

THE FRIONA STAR

Devoted to the Interest of Friona and Parmer County

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E. R. McCarty Makes Good Work Record

E. R. McCarty, one of Friona's new citizens from near Blair, Okla., has made a record for one month's work in farming that will be hard to beat by any one man.

Mr. McCarty came here during the summer and purchased a half section of land about four miles south of Friona. He then returned home and he and his wife drove out here, shipping his tractors and plows at the same time, which, when they arrived, he took at once to his land and put up a ten by twelve tent as a temporary dwelling.

He arrived here with his outfit the 19th of August and after pitching his tent, went to work plowing. On the 19th of September, just one month from the time he arrived, he had plowed 115 acres of sod and had 110 acres tandem disced and harrowed ready for the drill. He now has his seed wheat ready and his drill waiting to begin sowing as soon as the ground dries enough to allow working.

During this time he has made a trip to Oklahoma, sold his crop there and moved his personal property out to Friona; and has built a 12x20 house and moved into it. He has also dug the post holes and has post and wire on the ground to fence the entire half section and has broke out a three-quarter acre patch for a garden and sowed it in wheat.

Mr. McCarty has accomplished all this work unaided and will sow over 100 acres to wheat this fall and will probably break out the remainder of his land during the winter and spring for next year's row crop. He is one of our well pleased and enthusiastic new citizens and says Mrs. McCarty is delighted with the climate.

SCHOOL NOTES AND FACTS

The system of grading the different rooms as to cleanliness and order which was practiced last year, is being continued this year. At some uncertain hour of the day a committee of high school students visits each room in the building and makes a grade of the room. Following is the average grades for the week: Primary, 3rd, 4th, 5th 6th and Domestic Science, 100%; 7th, 98%; Domestic Art, 97%; high school class room, 98%; study hall, 90.

Enrollment this week, 210.
Two basket ball games were played Thursday night between the Boys town team and the high school team, and between the girls' town team and the high school team.

Superintendent Buckner says he has never seen his classes start the year's work with as much enthusiasms as they are doing this term.

Band practice has begun and will be held regularly each Monday night. The young folks are making a splendid start under the instruction of Prof. Sherer.

BUYING TRACTORS.

Mr. Sparks and Mr. Wilkerson of Tipton, Okla., were in Friona Thursday ordering tractors with which to break out their land.

Mr. Sparks has bought a half section three miles east of Friona and Mr. Wilkerson has bought a half section three miles east of Homeland. Both gentlemen are preparing to build homes and move to their new locations as soon as possible. They are well pleased with the Panhandle country.

A LACK OF FAIR WEATHER MAKES THE LACK OF A FAIR

For the first time since its organization the Parmer County Fair was drowned out by the continued heavy rains.

The heavy rains of last week which were followed by more and continued heavy rains this week, which began on Saturday night and repeated each day since, made it practically impossible for the committees to work and for the people to gather and bring their exhibits.

The few that were brought in were of a quality seldom equalled by any section of the country. Some celery was brought in by Mrs. L. F. Lillard, as fine as was ever seen in any locality, and our farms were prepared to offer as fine specimens as ever were shown, but—

FORMER CITIZEN MOVED BACK.

Woodson Young who moved from here in the spring to the central part of the state to do hauling in the oil fields, has moved back to Friona and is at present living with his brother A. C., out on A. O. Drake's farm.

The Young brothers have purchased 340 acres from F. W. Reeve, nine miles west of town, and are planning to build their home there and move to it this fall. A. C. has a large acreage of row crop to harvest and it is all heavy crop. This will occupy his time till well into the winter, there being in the neighborhood of 500 acres.

The Young boys are two of Friona's most successful farmers and their friends have every reason to believe that their success will continue after they have located on their own land.

BIG MONEY FROM VINYARD.

(Horace Trout)
More than \$1,400 per acre from unirrigated land in Central West Texas. Sounds like a land agent's story, doesn't it?

But it isn't, and is simply the story of facts as to how F. B. Winters, pioneer farmer near Stephenville, has succeeded with the oldest crop in the world—grapes.

This farmer says he kept books on his income from his vinyard of about a quarter of an acre last year, and it brought him \$362, which figures at the rate of \$1,448 per acre—and he says about the same crop has been sold from the vinyard each year for six years since the grapes came into bearing well—the second year after being planted out. He employed no labor and does all the work of cultivating, gathering, running wine press, putting the juice in fruit jars, sealing them, and selling the product, and in addition cultivates a good sized farm and tends a large orchard, from which he sells fine pears, apples and other fruit. He has lived on this farm 45 years, reared a family of nine children, all of whom are strong, in good health, and have healthy families. He attributes the health of his family to the fact that a large part of their diet all their lives has been fruit and fruit juices.

On this quarter of an acre of land Mr. Winters grows the Concord and Niagara grapes. He got into the grape business accidentally. He says a nurseryman owed him some money and wrote asking if he would take it in grape vines. The vines came, he put them out, and has cultivated them carefully and reaped good returns. It is said that all this section of Texas is a good grape country and many are planting out vinyards. Mr. Winters says a few grape vines in one's back yard will reap surprisingly great returns, besides adding beauty and shade to the home.

The above article taken from Farm and Ranch is typical of what can easily be done right here in Friona, as those who have planted grapes find that they are easily grown and produce bountifully with a reasonable amount of care, as the soil and climate both seem to be congenial to their culture, and there is no more delicious flavor than that of the grapes grown here.

We feel that it will be well worth the effort of Friona people to enter more fully into the growing of grapes as there is perhaps none of the fruit grown here that will yield any earlier return from the date of planting than grapes.

FRIONA MARKET.

Wheat, per bu.\$1.00
Oats, per bu.50
Maize, per bu. 1.45
Kafir, per cwt. 1.55
Bran, per cwt. 1.90
Shorts, per cwt. 2.25
Meal, per cwt. 2.50
Cake, per cwt. 2.25
Salt, gray, per ton15.00
Salt, white, per ton18.00
Coal, per ton13.00
Eggs, per doz.25
Butter fat, per pound35

REV. J. C. MARDIS VISITS FORMER PARISH

Rev. J. C. Mardis, former pastor of the Congregational church at this place, visited his many friends here and preached at the church Sunday.

Rev. Mardis, since leaving the pastorate here, has been attending the Chicago University and serving as pastor of a church at Glenview, a suburb of Chicago. He is now visiting his parents and brothers at Muleshoe, Texas, and was induced to favor us with a sermon while in this region. His many friends were truly glad to see and hear him again.

SETS ARMY AND NAVY ON EAR.



Incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration has been charged against the navy and war departments by C. L. William Mitchell. For the charges the departments have decided that this "stormy petrel" of the army should be disciplined. A courtmartial awaits him.

Couldn't Bear Thought of Having to Build Fires

A Mexican man about 23 years of age who was employed at heading maize for a farmer at Homeland, shot himself through the heart with a pistol Sunday morning.

The wounded man lived only a short time after receiving the shot and the only witness to the affair was a Mexican girl of about twelve years of age. He admitted having committed the deed himself and his only reason for doing so was that his wife insisted that he get up first each morning and build the fire.

When a reporter of the Star reached the scene his companions were loading his body into a car and took it to Santa Rosa, N. M., for burial.

Will L. Jones, who has purchased a quarter section of land near Homeland, expects to move his family here in the near future. He was in town Monday making arrangements for the purchase of material for the building of his home there. Mr. E. E. Pescocock of Wellington, Texas, was with Mr. Jones and has the contract for building the house.

C. S. Younger, an attorney from Columbus, Ohio, was a business visitor here a part of this week. While here Mr. Younger stepped into the Star office and ordered the Star sent to his headquarters in Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Beckner and son, Coney, accompanied by Mr. F. P. Brown, visited in the O. S. Gallatin home at Clovis Thursday.

WHY THE ODDS FAVOR THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man knows that if he is going to accomplish much of anything, he will have to do it practically by main force. He's got to plow his row; every foot of it. So he starts plowing! And if he has the stuff in him to keep going, going a little harder and better all the time, he is bound to do some traveling in the course of years.

While the average man is traveling ahead, perhaps the brilliant one is sitting back, figuring that he can get there by some short cut. But there are mighty few short cuts in the business field. The furrows are pretty straight.

The average man is glad to get help. He is more willing, I think, than the exceptionally brilliant man is to admit that others are doing part of the work, and that they deserve a part of the credit. So he usually gets better co-operation. This means that he can show better results. And RESULTS are the chickens that come to ROOST. They do all the crowing a man needs. He doesn't need to do any himself.

HIGH WATER DESTROYED HOME IN EL POSO, TEXAS

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Miller and daughters, Celeste and Margaret, of Clovis, visited Mrs. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sphon, and other relatives at their home west of town the early part of the week.

The Millers had just returned from a visit to Mr. Miller's parents near El Paso. The elder Millers had only recently returned from a visit to California and had moved into their new modern home and were prepared to enjoy the remainder of their lives in comfort. They were aroused one night by the warning that the government dam above them had broken and that they should flee for their lives. They got into their car and hurried away without time to take anything with them and barely reached a place of safety when the ten-foot wall of water rushed down the valley and took their home and all their property with it.

ENTERTAINED IN HONOR OF TEACHERS

The ladies of the Friona Woman's Club entertained the patrons of the school at a reception for the teachers of our school on the lawn at the home of Mrs. Goodwine last Friday night.

The reception was given in order that the people of the town and vicinity should have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our new teachers and vice versa.

It seemed that practically everybody was there and the time was spent in games and other sociability. During the evening punch and cake were served as refreshments.

Miss Lipton, a teacher in the Ray school, spent the week-end in Friona visiting Miss Marie Conaway.

A NEAR AUTO CASUALTY.

While the editor of the Star was returning from Clovis early Saturday night, when a few miles east of Parmer-ton the lights on the car suddenly went out and in less time than it takes to think it, the car rolled into the ditch at the side of the road.

He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Orma White, Mrs. Vay Hart and baby son, Mrs. Fred White and Miss Constance Gischler. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the front wheel of the car collided with the bank of the ditch with sufficient force to break the axle off. Mr. Beesley, a neighbor, whose home was near, brought the occupants of the car home.

Early next morning when we went to bring the car home we found that yeggs had relieved us of the battery, mud chains and jack.

THEIR FALL DRIVE.

If Friona business men will do a little looking around the local post office within the next few weeks they will find the mail burdened with a lot of third class mail matter, coming into this locality. This means that the mail order houses are at the height of their Fall and Winter campaign for business that should belong to our local merchants.

From now on until after the first of the year they will be flooding the mails with their catalogues and "pay-nothing-down" propositions, and there is but one way to meet such competition,—that is through the advertising columns of the local paper. The Home paper goes to these same people these catalogues do, so just give them a chance to read your message, too. There is not a town in the Panhandle whose merchants and other business men are more liberal in their patronage of the local paper than are they of Friona, but we urge you to make greater use of your local medium of advertising. You pay for your space so why not fill it up with a list of your bargains. Why not mention any of the articles you carry in stock that are going to be in special demand at this time of year and quote your prices on them. Yes, and go a step farther if you care to and compare your prices along side of those of the catalogue house. We don't think you need be worried about a comparison. Many, many dollars will go out of Friona this Fall and Winter to help fill the coffers of the mail order houses that should stay right here in Friona, and much of it would if the people could see that they are really saving nothing by patronizing the out of town concern.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. I. E. Walker of Bovina, and pastor of the M. E. Church here, filled his regular appointment here Sunday. This is Rev. Walker's last time here during this conference year but it is assured that he will be returned to this charge for another year.

The new piano for the Methodist church has arrived and the new seats have been ordered.

The Quarterly Conference will meet at Bovina Saturday night, and the presiding elder, Rev. G. W. Hardy, of Plainview, will be present and will occupy the pulpit of the Bovina church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Euler were business visitors in Clovis Thursday.

Mrs. Ashcraft of Seymour, Texas, is visiting her sons Elbert and Slim Ashcraft in Friona.

L. T. Buckner visited old friends in Memphis, Texas, and also visited his daughter, Mrs. L. C. Pierce of Hedley, Texas.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

It is well in making a cross-examination to be reasonably sure of the answer before asking a question. Otherwise there may result the predicament of the man whose little daughter was asked by a visitor which member of the family she liked best. "Mother," said the child, "Who next?" "Little sister," "Who next?" "Auntie" The father, who was sitting in a corner of the room, spoke up, saying, "Well, my dear, when do I come in?" "At two o'clock in the morning," was the prompt reply.—The Argonaut.

Though the barber shop private shaving mug is almost gone, many oldtime shops still have many old individual cups that are no longer in use, some of them belonging to estates and unclaimed by their owners.

Hawaiian Islands Described by Friona Boy

In last week's Star we mentioned the fact that we hoped soon to be able to publish a good long letter from Arthur Hughes, who is now a member of the Coast Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Ruger, Hawaiian Islands. On Monday we received the letter from Arthur which follows:

Fort Kamchamcha, Hawaiian Islands, Sept. 7, 1925.

Dear Mr. White:
I received a letter from mamma and she said you wanted me to write you about the Islands and my trip over here. I'll start with the time I joined until I got here.

I enlisted at Amarillo and was sent from there to Oklahoma City to be examined. From there I went to Newton, Kansas and took the Santa Fe there to Frisco. There were seventeen of us boys who came from Oklahoma City. I was put in charge of them and had the good luck to lose only one of them at Amarillo, where we stopped for supper.

When we landed at Frisco we were taken to Ft. McDowell. After two weeks we were taken back to Frisco and put on board the U. S. T. Cambria. On the 29th of July we pulled anchor and went out of the Golden Gate about sundown. That night and the next day was awful rough and before long about 500 of the boys were so sick they couldn't stand up.

We sailed for two days before we saw a ship and on the fourth day out we passed two ships. The sea was as calm as a big pond after the first day and night. The seventh day out we saw the mountains on the Island of Heilo and docked at Honolulu at one o'clock and then the boys who joined the C. A. C. were taken to Fort Kamchamcha where we were put under quarantine for two weeks and then I was sent to Fort Ruger at the edge of Honolulu.

Honolulu is the principal town of the Islands, having a population of 100,000 people. At the present time Japanese represent the population of the Islands. They have been shipped in here to tend the cane fields. There aren't many of the pure Hawaiians left. There are Japs, Portuguese, and what I call the African Negro; but they say they are Hawaiian and Portuguese. The raising of sugar cane is the chief industry of the Islands. When the cane gets ready to cut the leaves turn brown. They then cut the fields afire. When the dry leaves are burned the stalks are cut and put in bundles of about 100 stalks to the bundle. Some of the bundles are the length of three feet and some are running out into the cane field. The cane is cut and bundled on flat cars and shipped to the mill where it is crushed. The molasses they have on the canneries at Honolulu.

Hogs sell for one dollar a hundred here. Butter is sold at 15 cents a pound. One of the largest islands in the world is on the Hawaiian Islands, twenty miles long and ten miles wide and pigs. At the present time it is stationed at Fort Ruger. This fort after an old Hawaiian king about fifty years ago. At this king became angry at and had about ten thousand men run over a cliff west of the fort and can go over there yet and see the skulls of them.

Maybe some of the people back home have the same opinion of the Hawaiians we boys had about them wearing grass shirts. Well, we were badly disappointed for we saw the same styles we saw in Frisco, and they have some of the finest banks and buildings in Honolulu I ever saw anywhere.

Well, this is all I can write now. Will write more some other time if you want me too.

Your friend,
WM. A. RUCHES,
Fort Ruger, Battery F., T. H., C. A.,
Hawaiian Islands.

J. B. Meyers, representative of the Amarillo Daily News was a business visitor in Friona Tuesday and called for a few minutes at the Star office.

NAMELESS RIVER

By VINGIE E. ROE

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"CATHREW"

SYNOPSIS—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Cordova, seemingly infuriated by the sight of a girl plowing in the valley below, places a rifle bullet near the horse's feet. The girl takes no notice. Kate goes on to town, where her presence brings on a fight between McKane, the trader, and Sheriff Selwood. Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother and crippled brother Bud farming land taken up by her father, killed a short time before in a mysterious accident. Bud is the victim of a deliberate scheme to maim or kill him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land, and is trying to frighten the Allisons into leaving. Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone. Kate, to part them lashes Basford across the face with a quirt. Nance discovers in a cave a fine collie dog, evidently guarding a child. She goes home mystified. Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog and the small boy, Sonny. He tells her "Brand" takes care of him and "Dirk" the collie. Selwood is certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle rustling" gang, with Lawrence Arnold, her partner, who rarely visits the ranch. Minnie Pina, halfbreed at the Sky Line ranch, is in love with Rod Stone. Ranchers complain of cattle-stealing and criticize Sheriff Selwood for his seeming inactivity. Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, meets Brand Fair, Sonny's protector, and promises to keep their secret.

CHAPTER IX

Golden Magic.

Something had happened to Nance Allison. For the first time in her healthy young life she refused to visit her. Even her terrible grief at the death of her father had given way to sleep at last and she had forgotten her tragedy for a blessed time. But on the night following her interview with the strange man of the canyon she was wide awake till dawn. She was not uncomfortable. She did not think she was ill. But an odd inner warmth surged all through her, a pleasant fire ran in her veins. She lay in her bed with her hands beneath her head and thought over and over each phase of the day she had spent with Sonny, each incident that had led up to the appearance of Brand Fair. Then, with a peculiar delight, she thought over his every word, every movement. She remembered the look of his brown hand on the black horse's bit, the tilt of his hat, the way the chin-strap lay along his lean, dark cheek. She recalled the direct glance of his eyes, the slow smile that creased his lips' corners. He was like no other man she had ever seen. There was a sweetness in the tones of his deep voice, a sense of restfulness and strength about him. He seemed to fit in with her dreams of the best things to be had in life—like lace curtains and the rug carpet which was slowly growing in her Mammy's hands. His name, too—Brand Fair. She liked the sound of it. And it was Sonny's name. Suddenly she sat bolt upright, staring at the darkness. Fair—Sonny Fair! Could it be that Brand was Sonny's father? For some inexplicable reason a cold and seemed to clutch her heart, a sting of disaster to encompass her. Now, why, she asked herself slowly, "should that make any difference? Couldn't he be just as nice—just as pleasant to talk to?" She sat a long time holding her two sides in her hands, twirling the ends round her fingers, thinking. Why was she so pleased with this stranger, she wondered? She had seen many men in her life there were the cowboys from the upper country whom she saw at Cordova, nearly every time she went home, there was McKane, and Sheriff Selwood, and the sheriff. He was a man under his stern exterior. His eyes were direct, like what, and he had the same quiet strength. He had a cabin quite a few times father's death, asking all questions about his manner his experience in the hills, and so forth. Yes—Fair was a little like the sheriff, only more so—oh, very much more so—quiet, steady, one whose word you would take without question. He was different, that was all—different. He had not always lived in the hills, that was certain. She lay down and tried to sleep, but her eyes would not obey her will. They came open each time she closed them to see this man standing at the foot of stairs, his hand on the black's bit—at the pool by the cave below where he bade her good-by—still there when she looked back from far down the canyon. She heard Old John, the big Plymouth Rock rooster, crow for midnight from his perch in the rafters of the stable—and again at false-dawn a little while before daylight. "Well, I'd like to know what ails me," she thought to herself as she got up with the first gray shafts above Mystery ridge. "I never stayed awake all night in my life before." It was indicative of the great good

health and strength there was in her that she felt no ill effects from the unusual experience. She brushed her hair and pinned it neatly around her head in a shining coronet, put on a clean denim dress from the clothes-dress in the corner, laced up the heavy shoes she had to wear about her man's work, and went softly out to light the kitchen fire, to draw a fresh pail of water and to stand lost in rapt adoration of the pageant of coming day. She washed her face and hands in the basin and came blooming from the cold water, content with her lot, happy to be alive—and to know that Brand and Sonny Fair were in Blue Stone canyon, and that they called themselves her friends. She had never had a special friend before—not since those far-back little-girl days in Missouri. "Mammy," she said at breakfast, "I never slept a wink last night. I kept thinking about Sonny and Brand all the time—wondering why they're hiding, and what relation they are, and why they live so hard and poor like. It seems dreadful, don't it?" "Seems funny, if you ask me," said Bud shortly, "maybe this Brand feller knows something of all this rustling that's been going on up and down Nameless." Nance laid down her knife and fork and looked at him. "Of all things, Bud!" she said. "It's not like you to cast the first stone. And you've never seen this man's face, or you wouldn't say that." "Well, I'm not so sure of it," returned the boy, "I hate to see you take up so with a stranger." "I trust your feelin' for him, Nance," said Mrs. Allison, "somehow there's somethin' in a woman's heart when she looks into a man's eyes, most times, which sets th' stamp on 'em for good or bad. Seems like it's some sense which th' Almighty gives us woman-kind for a safeguard. I trust it." "I guess I do, too, Mammy," said Nance, "leastways I felt to trust Brand Fair the first minute I laid eyes on him. He's different." Mrs. Allison said no more, but she was thinking back over the long years to that camp-meeting time when she had meant to "frail" the stronger, young John Allison, and how his smiling eyes coaxed her angry heart to peace—a peace which stayed with her always, through hardship and poverty, through many western moves, and which softened now the sorrow of his absence. John Allison had seemed to her "different" also. For some subconscious reason Nance stayed away from the canyon for several days. She busied herself with odd jobs about the place. She mended the wire fence around the big flat where the wild hay was waving thick, its green floor flowing with sheets of silver where the light winds swept, and gave the harness a thorough oiling. As she sat in the barn door running the straps back and forth through her hands she cast smiling eyes out at her field of corn. "It's going to be a big crop, Bud," she said, "there'll be three ears on every stalk and they're mighty strong. We'll pull the suckers next week and cultivate it again in ten days more—and you just watch it grow and wave its green banners." "It's already waving them," said Bud working beside her, "it sure looks fine." There was the pride of possession in the two young faces, the quiet joy of satisfaction in simple work well done and its reward. "I hope," said the girl dreamily, "I hope, Bud, that there'll be enough left over after we pay McKane to get the carpet woven. Mammy's got nearly enough balls already, and we can take it to Bement in the early fall and go back after it about two weeks later." Bud's eyes sparkled. "Gee! But that would be good," he said wistfully, "a regular holiday. I'd like to see a town again." "One trip I'd go with you and the next we'd make Mammy go. It'd set her up, give her something to think about all winter," planned Nance. "She don't get out like we do." So they looked ahead to the meager joys of their poor life and were happy. Two days later Nance again rode Buckskin to the canyon, and this time she went in the afternoon. The eager gladness of the child, the vociferous welcome of the collie, gave her a feeling of guilt that she had stayed away so long, and she made glowing holiday with her cookies, her songs and her laughter, so that the hours flew on magic wings—and Brand came home before they were even beginning to look for him. He came upon them silently, as he had done before, and Nance sprang up in confusion. "How do you always get here so quietly?" she asked, "I never heard a sound." "Look at Diamond," he replied smilingly, "we always follow the water." A stream leaves no tell-tale tracks. Even Sonny can swim like a fish." Nance sobered quickly. A disturbing thought of Bud's remark about rustlers came into her mind—and she thought of those 90 steers of Rossick's driven into Nameless and whisked out of the country

Of course 90 head of cattle couldn't go down the big river indefinitely—but she didn't like the suggestion. "No," she said, "it don't. That's what the rustlers seem to think." She looked him square in the eyes, and was satisfied. There was no consciousness in those smiling depths, not the faintest flicker of a shadow. Whatever mystery might attach to him, this man felt nothing personal in her speech. And so she sat down again with Sonny in her lap and Brand sat down opposite, and they fell to talking there in the whispering silence, while the late sun gilded the high blade of the rim rock and the cool shadows deepened in the gorge. It was strange fairy-land to Nance, and all the inner country of her spirit shone and sparkled under a fire of stars. She had never felt so before—never known the half-transparent excitement which filled her. When she spoke she listened to her own voice on his face. He seemed to be a part of her. He spoke of the cities, the mountains, the sea, and the things which might have been as great as hers, he seemed to compare, a potentate of the world. He smoked small brown cigarettes which he made from a little old leather pouch and rolled with the dexterity of long usage, and he buried each stub carefully in the sand. He was a marvelous person, indeed, and Nance regarded him in a sort of awe. "I've been in Cordova a time or two," he said casually, "and have met the sheriff and several others. To them I'm a prospector. There seems to be a lot of unrest in the country." "It's the rustlers," said Nance, "a lot of cattle have disappeared, and some folks blame the sheriff. I don't. I think he does all he can. It's a great



"Cathrew?" He said, "Who's she?" "The woman who owns Sky Line ranch," returned Nance grimly, "and my enemy." "What? Your enemy? How's that?" "Simple as two and two. She's a cattle queen—they call her Cattle Kate Cathrew—and she runs her stock on the slopes of Mystery. She's rich—lives in a wonderful house up under the edge of Rainbow cliff, and rides a beautiful horse. Her saddle alone is worth my team and harness—my new harness that I had to buy to take the place of the one that somebody cut to pieces in the night. She wants our land—our great fine flats on Nameless that feed her cattle through. She's always wanted it. She tried to scare my father off, and since he was found dead at the foot of Rainbow she's tried to scare us off—Bud and Mammy and I. But we don't scare," she finished bitterly, "not worth a cent." Brand Fair leaned forward, and this time his eyes had lost their pleasant smile, and had narrowed to slits. The fingers that held his cigarette were tense. "Tell me," he said, "what does this woman look like? I've heard of her a little, but I've never been able—I've never seen her." "She's handsome," said Nance frankly, "not large, but pretty-made as you find them. She has black hair and black eyes and a mouth as red as a flower, and she is always frowning. She's a good shot—so good that I'm not much scared when she sends a ball whining over my head as I plow my field." "Good G—d!" shot out Fair, "does she do that?" Nance nodded. "She's done so twice. She's my enemy, I tell you. And so are all her riders. Strange things have happened to us—bitter things. There was the rope in the trail that threw Bud down the gulch—he's never walked straight since. There was the fire that took

my last year's hay—and there was the harness. It seems I can't forgive that harness—it set us back in debt to McKane at the store. Bud—Bud—he's out of it. There could be no thought of forgiveness in that. If I was a man—just an ordinary man—" The girl leaned forward with a doubled fist striking the canyon's floor. "If I were a man and knew who stretched that rope—I'm deadly afraid I'd kill him." Fair nodded in understanding. "I fear that irks me," Nance went on earnestly, "that thing which seems to flare and make me hot all over when I think of Bud. I pray against it every night of my life. Mammy says it's feud in my heart—and I say so, too." For a long time the man studied her face. "Yes," he said presently, "there's something in you that would fight—but it would take something terrible to break it loose from leash—some cataclysmic emergency." "Danger," she said quickly, "that's what'd loose it, danger to some one I love, like Bud or Mammy. I know it, and am afraid." "Why afraid?" asked Fair quietly, "if you had to do it, why fear the necessary issue?" "Because," she answered solemnly, "the Bible says 'Thou shalt not kill.'" A certain embarrassment seemed to overtake the man for a moment and he dropped his eyes to his cigarette, turning it over and over in his fingers. "That's as you look at it, I suppose," he said, "to every person his limits and inhibitions." "But let's not talk of feuds and killings," said Nance, laughing brightly as she hugged the child and rubbed his tousled head. "What do you think of our country—Nameless river and the Deep Heart hills?" "Beautiful. Sonny and I have traveled over many a thousand miles in the last two years, and we have yet to see a place more lovely—or lonely." "And can you hear the voices in the canyon? You have to be still a long time—and then, after a while, they get louder and louder, as if a great concourse of people were talking all at once." "You have a strange and weird conception, Miss Allison," said Fair, "but I know what you mean. We hear them at night, Sonny and I." "And that's what I want to speak about, Mr. Fair," said Nance hesitatingly, "I've thought at night about—Sonny—alone—hearing the voices. Have you thought what it might mean to a child?" The man smoked awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "I have. But it seems unavoidable. I have no place else to leave him." "Leave him with me!" she cried, stretching out a hand imploringly, "Oh, leave him with me—please! I'd take such good care of him." But Brand Fair shook his head. "It does not seem advisable, much as I appreciate your offer. I cannot tell you how much I do appreciate it—but I don't want any one to know that I have Sonny—that he is in the country at all." Nance gazed at him wonderingly. "I don't understand it," she said slowly, "but you know best. Perhaps it is best that I don't understand." "Perhaps," said Fair; "but I hope you'll come to see us often—maybe some day you'll take a ride with us up to the head of Blue Stone. I do quite a bit of exploring around and about. Will you come?" Nance's face flushed with frank pleasure. "Why, I'd love it," she said. "We'll cut up through Little Blue and I'll show you Grey spring and the Circle. Bud and I named them. We found them three years ago." "Then we'll consider ourselves engaged, eh, Sonny?" smiled Fair. "Engaged to Miss Allison for a long day's ride?" "And will you bring some more cookies?" asked the boy, lifting eager eyes to his adored. "Honey," said Nance, kneeling to kiss him good-by, since she was making ready to leave, "Nance'd bring you anything she's got or could get. She'll bring us all a whole big lunch." "Old-timer," said Fair severely, "I'm ashamed of you. We'll furnish some fish ourselves." He held out a hand and the girl laid her own in it. For a little space they stood so, smiling into each other's eyes and neither knew that magic was working among the gathering shadows. They seemed to be old friends, as if they had known each other ages back, and the grip of their hands was a kindly thing, familiar. Then a sudden confusion took the girl and she drew her fingers quickly away. "I'll come," she said, "next week—on Tuesday morning—early." "Good," said Fair, "we'll be all ready."

MRS. BORGELIN'S REMARKABLE RECOVERY

Gives Credit for Restored Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. All Women Interested



MRS. OSCAR F. BORGELIN
FOREST CITY, IOWA
Forest City, Iowa.—"My first child lived only a short time and I was sick for a year after. When I bent over and raised myself up again I could almost scream with pain in my back. One day I was so bad that I had to leave my washing and get ready to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine, but it did no more good than if I drank just water. Once when we had been in town a little book telling about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was left in our car. I have taken five bottles of the Vege-

table Compound now and I do all my housework and help with the milking, and taking care of chickens and garden. Besides I have a fine baby girl eight months old, just the picture of health, and I am feeling fine myself. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will answer any letters asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. OSCAR F. BORGELIN, Route No. 6, Forest City, Iowa.

A Bad Case of Nerves Relieved
Denver, Colorado.—"I was very despondent, blue and sad all the time, which is worse than real pain, and extremely nervous, with no appetite. I was this way for about two years and thought no one cared for me. My mother had had the same trouble and had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it. I tried everything else, then I began to take it. I soon had a better appetite and restored mental condition. I moved to a bright, sunny house, began calling on different people, and changed many other things. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for my female weakness. With the aid of your medicines I am now a fairly healthy, happy and contented woman. I've used the Vegetable Compound at different times and will say it always helps me over the bad spells that come to every woman past 40 years."—Mrs. HELEN FINE, 35 South Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

Woodman Runs Wild

A woodsman in a Tokyo suburb, suddenly stopped chopping down a tree and ran wildly down a street, waving his ax. Before he was overpowered he had killed one man and wounded twelve others with his weapon.

Cuba Plans New Highway

Cuba plans to spend \$300,000,000 within the next ten years in construction of a central highway and in increasing its water system.

Champion Noise-Maker

"Your son has a fine voice!" "Yes. He sells newspapers outside the opera house."

Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blued with Red Cross Blue, —Advertisement.

Special rubbed insulated gloves and sleeves are now made for the purpose of protecting electrical workers from shock.

In bed four months ... now a well man

Gives Tanlac full credit.

Over twelve years of stomach misery had made a physical wreck of Jacob Ferdinand. He spent hundreds of dollars seeking relief but every attempt failed until he tried Tanlac. This great tonic brought him immediate relief. "After seven bottles," he says, "I am a well and happy man. I will gladly talk to anyone personally and will answer all letters regarding my experience with Tanlac. For it proved a god-send to me."

Authentic statement. Address on request.

Tanlac is Nature's great Tonic and builder. Compounded after the famous Tanlac formula, from roots, barks and curative herbs alone, it is absolutely harmless. Millions owe their health and happiness to this great remedy.

Don't let stomach trouble make your life miserable a day longer. Get a bottle of Tanlac at your druggist's at once. The first dose will make you feel better. You'll be a new person with the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks that come from perfect health.

NOTE: For Constipation, take Tanlac Vegetable Pills, Nature's own harmless laxative.

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FOR YOUR HEALTH

Cut Rates
"Are the charges low at your barber's?"
"Cut rates."

Grounds of Divorce
"On what grounds did she get her divorce?"
"Chicago, I believe."

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *W.C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Sussex Has Rare Kernel
In a piece of pottery discovered in Sussex, England, and thought to date back at least to 700 B. C., there is a kernel of wheat still embedded and in a good state of preservation. The find seems to prove that agriculture was pursued in that part of England at that time and is therefore regarded as historically important.

Recipes as far back as 1207 B. C. are recorded in ancient documents at Oxford university.

SIMPLE FROCKS FOR SCHOOL; FLARE IN COATS PARIS EDICT

HIGHLY guessing, Miss Schoolgirl, as to a very important subject which will be receiving your due attention this semester, together with your perusal of Latin, Greek, higher mathematics and kindred kind. Clothes! Aye! there's a study which never loses in interest to the feminine mind. Indications are that the subject is going to prove more fascinating than ever this season.

Of course if you are to prove an apt student in the art of good dressing, it is necessary to first of all aim to wear clothes appropriate to the time and

enough to supply a dash of color. He said that these velveteen frocks prove very serviceable.

Boisic effects in misses' fall frocks are being featured, and these insure a youthful aspect. Necklines in daytime dresses are youthful, one might almost say boyish, especially the little turn-down shirt collars with narrow ties or ribbon bows. Sleeves, barreled from elbow to wrist, peasant sleeves puffed and cuffed characterize some of the newer gowns.

Let there be a decided flare, so comes the edict from Paris, and the



Pretty Models for Schoolgirl.

occasion—which for the schoolgirl may be expressed in one word—simplicity. There is no costume quite so apropos for schoolgirl needs as the one-piece frock, or two-piece if you will, fashioned of fine cloth, navy blue the preferable color. By the way, how good it is to know that navy blue is "the style" this season. In fact all shades of blue are coming in for a successful run, be they classed as royal, eopen, navy or pencil blue.

The frocks here pictured are well chosen models for "first day of school" wear as well as for the time to follow. Smart style places particular stress on the long sleeve. This matter of wrist-length sleeves foretells an incoming era of dainty lace and lingerie, with collar or frilly accessories to match.

thought is visualized in the newer coats and frocks which abound in fullness below the knee, attained through clever insets, shirred portions or circular portions. There is also in the smartest Paris costumes a suggestion of the semi-fitted effect. With all this infusion of refreshingly novel ideas into its styling, it is not to be wondered at that the tailored coat for fall and winter has become a subject of zealous interest in the realm of fashion.

If there is one thing more than another that the new modes teach us it is that even our tailored topcoats and dresses have departed from the straight and narrow silhouette. As to fullness about the hemline, fashionists do not hesitate, but as to whether the flare shall be back or front or all around, is



Example of Coat Flare.

Graceful streaming ties, too, are given much consideration when it comes to designing schoolgirl modes.

Wool rep is a favored medium for the practical frock with bright colored flannels competing in no small degree. Balbriggan, and jersey dresses are at the height of their popularity. The smart new note is sounded in the simply tailored velveteen frock. These may or may not display a quantity of tiny buttons not so much in a trimming way but as if fastening the frock at the front. Sometimes there are plaid silk facings or pocket flaps, just

a matter of spirited discussion. Some there are who prefer that the flare locate itself at each side. The model in the picture admirably defines this effect, in a most successfully devised flare. A coat or frock of cloth thus designed carries convincing style.

Many of the best known French designers sponsor the back flare. To be sure the change is radical and some of us will require being educated up to the point of enthusiasm for this innovation. In some instances the introduction of plaits, ruffles and extra fullness comes near suggesting a bustle effect. Of course this is the extreme of the mode. The conservative couturier is content to apply fullness sufficiently only to give grace and ease.

Fine cloth whereon much of intricate detail is applied in the way of braiding, embroidery, fur and the like, furnishes the basic idea for daytime frocks and coats, which promise to be dressier than for many seasons past. It is noted that gray is being featured throughout fall modes, while blue in tones from navy to pencil blue are conspicuous. Sumac red and soft dull greens indicate new color tendencies.

As to fabric, woolen rep is a favored medium. There are many trottier dresses and coats of navy rep trimmed with details of red, rust, or violet.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

THEIR LAST RIDE

By ETHEL S. PHILLIPS

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

EMERGING from behind the sheltering walls of the canyon, the team settled into a five-mile gait. The wagon rattled and rumbled over the hard surface of the mess road that lay like a pale snake across the land, keeping ever to the tops of the ridges, curving to avoid arroyos, yet always descending gradually across the vast expanse of the foothills to the green valley of the Rio Grande.

Each mile of the road, bordered with ever-recurring patches of mesquite, soap weed and creosote, was like every other mile; perhaps differing in the minor detail of spacing, yet disclosing no variation.

Like the never-changing, ever-changing aspect of the country, were the two men, who occupied the seat of the wagon. Differing as one man from another, yet alike as a type: lean, grizzled and bronzed; as typical of the cow country as the sparse vegetation of the long dry and barren plains skirting the better pasturage of the canyons and higher reaches of the foothills.

In the wagon box, inanimate as the water barrel, the battered pall and the sack of feed which shared its bed, lay a slight, stark object wrapped in a gray blanket. The blanket was wet, and the air, immediately above its gruesome folds, was cooler than would seem possible under the brazen glare of the climbing sun.

The increasing heat of the open road, thrust itself interruptingly upon the silence of the two men.

Jim Riley looked restlessly behind him and then at the other man whom he addressed.

"Funny notion some folks get about dyin', ain't it? As if it made any difference what becomes of the bank book after you've cashed in your checks. Seems like the more civilized an' Christianized folks get, the more onerous they is in their notions about bein' buried. It's plumb foolish shippin' dead folks back home."

"Does seem foolish, but I reckon it's a sight of comfort to their folks," said Porter, slapping the lines along the horses' backs.

"Well, that's what I'm gettin' at. Take this chap; he ain't been home fer three years; it ain't like they hadn't gotten used to livin' without him. Why, since he's been to the ranch, he ain't written home oftener'n once a month. They've gotten over runnin' to the door every time the postman comes. See? Suppose we'd jest written to 'em tellin' 'em that he died peaceful an' easy like, never knowin' it was comin' till the end, leavin' out the fear that looked out of his eyes when he tasted blood on his lips, an' that he was lyin' out here in the foothills, in the open, where he died, with a grand old mountain fer his everlastin' monument. Wouldn't that've been better'n this? An' this ain't all, 'tho I reckon it's the worst. It's a long ways back to Tennessee in a baggage car. No s're, none of it fer me! If I'm lucky enough to get mine in the open, let me lay right there in a hole close by, with a half a continent a-rollin' down hill in front of me. That's big enough fer me. I want to lay where I die an' my boots on."

Riley ended. Then shifting in his seat he raised a restraining hand.

Porter brought the team to a halt. Riley jumped to the road and went to the back of the wagon. "Lord, but it's hot," he said gravely, dipping the pall into the barrel and dashing water over the stark form wrapped in the gray blanket.

Presently the wagon moved on again. Drop after drop the water fell from the cracks in the wagon bed, only to be absorbed by the dust-dry atmosphere, almost before it reached the burning gravel.

"Poor boy, I bet he'd never have asked us to try to get him to El Paso in time if he'd have known what the heat means on a job like this—an' I'm not knowin' yet, that we'll be in time. Seems like this is hotter weather 'n common."

"We can't do no mor'n to try," Porter said. "I felt like tellin' him it wasn't no use, but his eyes looked so kinda hungry, an' he spent the last breath he had longin' for home—him a lyin' there lookin' out at the sunrise over beyond the Sacramentos."

"Sure, we're doin' the only thing we can do, but it's almighty tough."

At noon the drooping horses demanded a rest. The men climbed down and made camp. True to their cowboy training, they had made no provision for themselves, but the horses were fed and watered and rested for an hour. Fed and watered and rested by the burning, unsheltered roadside, but fanned by a merciful breeze.

Porter took a folded blanket from the wagon seat and threw it over a couple of mesquite bushes; it cast a narrow strip of shade and the two men, seeking this, stretched out in the hot sand.

"Poor devil," Riley said, watching the drip of the water under the wagon. "Died like a Christian an' a sport, an' then—this."

"Well, it's what he wanted, an' I reckon that's all the livin' can do fer the dead."

"You bet," Riley replied laconically. "Y' see' he was an' exlie, an' thes

great old plains with the lights an' the shades a-changin' an' a-changin' in the moonlight an' under the stars they wasn't filled with nothin' fer him but loneliness. Y' remember him a-sayin' some poetry, out of a magazine, about 'lookin' out on the sage brush an' stretchin' yearnin' hands, an' the long unbroken reaches of th' desert's burnin' sands? Well, that's what this country was to him—a desert. Now, you an' me, we're used to the bigness an' we don't call it lonesome. It's the land of memories to us. Jest like Tennessee was the land of memories to him—an' that's what a man bankers fer, I reckon, when he comes to the great divide. Like a little kid a-wantin' of his mother, a man's a-wantin' of his home."

Riley raised on his elbow: "Yep, you're right, all right, an' I'm hopin' by the Eternal, that we'll beat time to the undertaker's. Let's drag it, what d'you say? Gosh, but those birds up there, is gettin' on my nerves."

Porter opened his eyes and looked, out and above, into the blue of the sky where vagrant clouds, like drifts of snow, were drifting from the west. There, soaring on lazy wing, circling, sailing, drifting on the wind, gaunt buzzards watched afar.

When again upon the road, the two men lapsed into silence. Each time that Riley dipped the battered pall into the lowering water in the barrel, his soul grew sick within him, and each time, as he regained his seat, he muttered: "Lord, I hope I'll die in the open but I want they should dig me a hole before them varmits, up there, gets onto my job."

So the hours passed; passed with the changing shadows on the hills; when one was gone, another followed, and hours and shadows alike seemed without end.

Finally the smoke of El Paso could be seen, a faint cloud floating above graveled hills.

"We're on the lap now, Riley, but I'm afraid that gray blanket will be his shroud, an' when they get to El Paso here, it'll stay with the last trump."

"We've done our best but the sun's goin' to take us to it. I'm not wantin' to take no more rides like this."

"Nor me, I liked this chap fine, but I ain't no sorry to say good-by, this time," Riley said brusquely. He was standing on the back wheel, ready to jump into the road after emptying the last bucket of water on the gray-blanketed figure, and he looked back now, at that stark form, and, with his pitying eyes still lingering there, he jumped.

An automobile coming from the rear, shot past. A warning cry from Porter, a shout and a woman's scream, rang in Jim Riley's ears as he passed over the great divide. His lips softened to the shadow of a smile, at the involuntary bidding of his last consciousness, when fear and shock had passed with the swift review of the panorama of a lifetime.

Porter wrapping with the frightened horses, gray and grim, choked an unfamiliar sound within his throat, and, shocked as he was, it was as nothing to the sorrow that gave no outward sign.

The man from the automobile, it was, who laid Riley's battered body beside the road and covered the sightless eyes that seemed now, to stare with a fixed horror at the black specks against the evening sky; specks that sailed and soared and drifted on the wind.

"Anythin' you can do? Sure. Stay by Riley till I can bring somebody. It ain't a joyful job I know; tough on the lady, but it's the best we can do. I've got one dead man aboard already. Fifty miles we've brought him so's that he could be buried decent, back in Tennessee. We've got him in a blanket, an' we've kept it wet all the way, but the sun's been fierce an' th' evaporation ain't done much good, so y' see I can't wait now. But I'll be right back, an' say, if you've got any pull, I want to dig a hole right here fer Riley. That was what he wanted—to die in the open—an' to lay—where he died. Me an' him, we've lived half a lifetime together, an' I'll give the rest of mine to see that he gets what he wants—wanted."

"Well, so long, I'll be pullin' my freight. Git up Roany! Git up Honey! Poor old caballos—y'ain't got much hustle left in you, have you? But we're one lighter, now, than we was." Porter choked as the horses started down the steep grade.

"So he got his in the open, poor old Jim," Porter mused. His face was drawn and gray but a new determination stamped it now.

"Well, pard, I'll see that you lie in the open too, with half the world lyin' at your feet, an' the grand old mountain'll be your everlastin' monument, an' you'll be sleepin' right at home. An', Jim," he said, looking up into the marvelous blue that surrounded the riot of the sunset, "the birds is a-followin' of my freight an' there ain't no black specks, back there, a-flyin' between you an' heaven."

Indoor Sports

Dr. William D. Haggard, of Nashville, president of the American Medical association, said at Atlantic City the other day:

"Why do so many Americans spend the summer abroad when our Atlantic coast has the best summer climate in the world?"

"A Nashville man spent last summer in England and France. It rained all day and every day over there."

"Have a good time? I asked him when he got back."

"Oh—er—wettish, you know," he said; "but—tell you what doctor—and his face brightened up—I learned to crochet darn well!"

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Japs Extend Phones

In a plan to improve the telephone system of the country the government of Japan plans to install 50,000 telephones and 10,000 miles of new toll lines within the next five years.

The charm of a bathroom is its spotlessness. By the use of Red Cross Blue all cloths and towels retain their whiteness until worn out.—Advertisement.

Creation

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster!—Jeremy Taylor.

The Quickest Way to Beauty.

Women are finding "The Quickest Way to Beauty" in O. J.'s Beauty Lotion. At all drug stores on a money-back guarantee. Removes Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan. 75c per bottle—Adv.

A reserved behavior can be due to fear of impertinence.

Difficulties strengthen the strong.

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Coset to Coast and foreign distant range under favorable weather conditions, with built-in cabinet aerial, no ground and no storage batteries. Latest Radio Sensation, installed in a beautiful gold-inlaid, two-tone walnut finish cabinet with built-in loud speaker. Above price includes all accessories, tubes, batteries, etc. Order at Once. Limited supply at this exceedingly low price, \$48.00 with order, balance C. O. D. 2% discount if total amount accompanies order.

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Making Sure

"Oh, Gondolito, do you love me?"
"I'll say so."
"But do you love me?"

In the Fashion

"They say she's a slave to
"Well, her burden is I
"goodness knows."



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

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THE FRIONA STAR

John White, Editor and Publisher,
Published Every Friday

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Six Months80

Application has been made for entrance to the mails as second class matter at Friona, Texas.

Some people is so certain that salvation is free that they often forget to put anything in the contribution box.

Another trouble with life is that too many men are worrying about what the world owes them instead of what they owe the world.

A benefactor is a fellow who pulls out of a parking place just when you want to pull in.

One sin charity doesn't cover up is the sin of butting into other people's business.

The best thing these days for a run-down feeling is to get away out in the woods where you don't have to dodge.

FEW DEATHS FROM RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

The American railroads have earned the right to be considered authorities upon the matter of safe operation. During the year 1924 there were only 149 fatalities among 931,000,000 persons carried, or one fatality for every 6,314,000 persons carried safely. This result reflects the intelligent and persistent effort of railroad officials to operate their properties safely and indicates that in railroad parlance safety is far more than a mere phrase.

There are over 18,000,000 passenger and commercial automobiles using our highways today, with approximately 19,000 fatalities and 450,000 injuries per year. That there is gross incompetence and reckless operation of automobiles upon our highways is beyond question. We can well afford to most seriously consider and apply the American Railway Association's grade crossing slogan—"CROSS CROSSINGS CAUTIOUSLY." Caution at railroad crossings will beget caution elsewhere. Those who will not voluntarily be cautious should be driven from the highway.

SPEAKING OF THE GOAT'S APPETITE

TERRY'S

"Everything to Eat,"
Dry Goods Wall Paper,
Phone 153 Hubbell 6 W. Liberty
—Ad in Yearly (Ohio) Telegram.

The Czar who keeps his hair cut to the Russian throne will eventually come under the suspicion of being a ventriloquist.—Detroit News.

DIVINATION.

It is thought that the lunatic who has been setting fire to haystacks in Surrey must have lost a needle.—Punch.

A "Chevy roadster in first class condition. Balloon tires and two bumpers. It's for sale. A bargain. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

AMERICA'S ONLY WOMAN CONSUL



We have women governors, woman legislators, and now we have a woman consul. She is Miss Pittie Field. Miss Field is the first woman consul appointed by the State Department. Her post is Amsterdam, Holland.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

"Do you want someone to mind the shop while you go out?"
"No, thanks, boy. I'm not going out."
"Yes you are—your wife's just fallen in the canal."—The Passing Show.

PUBLIC BATHING.

Five room bungalow with bath on concrete street.—Ad. in the Columbia City (Ind.) Evening Post.

The Columbia State says the best thing it has heard about Tammany is that Hearst is against it. Well, isn't the best thing you ever heard about Hearst that Tammany's against him?—Houston Post-Dispatch.

I'm going to sell that Chevrolet roadster mighty cheap. It has balloon tires and bumpers both fore and rear. Mechanical condition first class. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

Try a Star Wand Ad for results.

Mrs. Ben Galloway and daughter, Edith, left for Canyon Sunday. Mrs. Galloway will visit her sister and Miss Edith will enter school there.

A Chevrolet Roadster in first class condition, balloon tires, two bumpers and cheap. If you want it see me. J. D. Raymond.

FLATTERY WASTED.

Terrence—"Tis a fine lad ye have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Could ye lend me two dollars?"

Pat—"I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."—London Telegraph.

FALL SUITS

Isn't it about time to be thinking of a Fall SUIT that will cause your friends and neighbors to stop and ask you—

you mind telling me just where you got that Suit?

We have Suits of fine quality fabrics
We have Suits that will fit you perfectly—
We have Suits that are Stylish in Patterns—
HERE IS NO NEED OF PAYING MORE MONEY FOR A SUIT THIS SEASON THAN YOU DID LAST.

COME IN and let us show you and convince you that we have REAL QUALITY to the lowest limb of the price-tree, so that every Man and Boy can pick the plums.

IONES BARBER AND SHIRT SHOP

Texas

LOOK

NEW CARS FOR OLD ONES.

If you don't buy a ne wear this fall bring your old one in to be painted.

TWENTY FOUR HOUR SERVICE.

All Work Absolutely Guaranteed

Prices Reasonable

R. C. COX

Texas.

Do You Know

- The correct grade of oil to use in your car?
- Are you using more gasoline than is necessary on account of improper timing?
- At what speed your car renders the best efficiency?
- Are your pistons and rings worn out?
- Is your clutch slipping?
- Are your brakes tight?
- Is your carburettor set for summer driving?

Why Not Find Out--

Why not ask someone who knows—someone who makes it a business to doctor the ills on an automobile—and to keep them in good condition.

Drive in now. No charge for expert advice, and the most reasonable service rates in town.

FRIONA OIL COMPANY

JUST ARRIVED

A car of RECLEANED 60 lb TEST Turkey Red SEED WHEAT

Sacked in New Sacks, 2 bushels to the Sack

\$2.25 per Bushel

Get It While It Lasts!

Santa Fe Grain Co.

Implement Sheds

It is often said, "Everything is against the farmer." Be that as it may, true or untrue, there is yet no valid reason why the farmer should be against himself.

The buying of high-priced farming implements and machinery is, perhaps, the heaviest drain on the farmer's bank account. He locks his house to keep out the burglar. He locks his chicken coop to ward off the midnight marauder, yet he does nothing to protect his valuable machinery from the raids of thieves who come and steal in broad daylight and right under his eyes. The thieves

RUST AND DECAY

occasioned by exposure to the sun, wind and moisture are the worst enemies these implements have. Build sheds of

BRICK, CEMENT, WOOD OR METAL.

We have the plans and can furnish specifications, also material.

ROCKWELL BROS. & CO. LUMBER

O. F. LANGE, Manager, Member Chamber of Commerce

What yo gwine do when de winter winds blow, Phoebe
What yo gwine do when de winter winds blow?
An' nothin' in sight fo' to eat but snow, Phoebe?

—Why, buy one of those sheep-lined leather vests at

WEIR'S

Of Course

BUY IT IN FRIONA AND GET IT AT WEIR'S.

LOCAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sutton and daughter, Dorothy Lorene, of Hereford, Texas, were visiting old friends in Friona Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Beckner and family visited in Amarillo last Monday.

Miss Treva Drake, who has been visiting in Oklahoma for some time,

returned to her home in Friona Friday.

Mrs. Newman and Mr. Beasley have as their guests this week, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Beasley, a brother of Vernon, Texas.

The regular meeting of the Friona Woman's Club, which should have been held on Wednesday of this week, has been postponed until Wednesday of next week, Sept. 30, to meet at the home of Mrs. T. J. Crawford.

A few weeks ago we gave the story of what one man did with spotted pigs, leaving Mr. Wentworth at that time with two pigs on hand. He has just informed us that he has sold the other two pigs for which he received \$84.00, making a total of \$583.70 from his \$140.00 investment. Has some one beaten that?

Miss Julia Brown, who has been visiting Miss Neva Jones for some time, returned to her home in Canyon last Monday. She also visited her sister, Miss Sallie Belle Brown, one of the high school teachers, in Hereford, Texas.

T. P. Brown of Denver, Colo., is visiting in the home of L. P. Beckner of Friona.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bledsoe and small daughter, Ediline, of Ft. Sumner, N. M., visited relatives here last week.

E. O. Overton of Canyon, Texas, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. W. D. Overton, and his sons, Ralph and Elbert, Jr.

Nothing takes the "PEP" and vitality out of your hens and stops their laying quicker than to be eaten alive by LICE.

Nothing KILLS LICE and restores comfort and vitality to the hens quicker than

Revenge Life Destroyer

RESULTS GUARANTEED

For Sale By

FRIONA PRODUCE COMPANY

Bring us your Cream, Eggs and Hides.

We Pay Cash

I'm going to sell that Chevrolet roadster mighty cheap. It has balloon tires and bumpers both fore and rear. Mechanical condition first class. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

A "Chevy roadster in first class condition. Balloon tires and two bumpers. It's for sale. A bargain. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

Rev. J. C. Mardis and little son, Herbert, old citizens of Friona, but now of Chicago, Ill., are visiting relatives and friends here. Mr. Mardis was formerly minister of the Congregational church and is loved by all.

A Chevrolet Roadster in first class condition, balloon tires, two bumpers and cheap. If you want it see me J. D. Raymond

Coming Saturday Night

"CALL OF THE CANYON"

By Zane Grey

See It.

A good love story with a moral. Worth your while and your money.

Next Saturday night, Oct. 3

SINGER JIM McKEE

Dr. J. E. HANLEY

CHIROPRACTOR

All diseases treated by rational methods.

Chronic diseases a specialty.

Rooms at D. D. Meade Home

In Friona each afternoon beginning Monday, Sept. 7th.

Classified Ads

WANTED—A correspondent for the FRIONA STAR in each community in the county.

WANTED TO BUY—Stock hogs, stockers or feeders. See S. E. Scoggins, 2 miles south of Friona or STAR office.

WANTED—Your subscriptions for magazines and all popular publications. See Geneva Jones, Friona.

FOR SALE—One dark Jersey milk cow. John White, Friona.

FOR SALE—Six good milk cows. All giving milk. A. N. Wentworth, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—One three-disc plow in good condition. See Floyd Schlenker, 14 miles west of Friona. 2td

FOR SALE—One 12-20 Rumley tractor. Run very little and in good running order. Cheap. See C. M. Clark, 10 miles north of Texico. 4td

FOR SALE—Pure bred Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Range raised. Toms, \$10.00; hens, \$7.00. These are fine birds. Miss Carrie E. Smith, Box 112, Friona, Texas.

LOST—Boy's wool sweater at school house in Friona Sunday, Sept. 6. Please return to E. M. Sherrieb.

FOR SALE—Case threshing machine, size 26-46. See E. M. Sherrieb, 4 miles northeast of Friona.

WANTED—A good steam engineer. Apply to Fred Fahsholtz, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—160 acres good plains land. Fenced and in cultivation. Six miles north of Friona. For prices and terms see L. F. Lillard, Friona

FOR SALE—One spotted Poland China Boar, eligible to registry. A. N. Wentworth, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—150 acres row crop, consisting of 110 acres maize, 35 acres red top sorghum and 5 acres kaffir. Will take \$8.00 per acre for this crop if sold at once. M. A. Crum, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—Second hand car cheap. See or write Mrs. B. F. Bule, Hereford, Texas.

FOR SALE—25 head of shoats. See M. K. Smith, 12 miles south of Friona.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Roadster. Balloon tires. Two bumpers. First class mechanical condition. J. D. Raymond, Friona, Texas.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Box B, care Star, Friona, Texas.

Abstract of Title

We are now equipped to furnish complete or supplemental abstracts of title to all Parmer County land and town lots, promptly. Complete tract index to all real property in the county.

PARMER COUNTY ABSTRACT CO.

E. F. Lokey, Manager.

Farwell, Texas.

HARNES

Made by us as good as leather can build.

The Best of Shoe Repairing.

R. D. WILLIAMS

Texico New Mex.

Howdy, Boys-

Having severed my connection with the Friona Oil Company, I wish my friends to know that I am still prepared to serve them at my "New Drive In" Filling Station on Main Street, where I have in stock a complete line of MOBIL OILS.

I have also a full line of AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES, TIRES, and TUBES; and anything you may need in this line. I handle also the best grade of OILS and GREASES for your Car, Trucks and Tractors.

A. B. SHORT

Friona, Texas.

C. L. LILLARD

General Insurance

Real Estate Farm Loans

Friona, Texas

WILKISON IMPLEMENT COMPANY

McCormick-Deering Line

Primrose Cream Separators.

P. & O. Tractor Plows

Deering Binders

10-20 and 15-30 McCormick-Deering Tractors

Friona Texas

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Business Lot in the City of Floydada: Lot, 25x140 feet; Building, 25x 100 feet; Price, \$3,500.00, or would trade in the above described property for land in Parmer or Deaf Smith County.

M. A. CRUM

REAL -- ESTATE

Friona, Texas

MILL ENDS

Regular 25c Values

Bleached Domestic

at 15c While They Last!

Fancy TICKING, best quality, at 42½ Cents

Fall patterns in Woolen dress goods. Make your Selections NOW.

BLANKETS

Any kind to suit and prices to fit. Compare our prices.

A Full Line of Ladies' and Gents Rubbers

T. J. CRAWFORD

The Star office has received word of the change of address of Mrs. Virgil Howard from Abernathy, Texas, to Route 2, Lubbock, Texas. Mrs. Howard was formerly Miss Frances Drake.

The movie rights for one of Mark Twain's least important stories recently sold for \$25,000, for a six-year agreement.

I'm going to sell that Chevrolet roadster mighty cheap. It has balloon tires and bumpers both fore and rear. Mechanical condition first class. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

Work on E. B. McClellan's new house is going rapidly on and the building is assuming the appearance of a neat little home. It is now fully enclosed and roofed. Mr. McClellan is doing the work himself.

The attention of the Star readers is called to the picture show advertisement which states that the time for beginning the show will be 8:30 p. m. instead of 9:00 as it was during the summer.

A "Chevy roadster in first class condition. Balloon tires and two bumpers. It's for sale. A bargain. See me now. J. D. Raymond.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

The State of Texas.
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Parmer County, Greeting.

You are hereby commanded to summon W. B. Mersfelder; P. D. Mersfelder; E. T. Stevens; C. W. Arthur; R. S. Bell; Jno. D. Terry; H. P. Oliver, and the unknown stockholders of the Parmerton Townsite Company, a corporation, by making publication of this citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, to appear at the next regular term of District Court of Parmer County, Texas, to be held at the court house thereof in Farwell, on the third Monday in October, 1925, the same being the 19th day of October, 1925, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 16th day of September, 1925, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 655, wherein Wallace Good is plaintiff, and Parmerton Townsite Company, a corporation, L. Gough; Norman Wilson; F. W. Jersig; W. B. Mersfelder, W. L. Townsen, F. L. Spring; E. T. Stevens; C. W. Arthur; P. D. Mersfelder; R. S. Bell; J. P. McDonald; Jno. D. Terry; H. P. Oliver, and the unknown stockholders of said Parmerton Townsite Company are defendants, said petition alleging in substance as follows:— That said Parmerton Townsite Company was chartered under the laws of the State of Texas in March, 1907, (having its principal place of business at Parmerton, in said Parmer County; that said Townsite Company acquired a two hundred acre tract of land out of Section 22, Capitol League No. 497, upon which the town of Parmerton was located and temporary court house constructed thereon, and still owns said tract of land, less certain lots and parcels by it heretofore sold; that later the county seat of Parmer County was permanently located at the town of Farwell, in said County, and thereupon the town of Parmerton was abandoned and the purposes of said townsite company having failed, it ceased to operate and failed to pay its franchise tax, thereby forfeiting its legal rights to do business and permitted the taxes to become delinquent on said lands; that said lands are now lying idle and producing no revenues, and no one of the officers or stockholders of said corporation are in charge of said property and looking after same, and that said property is liable to be sold to pay the delinquent taxes; that plaintiff has paid taxes out of his personal funds on said property to the amount of \$300.00; that said corporation is now legally disqualified from handling and selling said land, and the stockholders have no legal right to take charge of and sell the same; that it is necessary that a receiver be appointed by the court to take charge of the property of said defunct corporation, sell its property to pay its valid debts, including court costs, and distribute the balance among the present stockholders of said corporation, as their interests may appear, all of which shall be done under the orders and direction of the court; that plaintiff and the defendants herein named are the owners of the stock of said corporation. Plaintiff prays for the appointment of a receiver to take charge of and wind up the affairs of said corporation, to make sale of its property, and to distribute the net proceeds among the stockholders.

Witness B. N. Graham, Clerk of the District Court of Parmer County, Texas.
Given under my hand and seal of said court, at Farwell, Texas, on this

16th day of September, A. D. 1925.
B. N. GRAHAM,
Clerk of the District Court of Parmer County, Texas.
Issued this 16th day of September, A. D. 1925.
(SEAL) B. N. GRAHAM,
Clerk of the District Court of Parmer County, Texas.

You will be proud of your community when you see your community exhibit at the Fair.

The manuscript of Scott's Antiquary sold recently for \$10,000. It brought \$200 when sold 93 years ago.

Among them who will now proceed to work a way through college is dad. —Associated Editors (Chicago).

An ancient Persian ambassador to France every morning before the day's business, saluted a turf of earth dug from his native soil to remind him of the loyalty due his country in all transactions of the day.

A Chevrolet Roadster in first class condition, balloon tires, two bumpers and cheap. If you want it see me. J. D. Raymond.

BLACKSMITHING

We want the public to know that we have a new roller for our disc machine and are prepared to do FIRST CLASS DISC ROLLING and all kinds of repair work.

Bring Us Your Work

BURTON & BOYDSTUN

Friona, Texas.

DEPENDABLE
- Delco LIGHT -
A SIZE FOR EVERY NEED
E. W. KINNEY
HEREFORD TEXAS

Work on our new hotel is progressing rapidly and we hope soon to be AT HOME to the traveling public.
We will spare no pains to secure the comfort of our guests.
The Friona Hotel
MRS. L. A. MARTIN, Proprietor

Three live railroads with a system extending from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, decided the way to get business was to go after it.
THAT IS OUR PLAN--
The business they wanted was summer travel to the northwest.
The business we want is to supply you with choice staple fancy groceries for your table, Gas, Kerosene and kerosene and lubricants for your cars, trucks and tractors.
They told the public what they had in scenery, climate and opportunities.
We tell the public that we have always a complete stock of the highest grade of all articles in our line.
However, our chief line is—
SERVICE
Day And Night
Hix Service Station
R. L. HICKS, Owner & Manager
Friona Texas

We Have The Best FARMS PRICES TERMS
See Us For Exchanges In
— FARMS OR CITY PROPERTY —
J. J. HORTON
Make Our Office Your Office When in Friona.
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE SALES EXCHANGE FARM LOANS
Friona, Texas

They're Here!
Did you notice how the cold snap this week made folks dig up their old winter coats? A fire would have felt right nice too. In fact, several came in and bought stoves to drive away the chill.
Will YOU let the next cold snap catch YOU unprepared? It may be really severe. Since you will have to have a stove, why not get it now and be among the lucky ones next time?
The Auto Hot Blast holds fire for forty eight hours. We have a dandy bunch for you to select from. Get that range now too. Come in today.
Write Our Ad--
ARE YOU POETIC? \$5.00 will be given for the best limerick advertising our store, sent in by October 10th. Impartial judges, open to all, sharpen up your pencil and your wits and win \$5.00. Here is a sample:
At the store Blackwell's Hardware
They treat everyone on the square;
For the man or maid
It's the best place to trade.
Buy your Hardware and Furniture there.
Blackwell Hardware & Furniture
Everything For the Farm Home.

"Finders Keepers--Losers Weepers"
Too often comes true when you lose your pocket money.
Anyone who has lost money out of pocket will tell you how true it is. And if you want to insult the loser, just ask him if he ever got it back.
If, on the other hand, he was keeping his money in the
Friona State Bank
he will probably say. "I should worry. I'll get it back."
Your deposits guaranteed by the STATE GUARANTEE Law.
"The Bank that takes care of its Customers"
YOUR BUSINESS IS APPRECIATED

Come! Come! Come! Now!
See Our Wall Board.
Just unloaded a straight car of "BEST" wall board. It is manufactured by the "Beaver Products Co." "Best" wall board has a gypsum plaster core, wrapped with a tough fiber paper and is 3/8 of an inch thick.
Saw It and Nail It Like Lumber.
"Best" wall board will not warp and it stays where you put it. It is good looking as it is, but you can finish with paint, calcimine, or any wall tint; or panel it, or hang wall paper on it.
Specify "Best Wall Board" in your new home or repair job.
"BEST WALL BOARD" IS TRUE TO ITS NAME.
For Sale By
Truitt & Landrum Lumber Co.