

Stick to Your Knitting

THE production of crude oil is, in itself, a highly specialized business.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) recognizes this fact and leaves to others the drilling of wells, the operation of pipe lines, and the other activities incident to the production, storage, and transportation of petroleum.

It buys its requirements of crude oil on the open market and pays the market price.

The business which engages the attention of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is the manufacture, distribution, and sale of the products of petroleum.

The Company goes into the oil fields and buys the Crude it wants from whoever has it for sale. In this way the Company is able to select with care the raw material it uses, and is not hampered in its endeavor to render greater service by being tempted to use crude which is not exactly suited to its needs.

By devoting all of its time to the business of refining and marketing, the Company is able to fulfil its obligation to the public by supplying petroleum products of the highest known standards—to maintain at all times a uniformity of quality—and to manufacture in such volume and in such variety of forms—as to enable it to sell these products at a low price.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

TEXAS OIL FIELDS

Enoch Heckman Writes
Interestingly From the
Points in Southwest

FARM CROPS GOOD

Farmers Still Threshing in
That Section—The Oats
Fields are Green

Friona, Texas, March 20, 1920.
Decatur Daily Democrat.

Dear Friends: Will write you a few lines about my trip to Texas and in the oil field. I often have to think about good old Adams county, and wonder how Decatur is getting along with her big factories that had started with their work just before I left. I guess Decatur will soon be a big city with many new homes.

I first went down in South Texas to the old Mexico line, or the Rio Grande river; Omar at Brownsville, Texas, and other little towns around there. I looked across the river in old Mexico and saw the big Mexican towns or cities along the line, but I did not have the nerve to go over. Was afraid they would make me ride a steer. Was there at the time when Cap. E. F. Davis and Private D. E. Grimes were captured in Mexico and held for about a week. Saw them both come back and land in McAllen, Texas, with their airplane. They said they did not care to fly over there again by themselves. The United States has a lot of used and unused camps along the border.

From Brownsville I went to San Antonio, Ft. Worth and then to Witcher Falls and Burk Burnet, the large oil field. That is some busy place; the fields are three miles wide and about thirty miles long, and some wells are so close together that a man can't drive between them with a team and wagon. It looks just like looking in the woods back in Indiana, and think all those trees are oil wells. Some of those good wells are bringing 4,000 barrels per day and the oil is worth \$3.00 per barrel. Just figure that out. How would you like to own one of those "holes"? From there I went to Panhandle, of Texas. Amarillo has the largest gas wells in the world. The best one is twenty miles from here. It brings 700,000,000 cubic feet per day, so that makes the "wild cating" good around in the Panhandle district. They say where there is oil it may be a hundred miles from here, but this gas comes from oil. A man finds about

from six to ten wells drilling or getting ready to drill in a short time in each county. Friona is in Farmer county, which is the nearest town to those from Adams county, Indiana, who bought land here. The Prairie Oil & Gas Co. started to drill just at the edge of town. Lots were selling for \$15 each, and going up every day. Friona is just a little town. They are going to put down two more wells right close in sixty days.

They had very good crops here last year and people are still threshing and will be, for another month or so. Some of our Adams county people here threshed 4,500 bushel of grain and have 200 head of cows on the side. Oats is making on an average 75 bushels per acre, and wheat about averages around 40 to 35 bushels per acre. The other grain I don't know but it also was good. The wheat put in last fall looks like another good crop for 1920. Most of the oats is sowed and up and the weather is nice and warm; and I guess it is also getting warm in Indiana by this time. Guess I will close for this time. Best wishes to you all.

ENOCH HECKMAN.

(To be continued).

LITTLE-GIRL, BIG-BOY,
AND THE GARDEN ELF
(Written for the U. S. School Garde
Arby, Bureau of Education,
Department of the Interior).

The "Humbug" and the Bee Aeroplane.

PART I.

"He-ho-ho-o, he-ho-ho!" Big-Boy's clear voice echoed through the garden and awoke responses from hundreds of drowsy small voices that called back in small pipings and fluting notes. Little-Girl heard the call, and she came bounding down the garden path. Even the Little Green Elf Man awoke to the magic and leaned down from his leafy nest.

"Did you ever hear of Tri-ung-u-lin who rode off the back of a honey bee?" he asked.

"On the back of a bumble bee?" inquired Big-Boy.

"No, not bumble, bumble," said the Elf Man almost crossly, "a honey, h-o-n-e-y bee. You see I can spell. I owe my education to the Dictionary Man."

"Oh, do you know our Dictionary Man? Our dear, square, chunky little Dictionary Man with his student's cap?" said both children at the same moment.

"Indeed, I do. How else could I read the United States School Garden Manual? The Dictionary Man taught me the science of words."

"But you know secrets not in books—you said so?" announced Big-Boy.

"Indeed I do—and they are going to remain secrets. W-e-l, perhaps I shall tell you a few. For instance, about Tri-ung-u-lin. The creature is so tiny that one must look through the Magic Glass to see him. But of what an assurance! Even I am not of such presence that I could force myself into a giant's home without being eaten up. I might ride on a frog's back and jump off into the bushes if he turned about, but I have not the courage or impudence of Tri-ung-u-lin, who rides off on the back of a bee as neat as you please."

"Listen! This Tri-ung-u-lin is a humbug. Ha! ha! a humbug! He rides and pays no fare. He rooms and he pays no rent! He eats and pays no board! A humbug. It was this way that I saw him. I was watching a very respectable and industrious bee gathering nectar from a flower when I saw a tiny insect crawling up the flower stalk from the ground. And before you could say 'Tumble Bug' he had scrambled to the back of the bee and was holding on with six sprawling little legs."

"Just like a boy stealing a ride on the back of the cart when the driver isn't looking," said Big-Boy.

"Exactly," replied the Elf Man. "The bee didn't know he was there and after she had abstracted from the flower all the nectar she could carry, she flew away to her hive. This pif-teet went with her and actually introduced himself into her home without an invitation."

"Not really?" Little-Girl was standing on her tip-toes in excitement.

"Yes, really," nodded the Green Elf Man. "Then, Tri-ung-u-lin set himself to work to get breakfast, and he liked his food so much that he decided to stay. The bee didn't notice him because she was so busy making bee food from nectar and pollen she got from the flowers for her bee babies that she had no time for visitors. He-ho-hum!" and the Elf Man yawned, and inside of his mouth looked like the tiny rose bell of a baby morning-glory.

"Are you tired, little Elf Man?" asked Little-Girl.

"Indeed, no, it is only the impudence

of this member of the Beetle Family. I am yawning to get more oxygen into my system."

"Oh, I know. You are taking your deep-breathing exercises. We learned them at school in our Health Crusade. Watch us!" Then Little-Girl and Big-Boy opened their pink mouths, and yawned, "He-ho-hum," and their teeth and throats reminded the Elf Man of big-beautiful Illes drenched with dew. You see, they had kept all the Imps of the Poisonous Gases out of their bodies by keeping their mouths and teeth perfectly clean.

"Well, to tell you more about Tri-ung-u-lin," said the Elf Man, "Soon he had eaten so much that he became soft and helpless—just as a child will become if it eats too much and takes no exercise. He lost his six legs and he lay there and ate and ate until after a while he turned into a hard blister beetle like his father was before him, and then he rolled out of the bee home. Mrs. Bee didn't care because she hadn't noticed him at all, so he went away without so much as saying 'Thank you.'"—By Cecilia Reynolds Robertson.

(To be continued).

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache, and sluggish bowels. Sold everywhere.

Masonry is experiencing a revival in Great Britain since the war. Most of the lodges have waiting lists of candidates.

CAME TO SHAKE HANDS PROBABLY

She came down to breakfast very late and her mother scolded her severely.

"Did that man kiss you last night?" she asked.

"Now, mother," said the sweet young thing, blushing, "do you suppose he came all the way from the Great Lakes to hear me sing?"—Detroit Free Press.

CRYSTAL THEATRE TONIGHT

Tonight is White Stag night. The first 100 men to enter the theater will receive a White Stag cigar.

The first 100 ladies to enter will receive a Calumet Cook book.

It's worth while. Come and enjoy an evening of real entertainment. Articles of merchandise to be given away after each show. You may have a lucky number.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

A big Paramount-Artcraft special well worth your time. Follow the crowd to the Crystal and you will see the best. Change of program each day. Matinee ten and fifteen cts. Evening ten and twenty cts.

NOTICE Closing Out Sale

Owing to the fact that I have sold my building and am advised to quit the Jewelry business on account of ill-health, I will offer for sale my entire stock.

Sale Now Going On

and continue until sold. For the opening week I have arranged a number of specials and all articles will go at considerable reduced prices.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

Cut-Glass Silverware Alarm Clocks

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Ivory Chinaware

All other articles to go at this sale.

All persons having repair work here are requested to call for same within thirty days.

AUTH'S JEWELRY STORE

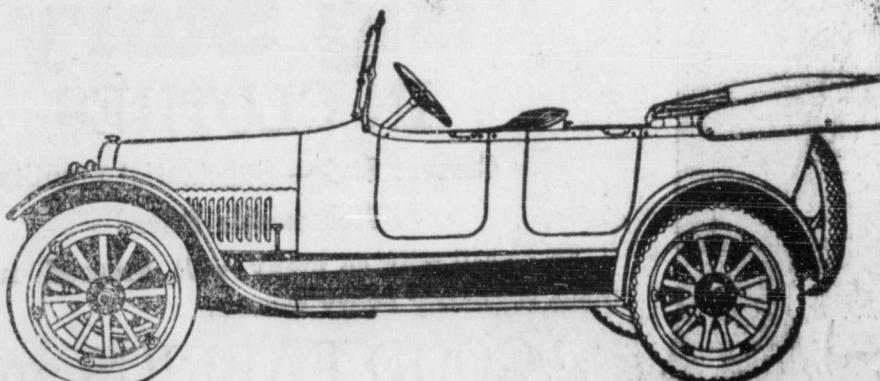
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It has been an achievement worth the effort and established a Buick reputation of high standard and value.

The public has learned to depend upon the Buick Valve-in-Head Motor Car, and the great demands upon Buick dealers for Buick models is the highest compliment that can be paid to Buick achievement.



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You'll save time and money by getting to it at once. Drop in and see the NEW SPRING PATTERNS IN

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For the Floors, Wood Work or Furniture

VERNICOL is not affected by heat or cold. It may be washed with soap and water. When used for floors it will stand severe usage without showing heel marks or scratches.

VERNICOL is used in the home for renewing the finish on old, battered and dingy furniture. Only one coat, in the standard wood finishes, is necessary to make chairs and tables look bright and new.

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IT BEATS.... AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

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