public Health Service

Spray clean smelling
FLIT
The World's Largest Selling Insect Killer
Kills Flies, Mosquitoes, Moths, Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants
because its stinging vapor KILLS QUICKER
© 1930 Rianco Inc.

Chinese Hunt Ideal Girl
The Chinese are hunting for the ideal girl. A youth of Shanghai recently wrote in a periodical: "The modern Chinese girl must embody all the ancient virtues and all the modern ideals. She must be smart, but not extravagant. She must be sociable, but not boisterous. She must understand politics, but not practice them. She must recognize a man's rights, but must not insist on her own. She must be at once a mate and a maid." He admits that he has been unable to find her.

One doesn't go to his friends for judgment; he goes to them for sympathy.
Happiness is in the heart, not in your surroundings.

AUGUST FLOWER
—brings almost instant relief from terrible colic pains. Banishes heartburn, nausea, sick headache, biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation. Promptly restores good appetite and digestion, and regular, thorough elimination. **GUARANTEED.**
Ends DYSPEPSIA/Quickly!
Sold at all good drug stores.
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 25—1930.
Weddings Come High
Shrimp—Aren't you relieved to have your daughter married?
Lobsterpot—Yes, of about \$500.

The Transcontinental Life Insurance Company
Gives all citizens of The Southwest an invitation to become interested in this Company as; Policyholders, Agents or otherwise.
This is one of the most progressive insurance companies in the west. Proceeding on a safe and sane basis, writing a complete line of policies.
We are now offering our special policy
Triple Indemnity \$5,000
Pays—
\$5,000 At death from any cause
\$10,000 At death from any accident
\$15,000 At death from specified accidents
\$50.00 Per week for total disability from any accident for 52 weeks and—
\$25.00 Per week thereafter throughout disability
Waives premiums in case of total and permanent disability from disease or accident.
Where can you get a policy that does more? Why buy one that does less?
Some desirable territory open for agents
Communicate with agency director about contracts.

DIRECTORS
GEO. A. HENSHAW, President
JOHN E. DICKSON, 1st Vice-President
GEO. A. HENSHAW, JR., Chairman of Board
SCOTT FERRIS, Treasurer
JOHN W. HARRELD, Secretary
HUBERT L. BOLEN, 2nd Vice-President
T. S. DE ARMAN, 3rd Vice-President
T. F. FOSTER, Agency Director

DIRECTORS
R. B. BELL, General Counsel
DR. S. E. FRIERSON, Medical Director
V. V. HARRIS
F. H. SWANK, Norman, Okla.
FRANK BUTTRAM
E. N. AINSWORTH, Amarillo, Texas
J. F. MCKEEL, Ada, Okla.
WILLARD JOHNSTON, Shawnee, Okla.
F. J. WOSIKA

Oklahoma City Oklahoma

Konjola Worked Wonders In My Stubborn Case

Fort Worth Man Relieved of Severe Attack of Rheumatism, Praises New Medicine.



MR. JOE CONNELLY

"For over a year I suffered with muscular rheumatism," said Mr. Joe B. Connelly, 504 Belknap St., Fort Worth. "My entire body was a mass of aches and pains. Finally I was forced to give up my work and was confined to bed. The pains were so severe that I had to be moved very carefully and was helpless and bedridden for three months. My nerves were completely gone and I felt at times that I could not bear my suffering another day.

"I sent away for my first treatment of Konjola and was amazed at the results. Within three weeks I was able to get up and around without assistance. Gradually the pain and soreness left me and I began to feel my old self again. My nerves settled, constipation was completely banished and I do not remember when I have felt as well as I do now. Konjola certainly worked wonders in my case."

Though Konjola works quickly, and many sufferers are greatly benefited in a week, a complete treatment of from six to eight bottles is recommended for thorough results.

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

Mr. Richardson of Muleshoe was a Friona visitor Wednesday.

International Sunday School Lesson

June 29, 1930.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP

Isa. 2:2-4

Golden Text: Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16:16.

Introduction.

REVIEW. During the quarter just closing, we have studied the second half of a six months series of lessons in the Gospel of Matthew. During the first quarter of this year we studied the life of Christ from his infancy until about the middle of the last year of his ministry.

In the first lesson of this quarter we had the notable declaration of faith by the Apostle Peter in the divinity of Jesus. In reply to Jesus' question, "Who say ye that I am?" Peter boldly said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Soon after this the glorious privilege was given to Peter in company with James and John to be with Jesus on the mount of transfiguration. On this occasion they had their faith confirmed by seeing Jesus temporarily clothed in His heavenly glory and by hearing the voice of the heavenly Father saying to them definitely: "This is my Beloved Son."

In the last two lessons we have the account of the consummation of the life work of Jesus, the fulfillment of the great purpose for which he came into the world, viz., his death and resurrection.

The topics and the golden texts of the twelve lessons of this quarter, together with a few seed thoughts in regard to each lesson are as follows:

Lesson 1. The Law of the Cross. Matt. 16:13-26. Golden text. If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.—Matt. 16:24.

Salvation, service, sacrifice. Profession and assurance. A serious, hard message. Their call to the cross.

Lesson 2. The Child and the Kingdom. Matt. 18:1-14, 19:13-15. Golden text. Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me; for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 19:14.

Qualifications for membership in

the kingdom. Things to turn from and throw off. Jesus' evaluation of childhood.

Lesson 3. Jesus Teaching Forgiveness. Matt. 18:14-35. Golden text. Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors.—Matt. 6:12.

Two contrasted picture. Clouded eyes and the Christ. Angels of hope.

Lesson 4. Giving up all for the Kingdom. Matt. 19:1-29. Golden text. Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6:20.

The supreme question. Jesus' invitation. "Come, follow me!"

Lesson 5. Promotion in the Kingdom. Matt. 19:30 to 20:28. Golden text. The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matt. 20:28.

The cross foretold. The request. True and mistaken ideas of the kingdom.

Lesson 6. Jesus Acclaimed as

King.—Matt. 20:29 to 21:46. Golden text. Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.—Matt. 21:9.

The term "Son of David." King by popular approval. The royalty and the humility of our Lord.

Lesson 7. Who is a Good Citizen? (temperance lesson)—Matt. 22:1 to 23:39. Golden text: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. 22:37-39.

A nation is no better than its citizens. The good citizen shares in the government.

Lesson 8. Jesus Describes the Future of the Kingdom.—Matt. 25:1-13. Golden text. Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is.—Mark 13:33. A parable of "final destiny." The inevitableness and uncertainty of our Lord's coming.

Lesson 9. Contrast Between Faithfulness and Slothfulness.—Matt. 25:14-46. Golden text. Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things, enter into the joy of thy lord.—Matt. 25:21. A parable of

judgment according to works, not words. The servants and their talents.

Lesson 10. Jesus in the Shadow of the Cross.—Matt. 26:1-75. Golden text. He went forward a little and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me; Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26:39. Peter and his false confidence. Gethsemane, its location and name. Ordeal, prayer, victory.

Lesson 11. Jesus on the Cross.—Matt. 27:1-66. Golden text. Looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.—Hebrews 12:2. Golgotha, the name and the place. Jesus' acquiescence in the Father's will. The darkness and the dying cry.

Lesson 12. The Risen Lord and the Great Commission.—Matt. 28:1-30. Golden text. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.—Matt. 28:19. The cross never the gospel's final word. The great commission. A universal kingdom.

Misses Marylou Truitt and Bonnie Curry were Abilene visitors last week where Miss Bonnie will attend summer school. Miss Truitt returned home Tuesday.

Make Your Word Good—

The man who looks the whole world in the face, Whose creditors never round after him chase, Is a man to whom we are willing to lend, Because on his word we can always depend; But the man who quits work to fish or to play, And when the sun shines he seldom makes hay, May for a time even wear better clothes Than most of the people to whom he yet owes, But the Friona State Bank has kept tab on his case, And knows that his note is not worth its face.

THE FRIONA STATE BANK

M. M. HENSCHEL, President.

J. M. OSBORN, Cashier

BATTERY CHARGING

Electrical Service

FRED WHITE

AT

FRIONA GARAGE

FASCINATING

Is the word that more particularly describes those new Dresses, Lingerie and Silk Hose now in my Shoppe.

YOU SHOULD SEE THEM SURELY

I am now running special prices on beads, handkerchiefs and House dresses.

Ediths Fashion Shoppe

Harvest Water Bags

J. I. CASE TRACTORS

DeLaval Cream Separators

Blackwell's Hardware & Furniture

"YOUR STORE—USE IT"

FOR MANY YEARS THE SANTA FE GRAIN COMPANY

HAS BEEN SERVING THIS SECTION SATISFACTORILY.

WE HAVE INCREASED OUR FACILITIES AND HAVE

TWO FAST ELEVATORS TO SERVE YOU!

No Waiting

TOP MARKET PRICES

WE WANT YOUR WHEAT!

A Santa Fe Customer Is a Satisfied Customer

SANTA FE GRAIN COMPANY

Friona, Texas

WHERE YOU GET TOP MARKET PRICES AND PERSONAL SERVICE

General (Preach) Cranfill, Manager.