The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY.

VOLUME 6—NUMBER 8. FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1930. $1.50 PER YEAR

COACH MIMS HAS 26 PLAYERS IN UNIFORM FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE; OUTLOOK IS GOOD

On the first day of school, Monday, Coach Mim's call for football players was responded to by 26 eager men, this being a more enthusiastic turnout than has been the case for several seasons.

Three letter men reported, Glenn Reeve, tackle; John Luther Furlong, end, and Clifton Boatman, guard. These three men did fine work last season, and all express themselves as confident of a good season this year.

Reeve was unanimously elected captain to pilot the Chiefs in their encounters with neighboring teams. He is ready for smashing line work and gives promise of leading his teamates through the line often for tackle.

Those who played last year but did not letter, reporting were Dayton Hanson, Frank Truitt, Lynn Bebbett. All five are working hard for places on the team and are anxious for the first games to come.

From Bovina comes McDonald Silvertooth, who weighs 185 pounds and stands six foot six. He gives great hope of developing into a dreaded tackler to keep the defense in excellent performance and to help his team mates crash the opposition lines. Silvertooth has made Friona his home and is making his way through school by means of local work.

Coach Mims issued uniforms and gave the boys a light workout the first day. Each noon sees the boys hard at work on the gridiron in an effort to condition themselves. The first week passed with his men passing, charging, tackling the dummy, and going through vigorous exercises. Many sore muscles were in evidence after the first few days, but in another week the kinks will be worked out and the men sharpened for the first battle.

Those men not mentioned and who reported are Allen Guinn, Ausburnne Loflin, Lee Euler, Wilmot Crowe, Lex Alexander, John Beatty, Dennis White, J. W. Morton, Merrill Furlong, Roy Johnson, Dock Camp, Clifford Crowe, Melvin Manns, Jimmie Owen, Clarence Taylor, Paul Sympson and Carl Manns.

Some good material for line and back field is in this group of new men and Coach Mims says he is watching them closely to determine which men are needed for the vacancies and all show promise.

The boys hope that Friona will support them loyally as they try to represent the town from time to time. The Star is promised a full and true report of the performances and accomplishments of the Chiefs throughout the football season.

WOMAN'S CLUB REPORT

The Friona Woman's Club held its first regular meeting of the year Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. V. E. Hart, a mile and one-half north of town, with 20 members present, and Mmes. Hart and Maples as hostesses.

The subject for discussion was Club Activities, and the roll call response was A plan for increasing funds for our club house.

The program follows:

Lesson in parliamentary law: Mrs. Livings.

General discussion, The ideal club organization, led by Mrs. Goodwine.

Reading, I Know Something Good About You'\ Mrs. Fred White.

After the program the usual social hour was enjoyed, during which the hostesses served refreshments of iced tea, chicken sandwiches and wafers.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. O. F. Lange no Wednesday afternoon, September 24, with Mmes. Lange and Dilger as hostesses.

REPORTER.

STORK-O-GRAM

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Johnson, a son at the home of his parents.

AN ERROR

The Star begs to correct a misstatement made in last week's issue concerning Ed Massie's visit to Carlsbad cavern. The article stated he drove there with his mother and sister, waiting outside while they went through, but it should have been stated he went through the cavern while the ladies refrained from the trip, thinking it would be too much of a trip for Mrs. Massie, whose health is not good.

TO BEGIN WHEAT SEEDING SOON

W. P. Cogdell who was here visiting his son, W. F., returned to his home at Lone Wolf, Oklahoma, last week, returning again to Friona Sunday. Mr. Cogdell says it is still very dry in Oklahoma, they having had no rain in many weeks. He says there has been lots of rain at his son's farm seven miles southeast of Friona recently and that the soil is in prime condition for seeding and that he has returned to help in planting a large wheat crop which work they begun early this week and expect to push as rapidly as possible until finished. He says his son's row crops are now promising and that if he could secure a contract for cutting 400 or 500 acres of crop he would buy a binder and get at it.

FAMILY REUNION

A happy group of people assembled at the John White home on 11th street last Sunday and spent the day. The group constituted a family reunion and consisted of Mrs. M. E. Sympson, with all her children and a few of her grand children, and the day was spent in social conversation, with a bounteous meal served cafeteria style at the noon hour.

Those present were Mrs. Sympson, her three sons, J. H., E. L. and L. G., and four daughters, Mmes. Brownfield, White, Harry and Hart, and the grandchildren were Fred and Orma White, Paul Sympson, Everett and Ruth Harry, Roy, Wanda and Elda Hart. Others present were Mrs. J. H. Sympson, Mrs. L. G. Sympson, Mrs. Everett Harry and Mrs. Fred White.

This is the first time in many years that Mrs. Sympson has had all her children together.

REV. BEATTIE RECALLED.

By unanimous vote of the Congregational church in business session Sunday morning, a unanimous vote extended a call to Rev. J. L. Beattie to remain as pastor of the congregation another year. It had been privately arranged that Rev. Beattie end his pastorate, and he had prepared his resignation, but when this information became public it met with such unanimous protest from the membership that the above mentioned meeting was called with the named result.

It is understood that Rev. Beattie has accepted the call and will remain to serve the Friona parish alone instead of giving half his time to the Spring Lake congregation, as in the past.

IN THE BEAN COUNTRY

W. H. Guyer who has been doing farm work for F. T. Schlenker this summer, finished his work on the farm and moved to town. He took this as a good time to take a vacation and got in his car and left for the mountains. He writes from Mountainair, N. M., that the bean harvest opened there and within 15 minutes after arrival he had an offer of a job harvesting beans which he accepted and is now busy gathering beans.

SOLD BARBER SHOP

Jack Anderson who has been operating a barber shop here for several years, sold his interest to Mr. Edgerton. Mr. Anderson won a large circle of friends and patrons who regret to learn he has sold out. He has not decided what he will do, but probably will go to Clovis and re-enter business.

GIRLS HERE FOR SCHOOL

Misses Mildred and Elizabeth McMurray of Black have moved to Friona to enter high school. Miss Mildred will make her home with Prof. and Mrs. Conway and Miss Elizabeth will live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Guyer.

The young ladies are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McMurray, of the Black community.

LADIES AID

The Congregational Ladies Aid held its regular meeting at the church Friday afternoon of last week and the time was spent in quilting and social chat. The next meeting will be with Mrs. H. W. Wright, south of town, on September 19.

As French Flyers Completed Paris-New York Hop

When Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte, French airmen, landed their plane "Question Mark" at Curtiss Field, New York, after a non-stop flight from Paris, they earned the distinction of being the first ever to fly from the mainland of Europe to the United States. In the above picture, Coste, bouquet in hand, is shown being carried from the field with police escort. The plane is pictured below before the flyers emerged from their cock-pits.

BOUGHT BIG ROAD MACHINE

County Commissioner Meade of Friona, and Menefee of Lazbuddie, have combined in the purchase of a new road machine which is called a road breaker or scarifier, to be used to break up the hard soil along the highways.

Judge Meade states that the ground has become so hard that it is hard to loosen it with a grader, thus making it much slower and more expensive grading and the new machine will not only speed up the work of the grader, but will lessen the expense. The machine is very heavy in order that the points may be kept in the ground while in use. The new machine was taken away from the depot Tuesday morning to be put to work on the highways near Friona at once.

WILL TEACH AT BORGER

Miss Mary Reeve departed last Saturday for Borger where she will teach in one of the ward schools this year. The appointment came as a surprise to Miss Reeve, as she had never made application for the position, which came solely on recommendation from the faculty at the W. T. S. T. C., Canyon, based on the work done in that institution while a student there.

Miss Reeve will have charge of the primary department of the school in which she is employed.

TOO WET TO WORK

Will Thomas, two miles south of Homeland, was in town last Saturday and stated that his land was too wet to work and he would not be able to do any farming before Monday, as the result of a good rain which fell there the latter part of last week.

Mr. Thomas says his cotton will make a fair yield, but that the rain waited too long to benefit his corn. Other feed crops will be benefitted by the recent rain.

MODERN FARM HOME

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Russell, who live 11 miles northwest of Friona, are making one of the most beautiful and modern farm homes to be found on the Plains. A year or more ago they erected a new residence, which is conceded to be one of the most beautiful in design and finish of any in the Friona territory and at this time have workmen installing plumbing and fixtures that will place it in the front ranks of modernly equipped farm homes.

A large steel storage tank is being put in which will furnish running water for the kitchen and bath and supply outdoor fountains for watering lawns and gardens. He is also building a large barn, 40 by 40 feet, and modern. F. A. Cannon is the carpenter, L. G. Sympson the plumber.

WILL HAVE GOOD SORGHUM

Fallwell Brothers, who have a large acreage of row crops planted 16 miles northwest of Friona, report that they will have some very good yields there despite the drouth.

Two weeks ago C. H. Fallwell reported that their 400 acres of sorghum cane was at that time entirely ruined, being burned, as he thought, past saving and predicted an utter failure for the crop this season. At the time he had visited the crop a rain fall of two or more inches had fallen on it the day before, and on visiting it again this week he finds that it has grown wonderfully and now predicts a bountiful yield of fodder with some seed.

DID YOU GET A TICKET?

We wonder if you received one of those small orange-colored sheets of paper which the Star office sent out several days ago.

The small sheets informed you that your subscription to the Star had expired and that we wished to retain your name on our list, which might be done by your sending us your renewal for another year. We sure do not want to lose any of our subscribers and hope you will not forget to send in your renewal at once as we shall be obliged to remove the name otherwise.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT!

BUSINESS STREETS OF FRIONA WILL BE SURFACED, CALICHE IS PLANNED BY MASS MEETING

WHEAT COMING UP

In an interview with L. F. Lillard while he was in town Wednesday forenoon, it was learned that he now has 400 acres of his contemplated wheat crop of 800 to 1000 acres already planted.

Mr. Lillard says that of this 400 acres planted, about 200 acres are up to a good stand, but a scarcity of moisture on the remainder of his land has caused him to lay off sowing until more rain falls.

Mr. Lillard says that the recent rains on his farm are having good effect on the few weeds that have sprung up on his land. He is making use of a part of the time while waiting for moisture in grinding up a supply of feed for his dairy and herd cattle. He is using a mixture of grains, one of which is wheat.

DON'T KNOW PANHANDLE

The Star is in receipt of an article on the "Value of Farm Pastures and Cover Crops," by Robert Nicholson, president of the Robert Nicholson Seed company, and sent out by the Carpenter-Rodgers company, Dallas.

This treatise is a lengthy one and would fill two columns of the Star, and is sent with permission to be used, but on glancing thru it we find that while it is a good article for practically every part of Texas, it does not seem to realize that there is such a part of the state as that known as the Plains, or Panhandle country.

The paper gives as many as seven formulas for mixing grass and clover seed to form pasture and cover crops, all recommended for the other parts of the state, but not one, in the opinion of the writer, would be practical for this section.

Evidently the writer has not heard of the richest and most beautiful part of Texas, or else knew so little about it that he did not venture a formula for Panhandle pastures.

There is perhaps no part of the state so much in need of a desirable practical pasture crop as this, and especially is this true since so many farmers are turning attention to the dairy side of farming and some one who understands this work should figure out a crop that will answer the needs here.

Many are finding the value of sweet clover as a dairy pasture crop and others should be encouraged to give it a trial. The writer of the article mentioned has given one paragraph to the qualities and value of clover, which is worth consideration of Plains farmers and dairymen, which follows:

"Sweet clover is the salvation of black land farms that have been cotton or one-cropped to death. It leads them all as a soil builder and restorer of lost fertility. Sweet clover matures the second year after it has been planted. If planted with oats in early fall or spring it will ordinarily attain six or eight inches growth by the time oats are ready to harvest and with a good season it will make a cutting of one half to two tons of hay that season, or if allowed to stand after the oats are removed will make heavy growth to turn under in the fall. If cut for hay the first year and allowed to grow until the following spring another cutting of hay may then be had and then it may be allowed to mature and reseed itself for the following season, or just as it begins to flower, plowed under for a manure crop. Farmers who have tried it say sweet clover and oats are a better money crop than cotton. Every farmer should plant some of this wonderful soil-building clover."

GONE TO COLORADO

Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Gischler left Sunday for Southern Colorado to be gone indefinitely. They have gone there looking for a suitable business location and if they find it may make their home permanently. Their Friona friends regret their departure, but extend best wishes for their prosperity.

LAKEVIEW TRUCKS TO FRIONA

There are two school trucks coming in from Lakeview district to the Friona school this year instead of one, as was the case last year. Mr. Maggard, who drives one of the trucks carries the pupils to Lakeview then brings those who are in high school to Friona.

A called meeting of the business men of the town was held at the M. A. Crum office Monday night to discuss the feasibility of placing a coat of gravel or caliche on a part of Main street and two blocks of Sixth street. There were 12 men present and the matter was discussed at some length by some of those present as to methods of applying the caliche and of getting it transported from the nearest known bed to the streets.

Judge Meade was present and announced that the city might secure some aid in this matter but could not tell definitely how much. It appeared to be the consensus of opinion that the citizens should donate at least equal to the amount of aid that might be received and that nothing would be done until the exact amount of aid should be learned.

Plans for applying the material were first to loosen dirt now in the street, grade it, then apply the caliche and wet it. Others claimed that loosening the street bed would be labor thrown away and that all that will be necessary is to wet the street thoroughly before applying the caliche and again after it had been leveled down to the desired grade. The latter method, as explained by Mayor Landrum, seemed to be the more economical and satisfactory and was approved.

No definite time was set for the work to begin, but it was the general opinion that now is the most fitting time since there is plenty of labor to be had, as many people are now waiting for rain in order to begin other work.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Graduates of Friona high school who are attending various colleges in the state, leave this week to take up college work.

Hadley Reeve returns to Canyon; Otho Whitefield to Texas Tech, and Misses Alice Guyer, Mary Kathryn Crawford and Margaret will be students in C. I. A., Denton.

Miss Laverna Wimberly, who taught in a school at Panhandle last year, has returned to take up the duties of the same position this year.

LOCAL BUSINESS IMPROVES

Judging from appearances and remarks dropped by men of affairs in Friona, one is led to assume that business conditions are gradually picking up. There appears to be more traffic on the streets and more goods and wares in transit to and from stores and other places of business, and the general attitude is for a more lively business interest.

COMIN SOON

A home talent play, under auspices of the W. M. S. Save your pennies and watch for the time and place. Come and you will surely spread your face. 1t

MOVES TO TOWN FOR SCHOOL

Mrs. F. T. Schlenker and children have moved to Friona for the winter in order that the young folk may be convenient to school; not that they do not have a good school at Rhea, where their home is, but that Miss Amelia, who has completed the course at Rhea, may have the advantages of the Friona high school. The family moved into one of the J. J. Horton cottages on Euclid avenue, which makes them most convenient to the school building.

HOME NEARS COMPLETION

The new residences being erected, one by Mayor Landrum on Euclid avenue and Seventh street, the other by A. C. Echols on Summit avenue and Tenth street, are nearing completion.

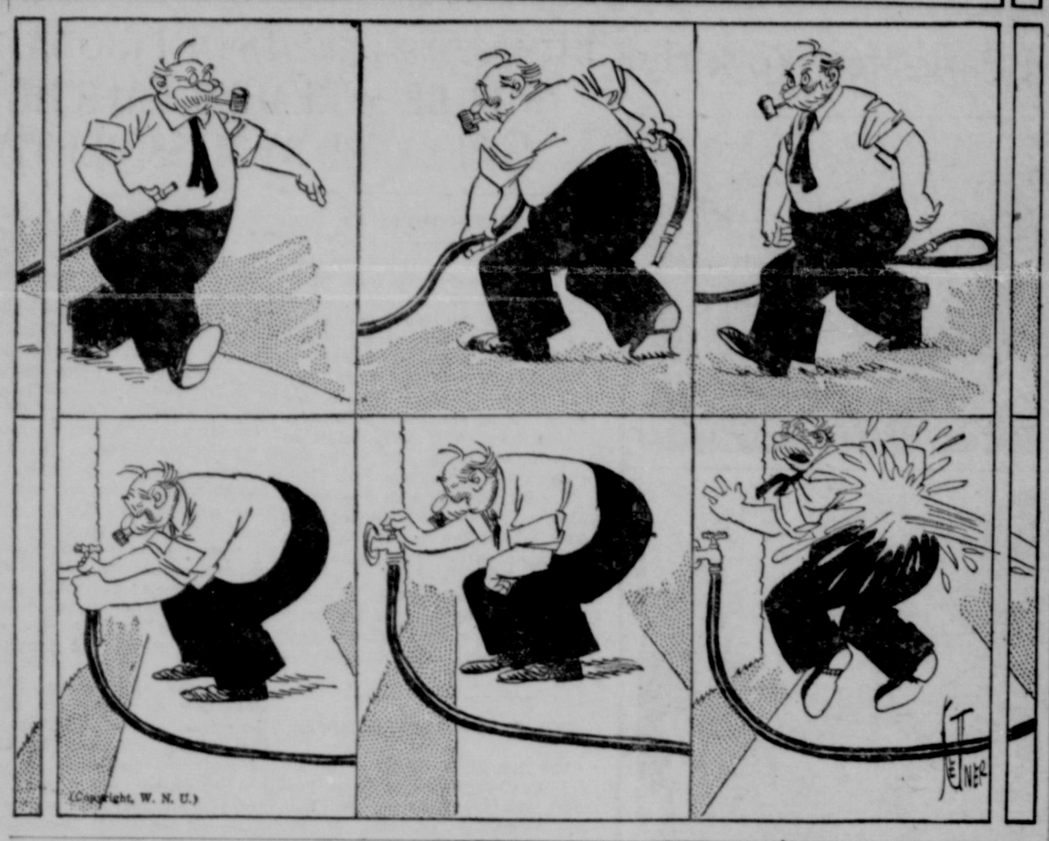
Both houses are ready for the stucco and workmen are busy with the interior finish. Each house, when completed, will be a handsome addition to the residential parts of the city.

VAN PELTS HAVE VISITORS

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. McQuinn and adopted daughter, Ruth, of Roanoke, Texas, visited Mr. and Mrs. Van Pelt last week. The two families left Monday morning for a short trip into New Mexico. They attended the Fiesta at Santa Fe and visited Taos and Cimarron. The McQuinns left Saturday for San Angelo and other points south before returning to their home.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



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FINNEY OF THE FORCE — Stripped, Bound and Gagged

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THE FEATHERHEADS — A Good Caddie

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CAMERA EYE HAD THE NECESSARY EVIDENCE

By STEWART ROBERTSON

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

NINETY minutes before the opening game of the world's series, two ominous looking limousines, painted battleship gray, slithered to a halt near an entrance to the baseball park. From each clambered four covertly watchful passengers who ranged themselves closely around the door of the leading car as a jaunty figure descended into their midst.

The emergence from his bullet-proof fortress to the hard, clear light of an October afternoon caused no apparent tremor in this genial personage as he slanted a flaring scarlet whoopee hat over his bluish-black curls and surveyed his guards with a satisfied grin. "Leave us go, boys," he husked. "I been hardly able to sleep all week, waitin' to see a champeenship." The little phalanx laughed knowingly with the proper shade of approval for their superior's delicate wit, and moved slowly toward the gates, winking at sundry policemen en route.

"Camera Eye" Flanagan, posted midway down a ramp, saw the newcomers approaching and as they drew level his glance swiftly catalogued the group, coming to rest on the central figure. "'Lo, Rocco," he said briefly, and waited.

"Ah, there, flatfoot," greeted Black Rocco with the arrogance becoming a racketeer beyond the stigma of a tap on the shoulder. "Kinda surprised to see me, hey?"

"A little," admitted Camera Eye. "Thought you'd be too smart to come out in the open where Limpy might take a crack at you. Say, I didn't know you were strong for baseball."

"I'm nuts about it," grinned the other from behind his wall of sentries. "Limpy? Why, he's blew the town. Just yella, that's all."

"Some hat you got there, Rocco," said the detective slowly. "Say, I heard Limpy was cutting in on your profits a while back."

"Oh, yeah?" sneered the gangster. "Well, if you listen good you'll hear some people sayin' them Athaletics is goin' to take the Cubs. That kind of dope don't burn so easy. That's why I bought this headpiece—to celebrate, see? Good old Chi! No outsiders can get away with nothin' we want."

Camera Eye watched the party head for their box, and then went back to his business of searching faces. After all, he mused, a fan was a fan, and leaders in many other prominent, if less notorious, industries would be in the ball park about now. The department should be notified. . . . Another surge of rabid enthusiasts occupied his attention.

Down in his box Black Rocco turned up his coat collar against the chill wind that swept in from the west, and smiled sourly. What a gag, this sportsman stuff! Here he was, sitting a few yards away from some of the Lake Shore drive swells. Wouldn't they squawk if they knew they were that close to the West Side Weasel!

His thick lower lip protruded viciously as the term crossed his mind. The newspapers had hung that on him, besides running a flock of editorials demanding his conviction. If they'd only called him King of Gangland, or The Leopard, like he'd seen in stories, it wouldn't have made a guy sore. As it was, Mr. Rocco was off newspapers.

The arrival of a mayor received scant notice. A mere governor created not a ripple. Then of a sudden the crowd was on its feet, shouting raucous welcome as the vanguard of substitutes appeared for practice. Four of the eight men turned to watch their chief.

"Now," said Rocco. He rose carelessly with them, strolling down to a rostrum beneath the stands. In a shadowy corner the scarlet hat was transferred to a man about his own build in exchange for one of nondescript black felt. "I certainly wish I could stay with you stiffs," he said enviously, "but this thing's a matter of pride, see?"

"Hurry back," grunted the man, "an' you'll see the last few innin's. Them's the most important, anyhow." He leered wisely.

Rocco swiftly threaded his way to an unfrequented bleacher exit, hailed a suspiciously alert taxi and was driven a few blocks across town to where Bittersweet Place ends its short career on the lake front. From there a speedboat carried him out to a blue and orange seaplane, and in five minutes its pilot had it winging north.

The scalloped shore line streamed below him. Waukegan, Kenosha, Racine—and then the plane dipped smoothly to the surface of Milwaukee harbor. Another speedboat detached itself from the green walk of Juneau park, and Rocco stepped aboard, his dark face alight with eagerness.

"Just an hour since we left Chi," he said gayly. "You're sure he's there?"

"Two degrees surer than positive," grinned the motorboat runner. "An' he don't suspicion his dame sold him out for five grand, neither. Here's the key she gave me."

A street car brought him to the corner of Eleventh street and he walked quickly down it to a frame house between Wells and Cedar. A moment later he had eased his way into the stuffy vestibule.

A few dragging footsteps heralded an approach.

"'Lo, Limpy," said the intruder, as a man appeared in the doorway. "No, don't try that; grab air, you skunk! Cut into my territory an' hi-jack my alky, will you?"

"I didn't know it was yours," gasped Limpy, his eyes riveted on the dull black automatic in the gloved hand. "I quit when I found out who I was up against. For God's sake, don't put me on the spot, Rocco. Don't—"

The automatic spat noiselessly once, twice. Rocco leaned down to inspect his handiwork, then moved to the telephone, where he gave a series of groans in response to the operator's "number, please." Leaving the receiver dangling, he let himself out of the back door and walked briskly down the slope of Wells street. "I wonder what's the score," he mumbled.

He found the answer at the bottom of the hill. A mob of men and boys were jammed patiently before an animated scoreboard erected in front of the office of an evening newspaper.

* * * * * *

He reached the ball field in time to witness the ninth-inning Philadelphia triumph, and then waited with his henchmen until the crowd had thinned before being escorted to the rolling fortress. On the way out he took care to pass Camera Eye Flanagan.

"Still safe?" said the detective, eyeing him narrowly. "How is it you look so warm after being out in this wind? Your pals are cold, but not you, I notice. It must be that hat."

"Maybe," grinned Black Rocco.

"Speak up," said the chief of detectives sharply. "What do you know about this Limpy Doran murder?"

"Zero," returned Black Rocco.

"Limpy was killed in Milwaukee yesterday afternoon," pursued the chief. "We know he'd been bothering you, and we know your reputation. We brought you down here because we've something on you. Now, then, where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"At the world series," answered Rocco tensely. "Want to make me prove it?"

"You'll have to," advised the chief, "because Detective Flanagan has—"

"Camera Eye!" exulted the gangster. "Why, he's the very one who can wise you up about me. I seen him out at the park, an' spoke to him, even. Call the son-of-a-gun in."

The chief pressed a buzzer, and the detective stepped into the room, nodding casually to the visitor. "Where's the red hat?" he inquired.

"I'm mournin' for Limpy," grinned Rocco.

Camera Eye regarded him keenly. "I'm not going to sweat you," he drawled. "A fellow like you has too good a grip on himself to get excited. Am I right?"

"You said somethin', flatfoot. I got brains."

"Exactly. Too many brains to go yelling around like a certain party in a red hat did at yesterday's ball game."

Rocco's eyes flickered warily. "Oh, yeah?" he said noncommittally.

"That is, up to the ninth inning, and then he quieted down," said Camera Eye. "I was on duty away back in the stands, but I thought that red hat was being pretty lively for you—if it was you."

"Sure, it was me. You seen me comin' out, didn't you?"

"I saw you the last time, yes." Camera Eye sat down on the edge of the desk and leaned over to look into the gangster's face. "You were in Milwaukee yesterday, Rocco. I don't know yet how you got there, but we'll check that up later. You killed Limpy at half past three, and probably planted that telephone alibi, but the Milwaukee newspaper—"

"Newspapers? What do they know about me. You're crazy, I tell you. Can't you believe them camera eyes you're supposed to have?"

"I was beginning to doubt them," admitted the detective, "until I came across another one that helped me out." He unfolded a piece of newsprint and held it carefully beyond the grasp of Black Rocco. "See this? It's a picture taken at 3:40 p. m. of the crowd watching the scoreboard at the newspaper office. See that white circle drawn around one fellow who's near the front? That's you, Rocco, with that ugly lip of yours stuck out far enough to satisfy any jury that ever lived."

"You can't railroad me," defied the gangster. "A newspaper photo! Why, that guy in the circle might be anybody."

"But it isn't," said Camera Eye softly. "The newspaper cinched things by making an enlargement so they could identify you."

"What is this?" whined Black Rocco, the superstition of his breed creeping over him. "Since when has newspapers been coppers? An' how could they know I done it when—"

"Grab him!" snapped the chief. "Got all that, stenographer? Good."

"Newspapers are smart, and sometimes they're lucky," said Camera Eye, as he handcuffed his prisoner. "See the caption under the picture? 'If the gentleman whose head appears within the white ring will present himself at the treasurer's office, he will be presented with a ticket for tomorrow's world's series game. This is one more method by which the newspaper seeks to hold the faith and the admiration of its readers.' You see, Rocco, if you hadn't been a fan—Oh, all right all right. Cut out that language, and I'll send for your lawyer."

A Sour Stomach

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Ask your Druggist for
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W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 36--1930.

The Handsome Man

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggy." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfies him. Little is left of the estate, and Lady Sandison proposes that they go to the United States to visit her brother, Robert MacBeth, wealthy contractor. Sir George agrees. MacBeth lives on an island estate with his daughter, Roberta, who longs for city life. MacBeth is a victim of arthritis and almost helpless. MacBeth is glad to see his sister and asks the two to stay.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—6—

It was Roberta who had selected Indian Lodge and had used her father's name when she telephoned and arranged for luncheon. Juan had, obligingly in the modern manner, left it all to her. Juan, who had angelicized his first name, and was known as "Jack" Navarro, was a slim, clever, dark, young man of what is commonly called the Latin-American type. His eyes, looking like dead black cinders or live coals, according to his mood, were always capable of keeping his thoughts from Roberta.

He was regarding her now with extreme impatience and not a little contempt, though this Roberta could not see. She saw only his obvious good-looks and his odd, but to her, charming manners. Jack was "so différent." It was to come here and meet Jack that she had quarreled with her father. She saw herself as a daring and sophisticated young woman, hampered by an old-fashioned parent with ridiculous ideas of what his daughter should and should not do.

To Jack Navarro, with a cosmopolitan upbringing and a sophisticated outlook on women and life, Roberta was a rather troublesome child. But he had orders to keep her amused and interested and he was doing this, with an ease that bored him. They had reached and finished the dessert stage, and Jack had produced, with a flourish, the expected and inevitable silver flask. Roberta, though her pulses quickened at this sign that she was regarded as an experienced woman, shook her head.

"Can't," she declared. "No use asking me, Jack. In the first place I don't like it, and in the second place I've given my father my solemn promise I won't touch it until I am twenty-one."

Jack shrugged his shoulders, helped himself and slid his flask back into his pocket. Drinking was not countenanced at Indian Lodge, and one had to be careful how one did it, if one wanted to come again. It was a convenient place to meet this girl and Jack knew there was need of caution until he got what he wanted. Sometimes he doubted if he would succeed with her. She was to him so essentially stupid, so unused to, or slow to grasp meanings of looks or words in the game they were playing. These North American girls were so often educated in everything else but sex.

Still he had been told that to intrigue this girl was his share of the business on hand, so he lifted his eyes and gave her a long look and a slow smile. "Any hurry?" he asked.

The girl looked at him doubtfully. "Well, I don't feel exactly comfortable leaving father alone so long. I should have gone back when I saw those servants going to the island. He can't move, you know, without help."

Jack's eyes were cinders. "Is that so? Permanent?"

Roberta shook her head. "Oh, no. The doctor says he will be all right in a little while. It's just that his rheumatism is rather severe, just now."

Navarro looked at her narrowly. "How soon will you be able to meet me again? Tomorrow night?"

Roberta shook her head. "I don't believe so. It isn't easy to get away at night. Day after tomorrow, I might, but tomorrow I'll be busy with the new servants. I won't have time for anything else."

She took a cigarette from him and, as he lighted it for her, looked at him a little curiously.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"What is funny?" He asked it quickly, and with the foreigners' sensitiveness to the American's strange idea of what is "funny."

"That we should see so much of each other in this way. When Hal Brice introduced us at the Princeton football game, I never expected to see you again."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you're so much older, and Hal said you were frightfully sophisticated."

Navarro smiled, relieved. He had forced Brice to give him that introduction at a price and whether he liked it or not. One never knew what an American like Brice might say. They knew at once so much and so little. But Brice had fortunately held his tongue.

"He is a nice boy, that Hal Brice, and he plays a good game, but he is too young—just a boy—to play my game."

"What is your game?" Roberta asked it with something of her father's directness.

"Just now it's making you like me more than a little, Roberta," he said softly, and put his hand gently over hers.

Roberta looked at him now flushing, a little puzzled. It was part of this man's fascination that he spoke sparingly and was lavish with his caresses—in private. It confused the girl, made it hard for her to judge him coolly, as she did the boys of her own set and age. She did not even know whether she liked it or not, whether she really liked Jack, but she could not run away, and she came back again, and again, still undecided. "I do like you, Jack, only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—I like other people, too."

"As well?"

"Better," answered the honest Roberta, with a smile that robbed her speech of all brusqueness. "You see I've known them longer."

"The first time I saw you," Jack said it so softly and with such apparent calmness that Roberta wondered at him, and at herself, "I loved you so

"Just Now It's Making You Like Me More Than a Little, Roberta."

well that no one I had known before counted. There has been only you in all the universe since our meeting, Roberta."

Roberta drew a long breath. It was marvelous and so tremendously grown up to listen to a man—not a boy, but a full-grown man—saying such things to her! Why, Jack must be all of twenty-five! And her father treated her like a child! But though Roberta was dazzled she was not blinded, nor carried off her feet, yet. She was conscious of a great disappointment with herself, that his words did not raise more tumult in her breast. It must be because she had grown older and more used to things, that she could listen to such speeches and feel, though her breath came faster, and she liked it, that she was not greatly moved.

"Will you not come tomorrow?" Jack asked her again. "I ask you to." There was something behind the voice, something hard and insistent, something mocking, something that said that she was only a woman and must do what he asked. It was the first touch of the iron hand of his will behind the velvet glove of the foreign manners that so charmed her.

"No!" Roberta said it almost angrily. "I cannot come tomorrow. I will come Wednesday."

There was silence, a silence that spoke of displeasure on Navarro's part. Then he said: "No, I cannot come Wednesday, but I will come Thursday."

It was the girl who hesitated, and then made up her mind. "All right, Thursday, then. Where?"

"Here." Why waste words on an obstinate girl?

"No," Roberta said quickly, "I think you ought to come to the house and meet my father, don't you? I don't like dodging about to avoid father and the crowd."

Navarro frowned. This girl would upset all plans unless she was kept in hand. "I'll come for you. I'll wait for you on the river road."

"All right," Roberta agreed slowly. "Come to the house if you like."

"No, the road," Jack replied.

He paid the check and they went out into the soft spring dusk, and he put her into her car, kissed her hand and whispered that she was adorable, and then stood lighting a cigarette as the watched her tear along the highway at sixty miles an hour. It was slow work he told himself, but at least he had gotten somewhere and learned something today.

* * * * * * *

Lady Sandison, having finished her own tale promptly, had had to listen to her brother's recital of his life and triumphs and then to a dissertation on Roberta, her beauty and talents, and finally to a short resume of Rob's difficulties with her.

Listening, Aggy's lips had closed tightly. She was not one to approve of halfway measures, and was in full sympathy with her brother's determination that things should not go on this way, for the girl's own sake.

"What now, precisely, are you thinking to do?" she finally asked.

MacBeth looked at her appealingly. "I am puzzled," he admitted, with the frankness of the truly great. "What would you do?"

"It is not for me to say," retorted Lady Sandison promptly. "I have seen her but the once."

"I'm not one for driving a girl to open rebellion."

"No," agreed Aggy.

"Come, Aggy, you always had a tremendous lot of sense and I'm in need of a woman's eye as well as my own. Could you be persuaded to run this house for me, Aggy, for money?"

"You know well I'd do it for love," Aggy told him sternly, since love is not a word to be used often and requires cautious use even between relations.

"But that would defeat your plans. Use sense, woman. Nobody but you and I need know our arrangement, and would it not be better for you to work for me than for a stranger?"

"It would depend. How much authority would you give me? Things must lie in my own hands, if I'm to make headway and help you."

"Done," said Rob MacBeth. "I paid my last housekeeper two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"Michty me, Rob! I could not charge you the like of that!"

"It will be a saving if I pay you three hundred," said the crafty Rob, "you to take over the entire direction of the house, leaving Roberta with nothing but her own affairs to attend to. She won't like that—"

"Fine, I see your plan, but the pay's far too high. Say two hundred."

"Three hundred or nothing!"

"Have it your own way, but I'm not to be used openly against the lass."

Rob was so busy planning his campaign that he did not notice how her little blue eyes were twinkling. "I'm just going to make Miss High-and-Mighty see where she gets off, if she doesn't behave," he said.

"Have it your own way," agreed Aggy, demurely. "What about Sir Geordie? Can you no help him to a place or use him here?"

Rob MacBeth stared at his sister. He said nothing for what seemed to her a long time.

"I can't ask him to do anything menial," he announced, puzzled.

"You cannot," she declared shortly. "I don't know what he's fitted for."

"He's had a lot o' expensive schooling; a lot o' still more expensive soldiering, when he was hardly more than a laddie, and a thin time of it in the wilds of Central America."

"H'mm," said her brother, frowning.

"I'm away," announced his sister, rising, "to look over your kitchen and see if I can get together a tea for you, and him and me. You can be thinking." She started toward the door.

"I'm very much puzzled," said her brother.

"Don't strain yourself," Lady Sandison told him drily. "There's such things as secretaries in America, are there not? And you lying here helpless far from your office."

"By George! That's an idea!"

Aggy looked at him without speaking, and left for the kitchen. That Rob, after all these years, had accepted her and her problems, including Sir Geordie, without either astonishment or hesitation, did not seem to her remarkable. It was what she had expected. Would she not have done the same thing for Rob?

Some twenty odd minutes later she reappeared, carrying a tray on which toast, deliciously browned, jam, cake and tea were invitingly spread forth, and went toward the library. Evidently Sir George had assisted MacBeth to get there, for she could hear the two men talking.

Both looked up at her, and Sir George sprang to clear a place on the table and take the tray from her.

"You should have called me, Aggy," he said reproachfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Casual Visitor Seldom Seen in Italian Home

If it is possible to reduce Italy to a number of cities, it is further possible to reduce those cities to a number of families. I have never lived long in Italy, but all my Italian friends—and I have had many—and all my non-Italian friends who have lived long in Italy, agree that family life is more jealously guarded from outside influences than that of any other European country. One can stay for a score of years in Rome and be intimately acquainted with nobles and politicians and officials and the middle classes and the masses, meeting them in assembles and in clubs and getting on the most confidential relations with them; and still, at the end of a score of years, realize that one has rarely if ever been invited to cross the threshold of an Italian household and to mingle intimately with an Italian family.—From "Europe in Zigzag," by Sisley Huddleston.

Same Term Applied

A golfing husband was entertaining a friend. They were left alone talking for some time after dinner. Then the wife entered the dining room to hear her husband pass some remark about "a hole in one."

"My goodness," she said. "Are you still talking about golf?"

"No, dear," said her husband, with a smile, "we're talking about socks."

The "Scotland of South America" as Patagonia is known, covers nearly one-third of the area of Argentina.

Community Building

Upkeep Cost Lessened by Good Construction

Living rent free by owning one's home is a fine thing, but living upkeep free in that same home is an entirely different matter. Of course, nothing of a material nature is permanent, but the natural life of any material used in the construction of a home can be prolonged through proper care and treatment.

If in our homes we desire to keep down upkeep, it is necessary first to use good materials and to have them assembled according to good construction methods. Few home builders are familiar enough with materials and methods to write their own specifications and to see that the terms of the specifications are carried out. For these reasons alone, although there are others, the services of an architect should be engaged.

Never was there such an opportunity to build into a home permanence and quality as exists now. Research, carried on continuously, has brought the standard of building materials o a level probably beyond the comprehension of our forefathers. It is now possible for a manufacturer to guarantee his product whether it be tile, brick, cement, heating system, plumbing fixtures and fittings, or paint. All of which has brought to us better homes at lower prices, if we go about getting them in the right way.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Enough Attention Given to Roof's Effect

Oftentimes the greatest need of an old house is a modern, up-to-date roof.

Many old dwellings have patchwork roofs. An addition or the porch of one of the houses may have a roof that differs in every respect, coloring, material and designs, from the roof which covers the main building.

This patchwork effect spoils the appearance of the residence. In this day when there is such a wide choice of roofing material the property owner will experience small difficulty in planning a new roof which will harmonize with the style of architecture of the old house and add to the appearance of the building at the same time.

* Building Art Improving

For 75 years or more builders of moderately priced homes have built just houses, sadly lacking in architectural style and beauty. The older portions of nearly every city and town prove this, for in these sections rows of houses stand, as out of date as the leg of mutton sleeve.

With these thoughts in mind a short walk through such a section makes us glad that there is a renaissance in interest in architecture so far as the small dwelling is concerned. We have but to walk on to the outskirts of the town to see this in the trim, well-designed houses recently built. The debt we all owe to the architect and the value of the stock plan services which make good designs available at low cost is evident.

Wide Entrances Needed

The growth of large cities, which includes a considerable area about them, has revealed no need more urgent than that of wider thoroughfares leading into the population centers. In many places the widening of these highways already has progressed to a marked degree. Notable examples are found about such centers as Los Angeles, Detroit and Chicago. In the metropolitan area of Chicago plans now are being agitated for the widening of nearly 900 miles of road. It is one of the chief projects of the regional association which is concerned with an area having a radius of 50 miles or more about the city.

Lawn "Entrance Hall"

An open stretch of well-kept grass is necessary to properly balance the mass of architecture which the front of the house presents. This lawn area should be broken up as little as possible. Keeping the entrance, walk and drive to one side or the other will aid immeasurably, though if the walk must cross the lawn it should appear as inconspicuous as possible by using soft-toned materials.

Plantings of evergreen, shrubs and shade trees should be kept to the boundary lines or about the foundation of the house. Then will the out-of-doors entrance hall extend a real welcome to those who enter it.

Highways and Towns

People are fast learning that while a main highway within easy access is an advantage it is likely to be a liability when it passes through the town. Through-town main highways are getting into the same class with railroad grade crossings, to be avoided when possible, endured where they must be and cured where they can be.

Home Ownership Gaining

Home owners are gaining on home renters by more than 3 per cent annually. Of the 24,000,000 homes in the United States, 11,000,000 are occupied by their owners, and the total will be increased greatly within the next few years.

Needs Help

Good roads do not necessarily make a town. The town has got to make itself.—Country Home.

French Sailor's Unique Reward for Heroic Deed

The rewards of heroism are not always what they should be, the philosphers will tell you—and they might cite very handily the recent case of Capt. Lucien Malbert, mariner and shipmaster. Captain Malbert commands the rescue tug Iroise, stationed in the harbor of Brest. An S O S call ticked through a raging storm. Captain Malbert was sleeping in his oilskins, as was his crew; all he had to do was cast off from the dock, which he did. He rendered aid to the steamer in distriess; he almost lost his own ship in the violent sea; he limped back to port 48 hours later without food or sleep, exhausted. And what happened? The port authorities fined him 500 francs ($20)—for crossing the breakwater without a permit. The case caused a scandal loud enough to reach Paris, and the fine, luckily, was remitted on the personal intervention of the minister of finance.

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 is 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.

No Place to Rest

If you will work hard until you reach the top, you need to work only twice as hard thereafter in order to stay there.—Lafayette Journal and Courier.

ACHES

There's scarcely an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve *promptly*. It can't remove the cause, but it *will* relieve the pain! Headaches. Backaches. Neuritis and neuralgia. Yes, and rheumatism. Read proven directions for many important uses. Genuine Aspirin can't depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross:

BAYER

Make Money

The S-B Strain

RAISING FUR RABBITS UNDER OUR PLAN

Pays 500% greater profits than poultry and more easily raised

You can make from $50 to $100 a year from each doe, raising registered fur rabbits for us. We buy all you raise. Send 10c for sample contract and full information. Address Dept. W

THE ENGLEWOOD FUR FARMS

20th & Northern Blvd. Independence, Mo.

Who would cross the ocean merely to play 490 games of bridge on the way?

Carry Your Medicine In Your Handbag

35 doses — 70 tablets

Our Vegetable Compound is also sold in chocolate coated tablets, just as effective as the liquid form.

Endorsed by half a million women, this medicine is particularly valuable during the three trying periods of maturity, maternity and middle age.

98 out of 100 report benefit

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

A New Shaving Cream That Soothes as It Softens!

You are familiar with **Cuticura** and its cleansing, antiseptic properties. Now comes **Cuticura Shaving Cream**, containing those medicinal properties. It produces a rich, creamy lather that goes right to the hair-follicles—softening the beard immediately. It remains moist throughout the shave. BUY A TUBE TODAY!

At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 35c. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

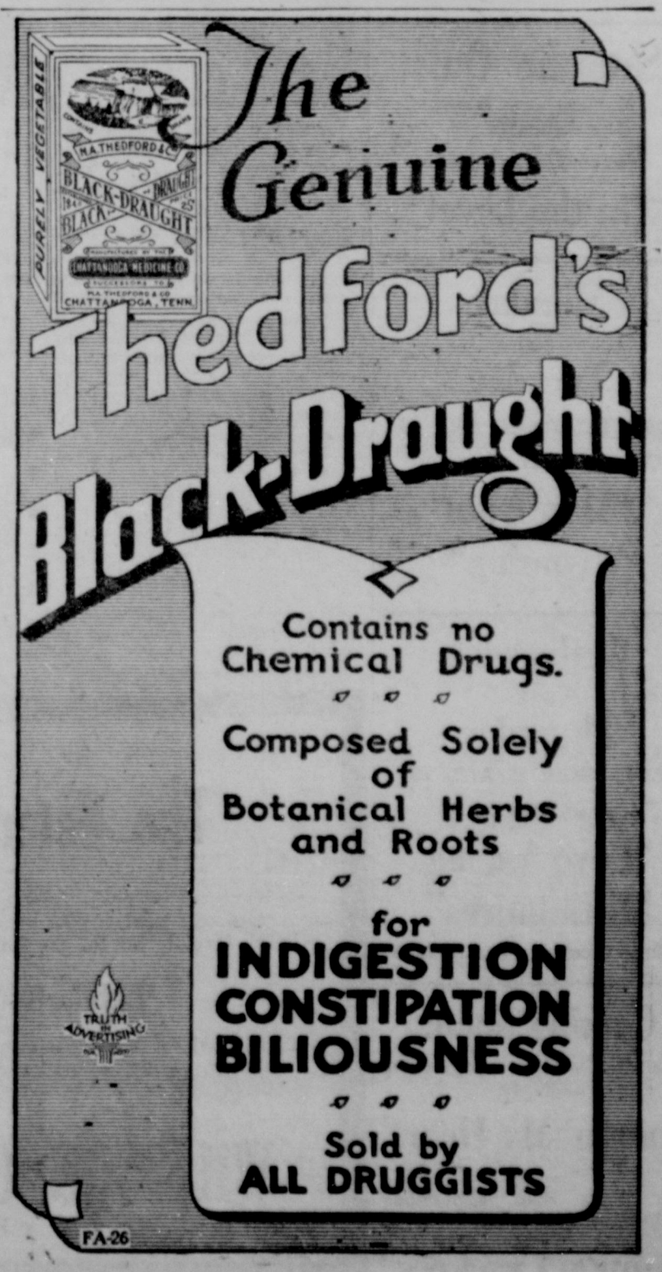
Encouragement

He—"Kisses are the language of love." She—"Well, why don't you say something?"

Oh, Dear!

Parent (anxiously)—Nurse, is it a him or a her?

Nurse—It's a them.



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	$ .80
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

I heard a man say recently that a wise Chinaman was the author of this proverb: 'Ignorance never loses an argument," or words to that effect.

Some people may consider that expression as fraught with much wisdom, but to my mind it hits the mark square in the center and covers a vast amount of territory—and remember it came from one of those 'heathen Chinese," who quite evidently had never seen a line of English or Jewish literature.

I hear lots of people condemning politics as commonly practiced and some even go so far as to say that no really religious man can have anything to do with politics for fear of besmirching his religious character.

That has always seemed to me to be a strange view for anyone to take of the political situation, since I have never yet heard of the church organization or any kind of religious organization that does not practice politics and some of them I consider just as dirty as any kind of politics.

The fact of the matter is, I have never been connected with any kind of an organization wherein politics were not practiced to a greater or lesser extent and I have heard many others express the same opinion.

Well, if my cogitations along this line are correct, it occurs to me that instead of avoiding politics either in church or state, the proper thing to do is to get into it heart and soul and do all in our power to so renovate it that it will be no disgrace to take any kind of prominent part in any kind of politics and especially should church politics be cleansed of all its objectionable features.

I heard a man say recently that Friona is not holding her own in a business way, but is letting the stringent times have their effect upon it and that the people of the city should get busy and call a halt on such a trend.

As I see it, all the people may not agree with the sentiment expressed in the above paragraph as to Friona losing her grip on business, but they will all agree with me that if such is the case it is time a halt was called and the trend reversed.

And should we admit that such is the case, what will be the necessary steps to take to correct the evil? Some say better streets, some a better cooperation among the business concerns of the town, some say less friction among the churches, others want more adequate school buildings, and so on down the line.

It occurs to me that all of them are at least partly right and none wholly wrong. If my surmises are right, then it will require a little doctoring all along the line, and the next question is "who or what shall take the matter in hand and act as physician and prescribe and administer the cure?"

It is evident that some of these matters are outside the jurisdiction of the city commission. The combined churches might handle some of them to a certain extent, but not fully; not much of it comes within the scope of the activities of the Friona Woman's club. Then to whom shall we look for the remedy?

It occurs to me that there is no other organization within the city that can handle so nearly all these grievances as the chamber of commerce, and it certainly behooves that organization to come out of its lethargy and assume a state of activity.

STAR THEATRE
Hereford, Texas

Saturday Only
Matinee and Night
SEPTEMBER 13
Victor McLaglen in
"On the Level"

Monday and Tuesday
SEPTEMBER 15 AND 16
Garey Cooper plays in
"Man from Wyoming"

Wednesday and Thursday
SEPTEMBER 17 AND 18
Clara Bow In
"Love Among Millionaires"
A Super-Comedy You'll Like!

Coming Soon:
John McCormack, September 22-23, in
'Song o' My Heart'

Four Marx Bros. September 29-30 and October 1, in
"Animal Crackers"

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

Model Plane Wins Trip Abroad

A $500 check and a trip to Europe were the rewards William Chaffee, above, of Toledo, O., received when he sold his model wasp-powered army fighter to a Detroit millionaire. The plane, which won the 1930 contest of the American Model League, is said to be the fastest combat plane of any nation.

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 at 10, W. C. Osborne, superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 and 8 p. m. Senior League will meet at church at 7 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.

Y. W. A. MEETING

The Y. W. A. will meet next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Orville Steevick and we urge all members to be present to elect new officers. We especially want all young married women to come and meet with us.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

CHURCH OF CHRIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

Leader: Lynn Bennett.

Class Song, led by Walter Comings.

Roll call: Memory verse.

Scripture reading: Edna Farwell.

Prayer: Mrs. Blair.

Topics for class discussion:

Jesus in the house of Mary and Martha; Parable of the Good Samaritan: Jessie Lea.

The disciples again taught how to pray.

Special questions answered by class.

Special song: Jessie Lea, Susie Thompson, Walter Comings and Odie Hines.

Closing prayer. Anna Taylor.

We invite everyone to attend our young people's meetings at 7:30 p. m.

REPORTER.

J. C. Keener of Los Angeles is here visiting his son, R. C. Keener during the past few weeks. He spent last week near Hollene, N. M., with his daughter.

Fate of Sir John Franklin and 128 Men Remains Greatest of Arctic Mysteries

THE recent finding in the Arctic of the Andree expedition 33 years after it had set out in a balloon to float across the pole, has solved one riddle of the frozen north. At the same time it has brightened the prospects of solving a greater mystery, one that has baffled the world for the past 85 years. It is to find out what has become of Sir John Franklin and his 128 men who set sail from England in 1843 to find a northwest passage to the Pacific.

Where does Franklin lie buried and does his grave contain the valuable records of the northwest passage? For answers to those questions millions of dollars have been spent by England and Canada.

No one in England felt alarmed when three years had passed without word from Franklin. He had set sail from the Thames on two ships, the Erebus and Terror, both laden with three years' supplies. He had been in the Arctic before and was sure of his ground. In his 60th year, Franklin was no amateur at navigation, people thought.

The 10-Year Search

But as time went on, fear for the expedition's safety spread. Searching parties were organized. The British government offered $50,000 for definite news of the party and $100,000 for its rescue. For 10 years no less than 40 expeditions scoured 7000 miles of the Arctic wastes for some clue of the lost explorers.

The last Franklin's party was seen by white man was off Lancaster Sound, only two months after it had set out from England. From that time on the history of the expedition was pieced together from what the Eskimos told and from relics that were discovered.

Sir John Franklin

In 1851 Dr. John Rae's searching party found traces of what later proved to be the Winter Camp of Sir John. Eight years later a party sent out by Sir John's widow found at Point Victory, on King William's Island, the only documentary evidence of the expedition's fate. It was a piece of paper which told of the history of the expedition to April 25, 1848.

The Erebus and Terror, so the story was described, was seized by ice and abandoned as they broke up. Sir John had died, as had nine of his officers and 15 of his men. The remaining 104 traveled on. Eskimos told Captain McClintock, head of the searching expedition, that they had seen white men traveling painfully along the shore of King William's Island. One old Eskimo woman drew in the snow pictures of two ships to show that she had seen them, and told how the men dropped dead as they walked.

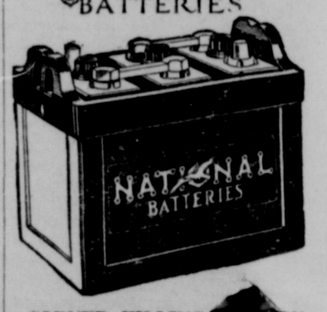
Canada Is Interested

The Canadian government in announcing recently a reward for information leading to the fate of Franklin and his men is seeking to piece together the true story. They want to find out where Franklin is buried and what has become of the survivors.

And the chances that they will determine this are not impossible, according to one writer, who said, "A man lost in the Arctic is pretty certain sometimes to be accounted for unless he dies in the sea."

There is evidence to bear out his prediction. William Barentz, the Dutchman, was lost searching for a northeast passage in 1596. But in 1875 the house where he wintered on Spitzbergen and part of his diary were found. Commander De Long and his men set out in the Jeannette in 1882 and perished. But years after they vanished their bodies were found. And now, with the finding of Andree and his two companions, hope is again renewed that the Franklin mystery, greatest of all Arctic mysteries, will some day be solved.

NATIONAL BATTERIES



CORNER FILLING STATION

Maurer's Ready-to-Wear

Have you taken out your membership in the Brownbilt Club? If not, come in Saturday and fill out your card for the new term, which started on September 1.

This makes you eligible to receive any of the new prizes which we are now showing in our display windows.

Our new fall stock is arriving daily. New shipments of ladies' hats, men's suits and shoes have come in this week, also some new styles in the Travel Crepe dresses.

DO YOUR FALL SHOPPING EARLY!

MAURER'S

HOGS

RAISE MORE HOGS

When your bank account gets low, bring a load of hogs to Friona ON FRIDAY and get TOP PRICES by selling to

SCHLENKER

The Voters In Eight States--

Went to the polls Tuesday and named their favorite candidates, national, state and local offices, but the voters in all the states have long ago named the favorite car for the masses of the people by the popularity of

THE NEW CHEVROLET SIX

Selected for its elegance of outline, beauty of finish, speed in motion, durability, rigidity of structure, ease of handling and economy of cost and upkeep.

WILKISON CHEVROLET COMPANY

J. C. Wilkison, President.

Stock Hogs

—Having built feed pens at our elevator at Black, we will be in the market at all times for stock hogs and feeder pigs. We will pay top price.

—Also buy your wheat, milo, kafir, sudan and sorghum seed. Now contracting sudan at high prices

Farmers Associated Elevators

"No Waiting" Elevators at Dawn and Black

Crafty Andy Carnegie Stirred Up Students

Once when Andrew Carnegie was visiting his sister-in-law on Jekyll island she told him she could not get any letters from her sons who were at Yale. She was anxious about them. Carnegie bet her he would have a letter from them as soon as the mail could reach New Haven and return. The bet was accepted.

He wrote the boys that their mother was worried about them; that he was visiting her; that all were very well at their home; and gave them other news that would interest them. Then he added that he was enclosing $5 for each, and he signed himself their affectionate uncle.

But he did not enclose the $10.

As he told the story himself (recalls Mr. Morris), his twinkling little eyes enjoyed the slyness of it immensely.

Then, in two or three days a reply came. It revealed the atrocious fact that he had forgotten to send the $5 bills. He should send them at once, as the boys were nearly dead broke.

He had outwitted his nephews and won his bet; the power of his money was demonstrated.—Kansas City Star.

Couldn't Pass Up That Chance for Easy Money

"One reason why auto insurance rates are no cheaper than they are," says an auto club official, "is the tendency of most people to magnify minor accidents in the hope of obtaining larger adjustments. Most of the insurance companies give the policy holder the benefit of the doubt and therefore base their premium rates accordingly.

"I am sorry to say that the majority of policy holders seem to be like Jones.

"Jones, you know, had been in a collision but it was so insignificant that he passed it up without a thought. Next day, however, he met a friend who asked:

"'Hello, Jones, I thought you were seriously injured in an accident yesterday?'

"'So I discovered when I read the morning papers,' admitted Jones, adding, 'I'm on my way home to bed right now and have sent for my lawyer.'"

Convent in the Clouds

If you want to see a real medieval convent in Italy go to Tuscany, and from Bibiena you will be able to get to La Verna, the convent on the rock, either on foot or in a carriage. La Verna is indeed on the summit of an impressive rock, a strange wooded height amid barren lands. It was given to St. Francis of Assisi by Conte Catani, lord of Chiusi, in 1213. Here the saint lived his hermit life, and it is affirmed was the scene of his stigmata in 1223. Within are many fine works of art, and in the little Church of the Angels there is some Della Robbia. The surrounding forest is magnificent, and the view from La Penna will be ample reward for the climb.

Boiling Point of Water

The boiling point of water varies with the pressure. In water under ordinary conditions it is 212 degrees Fahrenheit or 100 degrees Centigrade, but it becomes less with lessened atmospheric pressure, as in ascending a mountain, being lowered about one degree Fahrenheit for every 550 feet of ascent or one degree Centigrade for every 961 feet. The boiling point of water at the summit of Mt. Blanc (15,781 feet) is about 85 degrees Centigrade. It would take less heat to raise the temperature of water to 85 degrees Centigrade than it would take to raise it to 100 degrees Centigrade. Thus water would boil more quickly at higher level.

No Place Like Home

A person is hurt every 30 seconds in the American home. The trouble is that is where the jaywalkers, the speed boys, the youngsters who race for crossings, the idiot who takes the wrong side of the street, the daredevils at intersections, the morons on the wheel, the drunk drivers, the aged, the babies that play in the street, the absent-minded, the fellows who race through signals, the near-sighted, the road hogs, the slow pokes, folks who are just learning to drive, children who are too young to get a license, the careless, the incompetent, the scamp who gets mad, all live.—Los Angeles Times.

Bid for Fame

The late Luther Burbank said one day to a Los Angeles reporter:

"Almost any man can succeed if his aim is a good one. Too many men adopt bad aims.

"A long-haired musician rushed into the kitchen and said to his wife:

"'At last, love, I have fame within my grasp.'

"'How so?' the poor woman asked, and she looked up at him from the washtub rather skeptically.

"'You know Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I'm going to write a "Divorce March".'"

Originated in Germany

Skat, a card game now known throughout the world, originated in Altenberg, Germany, in 1821, writes George P. Hembrecht in the Wisconsin State Journal. Up to 1817 the Italian game of tarock held full sway over the card-playing public in their clubs and societies in Germany, but in that year tarock began to be replaced by schafkopf, which became the nucleus of the modern skat.

Want Ads

A TRIP INTO NEW MEXICO

By MRS. VAN PELT

We, (that means Mr. and Mrs. S. J. McCuinn, Ruth, Mr. VanPelt and I), left Friona Monday morning. Our first stop was at Fort Sumner in the Pecos Valley, where we visited the fruit orchards and vineyards. We bought grapes, canteloupes and peaches and enough apples and pears to last us the whole trip.

We left the fertile valley about two o'clock to ride for the next few hours over bare rolling hills toward Santa Rosa. Occasionally a lone sheep herder's hut broke the monotony of the scene, or a lone sheep herder lying under the shade of a scrubby cedar or pinion, was glimpsed.

From Santa Rosa, which is a typical Spanish or Mexican town, we drove over an excellent graveled road to Las Vegas. Before reaching this city we saw some good sized hills, which Ruth pronounced mountains. They were covered with cedar, pinon and real pine trees.

Our first night was spent in Las Vegas. The next morning we viewed the teachers college and drove out to Montezuma, a Baptist college, six miles from town. It was located on the side of a picturesque hill overlooking a small valley and opposite a very interesting looking old mine. The state institution for the insane is located on this road, but we managed to escape incarceration.

We now headed for Santa Fe, hoping to arrive in time to view the Fiesta that had been held annually for 218 years.

Like most tourists we stopped at Arrow Head camp and saw the wild animals that attract visitors and explored the curio shop. Here we bought a few Indian trinkets. A few miles further on we stopped at an old Spanish trading post at the head of Glorietta Pass, and here we drank from Coronado's old well, built in 1541. In a pen nearby Ruth saw her first bear—"un oso grande". It was very fierce and was secured by a chain as large as a man's wrist.

Before reaching Santa Fe we caught sight of real mountains—the distant peaks, usually snow-capped, of the La Sandry De Cristo range. Bears, wild cats and turkeys are found throughout this region.

We stopped at the old mission camp and the proprietor pointed out a cross on the highest tip of the nearby mountain that two Catholic nurses from Albuquerque had planted there only a few days before.

We ran into a mountain downpour in Glorietta Pass and it rained on us until we reached Santa Fe. The only damage sustained was one pasteboard suit case that melted with dire consequences to the clothes within.

We reached Santa Fe at about 1:30 and stood around 2½ hours waiting for the parade, which was deferred because of the downpour-pour of rain. It is impossible to describe the Fiesta and Indian Fair. I shall only say it was gorgeous. What interested one the most were the street scenes. Nearly everyone was in holiday costume. Indians in native dress loaded down with silver and turquoise jewelry, plodded here and there selling pottery and wares. Tpredores, or Spanish bull fighters, prominaded with Spanish dancing senoritas in high combs and mantillas. Sedate officials in velvet jackets, gorgeous shawls, jeweled belts and Spanish boots, made their appearance only to announce that the parade was postponed for another hour. Tourists, millionaires and wealthy Easterners from the "dude ranches" mixed and mingled with the populace. Hundreds of flags decorated the plaza, the Palace of Governors, the new museums and other buildings, and the streets were roped off for blocks around. It would take too much space to tell about all the sights, but we did all the places the tourist usually does.

I could have spent weeks at the new museum viewing the paintings of the artists, but our men folk were so exhausted after viewing the sights in the old museum that they were ready to cave.

After the parade was over we repaired to camp and ate a hurried supper and came back to town. Street dancing had begun and the band was in full swing. The municipal band certainly can play. One of our party thought they played nearly as well as Sousa's band, which proves how over-wrought he had become. We gave out before the festivities did, and the last thing I heard before going to sleep was the sound of guns and loud yelling that accompanied the bronc riding at the plaza. The Indians held their dances at the armory but we were too tired to go.

On the way to Taos we visited the San Ilde Fonso Pueblo, went by the Puye ruins, the Santa Clara and San Juan pueblos. The San Juan valley produced heavily this year. Every few hundred yards Indians and Spanish children had erected stands where they offered pottery, peaches and vegetables for sale.

If Taos is approached from Santa Fe, 73 miles south, one follows for 26 miles a winding road on the very banks of the Rio Grande before coming to the Rio Grande pass, 12 miles from Taos. By the time one has reached the pass the river has become nothing less than a raging torrent that boils over stones as large as an ordinary rooms and lies many feet below the road. The perpendicular wall of the gorge towers a thousand feet above one's head. The road itself in most places was only wide enough for one car. If two cars met on one of the longer stretches obviously one of the drivers had to reverse his car until one of the wider places was reached.

The scenery is magnificent. Up and up the road goes for 1¼ miles until it dwindles into what appears an ant trail on the ledge of the cliff. You wonder how your car will ever make it, but it does. From the top of the pass a graveled road stretches away over undulating hills like a broad white ribbon. One passes through Los Ranchos de Taos and from there gets a good view of the fascinating village stowed around the foot of the snow-capped peaks of the Sangre del Cristo range.

Taos is similar to other Mexican villages, but different. It is the home of possibly 350 people, who dwell in rose tinted adobe houses under the shadow of giant cottonwoods. The irrigation ditches are fairly lined with them and the side of the hills are sweet with the perfume of wild roses, flags and sweet peas. An age-old atmosphere hangs over the place and makes it unique. The spirit of the remote past is here presented. It is and has been for a thousand years, the home of the Indian. At most any hour a few can be seen loitering along the streets. The men braid their hair and wear common work clothes with the addition of a gray cotton blanket girded around the hips and waist. Occassionally one may be seen more picturesquely draped from shoulders to heels in a highly colored fringed blanket of Indian workmanship. The women wear lace mantillas, usually black, Mexican style, and their feet are some times encased in white doe skin boots. There are two pueblos where 700 lives, and there ceremonial dances attract visitors from Europe as well as from America. On September 30 the annual ancient festival of San Geronimo occurs, an occasion which brings thousands of visitors to the little village.

No place in the Southwest is richer in historical interest than is Taos. Through it in 1540 passed the Coronado expedition and in 1541 the Spanish Conquistadors came. It was the home of Kit Carson for eight years. His old home is a mecca for tourists. He was buried there and the cemetery as well as the national reserve bears his name. Other places of interest are the Bent house, the house where Governor Bent was massacred, the hot springs, old Indian fort, ruins of the old mission of San Geronimo, built in 1630 and destroyed during a battle in 1847, and the ancient Moruls of Taos de Los Ranchos, built in 1772 and which is still in a fairly well preserved condition.

Everyone has heard of the colony of famous artists that live in Taos. A permanent exhibition of their work can be seen at the Harwood Foundation studio. Many of them keep pictures at both the old and new museums at Santa Fe. About October there is an exodus toward Eastern points and Taos pictures are found in annual exhibittons in New York and Philadelphia. The colony is famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Some own homes in Taos, Mr. Couse for one. His flower garden, made more picturesque by Jerry, pupil, model and gardener, is one of the beauty spots of the town.

Even the most hurried traveler visits the curio shops which are filled with Indian articles and relics. Some of them no doubt are shipped in from New York, but one may obtain genuine Indian pottery if he cares to pay the price asked. Tourists frequently dig pottery in the ruins not far from Taos but it is the lucky and exceptional traveler that ever finds an unbroken vase or vessel.

One of the most interesting things to me was the existence of a sect or order called Penitents. While they are found in many places, Taos has more than its share. They, like the monks of the middle ages, believe that to win favor with God and win eternal happiness, they must scourge themselves. A cat-o'-nine tails is dipped in glue, then in powdered glass and they beat themselves on the bared back until the blood runs into their shoes. In previous years fanatics volunteered to die on the cross in celebration of Easter. The law, of course, soon put a stop to the practice. While they are very secretive in their ceremonies, some people claim to have spied upon them. They can seldom be prevailed upon to tell all they have seen. Their "Morada" with its accompanying cross is seen northeast of town.

The mountain scenery is unsurpassed anywhere in the Rockies, so say some of the artists. They never tire of painting it, especially Taos Peak; and no wonder, for it never appears quite the same for 15 minutes at a time. The mountains are covered with aspen and different varieties of pine. The attending dark greens and purples of the pines and the light, clear green of the aspen, shot through by the white bark of their trunks, make an unforgetable picture. Silver tipped grizzlies, brown and black bear, mountain lions, wild cats, deer, turkey and grouse are within hunting distance of Taos. The town claims 175 miles of trout streams in its vicinity, beside the lakes that are the home of speckled beauties.

Taos is becoming more accessible and better advertised. According to my notion it will only be a short period of time until Taos, as it is now, will be a matter of history. The Don Fernando, one of the oldest buildings in Taos, has been remodeled and serves as a first class hotel. Southwest of town there is a new million dollar hotel and club house. While we were there four years ago the Rockefeller party came into town, in fact spent several days there. So if you wish to see Taos, don't put your journey off too long. Modern improvements follow in the wake of capitalists.

After leaving Taos we drove to Cimarron through Taos pass and Cimarron canyon. Here we saw the most magnificent scenery of the whole trip. The Palisades of Cimarron are said to equal in beauty and splendor those of the Hudson river. All my adjectives had been exhausted before reaching the Palisades, so I just sat with my head thrown back gazing in dumb wonder at them.

At Cimarron we left all the wonders behind and started for Mosquero. There we spent the night in the hospitable home of Homer Williams. We arrived in Friona Friday evening and have not recovered from the trip yet.

P. S. I haven't told one half that I intended to tell. For instance there was the Pecos ruins the old church in Santa Fe. The Tex-Austin dude ranch, Eagle Nest dam, Ute park, and a dozen other things that you will want to explore when you take your trip. But, ladies, let me give you this advice: when you start on your trip see to it that no men are along. They will never give you opportunity of really seeing things but what seems to be the burden of their thoughts is, "When do we eat"?

FOR SALE—One 12 disc Superior grain drill, in good condition. Also one 7 foot broadcast Deering binder. See ERWIN JOHNSON, Friona. tfc

FOR SALE: 1930 model Parmak radio. All electric, 8-tube, used only 8 months, in first-class shape. $88 complete. See WHITE AND KEY. 2c

FOR SALE—White Leghorn hens at 60 cents each to make room for my pullets. Cash. MRS. W. R. SCHEIHAGEN, Black, Tex. 2p

Jokes in Jest

Today's worst pun: The Chinese may be up in arms, but they do manage to keep coolies.

* * *

A chiropodist declared that more men than women suffer from flat feet. But then, there are more men than women who are policemen.

* * *

President Hoover, it is reported, does not join in the chess games at his camp. It seems he has other moves to think about.

* * *

The Chinese, a news item says, have increased their peanut acreage this year. And judging from reports of disturbances there, it does seem they have gone a trifle nutty.

* * *

Parts of a dictionary inscribed in Semitic on sun-baked bricks have been found in a Syrian coast town. Those were the days when writers really were weighted down with thought.

* * *

Figuratively speaking, Mr. Legge, of the Farm Board, would have given his right arm for a drop of rain a short time back.

ELEVEN-MILE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Williams and children were at Kelso Monday.

Ben Bates, Floyd Beach and Shirty Smith were in Hereford Sunday.

W. H. Flippen and family and Mr. and Mrs. Mason Mitchel were trading in Hereford recently.

J. T. Guinn was in Hereford Tuesday.

L. M. Turner and children were in Amarillo first of the week.

Miss Mildred Turner who has been in an Amarillo hospital some time will soon be able to return to her home here.

Miss Mary Winn was in Hereford first of the week.

Mr. Midling and family were in Hereford Saturday.

Miss Peggy Valentine went to Hereford Saturday.

Ben Bates and L. M. Williams were in Hereford Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Brown and children will spend the school term at Clovis.

Paul Ramsey was a business visitor in Hereford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mackie were in Amarillo to see her mother, Mrs. G. W. Wells, who has been in a hospital there the past month.

Raymond Wells has been on the sick list the past week.

Rev. Pryor of Adrian preached here Sunday. All denominations are welcome to preach any time at the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Bibber have sold their farm at Bippus and bought a house and lot in Hereford where they will live until school is over when they will move to their farm three miles southeast of Hereford.

C. W. Humble of Hereford visited the Williams home Thursday.

A good shower of rain fell here last Wednesday.

Ben Bates, L. M. Williams and sons were in Hereford this week.

GUESS WHO.

W. M. S. REPORT

September 16.
Leader: Mrs. Ruth.
Roll call.
Prayer: Mrs. Hamlin.
Song.
Devotional.
Our new bishops: Mrs. VanPelt.
The M. E. church in Mexico, September Voice: Mrs. E. S. White.
Business.
Dismissal: Mrs. Parr.

REPORTER.

E. H. Gischler was a business visitor in Amarillo last Sunday.

Ira Westfall and family of Friona, Texas, visited here this week.—Lincoln County, Oklahoma, Leader.

J. A. Moore, superintendent of agriculture at the State Fair, Dallas, says: "Farmers as a whole are not in bad shape. They will end up the year with more feed in their barns, more food in their pantries, more livestock on their farms and more money in their pockets."

SUNSET STAGE LINES

Amarillo, Clovis, Santa Rosal Division

Busses Leave Friona:

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

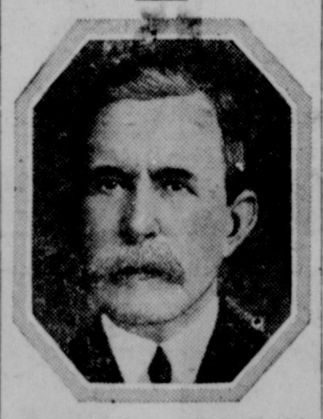
For Hereford, Canyon, Amarillo, 2:15 p. m., 7:50 p. m.

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, Holbrook, 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

Again Konjola Shows What It Can Accomplish

Prominent San Antonio Man Eager In His Praise of New Medicine.



"I am glad to endorse Konjola to any who suffer as I did," said Mr. Charles Oliphant, well known San Antonio railroad man, 423 Lamar street, San Antonio. "About a year ago I suffered a breaking out on my skin. Little patches of pimples appeared and were called water blisters. They itched and burned severely, and though I tried many remedies I gained only temporary relief. From Konjola, I gained what I consider miraculous results. The breaking out disappeared within three weeks after I began taking Konjola. I had kidney trouble but now the pains in my back and the swelling under my eyes have disappeared also. I feel better in every way and have gained weight. I think Konjola is a very fine medicine."

Konjola is recommended over a six to eight weeks period and is designed to relieve ailments of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, and rheumatism, neuritis and nervousness.

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

A SWEET SMILE

—And a joyous, bounding step always expresses the satisfaction of being well dressed, and our new stock of pretty dresses will afford a selection that will please you.

—For all the latest styles in hair dressing and facial massages, call on me.

Edith's Fashion Shop

Spring's Store

A good place to buy almost everything you really need.

DRY GOODS—GROCERIES
SHOES

F. L. SPRING

NOW—

Is the Time to Talk Insurance to Your Agent---Then It Is Too Late!

—It is easy to postpone—and forget! But your fire insurance is of such value and importance that you cannot afford to postpone or forget it. It represents financial protection.

--All your equity in your property and its increased value over a period of years may be lost if a fire occurs and you are inadequately protected.

—Now is the time to talk over your insurance with your agent—"later on" may be too late.

JESSE M. OSBORN
INSURANCE

HE'S BLIND!

Stone Blind! How Often Have Your Heard That Expression?

How it fills us with horror and causes shivers to race up and down our spine. A pitiful wrecked condition! Protect the school childs mos' precious heritage at all costs—his eyesight. See the new Aladdin Oil Lamp—instant lighting, pure white light, burns 50 hours on gallon of oil, no pumping, no noise—more light than five ordinary lamps—an ideal eyesight saver.

Blackwell's Hardware & Furniture
"YOUR STORE—USE IT"

International Sunday School Lesson

BY DR. J. E. NUNN

September 14, 1930

JEREMIAH
The Prophet of Individual Religion

Jeremiah 1:4-10; 31:27-34

Golden Text: Each one of us shall give an account of himself to God.—Romans 14:12.

Introduction.

Jeremiah has been called "The prophet of personal religion." He was the first great teacher in Israel to break away from the nationalists conception of religion. They had been thinking that because they were Jews, had Abraham for their father, all was well with their souls. Jeremiah insisted to a certain extent anticipating Jesus' teaching, that men must deal immediately and individually with God; that the Divine Shepherd counts and names his flock one by one.

The prophet has a pertinent word to a certain part of the world of today: those who call themselves Christians because they live A. D., in a "year of our Lord", or because they are bolstered up with the countless blessings of a Christ-permeated civilization; or because they are of a family that for generations has feared God and kept the commandments.

Jeremiah emphasized, as none had done before, what we term "spirituality". Careless of ritual, of form, prescription, one of his big words from God is: "I will put my teaching in their breast, and I will write it on their hearts" (31:33).

Jeremiah's Call.

The call of Jeremiah came in a different way from that of Iraiah. To him was given no vision of Jehovah in the temple, yet his call was no less real and convincing. In some way he heard the voice of Jehovah declaring that before his birth he had been chosen for a divine mission. The revelation of this fact could not but impress him deeply; for as Davidson says, "it is certainly the case that it is a source of comfort and power to us to think that not now for the first time had God thought of us, or in making use of us; but that we have been in his mind for long, always, indeed from the beginning. When, for instance, we are in something like the position of this prophet, undertaking a serious responsibility, and can recall things in our history which we cannot but regard as providential, determining our course of life, and leading us on towards the place which we are going to occupy, it does strengthen our hope that God is now calling us to the place".

Jeremiah's Humility.

"Then said I, Ah, Lord Jehovah, Behold, I know not how to speak; for I am a child." As Jeremiah prophesied for more than 41 years, he must have been about twenty at this time, about the age of Isaiah when he began his work. The word translated "child" means a very young man. So Solomon said at the beginning of his reign, "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in" (1 Kings 3:7). A prophet must be able to speak with power, so as to sway the hearts and minds of the people, and Jeremiah felt his inability to do this as Moses did when he was called to lead his people from Egypt: "Oh, Lord, I am not eloquent; I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue" Ex.: 4:10); to which the Lord replied, "Who hath made man's mouth? Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt speak."

"God has often selected the young for posts of eminent service: Samuel and Timothy, Joseph and David, Daniel and Jeremiah; Galvin, who wrote his 'Institutes' before he was 24; and Wesley, who was only 25 when he inaugurated the great system of Methodism. In every age of the church the young eyes have eagerly scanned this paragraph and have dared to cherish the hope that since youth did not disqualify Jeremiah, so it would not render them unfit for the spiritual service of God.

Jeremiah's Mission

"For to whomsomever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak." So also Christ bade his disciples go into all the world, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." It is not for the Christians, as it was not for Jeremiah, to choose the place where he shall work or the words he shall say; he is to live as a missionary, "one sent", the commissioned agent of his King. He is to say, in the words of the poet:

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."

Personal Responsibility.

"But every one shall die for his own iniquity." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." (Ezek. 18:4.) it, and not another soul coming after him. This is the doctrine of individual responsibility upon which Jeremiah insisted, as opposed to the doctrine of clan or family responsibility which had obtained before him. There is truth in both views. Each one sees the work of heredity, whereby a drunken father is so likely to have a drunken son and a godly father is so likely to have a noble son. Children suffer terribly, often, for the sins of their fathers. This law of God is wise and necessary, since one of the strongest deterrents from evil and incentives to good is the knowledge that our acts affect our children and remote posterity. But over against this law must be placed the truth which Jeremiah insists upon: though physical and material results of one's father's sin may fall upon us, the sin itself is not transmitted. It we resist the evil tendencies which we inherit, if we conquer them, the sin is not ours, however sadly it may have been our fathers.

The New Covenant.

"But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith Jehovah." "The house of Israel" is all the people, the ancient name for the Jews before the division into kingdoms. "I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it." God's law had been to the Jews an exterior thing, and therefore their religion had been mere formalism, from which it was easy to break away. A covenant written on the heart, enforced by the desire and will, is part of the life, enforces itself, and cannot be broken. This is the Christian idea of our relation to God, and it could not be fully realized until God came close to men through his Son, "Ye in me and I in you," as Christ said. "And I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This is to be the permanent result of the new individual heart-relation with Jehovah which Jeremiah prophesies.

"For I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more." "God will treat the past offences, even though their inevitable consequences may continue, as though they had never been, so far as they affect the communion of soul with God. He will, in the language of another prophet, 'blot out' the sins which yet belong to the indelible and irrevocable past (Isa. 43:25; 44:22)."

Jeremiah's Closing Years.

For his outspoken opposition to an Egyptian alliance—the policy of king and nobles—we find our prophet now in the stocks (20:1-6), now confined in a loathsome dungeon (chapters 37, 38.) For months after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar he tarried in the vicinity. When the "remnant" fled to Egypt, after the murder of Gedeliah, they forced the prophet to accompany them.

There was to be no rest or peace this side of the grave for Jeremiah. Even in Egypt he went on fighting ungodliness among his exiled countrymen, voicing God's warnings and judgments (44:8). He was indeed, and distinguishedly so, a Suffering Servant of Jehovah. Cheyne remarks that if his words did not foretell of Christ so plainly as those of some of the other prophets, his life very dramatically does. There is one tradition that he was stoned to death by his own people, down there in Egypt; another that when Nebuchadrezzar conquered Egypt (about 567 B. C.) he took the old prophet with him to Babylon, where he died a natural death. Either tradition is unauthenticated, but,

"He who battles on His side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain."

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

Fastest Runner Breaks His Leg

Frank Wykoff, University of Southern California track star, the "world's fastest human," broke his leg for the second time in his running career recently when he was kicked by a horse while on his vacation. Wykoff, shown here recuperating at his home at Glendale, Calif., holds the record for the 100-yard dash

Jots in Jest

Babe Ruth will soon open a haberdashery store on Broadway. He will specialize most likely in heavy socks.

* * *

Among other colors, black fingernails are to be the style this fall, according to cosmeticians. It will be convenient, it is understood, for many schoolboys to conform to the vogue.

* * *

Over-weight singers in the Stockholm opera were ordered to reduce. It would seem they are going in for light opera there.

* * *

The world's gold supply, we read, is fast disappearing. Dentists will tell you that it is vanishing in mouthfuls.

* * *

A congress of fish of all nations opened in a New York aquarium the other day. It is said the stories told about them have attracted large crowds.

* * *

Automobiles of the future, an engineer predicts, will be built with wings. As though they don't fly fast enough as they are.

As Belgium Greeted Wales

In one of the few instances he has been photographed with ruffled hair, the Prince of Wales is shown here as he arrived at Brussels after his flight from London to attend the exposition at Antwerp. Among the notables to welcome the royal visitor was King Albert, standing at the left.

WHAT A SHAME!

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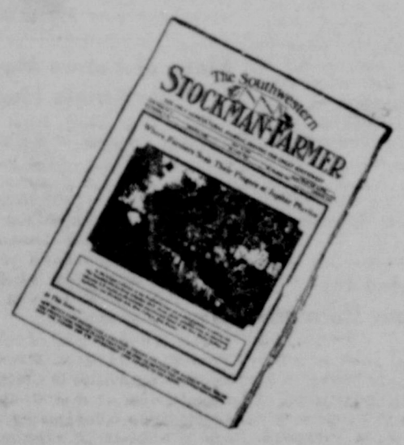

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Readin', 'Ritin' and Cleanliness

By MARIE HULSER

SCHOOL opens and great excitement prevails. Perhaps the young son resents resuming his further education, but even he is keen the first day to see his old class and to compare notes with his pals on the fun of the summer vacation. The first day is the big day!

It may be a bit difficult to get the youngsters used to the idea of turning themselves out spick and span again early each morning, after the exquisite freedom of the summer when play came first and clean fingernails were of secondary importance. Suddenly they are to become literal shining examples to their classmates. It is certainly unfair, to their way of thinking, happening all at once.

Remember though that children really enjoy being clean, but most of them do not have a natural instinct towards this state. They must frequently be led to the wash basin or bathtub, watched to see that they change their underwear, and supplied with clean handkerchiefs.

An abundance of hot water, always on tap, is going to simplify this "getting the children off to school" job each morning. Ready hot water will spare the whole family the discomfort of resistance and trouble.

Waiting for batches of water to heat is the catch that tends towards carelessness and eventual indifference to appearance. And a child that is not neat and clean, at least when it starts off to school, is not usually inspired to do its best work. Somehow success with lessons often is borne of a feeling (unconscious perhaps) of equality, which we know comes to many as a result of cleanliness and grooming.

An automatic hot water heater, then, is a happy investment for the family that has school children to consider. With plenty of hot water available, with some nice smelling soap, a scrubbing brush, a fingernail cleaner and an individual towel there is little excuse for a "lick and a promise" scrubbing. A little system in the bathroom, with each child on schedule at a definite time to perform the before school ablutions, will simplify the cleanliness problem both for the children themselves and for their parents. Perhaps a little sign in the bathroom tactfully reading

Daily bath if possible. Otherwise at least two a week.

In the meantime a thorough scrubbing of the face and neck (and don't forget behind the ears).

Keep nails clean.

Brush teeth twice daily.

Shampoo twice a month at least.

Brush hair daily.

Clean underclothes at least twice a week.

Clean top clothes whenever necessary.

will have better results than a constant verbal reminder.

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