



# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



RESPONSIBILITY

(Copyright, W. N. D.)

## KATIE AND HER QUILT

(By D. J. Walsh.)

EVER since she could remember, Katie had wanted to make a pretty quilt for herself. But she had never had time for anything but the plainest, most utilitarian sewing. Keeping buttons sewed on, stockings darned, hand-me-down clothes made over, for five younger brothers and sisters had kept Katie too busy to do anything so frivolous as to make a quilt for her hope chest.

And after all, why should she be filling a hope chest? She had never time to go out with any beaux—granted she had any beaux to invite her out.

All the same, Katie cherished her dream of a pretty quilt. She had made quite a collection of quilt patterns, for several friends of her invalid mother had given her their choicest patterns. One woman had even offered to cut out the blocks to piece if Katie would just buy the material. But Katie had never had the money she felt she could spare.

That is, not until the last of the five younger brothers and sisters were through high school. Then, her mother being dead, and the care of the house not so pressing, Katie had got herself a job clerking in the dry goods store.

The hours were long, and the pay was small. But even a few dollars a week seemed wealth to the worn little creature who for so many years had scarcely a penny she could call her very own, to do with what she liked.

Unconsciously, day after day, as she stood at the counter, Katie was choosing the color of her quilt, making up her mind whether she would do a log-cabin quilt in green and buff, a double Irish chain in rose and white, or a pinwheel in delft blue and cream. Sometimes, when the remnants of wash goods were especially attractive Katie considered making an old-fashioned quilt of all different kinds of little squares, the colors set in bit or miss.

The quilt was still to be started when the last of Katie's sisters married, and the youngest of the boys went into the navy, leaving the old house so nearly empty that Katie decided to sell it and divide the proceeds among the six of them.

Eleven hundred dollars wasn't as much as it might have been, but it looked like a fortune to Katie when the check for her share of the house money was handed to her. The thousand dollars she promptly put in the bank, but the hundred dollars she had paid to her in crisp, fresh bills. Carefully she folded them and laid them in the very inside pocket of her shabby purse, then walked briskly out of the bank.

Katie, at the age of thirty-three, was about to start filling her hope chest, and the first item was to be a quilt. Some way, when she went to look at the green and buff and rose and delft blue materials, none of them seemed to be just what she really wanted. As a matter of fact, she wasn't quite sure that she wanted to piece a quilt. She thought perhaps she would like to make one of the applique quilts that she had seen advertised in the catalogue from the wholesale house, quilts that had been too expensive to warrant their purchase for the Plainville Dry Goods emporium.

However, with \$100 in her purse, there was nothing to prevent Katie from going to the city to buy a quilt. And that is precisely what Katie proceeded to do.

Never in her beauty-craving, beauty-starved life, had Katie seen such lovely things as were displayed in the windows of the stores. Like a person in a dream, she fastened her eyes upon the exquisite linens, satin-covered down comforts, the fluffy blankets—and the quilts.

In the fancywork section of the largest store Katie found the quilt of quilts. Rose and lavender morning glories tumbling gracefully out of a great wood-brown basket, the handle of which was caught with a huge natter blue bow knot. Rose and lavender morning glories trailing about the border of the quilt.

Katie caught her breath in ecstasy. Lovingly she fingered the squares of white muslin, the petal-shaped pieces of violet and rose, the leaves of green, the slender "ribbons" of blue.

"Want it sent or will you take it with you?" briskly inquired the clerk, to whom Katie's quilt was simply design number three-eleven.

"I'll take it with me," answered Katie.

Hugging the parcel close to her shabby coat, Katie left the store and started back to the room she had engaged in a modest boarding house not so far from the loop. That night Katie slept with the quilt blocks laid on a chair drawn close beside her bed. And the next morning she began work on the first block.

For days Katie sewed. And then she decided to get a job in the store where she had purchased the quilt. Then every day she could gaze at the finished sample quilt—feast her eyes on a picture of what her own quilt would some day be.

City wages went barely as far as those in Plainville, for all that the city wages were nearly double those of the town. Still Katie managed without drawing on her reserve. Spending her leisure sewing cost nothing.

Because she could get a discount from the store where she worked, Katie bought herself a hope chest—a little box-like affair covered with cheerful rose-sprigged cretonne. She also bought an enameled flower pot in which she set a real old-fashioned rose geranium.

It was the rose geranium that first attracted James Dudley. James, being on the 12 to 12 shift of the bus route, never saw Katie herself for weeks after he took a room at Mrs. Casper's "select house." But he saw Katie's geranium. He even ventured into the open-doored room and sniffed hungrily at the fragrance of the funny little deeply-cut leaves.

James also noted the sprigged cretonne-covered chest. The roses in its pattern looked like those in his mother's garden in England.

Mrs. Casper introduced James and Katie one evening when James was laid off with a wrenched wrist, hence was at the select dinner table. After dinner, James, mentioning the rose geranium, was invited by Katie. If he cared to, "To smoke a pipe while she sewed awhile."

Admiringly James gazed at Katie's head, bent over the precious quilt block. "I thought," ventured James, "that American girls were too busy to sew such things."

"Some are—I'm not," crisply retorted Katie.

The long seams of the quilt had been carefully stitched. The binding had been hemmed about the edge. The quilt itself had been completed. The quilt was beautiful, thought Katie, as she folded it and laid it in the little chest. But now that it was done, what was to be made next? She could make one of those taffeta pillows. But some way the idea did not appeal especially to her.

It was James who made up Katie's mind for her. "I haven't much saved up," he apologized, "what with my six years in the army and having to take care of my mother for two years after. But I have a little, and because I drove motor lorries for four years in France, I guess I can hold my job here, and I know you are the kind who will make a wife who is a wife."

Katie smiled happily. She knew what she would sew next. She would buy some of those remnants of dish toweling and commence hemming them.

"Tell you what, Katie," said James, "I never should have had the courage to ask you if you had been the kind who had to be stepping all the time you weren't at work. What decided me was seeing you sewing on the quilt."

### Visitors Attracted to Nation's Rural Schools

It is nothing uncommon now for tourists traveling through the country to stop and pay a visit to a rural school on the roadside. Mostly such visits are made by persons actively interested in educational enterprises, but sometimes the calls are made purely for the novelty of the experience.

Often the teacher puts on a little impromptu entertainment, and where the visitors express a desire to make a donation it is accepted for the library fund. In that way some of the rural school libraries have been considerably augmented. Substantial gifts have followed from casual visits to the rural schools by pleasure travelers, either interested in school problems or wishing to relax for a time from a motor trip in the atmosphere of a country schoolroom. In either case the experience is enjoyed by the pupils as well as the chance visitors.

In one instance a tourist and his wife stopped at a remote rural school for a brief stay. Nothing was thought of the incident, but a few weeks later some needed equipment was delivered at the schoolhouse with the compliments of the visitors, who hailed from another state. What are known in Kentucky as one-room schoolhouses always excite the interest of visitors with a particular bent for observing educational methods and systems.

The rural schoolroom and the surroundings present a better appearance nowadays. Visitors are likely to drop in at any time, and the average rural school now endeavors to make a good impression when company comes, to look around and perhaps to note the progress of the pupils. Certainly visits are an incentive to keeping things neat and trim.—Will Kaltenbacher in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Real Enjoyment

There are two kinds of enjoyment. The sensuous from the depth of the senses, such physical enjoyment as eating a good steak or a chop. Sensuous enjoyments are only momentary and many people are never satisfied, like a person who eats around the chop but never enjoys the chop. Intellectual enjoyments are not so intense, but far more lasting, and one never has to regret them. Rather than ever getting tired of them either, one finds them more and more arresting. Intellectual enjoyments give compound interest.—Exchange.

### Seal Farm in Alaska

Uncle Sam's "fur farm" on the Pribilof Islands, west of the Alaskan mainland, netted a \$1,000,000 crop of seals last year and brought the value of the present herd up to about \$32,000,000. The 31,000 seals killed during the summer are valued at from \$35 to \$40 apiece for their tanned furs. The herd now numbers more than \$72,000 as compared to 250,000 in 1911, the year when the wholesale slaughter was stopped. In the latter part of the Eighteenth century, it is said, the seals in that region totaled some 5,000,000.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)  
 Cease to lament for that thou can't not help,  
 And study help for that, that thou lamentest.  
 —Shakespeare.

### SEASONABLE CAKES

This is the season of the year when we enjoy the rich flavorful cakes, like fruit cake. They are as many and of as different variety as there are tastes to enjoy them. Fruit cakes like good friends, improve with age. The sentiment connected with the wedding fruit cake is carried along each year of the wedding anniversary, when bits of the same cake are still served to celebrate each event. Cake twenty-five years old is even more delicious than it was the year it was made.

**Old English Fruit Cake.**—Take one pound each of seeded raisins and currants, one-half pound of sliced candied citron, one-fourth pound of sliced candied lemon peel, the same of orange peel, one package of dates pitted and chopped, one-half cupful of candied cherries or pineapple, two cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice, fourths teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, eggs, well beaten, the juice of lemon, one-fourth cupful each of orange juice, grape juice and sherry, almond meats and two ounce maraschino cherries finely chopped.

Prepare and mix as usual, mix the dry ingredients, cover the fruit with flour and mix well. Cream butter and sugar, then add beaten fruit, flour and fruit juices. Beat well to thoroughly blend. Place the batter in paper-lined well-greased pans. This recipe yields six pounds of cake, weighed after baking. Bake in six pans, three or in one. Steam three and one-half hours then dry off in a slow oven one hour.

**Golden Fruit Cake.**—Measure one cupful of seeded raisins, add one-fourth pound each of sliced citron, candied orange, lemon and grapefruit peel, one package of coconut, one cupful of blanched almonds, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cupful of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sugar, three eggs, one-fourth cupful of orange juice, and one teaspoonful of orange extract. This makes a three pound cake which may be baked in smaller ones. Prepare as above, bake or steam as desired.

Any fruit cake if desired may be frosted with a good frosting, then decorated with various fruits and candied flowers as one's taste dictates. Usually a cake is not iced until the day before it is to be served, as it loses some of its freshness by standing.

**Home Bureau Cake.**—Take one package of raisins, one package of dates, one-fourth pound of layer figs, one-fourth pound of citron, the same amount of orange and lemon peel, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, the same of mace or nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, three eggs, and one-half cupful each of molasses and coffee. Prepare and bake as usual. This recipe makes a four-pound cake.

**Seasonable Dishes.**  
 At this time of the year when chicken, duck and goose are so freely used, it is wise to remember to use green vegetables and fruits to balance the diet and keep the blood alkaline. A large glass of orange juice at the breakfast table will help to keep the system in good working order.

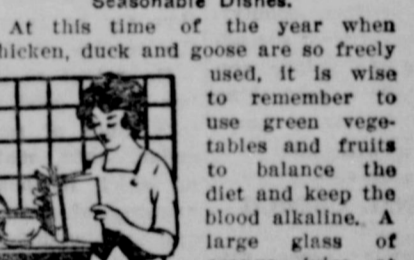
Reduce the morning bacon and eggs on a day when a heavy dinner is to be served. Is it in Holland where they have the custom of serving salt fish the night before a feast day? At any rate it is a good custom, for then with the free drinking of water the alimentary canal is well flushed and one may be ready to take care of a hearty dinner.

**Winter Salad.**—Take equal measures of sliced rich cheese, sweet pickles also sliced, and canned green peas. Serve with a good bottled dressing on lettuce.

**Another Good Cold Weather Salad.**—Take equal measures of chopped olives, peas and peanuts with a spoonful of minced onion. Serve on lettuce with any good dressing.

A delicious sauce to serve with sliced roast of beef is:

**Bordelaise Sauce.**—Take two tomatoes, one onion, one green pepper—all chopped, one clove, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour, one salt spoonful of cayenne pepper and one-half cupful of water. Simmer the vegetables and clove ten minutes. Melt the butter, add the flour, and cook until brown. Now add the vegetables, water and seasoning, simmer ten minutes and add another tablespoonful of butter. Rub through a sieve before adding the flour and butter, then cook until smooth. Serve hot with the meat.



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*Nellie Mason*

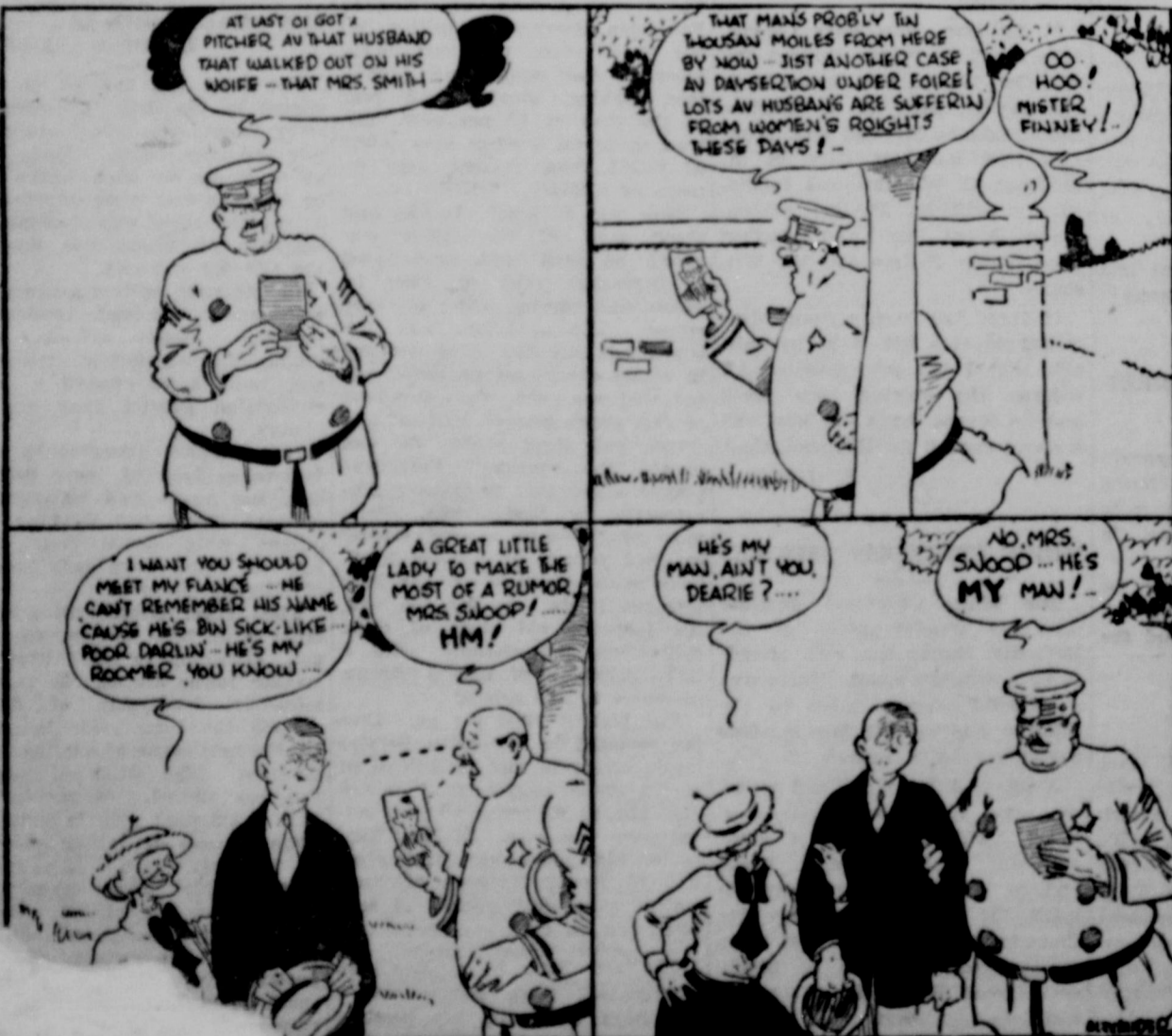
## THE FEATHERHEADS

### Felix Shoots the Most Valuable Bird



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

### Page Fanny Brice





# The Friona Star

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Friona Star is authorized to announce the names of the following persons as candidates for the office under which the name appears, each subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary to be held in July, 1930:

For Sheriff and Tax Collector: A. B. SHORTE, of Friona.

## COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

Well, Christmas has come and gone again. The cycle of months, weeks and days has sped around its mystic cycle, leaving in its wake a train of joys and sorrows, interest and lassitude, fate and fortune and all the woes and blessings common to mankind and most of us have had our allotted share of each.

Christmas is supposed to be a season of joy, of delight and to by far the greater portion of civilized humanity it is. But do you know that the one greatest thing that hinders my having perfectly joyous Christmas-tide is the fact that I know there are so many who cannot have the privilege of a happy Christmas season.

There are thousands of dear little children who cannot know the joys of a visit from Santa Claus, through no fault of their own, and they cannot understand why this is true.

I feel sure that the happiest possible Christmas for me would be able financially to place even a little of the Santa Claus joy within the reach of each of these little ones. I know that would give me more true joy than were I to receive the richest and most beautiful gift that is within the ingenuity of man to prepare or contrive.

Two days before Christmas I stood within the doors of a large store which was utterly filled with articles, almost any one of which would have made a handsome and useful gift for the Christmas-tide.

Not being able to invest in any of the rich and handsome articles with which to gladden the hearts of my loved ones I was not deeply interested in any of them, so I interested myself in watching the throngs of people as they came and went.

They would come in with happy anticipation showing in their faces which with many of them gradually faded away as they looked at and asked the price of one pretty thing after another.

I may have been wrong in my conjecture, but I felt sure I could see the love light in their eyes as they spied some pretty article which they longed to buy for mother, brother or sister, then on being told the price the light suddenly faded and they would mutter something about not being just what they wanted.

That was to my mind another illustration of the fact that the joyous Christmas season does not belong to all alike the joys that it want to bring. Those of limited means love their dear ones as intensely as do the more favored and it weakens their joy to know that they cannot give expression to their love in just as lavish terms as the wealthy.

My neighbor tells me that he does not have any desire to receive beautiful presents from his friends, but he would like to be able to give them to his loved ones.

# The Home Town Bee

By A. J. Dunlap

Sam Bennett had the printing shop, An able man was he, He did his job work all alone And ran the Home Town Bee. He wrote the copy, set the type And put the sheet to bed, He hand-addressed and mailed each one To cut the overhead.

His editorials were deep, His social comment airy, And, given half a chance, he'd write A fine obituary. His sale bills brought the bacon home His ads were bright and sunny And Sam was prompt to pay his bills When he could get his money.

The trouble was - too many folks Would read the Bee for years, But when it came to paying Sam, Were sadly in arrears. Among the sinners great and small Of every known description, I'd head the list with those who failed To pay their Bee subscription.



That reminds me of the fact that in my cogitations last week that I misquoted him. He did not say that he cannot learn as he did during his youth, but that he cannot commit to memory word for word any selection of prose or poetry or passage of Scripture so readily as he then could, but he can read over and gather the thought of the author just as readily as in his younger days.

I am glad, however, that he understands my weakness and is not in the least offended by the fact that I misquoted him.

I suppose we have all heard the jokes about the little girl asking her chum if she believed in Santa Claus. The chum replied: "No, it is just like the devil, it is your father."

Well, I am not finding fault with the little girl for her solution of the mystery, but I know she was wrong. I do believe in Santa Claus. I not only believe in him, but I know he is. He really exists.

The little girl may have been partly right, owing to the fact that he operates through the instrumentality of the father or the mother or some other good friend or relative, but he is just as much a reality as that mysterious existence we call mind, or spirit or soul or life or conscience, or taken all together, we may call God.

We have never seen him and we will never see him, but we can most assuredly feel him and realize his presence in the happy and satisfied expression on the faces of the older ones and the ecstatic delight of the children and the happy countenance of youth.

Santa Claus is a definite and undeniable existence, dwelling in

## MONEY TALKS

Wishing You A Happy New Year

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

New Year Resolutions are usually broken because folks try to live ahead of schedule. They are so busy planning what they are GOING TO DO that they overlook what they should BE DOING.

Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow never comes. So, this TODAY is all the time we really have. If we do our level best today, the FUTURE IS ASSURED.

We Resolve to Serve You Well Each Day.

## FRIONA STATE BANK

FRIONA, TEXAS

as any of those of heathendom, though, of course, not so atrocious.

I believe woman is the equal of man in any and all spheres of life and just as capable of doing her part toward bringing the world up to the full glory of the God who created us. She has honored every sphere of action she has been allowed to enter. The male of humanity is no more a lord of creation than she, who is commonly known as the "weaker sex."

The mayor tells me that the callous that was grown on his back by being roughly ridden by so many ill-fitting saddles concerning the piles of dirt in the street has about disappeared.

In other words, people have found out by a little patience that the city duds mean well and will finally come out all right in their plans or projects if the people will but give them time according to their strength.

Now some of them are worrying over the question of whether or not the city will get gas as a fuel.

It occurs to me that some people would not enjoy life one whit if they had nothing to worry about. They just must have something to cause them to grow gray and bald and to lose sleep over and to give them the appearance of martyrs for some just cause. Now, as I understand the city duds are kind enough to give them that privilege concerning the coming of gas to our city. However, they are advising those who are erecting new buildings to go ahead and equip them for gas.

## BURNING WILL CONTROL CHINCH BUGS, IT IS SAID

Chinch bugs, as usual, are now going into winter quarters in large numbers. They have done millions of dollars worth of damage to the 1929 crops of wheat, oats and corn and are now getting ready for next year. Early next spring, as soon as the wheat and oats get started, these old bugs will come out of hibernation and will develop their first brood, ready to begin their 1930 rampage," says H. M. Bainer, director, Southwestern Wheat Improvement Association. Continuing, he says: "There is no profit in growing crops to feed chinch bugs and it is foolish to do so, especially when systematic burning of their

winter quarters will kill them. The winter quarters of 90 per cent of the chinch bugs will be found along the south and west sides of fences, hedges, ditches, roads, straw stacks and waste patches; under bunch grass, blue stem weeds, straw, leaves, trash, etc. They are usually more numerous where such cover is exposed to the afternoon sun. Nearly all bugs in corn fields, stubble, pastures and woodlands will be found all around the edges rather than out in the center.

Usually all bugs are hid away by December 1, and the sooner their winter quarters are burned after this the better. Good effective burning may be done during and dry spell in December or January. Such bugs as are not destroyed by this early burning will die from winter exposure. A slow fire will kill the largest number of bugs, therefore it is best to back fire and burn slowly against the wind. Burning of bugs is beneficial to individual farmers, but community campaigns are more satisfactory.

Two broods of bugs are developed each year, the first one is ready for the wheat and oats and the second comes in time for the corn and feed crops. It is estimated that the progeny of one female bug, like those now going into winter quarters, will amount to 10,000 by the time the second brood gets to the corn next summer. Therefore to destroy 100 females now is equal to killing one million next summer."

## Important Dont's for Children

Do not touch a fallen or broken wire. It may be a "live" wire, that is a wire that has electricity flowing through it, and which does not have a protecting cover of rubber. Such wires are dangerous and may cause death.

Do not gather cigar or cigarette stumps. It is an unwise thing to do for possibly the person who threw it away had a disease of some sort--infected tonsils or tuberculosis, and the child who puts the stump in his mouth may be

## Ton Litter Paid Well for Feed

Tulla.—Skim milk brought four cents a gallon and grain sorghums \$79.80 per ton fed to an eight-pig litter by W. A. Wood, Swisher county farmer, who has completed the local ton litter contest. The pigs weighed 1680 pounds at the end of 150 days.

The ration as given by the county agent consisted of skim milk, grain sorghums, barley and a commercial protein supplement. Feed and labor cost \$80.32, making the pork cost 4.7 cents per pound.

taking in also the germs of a disease.

Do not put money in the mouth for disease germs are often passed in this way from one person to another. In addition there is always the possibility that coins may slip back in the throat and cause choking.

Do not run with a taffy stick or any sharp pointed instrument in the mouth.

Do not get in front of trains or other fast moving vehicles. "Stop, look and listen" at crossings. Keep off the railroad tracks. Be careful at switches.

Do not persist in swimming just after a meal, or when overheated, nor in unknown or dangerous waters.

Do not throw sand, for sand in the eye is unpleasant and sand in the ear is dangerous.

Do not play with children who have contagious diseases.

If the baby is left in the care of an older child, the child should be taught to keep the baby away from fire and matches.

Give the baby no small or sharp pointed play things.

Keep medicines and poisons out of the baby's reach.

Protect the baby from disease germs such as may be on the floor and dusty carpets.

Remember that pets carry disease germs.

## FERTILIZER INCREASES PRODUCTION OF CORN

Daingerfield.—An extra twenty-five bushels of corn was made on one acre by Richard Crossland, 4-H club boy of Morris county this year by applying 500 pounds of fertilizer. Under favorable moisture conditions he made forty-six bushels of corn on his acre.

## Sweet Clover Cut Butterfat Cost

OILTON.—When his sweet clover pasture began playing out in June the cost of producing butterfat went up three cents per pound, so George Bohner, one of Lamb county's dairy demonstrators discovered. In May when ground kafir and sweet clover pasture were used his two cows produced 67.6 pounds of butterfat at a cost of 5.2 cents per pound for feed, according to records brought out in the cow-test-by-mail application. These cows produced 129 pounds of butterfat in June at a cost of 8.2 cents per pound.

## Corn Produced for 36c a Bushel

Anderson.—Corn was produced this year at a cost of 36 cents per bushel by Ed Scyzymczek, who grows crops on terraced land, plants cow peas down the corn middles and uses commercial fertilizer. In his demonstration this year he applied 300 pounds of 12-4-4 fertilizer per acre at a cost of \$2.00 per hundred. It increased the corn yield sixteen bushels an acre, W. L. Ross, county agent, stated.

WE OF

# WILKISON CHEVROLET COMPANY

Truly appreciate the patronage given us by the buying public during the past year and extend to all our most sincere wishes for a

## Happy New Year

—And a continuous onward march to prosperity. The possession of a

**NEW CHEVROLET SIX**

will help to turn the trick.

YOURS FOR A BETTER AND BUSIER FRIONA

WISHING YOU ALL

# A Happy and Prosperous New Year

—And thanking our many good friends and patrons for their liberal support and patronage during the year 1929, which is just closing. We feel ready to enter the coming year, 1930, fully prepared to give to our patrons a SERVICE unsurpassed by any in our line of business and to fully satisfy each patron shall be our HIGHEST AIM, with a full and complete line of Groceries, Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes, Work Clothes, Hosiery, Lingerie, Etc.

# T. J. CRAWFORD

## Greetings---

—Not in the sense of custom only, but with a genuine appreciation of our pleasant associations, we extend to you our best wishes, and may the happiness of good cheer of the Holiday Season be yours throughout the year.

# CITY DRUG STORE

J. R. Roden, Proprietor.

## PLUMBING

We have established a plumbing works for the City of Friona and we are prepared to do

**ALL KINDS OF PLUMBING WORK**

Our work is guaranteed and our prices are reasonable.

We Want Your Work

O. D. & E. B. McCLELLAN

**DR. C. E. WORRELL**  
—Eyesight Specialist  
112 E. Fourth Street Clovis, New Mexico  
We devote ourselves exclusively to the care of the eyes.

WE WISH

# A Happy and Prosperous New Year

—For all our patrons and other friends. May each day of the coming year, 1930, be fraught for you with peace and plenty. May your pathway be strewn with garlands of rare beauty and fragrance and studded with jewels of life, health, happiness, comfort, friendship and prosperity.

**Rockwell Bros. & Company**  
LUMBER  
O. F. Lange Manager

FRIONA STATE BANK  
FRIONA, TEXAS







