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**Community Talks**

By Ulmer S. Bird

A young man I know thought a lot of his dog, but his neighbors owned sheep.

His dog fell into bad company, ran away too far at night, and was found helping run down a sheep on a neighbors ranch in the mountains.

This young friend of mine didn't want to kill his dog, but he never hesitated a moment. He heard of the damage incurred to his neighbor, got another friend to go with him, found the dog, and had his friend execute the old fellow without delay, for he knew there was no other remedy.

He never pitied himself for making the sacrifice in the interest of neighborliness, good will, and right dealing. He went on about his business, keeping his own counsel.

No use to say it doesn't cost to be a neighbor in a community. Some things must be given up for the common good, and happy is he who learns early in life how to give and take gracefully and with good will. "Whoever ye would that men should do unto you," an easy thing to say, sometimes hard to practice, but always the best rule in the long run.

Nearly everybody who has a dog is apt to have a neighbor with sheep. You have your rights, he has his. "It's nobody's business what I do" may be a challenging little ditty to sing, but the idea is a mighty poor one in practice.

Dogs of sin will tear somebody's lambs if you turn them wild loose, for they are that kind of dogs.

**A HOMESICK TEXAN**

And when I look on your alien beauty,  
 Old Hudson  
 And dream in the sunlight upon waters  
 And struggle with your borrowed tides  
 I know  
 That never will your beauty  
 Conquer me wholly  
 Nor possess my soul.  
 For always in your mind-made waves  
 I see  
 The waving grass on Texas plains  
 And in your sunlight feel  
 The scorching brand of Texas suns.  
 There my soul was born  
 And branded.  
 My sun and my stars are hers  
 And her mighty wind  
 Reaches his fingers round the world  
 To hold me.  
 It is there I live  
 And move  
 And have my being.  
 I have no other home.  
 —Dorothy Mills.

**IT IS NOT YOUR LODGE IT'S YOU**

If you want to hold membership in a Lodge, like the kind of a Lodge you like.  
 You needn't slip your clothes in an old grip bag, and start on a long, long trip.  
 For you will only find what you left behind for there's nothing that's really new.  
 It's a knock at yourself when you knock your lodge for it is not your lodge, it's you.

Real Lodges are not made by Brothers that are afraid to let some Lodges get ahead.  
 When every Brother works, no Brother shirks, you can raise a Lodge from the dead.  
 And if while you make your personal stake your Brother can make one too.  
 Your lodge will be what you want to see. It isn't your lodge, it's you.

**THE CAMPAIGN "RACKET"**

Candidates in Collingsworth county are to be congratulated. They met last week, perfected an organization, elected officers, and decided to hold six public meetings during the campaign. All candidates pledged themselves that they would not attend any sort of box supper or pie social during the campaign. The campaign "racket" has become unbearable in many counties. All kinds of schemes are concocted for the purpose of extracting money from the candidates. If the candidates will refuse to fall for these schemes, they will lose no votes, and be ahead many hard-earned dollars.—Canyon News.

**International Sunday School Lesson**

By DR. J. E. NUNN

FOR APRIL 29, 1934

General Topic: Christ's Standard of Greatness.

Scripture Lesson: Matt. 20:17-28.

17. And as Jesus was going up to Jerusalem, he took the twelve disciples apart, and on the way he said unto them,

18. Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests and scribes; and they shall condemn him to death,

19. And shall deliver him unto the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge and to crucify; and the third day he shall be raised up.

20. Then came to him the mother of the sons of Zebedee with her sons, worshipping him, and asking a certain thing of him.

21. And he said unto her, What wouldst thou? She saith unto him, Command that these my two sons may sit, one on thy right hand, and one on thy left hand, in thy kingdom.

22. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink? They say unto him, We are able.

23. He saith unto them, My cup indeed ye shall drink; but to sit on my right hand, and on my left hand, is not mine to give; but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared of my Father.

24. And when the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren.

25. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them.

26. No so shall it be among you; whoever would become great among you shall be your minister;

27. And whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant;

28. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life ransom for many.

Golden Text.—The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Time.—March, A. D. 30, in the closing three months of Christ's ministry.

Place.—Perea and Jericho.

Parallel Passage.—Mark 10:32-52.

**Introduction**  
 The standard of true greatness was set forth by Christ in the present lesson. He was on his way to Jerusalem for the last time. Crucifixion Week was only a few days ahead. He was in Perea east of the Jordan concluding his approaching death by crucifixion and to give his second rebuke of ambition in the apostolic circle. Thus he taught an impressive and still vital lesson of greatness through sacrificial service.

"It is always our peril that we hunger for place more than for character. These disciples wanted to be great and prominent; the Lord wanted them to be pure and good. They longed to be Prime Ministers; the Lord purposed that they should be glad to be ministers, working contentedly in an obscure place. They wanted to be the King's cup-bearers; he offered them to drink of his cup. They call for sovereignty; he asks for sacrifice. They seek a life of getting; he demands a life of giving. Through self-sacrifice we pass to our throne."

**Faithfulness in Little Things**  
 "Many people's great difficulty in thinking of serving God is that they feel that there is nothing great or heroic that they can attempt, and so they lose the humble opportunities which each recurring day brings with it. But 'if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not' 2 Cor. 8:12. And if God sometimes denies us the larger spheres of service after which we long, this should only make us the more earnest and faithful in the performance of the work that is lying right before us. Our Lord himself has taught us that 'he that is faithful in a very little'—he that turns to the best possible account the little time, the little opportunities within his reach—'is faithful also in much' (Luke 16:10). He is preparing himself already for the higher glory that will one day be his."—Rev. George Milligan.

**The Ambition of James and John vs. 20, 21**

The request of ambition was made right after the Lord's prediction of his sufferings, death and resurrection. "Then came to him the mother of the sons of Zebedee with her sons." Zebedee was the head of a prosperous fishing firm on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. His wife was Salome who was probably a sister of the mother of Jesus. Their two sons, James and John, were among the first of the disciples of Jesus and they had time and again been admitted to special intimacy with him as at the resurrection of the ruler's daughter and on the Mount of Transfiguration. Did the two sons enlist their mother in making this request or did she prompt them to join her in it? At any rate the three came to Jesus with an indistinct idea of his Kingdom. They evidently thought that the sufferings he had foretold were simply the valley of humiliation out of which he would emerge to the sunny heights of power beyond. Could they not by reason of their station in life and their relation to Jesus expect preferment in his Kingdom?

**Mistaken Greatness: Station**  
 The two brethren in their ambition were clearly mistaken in their idea of greatness since they identified it with station rather than service, although they were willing to render any service that might be required. However, the very statement of their

desire caused a ripple of anger among their associates. It is not always true that ambition becomes angry at ambition?

**Worldly Greatness: Rome**

The peak of worldly greatness had been reached by the world empire of Rome. As a matter of fact the Roman eagle hovered over the Holy Land as he did over practically every land in the time of Christ. In such an empire men were reckoned great according to the authority they could exercise. "Their great men make them feel their authority."—Weymouth. We think of golden thrones and shining crowns and royal radiance around the seat of power, while underling and outsiders are made to toil in sweaty fields or grind in dismal prison house or fight or fall on far frontiers.

**Christian Greatness: Service**

There is such a thing as Christian greatness; but the mount of eminence lies in the field of service. Let those who aspire to become great know that "whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister." Let those who desire primacy in position under the reign of Christ know that "greatness will be first among you shall be your servant." So it is that "greatness in the eternal Kingdom is not a matter of rank or birth or favor; it is a matter of service. It cannot be bestowed as a favor; it must be won. And the mark of the great man in the Kingdom is not that he has multitudes of people waiting upon his beck and nod, but that he himself is everybody's minister and servant."

**Divine Greatness: Sacrifice**

In his own person Jesus was and ever remains the eternal example and illustration of what he said. He is the greatest the earth ever knew because by life and death he rendered the greatest service. "The Son of man came." He was born of the Virgin Mary. He proved himself the Son of God. Undoubtedly the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. "The Son of man came to minister." He laid aside a brighter crown than earth could offer. His business among men was to serve them. And none ever served our sinful race as he did.

"The Son of man came to give his life." That was the climax of his ministry. But for that he would have been a great prophet and healer and citizen and—nothing more. With that, he was the world's Saviour and Sovereign.

**139 Charters Are Granted During Month of March**

Austin, Texas, April 25.—A total of 139 charters were granted to new corporations in Texas during March, against 130 in February, a gain of 7 per cent, and against 144 in March 1933, a decline of 4 per cent, according to the University of Texas Bureau of Business Research.

Capitalization of the new companies amounted to \$1,264,000, compared with \$1,290,000 in February, a decline of 2 per cent, and with \$3,070,000 in March last year, a drop of 59 per cent.

Groups showing substantial increases in the number of charters granted compared with March last year are: Manufacturing, 24 per cent; transportation, 50 per cent; and miscellaneous, 25 per cent. Decreases were registered in the following groups: Oil, 8 per cent; banking-finance, 25 per cent; real estate-building, 22 per cent; merchandising 20 per cent.

Charters granted to out-of-State corporations exceeded those of March, 1933 by 32 per cent.

Trade in Friona

**POSTERS WILL DISPLAY WEST TEXAS WEALTH**

**San Angelo Convention To Show Resources**

SAN ANGELO, April 26.—A colorful exhibit portraying West Texas as "The Raw Materials Capital of the World" will be on display at the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in San Angelo, May 14-16.

The West Texas relief map, shown at a Century of Progress in Chicago last year with a backwall upon which attractive posters will tell the story of the resources of West Texas to support the slogan of the regional chamber that West Texas is the raw materials capital of the world.

The relief map is thirteen feet square, and was built by students of Texas Technological College for the West Texas Chamber last year. Upon it appears all towns affiliated with the organization, all roads, highways, streams and topographical features. It has been declared to be correct in detail. In colors the various resources are shown. One color shows small grain production, another cotton, another oil, another gas, another wool, etc.

The individual towns of West Texas will be represented in the exhibit with attractive posters made by students of the respective high schools. In preparation for the exhibit at San Angelo, a poster exhibit contest was launched in the two hundred fifty schools of West Texas.

Each school was furnished the rules and regulations and an entry blank and asked to conduct a local contest—selecting the best posters from the local contest, and entering them in the exhibit at San Angelo. The posters will tell the story of some resource or resources of the town. The town having the best poster at San Angelo will be given a silver loving cup trophy.

Fifteen cities have already entered the contest, and notified convention headquarters that they are conducting local contests and will enter posters at San Angelo. They are: Amarillo, Anton, Big Spring, Denton, Dumas, El Paso, Fort Worth, Hamilton, Higgins, Marble Falls, San Angelo, Seagraves, Vernon and Wichita Falls.

**Many Will Enter "My Home Town" Annual Contest**

SAN ANGELO, April 26.—The My Home Town Speaking Contest at the 16th annual convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, May 14-16, promises to be the biggest contest in its several years history as a WTCC convention feature judging from reports at convention headquarters a month before the convention opens.

Four entries have already been received. Jack Boren of Dimmitt; Mary Virginia Whitehead, Slaton; Cy Long of Vernon; and Iru Bray, Jr., Lohn.

Sixteen other cities in West Texas have definitely advised that they are conducting preliminary elimination contests in their schools to determine who the contestant will be. They are Amarillo, Abilene, Anton, Plainview, Bend, Brady, Burkburnett, Coleman, El Paso, Lubbock, McCamey, Sanderson, Santa Anna, Snyder, Trent, Van Horn and Wichita Falls.

In addition to the cash prize offered by the regional chamber and

the Thos Etheridge loving cup offered annually, a choice of scholarships in the following educational institutions will be given: Abilene Christian College, Abilene; Baylor University, Waco; Howard Payne College, Brownwood; McMurry College, Abilene; Simmons University, Abilene; Texas Christian University, Fort Worth; and Texas Women's College, Fort Worth.

Chairman C. M. Caldwell, Abilene, who has conducted the contest for years is active in publicizing the preliminaries with a view of having large attendance to hear the contestants speak.  
 Men outnumber women in Texas. Of the 5,824,715 population of the state, 2,965,994 are males, 2,858,721 are females.

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**J. W. WHITE, Insurance**

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 Magnolia Agent

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 Enamelware Bargain, Maytag Washers  
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**Blackwell's Hardware & Furn.**

**Another Good Rain**  
 Was that received here Monday evening and we rejoice with our farmer friends in this hopeful indication.  
 FOR ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIALS—SEE  
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**THE STAR**

# OUTLAWS of EDEN

By  
**PETER B. KYNE**

WZTU Service.  
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Arrived back at the Circle K headquarters with Lorry Kershaw, and Miss Lizzy Bachman, Nate Tichenor, after the fashion of a rural neighbor, did the chores. He realized that, with the men all away, Lorry would have had to do them.

He ate his dinner in silence, for both he and Lorry were acutely aware of the presence of Miss Bachman and distrusted her. After dinner he kindled a log fire in the living room fireplace. He was a straight, well-set-up young man, not overly thick but muscular; he had a little crescent out of his left ear and a faint white scar about three inches long across his left temple and disappeared into his hair. His teeth were strong, even, white and well cared for. His nose, thin and high and a fraction too long, tended to spoil what would otherwise have been a handsome face, but lent to him an air of distinction. It was the nose of a thoroughbred, a thinker. His eyebrows, heavy and almost black, were a bit overhanging, thus giving to his glance an expression of alertness and directness, particularly when he asked one a question.

Lorry had already observed that he moved with quick, precise motions, like one very sure of himself and in the pink of physical condition.

About eight-thirty the nurse retired; as her bedroom door closed behind her Nate Tichenor arose, shoved an easy chair toward the fire and waved Lorry into it. He remained standing until she had seated herself.

"Too bad your father wasn't here when I called this morning. I might have preserved his life for many years," Tichenor snapped his fingers. "Kismet!" he murmured.

"We thought you were waiting until we got in so deep we couldn't swim out, then you could smash us more easily."

"Had I chosen to smash you a long time ago there was nothing to stop me. You were helpless."

"Then why didn't you?"

"I didn't need the money and I knew I could always protect myself. I could have gotten the ranch at 25 per cent of its value. As a matter of fact,



"Had I Chosen to Smash You a Long Time Ago There Was Nothing to Stop Me."

I did plan to buy your mortgage. Surely you do not think I am so careless as not to have kept a close watch on the Kershaws."

"Your people always wanted all of Eden Valley, of course. So you planned to buy the mortgage and fore close."

"No, I planned to buy it and hold it, because only in that way could I be assured the Kershaws wouldn't be annoyed. I planned to give you time to work out of the jam you are in; then, if you couldn't make the grade, I planned to buy your outfit, lock, stock and barrel, at a fair price. Owen was dead, your father was a cripple and you couldn't operate the business—"

"Of course I could operate it," she challenged. "And I shall. The cattle business is bound to recover. It's getting better every day. Within two years beef will be selling at ten cents on the ranch."

"I do not doubt that. Who is your father's forerunner?"

"I am. Since graduating from the university in 1921 I have operated this business. I do a man's work. I know cattle and I know my job. I can ride, rope, and brand and I bust my own saddle stock. I hire and I fire. I've had to do it."

"And you want to keep on doing it?"

The girl nodded.

"Well, carry on."

"I cannot unless you buy the ranch mortgage to protect me—and yourself, otherwise it will be foreclosed."

"In a few days," he suggested, "go to see Babson and say that I am inclined to grant you additional time

provided he will do the same."  
"I can't understand why you are so kind."  
"It's a fault I inherited from my father." A tiny smile flitted around his firm mouth. "Your grandfather tried hard to be neighborly to my grandfather but my grandfather was hard-boiled and mean and stupid and wouldn't play the game; as a result he spoiled all subsequent opportunities for his clan. It's my chance now and I have a curious yearning to make good, particularly since it will not cost me anything," he added bluntly, as if ashamed of his chivalry.

"I thank you more than I can say. We've been paying the bank in Valley Center 12 per cent on our unsecured loans."

"Well, 12 per cent is legal in this state, Miss Kershaw. However, strike Babson for a reduction to 7. Give him an argument. You may win. Babson's probably as hard as a picnic egg, but he may have an unsuspected soft spot."

"I wish I could agree with you, but I find that impossible. Our ranch was mortgaged to a San Francisco bank, but recently Babson bought it from them—"

"He has a ten on," said Nate Tichenor, "and I'll have to find out whether it's a Bantam or a Plymouth Rock. A coward and a potential crook. Money-mad. A schemer. Miss Lorry, he wants the Circle K ranch. When he ascertained from my attorney that the Bar H was not for sale, he decided to acquire the Circle K, so immediately he purchased your mortgage."

"But why has he developed this sudden interest in Eden Valley?"

"I do not know, but I intend to find out. However, he'll never own the Circle K. Whenever you find your self unable to hang on to it, I'm the rightful heir to it. Understand?"

"Perfectly. You're sure you will not permit him to crowd me? Sure this isn't a generous impulse because you find me in such a sad case today? An impulse you may, with reason, regret next week?"

He drew a checkbook from his inner breast pocket, went to her desk and signed a check in blank. "You fill that in for what your father's estate owes Babson and his bank," he ordered curtly, "and secure me with your promissory note."

She tossed the check in the fire. "What's your interest in me?" she demanded. "I can understand sympathy and gentlemanly kindness but not

a blank check that could be filled in for nearly two hundred and ninety thousand dollars."

"I met your brother, Owen, in France. It was before Cantigny, I was the chief of No. 4 section of my battery, and my gun got bogged in a small shell-hole in the road. The teams were new, half-trained and unused to draft—and the drivers were worse so I had a lot of plunging and tugging—no co-ordinated effort—and there we stuck. There was an infantry regiment resting by the side of the road, and pretty soon a private came up and told the green lead driver to dismount and let him try. I saw by the way this doughboy soothed the excited horses that he knew horses—so I took the place of the driver on the swing team. Fortunately, I had a good driver on the wheel team, so presently, with the cannoniers and spare drivers at the wheels and pushing behind, we gathered our teams and made one steady, concentrated pull—and the gun came out. And when the infantryman dismounted from the lead team, Owen Kershaw and I recognized each other. I said: 'Thanks, Kershaw. I'm obliged to you. Good luck to you.'"

"What did Owen say?" the girl asked softly.

"Nothing, Miss Lorry. His face sort of twisted. You see, we were all exhausted and hungry and thirsty and we'd been through a lot of mud and blood and I suppose we each had the same thought—that the Hensley-Kershaw feud was a pitiful thing. I know I had a vision of Eden Valley just then. Perhaps Owen did, too, because he commenced to cry silently; and then he came toward me and I commenced to cry, too. We didn't say anything, because there was nothing to say; just leaned against each other and thumped each other's backs and were quiet about it. Owen walked beside me up the road a little, his arm through mine; and finally he said: 'Nate, maybe my dog tag will beat us back to Eden Valley. But if you take care of yourself, you're liable to go back with both your dog tags; and when you do, call on the old man and Lorry and tell them it's an order from me that you're to stay for dinner.'"

"Did he say anything about the water?"

"Yes, he said we were to have it and that he'd write home about it as soon as he got the opportunity. So I told him you'd already promised to let my people have it and that pleased him. And I promised him I'd be a good neighbor and fight as hard for the Kershaws hereafter as our clan had ever fought against them. That

affected him very deeply and he dragged me off the road and we swore blood brotherhood, each to the other—and then we embraced like two sentimental Frenchmen and were ashamed

Irrigation is utilized to aid crop production on 10,861 Texas farms. The first such project was achieved by the Franciscan fathers who built their missions at the present site of San Antonio.

Approximately three-fourths of Texas' 5,824,715 population are white people. The Mexican population is 11.7 per cent and the negro population is 14.7 per cent.

## GO TO HOT SPRINGS

C. C. Boren, who has been confined to his home for the past six weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism, with two of his daughters, Mrs. M. Manns and Mrs. M. Niece, and Mrs. Niece's two small daughters, departed on Thursday of last week for Hot Springs, New Mexico, in the interest of their health. They expect to be gone several weeks.

## VISIT DIARY SHOW

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hart and children, John, Thelma and Kenneth, drove over to Plainview last Thursday to attend the Dairy Show at that city.

From Plainview they drove over to Floydada and visited relatives Saturday and Sunday, returning home Sunday evening.

## QUARTERLY TEA

The Ladies Aid of the Congregational church will hold the regular quarterly tea at the church basement on Friday evening of this week (tonight).

A good luncheon will be served to all who attend and the general public is cordially invited. Hours, 6 to 8.

Rev. and Mrs. Lansdown and the J. W. Highfill family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hart, north of town.

We have a team of good horses for sale. Buchanan & Rosson.

ONE HORSE for sale, extra good. Milk Cows, Blackwell's Hardware and Furniture.

Gleen Reeve of Friona, who is now attending the West Texas State Teachers College, took part in an amusing comedy, "Polishing Henry" which was given at the general assembly hour Saturday morning, April 7. This one act play was enacted and sponsored by members of the Cousins-Sesame Literary Society.

## JODOK—

(Continued From Page 1)

As I stand on the street and listen to the remarks that are made by those who visit my sanctum, I hear many remarks beginning with "The city ought—" which are continued by naming the things the city ought to do, as "such and such" and "so and so," and invariably these "so and sos" require money and usury out of it, in order that they may be done.

Then they will say that the city taxes are entirely too high. Well, I happen to know that the city would do many of the "such and such and so and so" if it had the money, and I also happen to know that if all the delinquent city taxes were paid in Friona, our little city would be in pretty nice shape financially and could do many of the things that these people think should be done.

Friona has a board of progressive minded men, who will be pleased to do anything within reason for the growth and advancement of our city, and if every citizen will pay the taxes these men will go right on and do these things you are wanting done, and at the same time be able to reduce either your valuation or your tax rate.

Here are some startling facts about delinquent taxes in Texas: Uncollected taxes in Texas today amount to 120 million dollars.

The state general fund has a deficit of over 3 million dollars.

In 1932, forty-six million dollars in taxes went delinquent in Texas.

County and city tax deficits are mounting in proportion to the state deficit.

Records show that the big, not the small, tax payers owes the greater portion of unpaid taxes.

I have taken the above statement from a little folder gotten out by the Texas Junior Chamber of Commerce in its drive for the collection of delinquent taxes throughout the state.

Here is a small boy's version of a "lie" which I have seen somewhere: "A lie is an abomination to the Lord and an ever present help in time of trouble."

The State of Texas is the undisputed leader of the states in mohair production, but there is not a mill in the state to fabricate it.

Two good used McCormick-Deering tractors. One of them a re-built late model.—Buchanan & Rosson.

of it because he wore both billies—and I went on with my section and he went back and dopped with his weary squad—and here I am, and I've been a long time getting here."

"Why did you delay, Nate?"

"I kept remembering him"—he pointed to the bedroom door—"and how he spoke to me that morning I came to ask for the water. I was afraid he'd never understand—so I thought I'd wait and not bother him and gradually inculcate in him the belief that I wasn't a bad sort of citizen. I see now that was poor strategy."

"Life," the girl said drearily, "is a game that is played to be lost."

His hand strayed over and imprisoned hers. "Poor little sister!" he murmured. "So hopeless and bitter—and the sun just rising over Eden after a long eclipse. Life may be a game that is played to be lost, but we'll play it like sportsmen and go smiling to our defeat."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Local—Personal

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jennings had their Sunday dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and children, Miss Lada and Ben of Clovis, and Miss Rosella Dixon of Rhea.

S. B. Walker of Hereford, was in Friona Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. McFarland and children and Mr. and Mrs. G. McFarland were shopping in Hereford, Friday.

Miss Lucille Campbell of Merkle, Texas who has been visiting in the home of her sister, Mr. and Mrs. G. McFarland departed for her home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Crow and daughter Miss Juanita and Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Buske spent last Sunday with relatives and friends at Abernathy, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Darsey of Bovina visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Wills last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Lange entertained as their guests last week end Mr. and Mrs. Jack Allen and small son of Amarillo.

G. B. Buske was in Amarillo Monday.

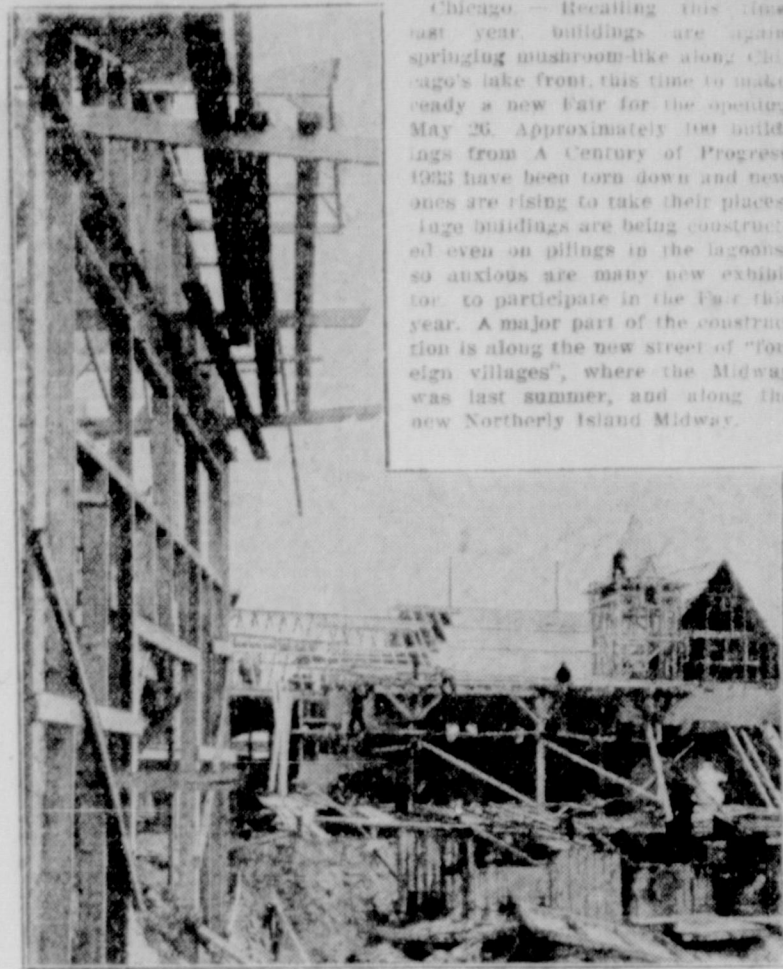
Mrs. W. Valentine of Hereford, is spending this week with friends in Friona.

FOR SALE—Good cotton seed. Walter Loveless, one and a half miles west of Friona. 401p.

FOR SALE—Western Wonder cotton seed. 50c a bushel. Friona Brothers, 3 miles north of Friona.

FOR SALE—Good half-and-half cotton seed. W. C. Williams, five miles northeast of Lazbuddy.

## Speed Buildings for New Fair



Building a Winter Village for principal attraction of this German Next Summer. Cool temperatures, Black Forest village, on the new synthetic snow and outdoor ice skating all summer long will be the World's Fair street of "foreign villages," being rushed to completion.

# See The

# Friona Star

# For

# Job Printing

# AD-venture

Let them go to distant places!  
Let them sail the seven seas!  
Let them trade in spices, laces,  
Scimitars and filigrees.  
Let them dock at far-off Aden—  
We can find romance and more  
On the shelves so full and laden  
Of our corner grocery store!  
There'll be black tea from China,  
Fragrant cloves from Zanzibar  
Figs that come from Asia Minor,  
Other products from afar.  
We can get at bargain prices  
Coffee out of hot Brazil,  
Simple foods, exotic spices—  
Anything we want, at will!  
Oh, they'll go on yearly whalings—  
Let them! You and I can roam,  
Build our ships and make our sailings  
Within half a mile of home!  
Let them follow their wild notions!  
City streets will be our oceans,  
And our charts will be the ads!  
Let them sight their Trinidads!

**There's a world of adventure waiting for you — in  
the advertisements of this newspaper!**

# The Friona Star