

The Friona Star

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF FARMER COUNTY, TEXAS

Vol. 8—No. 42

FRIONA FARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1935

SOIL EROSION TALKED MUCH IN SOUTHWEST

Congressman Jones Is Given Pen Used By President

By MARVIN JONES

The Southwest is very much interested in the question of soil erosion. No other question is more vital to its section of the country.

President Saturday April 28, signed the bill which provides for a soil erosion service in the Department of Agriculture. He used two pens in signing this measure, presenting one to Congressman Dempsey of Mexico and the other to me.

The soil erosion service will have charge of both the emergency and regular soil erosion programs.

The President has given assurance that adequate funds will be made available to do the work properly, both on an emergency and on a permanent basis.

It will be expected that the farmers will cooperate in doing the work and such other ways as they may be in a position to assist, but provision will be made to do the task in proper way. The CCC camps also are in carrying out the program.

In the meantime, an allowance of ten cents per acre has been made for the purchase of oil and gas for emergency listing. In order that there be no misunderstanding, it is noted that this is not of either the emergency or the range soil erosion program.

It is an extra allotment, and was made immediately available out of a balance of old drouth relief fund. It is made available through the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and was intended as a stop-gap until such time as the emergency and regular funds can be allocated.

In writing this to make it clear that this small allowance is no part of either the emergency or the regular program, which will be handled by the Soil Erosion Service on a permanent basis.

In view of the tremendous task of fashioning a program over the whole country it takes a little time to arrange the plans, even for emergency work. The situation in our section was so desperate, it was felt that even a small allowance from some old unexpended funds might be some advantage.

The farmers throughout the nation have shown a disposition to cooperate with the government in the soil conservation program that is being mapped out. The conservation of our natural resources is a matter of great importance to all of our people during the years to come. No work of greater importance could be done.

LIVE AT HOME CLUB

The Live at Home Demonstration Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Denny on Thursday evening, May 2nd, with a social. There were 56 present and the evening was spent playing "42" and other amusing games.

Cheer and cake were served at the following: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hughes and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Authur Hughes and children; Mr. and Mrs. M. Lacy and children; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lillard and children; Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Lloyd; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ogar Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Tabot and daughter, Mrs. Rosa Terry, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wimberly, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Roberts, and Mr. and Mrs. Eelgin Denny and little daughter.

Everyone reported a nice time. The next meeting will be with Mrs. M. A. Wimberly on May 16th. Miss Key will be with us on that date give a demonstration.

SENIOR WOMAN'S CLUB

Members of the Junior Women's Club of Friona were hostesses to their mothers and their mother-in-laws at the Friona Women's club at their first day meeting at the Congregational Church basement on the evening of May 7th. The program consisted of a reading by Miss Handa Ker, a short play directed by Mrs. E. E. Magness and a song by the Junior Club Chorus.

At the close of the program a short social hour was held and directed by Mrs. James Bragg, after which delicious refreshments were served.

and Clyde Hays of Black, were in Friona Monday afternoon, having come over to attend the funeral of Fat Hughes.

F. M. HUGHES DEAD

People of community were deeply saddened Saturday morning of last week when it became known that F. M. Hughes, commonly known by his many friends as "Fat," had passed away.

He was one of Friona's most popular young men and well known and liked by the people throughout the community, he having been engaged in the barber business here for the past several years.

Mr. Hughes was taken ill Saturday, April 27, with pneumonia, and died at about 9:00 o'clock the following Saturday morning.

The high esteem in which the deceased was held was manifested by the large throng of sorrowing friends who gathered on Monday afternoon to pay their last sad respects in his memory at the funeral services, which were held at the Methodist church and conducted by Rev. H. L. Thurston, pastor of the Methodist church, assisted by pastors of other churches of the city. This esteem was further manifested by the large number of beautiful floral offerings that were in evidence at the funeral and burial.

The deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hughes, of this city, being one of a family of nine children, and was born in Shelby county, Texas, in 1910, and came with his parents to Farmer County in 1922, where he has resided the greater part of the time since. He was married in 1929 to Miss Lorene Whitley, to which union no children were born.

Besides his parents, he leaves four brothers: Buford, S. N., E. M., and Paul Hughes, and four sisters: Mrs. Sam Taylor, Mrs. John Sanford, Mrs. R. C. Stevens, and Miss Mildred Hughes, and many other relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death.

Following funeral services at the church, interment was made in the Friona cemetery, the funeral procession of cars being one of the longest ever seen in Friona.

The Star joins the other friends of the deceased in extending sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

FRIONA WEATHER

The system of regular daily sand storms that have been prevalent here for the past many fortnights, was broken into temporarily the latter part of last week, when the locality was visited by some very cold weather, accompanied by about half an inch of moisture, which fell in the form of fine snow during a part of the day Friday and nearly all day Saturday.

Although the chilling wind filled with the fine driving and melting snow was not to be considered as perfectly pleasant, it was received with hearty approval by our people and proved a most pleasant change from the prevalent dust storms that had been our common portion for many weeks.

So far as the writer was able to learn, there was no frost nor ice accompanying the cold wave, and it is yet hoped that the various kinds of fruit locally raised thus far been spared and still promises a fair yield of peaches, plums and cherries, not to mention strawberries.

Sunday was clear day and much warmer than the two preceding days, while Monday was as nearly an ideal day as one may hope to see in any climate and this was followed by Tuesday, another fair day, being much warmer and with just a modest breeze blowing.

GRADE STUDENTS PRESENT PLAY

"The King Snoozes" was presented on Monday evening by students in the fourth and fifth grades.

There were more than ninety children used in the operetta, with Jacquelyn Wilkerson, Joel Landrum, Mary J. Anderson, Eugene Southall, Hurston Batty, Roy Lee Johnston, and John Hart taking leading parts. The play was in the kingdom of Cranberry Cross, with the king's castle, the bakery shop, the tailor shop, and the wishing well furnishing the stage scenery.

The operetta was directed by Mr. Davis and Miss Vivian Boston.

MANY FARMERS BUSY

The light fall of moisture, aggregating a possible half inch, which fell the latter part of last week, has placed enough season in the ground so that many farmers have begun spring farming operations.

Several say that the moisture received has placed their land in nice condition for listing, and some say there will be enough moisture to bring the crop up if planted. It appears that it showing an effect on the wheat that was not entirely blown out. Should more moisture come this week, there will still be a possibility of harvesting some wheat in the locality. Other weather conditions have been ideal for farming, with no dust since Thursday of last week.

41 SENIORS TO GRADUATE

Senior graduation exercises are to begin on Sunday morning.

The baccalaureate sermon is to be presented by Rev. J. O. Quattlebaum, Jr., pastor of the Methodist church at Canyon, at the Grade School auditorium Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock.

There are forty-one Seniors graduating, making the largest graduating class that Friona has ever had. Commencement is to be on Friday evening, May 17, at 8:00 o'clock. The program for the evening is being arranged by the students.

HOME FROM GEORGIA

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wood and small daughter, returned last Friday from Zebulon, Georgia, where they had been called a week previous on account of the serious illness of Mr. Wood's father, who passed away on the day following their arrival.

The death of the elder Mr. Wood was the direct result of a rat bite, producing what is known as rat-bite fever. While at work about his home a rat ran up on his shoulder and he caught it in his hand to throw it away from him and was bitten on one of his fingers. The wound apparently healed without leaving any serious results, and while he was hoeing in his garden about four days later, he became seriously ill and went into the house with a severe chill which was followed by fever from which he never recovered, living only a few days thereafter.

Mr. Wood stated that there has been an abundance of rain throughout all the country he traversed after passing the middle of Oklahoma, and that grass and all vegetation is growing rapidly. While away he spent one day fishing, meeting with splendid success. It has been several years since he was back to his boyhood home, and he says the fields there look unusually small to him now.

WIL MOVE TO IOWA

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Wentworth, two of Friona's pioneer citizens, have leased their dwelling here and are preparing to depart for Mr. Wentworth's former home at Cresco, Iowa, about the middle of this month.

This action has been decided upon on account of Mrs. Wentworth's health. She has been a sufferer from asthma for many years and the severe and continued dust storms of this season have made her affliction doubly worse, and to the extent that it seems imperative that they remove to some other climate. Mr. Wentworth stated that at the end of six months, when the dusty season has subsided here, if his wife's health will permit, they will return to their home here; otherwise they will lease their home for a longer period and remain away indefinitely.

They have leased the three west rooms of their home to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis, who are now living there; and the three east rooms of the home have been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Meeks, who will move there about May 16.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our most sincere thanks and gratitude to all our friends and neighbors, also Dr. LeGrand, who helped so much during the illness and death of our beloved wife and mother, for the many floral offerings and lovely music rendered. Your unceasing thoughtfulness and ever increasing helpfulness have brightened our dark hours and lightened our heavy load.

A. C. Hays and Family
SphthetfhdIMY shrd shrd shrd

BUILDING NEW PARSONAGE

The Baptist congregation has purchased a part of the J. L. Landrum building on Euclid Avenue and moved it to the lot adjoining their church property. The building is being converted into a neat cottage to be used by the pastor as a parsonage.

The carpenter work is being assisted by members of the congregation, and when completed it will be an attractive and valuable addition to the church property.

WILL DO FARM PROJECT WORK

Some of the members of the Agricultural class of the local high school are planning to do some demonstration or project work during the coming cropping season.

They secured a tractor Monday afternoon and began the listing of a tract of thirteen acres near the Henry White home, to be soon planted to kaffir and other row crops supposedly with a view to experimenting in the various methods of planting and culture of these crops.

THE POOR EDITOR

Consider the editor! A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the town. The physician getteth 10 plunks. The editor writteth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he lieth even as a centurian. And the proud father giveth him a Cremo.

Behold, the young one groweth up and graduateth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea, he telleth of the wisdom of the young woman and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men. And the editor gets a note of thanks from the sweet girl graduate.

And the daughter goeth on a journey. And the editor throwteth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture postal card that costeth six for a jittney.

Behold, she returneth, and the youth of the town fall down and worship. She picketh one and lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto the editor a bid to the wedding and behold the bids are fashioned in a far city.

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth 10 bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a 12-months subscription.

All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered unto the soil. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head and the darned thing cometh out, "Gone to Her last Roasting Place."

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancelleth their subs, and they swing the hammer even unto the third and fourth generations.

—Pathfinder

Summer Sessions Opens June 10 At Texas Tech

LUBBOCK, Texas, May 6—The tenth summer session of Texas Technological College opens June 10. The first term closes July 19, and the second term begins July 22 and extends to August 29.

Expenses per term include: enrollment \$10; breakage deposit \$3; recreation fee, either or both terms \$1; medical service, either or both terms, \$2; board and room in the new dormitories for the full six weeks terms \$32. The \$3 breakage deposit is returnable to the student less library fines and other legitimate charges such as breakage of equipment in the laboratories.

Board and room outside the dormitories and light housekeeping apartments may be obtained at reasonable rates.

Twenty-four courses are being offered by the division of agriculture, 212 in the arts and sciences, 52 in the division of engineering, and 23 in the division of home economics. Besides these courses, the annual band school will be held for two six-weeks terms, beginning June 10. The fee per term is \$15.

The annual coaching school, featuring the foremost authorities in every phase of athletics begins August 5 and closes August 17. The fee for the school is \$25. Besides these courses offered for residence work, 250 correspondence courses are given by the college.

Wilbur Ford, living seven miles west of town, was in Monday afternoon. He stated that the small amount of moisture received Friday and Saturday had not materially added his farming operations.

MRS. MATTIE TARPLEY HAYS

Miss Mattie Tarpley was born February 3, 1875, in Tennessee and departed this life at her home in the community of Black, April 27, 1935.

She and her family left Tennessee in 1899 and moved to Texas, making their home near Bonham. She was married to A. C. Hays Dec. 26, 1896, they remaining in the community of Bonham until the year 1927, when they moved to Black, Texas.

To this union there were born eight children, seven of whom survive her, Edith having preceded her mother in death in infancy. The husband, A. C. Hays, and seven children survive her. They are Mrs. R. W. Sisk, of Fort Worth; Mrs. Jim C. Bookout, of Hartley; Glenn Hays, of Dallas, and Clyde, Charlie, Jimmie and Lucille Hays, of Black. Also two grand children, Bobbie Jane Sisk, and Billy Charles Bookout. Also two sisters and four brothers, Mrs. R. W. ones, of Trenton; Mrs. Mattie Hayton, of Dallas; J. Lee Tarpley, of Leonard; J. A. Tarpley, Santa Anna, Calif.; W. W. Tarpley, of Bonham and R. E. Tarpley, of Greenville.

The funeral services were conducted at the First Baptist church at Hereford by Rev. Wilburn Turner, of Slaton, assisted by Dr. Shepard, pastor of the Hereford church. A song by the Baptist choir was accompanied by Miss Thelma McMinn, and Mrs. R. P. Conaway sang a solo, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

Interment was made in the Hereford Cemetery—the Black Century in charge.

The pall-bearers were—Verner Megullin, R. E. Barnett, T. W. Welch, J. T. Pressley, Kermie Deaton, Henry McLean, Juanita Welch, Wayne New, Lois Pressley, Margaret McLean and Maxine McLean.

Mrs. Hays will be missed by the entire community in which she lived the life of a faithful and loving wife, mother and neighbor. She was very much interested in the community welfare, was active in church work and willing and ready to be doing things for her friends, whom mourn the passing away of this sweet and lovable and unselfish character.

Contributed by one who loved her.

FRIONA WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Fred White.

The Friona Woman's Club met on Wednesday afternoon, May 1st, at the home of Mrs. R. T. Slagle, with Mrs. Dellas assistant hostess. There were sixteen members present.

Subject—"Texas"
Quotation—"All Texas doesas marching on."—T. C. Richardson.
"The Texas Centennial."—Mrs. S. C. Warren.

"Who's Who in Texas Today."—Mrs. J. A. Blackwell.
"Texas New Governor."—Mrs. C. W. Dixon.

After the program the hostesses served delicious refreshments of sandwiches, potato chips, ice cream, cake and cocoa. The members all a most delightful time in spite of the dust storm.

The next meeting of the club will be on May 8th at the home of Mrs. J. A. Guyer.

HOME FROM ILLINOIS

D. W. Hanson, returned to his home here last Saturday from a visit of four weeks of his former home at Tuscola, Illinois, where he owns a splendid prairie farm.

Dayton says everything is looking just grand there and that conditions are looking much better than they have been. There appears to be but one hindering circumstance and that is that they are having a little on much rain, which is holding farming operations back somewhat.

CARD OF THANKS

We hereby express our deepest gratitude and sincerest thanks to all our friends and neighbors who so faithfully assisted with their merciful services and kindly and comforting words during the illness and burial of our beloved husband, son and brother, F. M. Hughes. We also extend our thanks and appreciation for the merciful flowers that were contributed by these same friends, and for all kind remembrances of whatsoever kind.

Mrs. Lorene Hughes,
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hughes
and family.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

There will be the regular Sunday school services as usual the coming Sunday, beginning promptly at 10 o'clock so that those attending may be able to attend the baccalaureate services at the school auditorium. Superintendent L. J. Marsh, of Oklahoma City, has also announced that he will be with us on that day, and will probably preach at an evening service.

SENIORS TO FURNISH OWN PROGRAM

Thursday night of next week will be commencement night for the 1935 graduating class of the Friona High School, which will be held in the grade school auditorium.

It is understood there will be no commencement address as the custom has been in the past, but the class will provide its own program.

DIAMOND SPARKLERS

The Friona Cardinals won a comparatively easy game over the Clovis Sunshiners at Clovis last Sunday afternoon, by a score of 12 to 7.

The Cardinals will play the Grady New Mexico, boys at Grady the coming Sunday.

ATTEND HUGHES FUNERAL

Among those from a distance who were here to attend the funeral of Fat Hughes, was Mrs. Gaston Beach, of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Beach is a sister of Mrs. Hughes and was formerly Miss "Dutch" Whitley, who formerly lived at Friona and has a large circle of friends here who were pleased to meet her again.

ODD TREE GROWING FROM SECOND STORY

A stray seed of a catalpa tree, blown into a crevice in a window of an old stone house in Winchester, Va., has turned the historic abode into an object of curiosity.

Seventeen years ago the seed found lodgment under the sill of one of the second-story windows of the house which is owned by C. F. Bailey, writes a correspondent in the Philadelphia Inquirer. It found a firm footing in the crevice between the stones of the wall. Sufficient soil had been deposited in the crevice, so irrigated by the rains, the seed sprouted and grew fast.

A house with a tree growing out of its second-story window is, indeed, a rare curiosity. Mr. Bailey prized it as such and gave the tree great care.

His protection, however, has been repaid with base ingratitude, for the tree, extending its powerfully spreading roots in search of soil and water, has now increased the original crevice, making it several inches wide in places and splitting the wall from top to bottom.

Eider Down Trade Aided by Protection to Ducks

A new source of revenue has been made available for the people living along the eastern shores of Canada, owing to the recent Migratory Birds convention act. This is eider down collection. The material is now being found on the rocky shores and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in scattered breeding places farther south. The protection now afforded the ducks permits them to nest safely in those parts, according to a writer in the New York Times.

Eider down is much in demand. The work of developing the eider down industry was begun as a measure of protection for the bird by persuading the inhabitants of the benefits to be gained by safeguarding the ducks and adopting modern methods in the collection of the down. It is estimated that each nest yields slightly more than an ounce of down each season.

The mother bird plucks the down from her breast to cover the eggs in the nest, and the practice of the collector is to remove only a portion of this down so as not to injure the eggs or disturb the sitting bird.

Climate Affects Mules

In striking contrast to the modern methods of mining gold in the quartz mines in the famous Mother Lode region of California, a few mules still haul ore cars deep underground in these mines. They are retained only because the owners do not want to turn them out to die. They are so accustomed to the constant air temperature of 67 degrees F. that, if brought up to the surface of the ground, they would be unable to endure the temperature changes from one season to another, or even from day to night. Incidentally, some of the mules chew tobacco, and will not work without a good part of a plug tucked under their tongues.—Boston Post.

Dreaded Fire Alarm

New York city's most dreaded fire alarm signal—fortunately never yet used—is "5-5-5." This signal, writes J. A. Twanley, Rochester, N. Y., in Collier's Weekly, which means that a fire is beyond control and buildings in its path must be dynamited, can call out as many as 13 companies of sappers and miners, each of which consists of about 30 lieutenants, who must rush to the spot from their homes or stations and undertake this dangerous work themselves.

BREEZY DAYS

Quackery has no friend like gullibility.

Economy is useless when one has nothing.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

One has to be pretty comfortable to philosophize.

In war, heroism and brutality go hand in hand.

A perfectly ventilated sickroom is a great aid to recovery.

Nowadays nothing is cheap—but who wants to buy nothing?

A wife is a person who lets you tell it and then she tells it right.

Deduction. The happy mean—those who take pleasure in saving.

Men like to work. Deprive them of it, and you soon find that out.

It was bad luck, even in Indian days, for a skunk to enter a house.

The worst thing we can do for our health is to think too much about it.

Poets no longer neglect to cut their hair, but they also frequently neglect to cut their verses.

If a man prospers, he eventually learns of a place where he can get swell clothes that fit.

The thumb print of an orang-utan proved so like human prints as to puzzle fingerprint experts.

About all that the peoples can do about a war is vote against the statesmen who brought it on.

Of course, typewriters can't spell, but they can make it absolutely certain whenever you can't.

True Christianity judges its fellow-beings not in terms of itself, but in the terms of its conception of God.

If what they say is true and one person out of four has a car, the other three must be waiting at the crossing to let the one go by.

Twenty-Eight Londons
London is not a big town; it is a group of small towns. The twenty-eight boroughs which govern and administer territory outside the city of London were formed to satisfy the requirements of the Nineteenth century and are now behind the times, for settlements outside their sphere have also lost their rural character. Thus, the Metropolitan water board operates over a radius of 500 square miles, but the Metropolitan police control a territory of 692 square miles. The boroughs only administer 4,500,000 people, whereas the police district of the metropolis supervises 8,200,000 people.—Montreal Herald.

Corncobs Yield Oxalic Acid
The lowly corncob, heretofore useful for nothing much but pipes, is a potential source of oxalic acid, according to Dr. H. A. Webber, of the engineering experiment station of Iowa State college. Between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 pounds of oxalic acid are used annually in the United States, according to Doctor Webber. It is used in laundries, in the production of celluloid and rayon, in the purification of glycerol and stearin, in leather manufacture, in tanning, in calico printing, in bleaching straw and wax and in the manufacture of ink and dyes.—Scientific American.

Film Projectors in Schools
Two thousand schools in Germany have been equipped with apparatus for the showing of films. This is part of the plan of the reich education minister, to supplement book learning by a form of instruction which appeals most vividly to children's imagination. He intends to have all the 50,000 schools throughout Germany equipped in the same way during the course of the next four or five years.

Pedestrians Get Streets
Pedestrians of Istanbul, Turkey, have been assigned streets for their exclusive use, while automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles have been given sole rights on others. One-way streets also are being tried. Traffic lights were used for awhile and rejected. The city has a real traffic problem in the congestion of its narrow and winding lanes.

Permanent Smiles in Masks
Masks for women, made in their own likeness, have become a craze among smart women on the Riviera in France. It is claimed that they enable their wearers to rest muscles wearied by a constant "fashionable" smile. Each costs a small fortune.

On the Job
Citizen—The legislature makes too many laws—useless laws.
Legislator (eagerly making a memorandum)—I will put through a law against that, but of course, it will be quite useless.

Tread Softly
"I've been following to my father's footsteps."
"You mean you've become a model son?"
"No; I've become a private detective."

GOOD TO READ

Fools rush in where wise men fear to wad.

What to do about mistakes: Don't make 'em.

A good wife and health are a man's best wealth.

Is life worth living? It is if you can keep interested.

'Tis not wood nor stone, but hearts that make home.

Wishing is safe business if you don't invest anything in it.

Faith walks in the light while doubt stumbles in the dark.

The most permanent legacy of misgovernment is poverty.

A writer doesn't know his stuff isn't good, especially if it isn't.

A taxpayer is about the lowest form of the worm that never turns.

Forty thousand marriages are celebrated in London every year.

Inconsistency is a mark of insanity, though some people oft have a touch of it.

Some men are so contrary that if they went under a shower bath they'd raise an umbrella.

Old Dobbin's always heard answer: "No matter what my faults, I never turned turtle."

What you think is the silliest literature is often the most read, the world being what it is.

Of all creatures that serve man, the oyster is the least protesting. The oyster has resignation.

Novel readers once liked such fiction as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and they could again.

An infinite capacity for taking pains, though it may not produce genius, often produces similar results.

MODELS OF ANCIENT HOUSES AID TO ART

Accurate in every detail, models of ancient houses have been worked out by the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania so that anyone can build them, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. One model, from the period of 1400 B. C., represents the home of a nobleman in the time of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, while from 2200 B. C. is the model of a house at Ur of the Chaldees, the type of home in which Abraham lived. A third model is that of a cloth merchant's home in the Fifteenth century.

Blueprints and cardboard construction materials are available for building these models. Walls and furnishings are printed on water-color paper, mounted on cardboard in large sheets, ready to be colored, cut out and set up. Complete description, color notes and directions for assembling, furniture and costume figures to scale are included with each house. The model of the house of 2200 B. C. is available in blueprint pattern form. The walls are undecorated. Since the models reflect the life of the people of the respective periods, teachers find that they increase interest of students in art, history and architecture.

Curfew for Lovers

Courting couples who take a stroll after 10 p. m. in Chihuahua, Mexico, will have to keep a wary eye open for the police in future, says Pearson's Weekly. In the "interests of public morals," the mayor has issued a decree which declares that if a man is seen talking with a girl after ten o'clock in parks and other public places he will have to marry her. Policemen have been instructed to apprehend any couples found courting in certain prohibited places after the "curfew" hour, and take them to the office of the civil registrar.

Oldest Sunday School 150

Stockport Sunday school, at Stockport, England, the world's oldest Sunday school, recently celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The school has been conducted without interruption since the 1780's, and in the same building since 1805. It was founded by the Methodists, but was non-sectarian, and hundreds of thousands of children have attended it. At one time its membership was over 6,000. Even today it is over 3,000.

Milk Source of Many Products

Milk, which is the source of a surprisingly large number of products of industry, has lately entered a new field. Researchers have developed an explosive which may be made from lactose or milk sugar. This contrasts with the manufacture of a fireproofing compound which is made from the casein.—Washington Star.

Alloy Rings for Brides

Because of the shortage of gold and the foreign currency necessary to purchase it, brides in Germany are asked to give up their desire for the gold wedding ring. They are requested to wear a new white metal alloy which is claimed to be "a 100 per cent substitute for the finest gold."

Variation

"You seem to have changed your mind on some subjects."
"That is unavoidable," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have hired a different ghost writer."

Dark Africa Demands Phones

Darkest Africa, in its stride toward the light, is demanding so many telephones there are not enough instruments to go 'round. Small towns in the interior are beggins for them.

As They Grow

Visitor—Your son is rather small for his age, isn't he?
Proud Mother—Oh, no; most boys of his age are overgrown, I think.—Detroit Free Press.

IT'S BEEN FUN

By FRANCES HEATH
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

RUSTY'S brown face was spotlighted by the match that he touched to his cigarette.

"This is our last night together," Lella laughed but didn't mean it.

"Well, let's make it good!"

"Yes. Let's have fun!"

That had been their theme song all summer. Whether it was lying on the warm sand of the beach where Rusty guarded lives, or dancing at Dick's dive, or saying good night on the wide porch of Lella's home, they had had fun.

"What'll we do, Rusty?"

Lella hung on his answer. She hoped he would say, "Let's get your car."

And that meant they would ease the green roadster out of the garage, drive about thirty miles, very fast, to a certain lane that wound through an apple orchard. They would talk a little and laugh a lot. Then she would say, "Perhaps my father could get you a job in the city."

And he would answer as he had the other time she had suggested it, "But I like it here. I have a perfectly good job all season. In the winter I help my father with the garage."

"But Rusty, don't you want to be somebody?"

The boys she knew were always saying, and only half of it was in fun, "When I get to be the city's best known surgeon—" or "I'll be a better judge than he is when—"

Rusty would say, "I am somebody," with a flash of his strong white teeth, and a gleam in his bright blue eyes, that only partly denied the egotism of his words.

And he'd kiss her ear and maybe he'd thrill her with, "Lella, will you stay here and marry me? Don't go back to the city tomorrow with your parents."

If only he would say it.

But Rusty suggested the beach instead. It was just a kid's party. They were glad to see Rusty and proffered hot dogs and burnt marshmallows.

One of the girls started strumming her uke. Lella thought, I wonder if she was Rusty's girl?

"All I do the whole day through is dream of you—"

Everybody was listening. But she was singing to Rusty.

Lella wondered if Michael felt like that when she deserted him and the Beach club and the crowd, for Rusty, guardian of the public beach, and his gang.

"Come on, Rusty. Let's go," Lella had had enough.

"O. K. I'll be off to Dick's, kids. Don't do anything I'd do."

"Be seeing you." The girl with the guitar called after them.

"Who is she?" Lella asked.

"Dot Kestor."

"Native?"

"Kid, the way you say 'native,' any one'd think you were holding your nose. What's wrong with being a native?"

"Why nothing, certainly. I didn't mean it to sound that way—"

"Skip it!"

"They were in the shadows and he caught her roughly in his arms. 'Baby, I—' Lella thought Dot and some boy passed by, but she wasn't sure.

"It must have been Dot though, because she was at Dick's when they finally arrived. 'Hello!' they all said casually.

Dick's was just an old barn. The orchestra consisted of four pieces and what they lacked in music they made up in noise. Apple highs were a quarter and they were the best bet because Dick made his own applejack. The crowd was almost wholly native with a smattering of cooks and chauffeurs from the ocean colony.

"I just love this place," Lella was doing a hop, skip and a jump dance that threatened the shins of the other dancers. She was laughing up into Rusty's face when Michael and the club crowd came in. "Slumming," she heard Suzanne Eagle say. They smiled a cool, "Hello, Lella."

She looked from her table to theirs. At hers the girls were Dot and Gert and Alma. At the table across the room sat Detz, Suzanne, and Meryl. They were wearing a forecast of the autumn's fashions, while she and the natives were wearing what they had worn since May. And except for Rusty, Lella much preferred the crowd across the room.

"Dance with me?" Dot was asking Rusty.

"Sure thing. 'Scuse me, Lella."

Lella lit a cigarette and slowly sipped her drink. They must have danced together a lot, she thought. Then she caught the flash of Michael's gray eyes and she laughed and winked at him. He was such a stunning thing. Too bad he couldn't flutter her the way Rusty did.

The band started their version of a rumba. Dot and Rusty danced on. They were looking straight into each other's eyes. The girl's brown ones were saying, "You and I belong." Lella could read it, but Rusty could only sense it.

"Oh good, they're going to do their dance," someone at the table said.

Faster and faster went the music until the floor was cleared by breathless couples who left Dot and Rusty to finish it alone.

Dot had a hard time stopping. She slumped to the floor and her ankle turned. She limped back to the table holding fast to Rusty.

"Lella, mind if I take Dot home?"

"Not at all," Lella was carefully rouging her red lips. "I'll wait for you."

The girls exchanged a look of admiring hate.

Two by two the gang drifted out, each couple offering to see Lella home. But she stayed though she knew he wouldn't come back.

Dick came over to her. "We're closing up, Miss Lella. Want me to take you home?"

"Thanks, Dick, I'll see to her." Michael had her by the hand.

"Nice of you to come back for me." He squeezed her hand.

"Is there a moon?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Are there stars?"

"Uh, huh."

"I wouldn't know."

Michael was silent for a long time. A kind and understanding silence. Then he said, "You're a sweet kid, Lella. It's been a dull summer without you."

"Mike, you're a swell guy."

"Skip it."

"By any chance, Mike, you didn't go native, too, did you?"

"Yeah—how'd you guess it? I've been trawling around with Dot Kestor."

"Have fun?"

"You bet! What are you laughing at?"

"You and Dot. Rusty and me. Do you hurt?"

"No. Dot's a swell kid, but—"

"Well I do. I hurt like h—l. Can you imagine it, Mike? I saw myself hanging curtains at the windows over his father's garage. I almost proposed it. I wonder what Rusty would have said."

"Nertz!"

They both laughed into each other's eyes, and found themselves clasping hands and swinging arms as they walked down the lane under stars that seemed not quite so far off.

"Lella, mind if I take Dot home?"

"Not at all," Lella was carefully rouging her red lips. "I'll wait for you."

The girls exchanged a look of admiring hate.

Two by two the gang drifted out, each couple offering to see Lella home. But she stayed though she knew he wouldn't come back.

Dick came over to her. "We're closing up, Miss Lella. Want me to take you home?"

"Thanks, Dick, I'll see to her." Michael had her by the hand.

"Nice of you to come back for me." He squeezed her hand.

"Is there a moon?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Are there stars?"

"Uh, huh."

"I wouldn't know."

Michael was silent for a long time. A kind and understanding silence. Then he said, "You're a sweet kid, Lella. It's been a dull summer without you."

"Mike, you're a swell guy."

"Skip it."

"By any chance, Mike, you didn't go native, too, did you?"

"Yeah—how'd you guess it? I've been trawling around with Dot Kestor."

"Have fun?"

"You bet! What are you laughing at?"

"You and Dot. Rusty and me. Do you hurt?"

"No. Dot's a swell kid, but—"

"Well I do. I hurt like h—l. Can you imagine it, Mike? I saw myself hanging curtains at the windows over his father's garage. I almost proposed it. I wonder what Rusty would have said."

"Nertz!"

They both laughed into each other's eyes, and found themselves clasping hands and swinging arms as they walked down the lane under stars that seemed not quite so far off.

Traces of a "Stone age" civilization which apparently prevailed many centuries ago in northern Montana have been unearthed by Prof. H. M. Sayre of the Montana school of mines, writes a Butte United Press correspondent.

Professor Sayre, on a 1,400-mile exploration trip through the northern, eastern, and central sections of the state, found hundreds of circles, 8 to 15 feet in diameter, made of stones. No evidence was obtainable regarding the use to which these circles might have been devoted.

He also investigated long rows of stones 1 to 3 feet high, which in some cases were a mile in length.

It is thought the stones were placed by a tribe that occupied the plains section before the Crow, Cheyenne, and Blackfoot Indians took over the territory. Ancient legends of the Blackfeet, referring to a tribe "that lived without fire," are believed to concern the stone builders.

Professor Sayre also found a giant stone hammer, weighing more than 20 pounds—too large to have been wielded by a man of ordinary strength.

Near the town of Hinsdale, in northeastern Montana, the professor discovered a layer of buffalo bones 3 feet deep and 18 feet wide. The bones lay at the bottom of a steep bluff. Professor Sayre believes this to be evidence of a buffalo hunting ground used in a remote period—so remote it is not even chronicled in the legends of more modern tribes.

It was the custom of the Indians to drive buffalo over a sharp bluff or cliff during their hunting forages, then destroy the crippled animals with bows and arrows.

Paris Has Oversupply of Museums Nobody Visits

Paris has more museums than any other city in the world, but most of them are never required to disclose their treasures. Everybody knows about the Louvre, the Cluny, the Luxembourg and the Carnevate, but the Paris correspondent of the Observer of London says there are hundreds of others to which hardly anyone ever goes at all:

"Private collectors bequeath their treasures to the state or the municipality, or else to the Institut de France, together with the house in which they lived, which is to become the museum. A curator is appointed, these small curators having become a recognized sort of pension fund for literary men. The house is open at regular hours, but nobody ever thinks of visiting it."

"Who, for instance, knows the Musée d'Ennery, the rather inferior collection of Chinese and Japanese works of art, brought together by a playwright who made a fortune out of melodramas and left by him to his country, together with a house in the Avenue Foch, the best address in Paris?"

"Who has ever been inside the Musée Gustave Moreau, the house of that indifferent Nineteenth century painter, which he made a public legacy on condition that his works—and the gallery contains nothing else—should be shown? Who could even find the way to the Musée Henner, another house of a painter, full of his paintings?"

"There are galleries of more permanent artistic interest than these, such as the Musée Guimet and the Musée Jacquemart-Andre, but they are too dispersed."

Java's Relics

Java holds some of the most ancient Buddhist and Hindu relics. Borobudur, an amazing temple built some 11 centuries ago, whose bas-reliefs, stone panels and terraces tell the story of Buddha from the hour of his miraculous birth.

"SLUGGER" SMITH

By R. H. WILKINSON
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

"NO MAN," said Elmer Stone, "was ever more proud of his sobriquet than David 'Slugger' Smith."

Slugger was a small man, piny, almost emaciated in appearance—a friendly sort of person, the type of man toward whom you instantly warm without knowing why; a man, great of spirit and generous of heart.

"Sam Cook just called David, 'Slugger.' It was toward the end of the annual baseball game between volunteer Hook and Ladder No. 1 of Dexter and Hose 3 of Bartlett. David, an ardent follower of the big leagues, himself an enthusiastic player and a third baseman of whom all Dexterites were proud, stepped up to bat in the last half of the ninth, with the score 2 to 2, and slugged out a home run.

"Sam, who was seated beside me in the bleachers, exclaimed: 'What a slugger that guy turned out to be!' The name seemed to suit David fine. It was sort of catchy and somehow suggestive of the reason for its origin.

"There was, as usual, a celebration that night in the firehouse, and David was the hero of the hour. Sam proposed a toast to 'Slugger' Smith, and everybody cheered and applauded and thought the moniker well bestowed.

"David was ordinarily a modest and reticent type of man, but that name tickled his vanity. He grinned from ear to ear, and you could tell by the look in his eyes that he was mighty proud to be called 'Slugger.'

"That night after the celebration David went home and, emboldened by the flattery of his teammates (a boldness augmented by several generous mugs of Peter Saylor's very best home brew) woke his wife, Dora, from a sound slumber, and apprised her of the great honor that had been bestowed upon himself.

"It was, I suspect, the home brew that freed David's tongue, for Dora Smith approved not at all of her husband's enthusiasm and interest in the national sport. She frowned upon his association with such ordinary people as myself and Sam Cook. And since the day of their wedding, five years before, she had never ceased trying to convince him that baseball was a degrading and vulgar pastime.

"For Dora had social ambitions. She wanted to be somebody, to travel in smart company, to be distinctive and aloof. At that time Dexter had no group of people that could be classed as aristocrats, but Dora had dreams of such a group, with herself in the role of social lion.

"And so when David, with boyish enthusiasm and righteous pride, told her he had earned his sobriquet, his ardor was almost instantly squelched by cold and condemning stares, by harsh and cruel scolding, by unsympathetic and unfair upbraiding. Fortunately, David had fortified himself with enough home brew to dispel any oppressiveness which might have been his reaction to such a rebuff, and, more fortunately still, Dora had that evening received a letter, the contents of which had excited her to a high fever and left little room in her mind for other matters. Hence the tirade was cut unusually short, and David crawled into bed to dream blissful dreams of slugging home runs for Hook and Ladder No. 1.

"Dora woke him early the next morning. Fully clothed she sat on the bed's edge, and held the letter in her hand. Even to David's sleep-drugged brain was borne the knowledge that something important was about to happen. He rubbed his eyes, sat up and prepared to listen. Dora beamed.

"'David, it's happened! We're rich!'"

"David blinked. 'Rich?'"

"'Richer than I'd ever dreamed. David, just listen to this: Uncle Thomas, my mother's brother, who lived in Boston, died two weeks ago, and bequeathed us his entire fortune. Nearly a million dollars!'"

"David looked concerned. 'Say, that's a shame. Tom was a good egg. What died he?'"

"Dora's glance hardened for an instant, and then she was beaming again. 'Think of it, David, a million dollars! Think of what it means! Travel! Meeting smart people! Mingling with the highest of society! Oh, David, we'll be the envy of everyone in Dexter!'"

"David wasn't exactly glib over the idea, and protested at giving up his job and accompanying his wife on a trip abroad. But he was a mild mannered man, easily persuaded in preference to asserting himself. During the next two weeks, while Dora was packing and making preparations for their tour, he went around town with a doleful look on his face, a look that brightened only when some one addressed him by his newly acquired sobriquet. If some one on the opposite side of the street shouted at him: 'Hi, Slugger!' you'd see a grin appear that would warm the cockles of your heart.

"We hated to see David go. He was a regular fellow, liked by us all, a good mixer, an unselfish friend. He told us they were to be devoted to acquiring culture and a snooty attitude.

"And despite the fact that none of us could ever conceive of David as an aristocrat or anything more superior than the hero of Hook and Ladder No. 1's baseball team, we felt sad the day of his departure. Somehow it seemed he was stepping out of the role in which we had always known him and into another and stranger character.

"This fear was substantiated when from one source or another, we began to hear news of the Smiths' social climb. Due mostly to Dora's determination and initiative they had advanced far and succeeded in making an impression on some of Europe's high society.

"This news was further supported when it became known that Dora had invested several thousands of dollars with a genealogy expert and acquired among other things, a coat of arms, and a large book containing details of the Smith family as far back as Capt. John Smith. A little later we were advised that mail addressed to Mr. or Mrs. David Smith would be ignored; if we wanted to communicate with Slugger we must address the envelope to D. Richard Smythe, which was, Dora discovered, the correct way of spelling and pronouncing the good old name.

"This latter information was disturbing. It forced us to admit that our conjectures regarding 'Slugger' Smith were wrong. He had succumbed at last, gone high hat, become an aristocrat, would undoubtedly look down with scorn and contempt upon his old-time cronies.

"Our last remaining hope was dashed asunder when one day the train from Boston deposited Slugger and Dora at Dexter's depot. Those of us who, as usual, were gathered on the platform to check up on the train's arrival, were saddened by what we saw. There was Slugger in a cut-away suit and striped trousers, carrying a little snow-white Pomeranian dog under his arm. He followed Dora across the station platform and looked right through us as if we had been so much thin air.

"It was sad. None of us addressed him. We would have felt uneasy if he had. He seemed strange and unreal; he wasn't the man upon whom we had bestowed the sobriquet of 'Slugger' and who had been proud of the honor.

"Several times we met this strange being about town during the next few days. And always he looked through us or failed to turn his face in our direction at all. We did not attempt to renew old friendships; we were too full of being humiliated and scorned.

"The thing might have gone on indefinitely had not Bob Terril, who secured a position in Boston shortly after the Smiths departed from Dexter, returned to town one day and convinced David in the post office that even Bob of course had no news of Dora. Bob was not aware of the great transformation that had taken place in the time crony to us all, and at sight of him he let out a whoop and ran across the floor. 'Slugger! I'm a son of an ox! By all that's holy, what has a masquerade!' he ejaculated and reached out and whacked David between the shoulder blades.

"And then something very surprising happened. Instead of spurning David, greeting with a look of scorn and contempt, an expression of serene happiness appeared on his face. From ear to ear and almost out of his hand.

"'Thanks, Bob,' he said, his face husky, 'thanks. I—I was afraid of one had forgotten about that name of mine. I was afraid to speak to any one; afraid they wouldn't call me 'Slugger.'"

Frozen Grasshoppers in Glacier for Many Years

Probably one of the most curious sights of the world is a glacier full of frozen grasshoppers. This is known as Grasshopper glacier, and is to be seen in Montana, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald. The huge mass of ice, under the crush of which the grasshoppers are buried, is under the shadow of Granite peak, a 13,000-foot mountain. Millions of grasshoppers are embedded in the ice of the glacier, and no one knows how many thousands of years they have been there. Those near the surface are plainly seen through the clear ice.

Just how the grasshoppers came to be in the ice is a matter which has long perplexed scientists. One idea is that the insects were suddenly killed by a cold blast of air when crossing the mountains on one of their periodic flights southward. Finding they became buried in ice and were preserved.

Electric-Magnet Finds Tools

Among the most successful ways of fishing for tools lost at the bottom of an oil well a mile and a half deep is a powerful electric magnet which is lowered into the hole. When contact can be made, the magnet lifts them quickly to the surface. Broken bits, tubing catchers, spearheads, slips, ballers and various other metal parts are lost in drilling or later operations and must be recovered or the hole deviated around them. The bigger the hole the larger the magnet that can be used with a consequent greater power. Magnets are constructed 3 1/2 to 24 inches in diameter. A magnet has a lifting power of 100,000 pounds plate stock. The apparatus is installed in a truck on which is mounted the cable drum.

Buried in Mortar

Probably the principal point of interest in Algiers is the tomb of St. Geronimo, a Christian martyr of the Sixteenth century, who was killed by being smothered in a block of mortar. The cast may be seen in the museum of Mustapha Superieur, in the suburbs.

Meaning of Word "Hooverize"

The word "Hooverize" was coined from the name of Herbert Hoover when he was United States food administrator during the World war. It means to economize in the use of food; to use certain foods sparingly or not at all and substitute others.

The Friona Star

Published By
NORTHWESTERN PUBLISHING
COMPANY

JOHN W. WHITE, EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year, Zone 1 — \$1.50
Six Months, Zone 1 — \$.80
One Year, Outside Zone 1 — \$2.00
Six Months, Outside Zone 1 — \$1.25

Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Friona Star will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publishers.

Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.
Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion.

Roman Theater Unearthed

The details of a Roman theater at Verulamium, near St. Albans, England, have been recently revealed through the completion of five years of excavation and study. It was a complex structure, designed to seat about 1,000 persons, and built about the middle of the Second century A. D. At first it had a large circular "orchestra," after the Greek style, but later the stage was enlarged at the expense of the orchestra, and was backed by a range of columns some 20 feet high. The theater was rebuilt from time to time, and in the declining days of Roman Britain was used as a municipal rubbish dump.—New York Times.

Vienna Measures Rattles

Vienna, Austria, is determined to have silence, and has placed a limit on rattles and other sounds made by vehicles. A unit of sound, labeled "phone," has been evolved. Each class of transportation is allowed just so many "phones," and no more, and there is a schedule of fines according to the number of excess "phones." The police use a new apparatus which records the sound emanations of passing vehicles.

Cries at Job Every Day

In order to do his work, a federal laboratory chemist in Pittsburgh is forced to cry every day. He tests samples of tear gas before the shipments are sent to banks and law-enforcement agencies. Although he has been gassed hundreds of times he has suffered no permanent injuries.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Masks of Rubber

Masks of rubber render unnecessary the make-up box for actors and actresses, who can now change their faces as easily and as quickly as they don different costumes. The new masks are perfectly lifelike, for they are made directly from each individual's features.

Skates 16,000 Feet Up

Skating proved exhilarating for a member of the expedition which recently explored Mount Kenya in Africa. He amazed the native porters when he glided over the pond at the top, 16,000 feet above sea level.

Plowed Under

"Say, Pop, why was it Jack Spratt could eat no fat and his wife could eat no lean?"
"Guess they had company and there wasn't enough meat to go around."

Fifty-Fifty

Joking Customer—How much are four four-dollar shoes?
Smart Salesman—Two dollars a foot.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Maybe It's as Well

Magistrate—The policeman says that you and your wife had some words.
Accused—I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them.

SHORT SHAVINGS

Wise men are not wise all the time—ever.

No friend is a friend until he shall prove a friend.

We can't imagine knowingly doing a friend an injury.

Facts are stubborn things. That's why we like romance.

Peace may be the last thing a man wants when he is young.

NATIONAL HOSPITAL DAY IS SUNDAY, MAY 12

A tribute to Dr. Earl D. McBride of Oklahoma City, by Mrs. B. C. True of Panhandle:
"He calls no hour of night or day his own,
Through heat or cold he goes his rounds alone;
He listens earnestly to tales of grief,
Forgets himself that he may give relief
To bodies suffering or tortured minds;
In service to all men his pleasure finds;
May God forever bless him with His grace,
For when he goes, oh, who will take his place."

FOR HIRE—I will use my truck for any kind of freighting to or from any point. Fred Mans, Friona.

International Sunday School Lesson

By DR. J. E. NUNN

For Sunday May 12, 1935.

General Topic:—

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Scripture Lesson:—

Acts 2:41-45; Ephesians 4:1-7, 11-16.

Acts 2:41. They then that received his word were baptized; and there were added unto them in that day about three thousand souls.

42. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers.

43. And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done through the apostles.

44. And all that believed were together, and had all things common.

45. And they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, according as any man had need.

Ephesians 4:1. I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called.

2. With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love;

3. Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

4. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling.

5. One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

6. One God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.

7. But unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of Christ.

11. And he gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

12. For the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ.

INTRODUCTION

The word "church" is found in the New Testament one hundred and twelve times, but in no gospel except that of Matthew, and here only twice (16:18, 18:17).

The first time the Church is actually referred to as in existence is after the account of Ananias and Sapphira. (Acts 5:11).

Our English word "church" is a translation of a Greek word, *ekklesia*, which derives from two words, "klesis," meaning "a call, summons, or invitation," and the preposition "ek," meaning "out of a group of people," and thus the entire word means "those called out of a multitude to form a particular group."

"Christ took hold of this word, *ekklesia*, and forever made it the title of the body of his people. Consequently, the Church is a body or body of all those of all ages who have been called out of the world, out of sin, out of death, by the Holy Spirit unto Jesus Christ, the head of the Church, and, through him, to liberty, to holiness, to service, to eternal life, and to glory. The Church is thus distinct from the world, hated by the world, and ever proclaiming truth antagonistic to the world."

"UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH." Matt. 16:18.

Christ's first reference to the Church follows immediately upon the acknowledgement of his deity by the Apostle Peter.—Matt. 16:18.

The Lord asserts that in building his Church upon such an indisputable and eternal fact, he has thus built it upon a rock. Notice that Christ speaks of the Church as my Church, and that it is he alone who will build it. "If you read the Gospels carefully, you will see with what strictness of application our Lord used the word 'My.' He never said 'My house,' 'My lands,' 'My books,' 'My wife,' 'My child,' 'My said,' 'My Father,' 'My friends,' 'My disciples.' When we think of it we shall see that His true possessions were His Father and his Church, 'My Father,' 'My Church.'"

—W. Robertson Nicoll. That the gates of Hades should not prevail against the Church is a promise that no antagonistic power, especially no Satanic power, no power of the underworld, would be able to overcome this divine institution, though there would be a persecution of the Church and a hatred of the Church, and schism within the Church, and apostasy from the Church, yet none of these things would ever prevail to destroy the Church. It is as eternal as Christ.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EARLY JERUSALEM CHURCH. Acts 2:41-47.

"They then that received his word were baptized and there were added unto them in that day about three thousand souls." Those thus added were, of course, those who accepted Christ as their Saviour, and, as far as the Church was able to determine, had been born again of the Spirit of God. They were added to the one hundred and twenty brethren who had already formed the nucleus of the church (Acts 1:15). "And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching." Of course there was necessarily involved a certain amount of what we now call doctrine—because one cannot tell the story of Jesus Christ, as it is told in the four Gospels, without impressing upon the hearers the conviction that his nature was divine and that his death was a sacrifice.—Alexander MacLaren. "And fellowship." Here inward fellowship rather than an outward manifestation of such—the

word here meaning having things in common, including fellowship in sympathy, suffering, and toil, in a common belief, and common ideals."

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY v. 45

"And they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, according to any man had need." This is certainly not what has come to be called "communism," where all possessions are equally distributed, for it does not state here that all the Christians sold all they possessed; and, furthermore, the distribution was made only as need arose, apparently from a common fund. That even this unselfish idealism did not solve the problems of the poor of the Jerusalem Church is indicated some years later, in Paul's taking a collection for these very people among Christians outside of Palestine (Acts 11:29, 30; 24:27; 1 Cor. 16:3).

If the things these early Christians possessed—a knowledge they were eternally saved, peace with God, growth in divine truth, precious fellowship one with another sharing one's means with those in need, seeing others being saved, if these things produce anything in the human heart, it is surely that very element so sought after but so elusive for worldly people—abounding joy. These believers had it.

"ONE BODY AND ONE SPIRIT." Eph. 4:4.

"The life that thrills through nerve and artery, the spirit that animates with one will and being the whole framework and governs its ten thousand delicate springs and interlacing cords—it is this that makes one body of an otherwise inert and decaying heap of matter. Let the spirit depart, it is a body no more, but a corpse. So with the body of Christ, and its members in particular, Am I a living, integral part of the Church, quickened by its Spirit? or do I belong only to the raiment and the furniture that are about it?"—G. G. Findlay. "Even as also ye were called upon the trials and duties of the present, and to draw the believing Church together in view of it."—H. C. G. Moule.

"ONE LORD." v. 5.

"But let us mark that it is the one Lord in whom we find our unity. To think of Him as Saviour only is to treat Him as a means to an end. It is to make ourselves the centre, not Christ. This is the secret of much of the isolation and sectarianism of modern Churches. The name of the 'one Lord' silences party clamors and rebukes the voices that cry, 'I am of Apollus, I of Cephas.' It recalls loiterers and stragglers to the ranks. It bids each of us, in his own station of life and his own place in the Church, serve the common cause without sloth and without ambition."—G. G. Findlay.

THE GIFTS IN THE CHURCH. Ephl 4:11-16.

These gifts are varied—apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers. The reference here is to the gifts given to the leaders in church work. Elsewhere Paul speaks of the gifts among the membership. His point here is that the Lord Jesus has given the office and the gift to the leaders in the churches. But the gift is not for selfish enjoyment. It clear purpose is the edifying (building up) of the body of Christ (the church). Here we touch a most important phase of church life, but one largely overlooked, the development of our numbers in the Christian life. Quite often we speak and work as though our task were to make converts. But this is a mistake. We are equally under obligation to develop these members so that the church of Jesus Christ may be strong, well-developed, aggressive body, able to stand firm in the midst of all the winds of false teachings, and to carry on the task the Lord has committed to it.

The "New Orleans Grays," organized in 1835, was the first military unit organized on American soil to go to the aid of the settlers who had decided to throw off the yoke of Mexican tyranny. Adolphe Stern, former alcalde of Nacogdoches, outfitted the company of fifty men.

The deepest oil well in the world is in Reagan county, Texas. It reaches the depth of 2 miles.

The original of the Constitution of Texas was lost in Tennessee. Only the newspaper reports were ratified, and in the archives of the State today, a copy of the document, as printed in the Texas Telegraph, reposes.

Texas has always been famous as a cotton state; but in recent years this crop has taken place of another 'crop': In 1932 the value of the oil business was \$50,000,000 more than cotton.

The famous King ranch, close to Kingsville, Texas, is larger than the entire state of Delaware. This ranch covering several counties and operated as a unit since the early fifties, has recently been divided among the King heirs.

Texas holds second rank to New York as the greatest export state in the Union. Texas leads all others in export of raw materials; New York being leader in manufactured goods.

OLDER MEN QUICKER AT TRIGGER OF GUN

Youth's reputation for fast thinking has been shattered by an electric timing device used by a gun manufacturer. Tests were made with groups of marksmen of different ages.

Each marksman was told to pull the trigger as soon as possible after he saw a light flash on the target. The action of pulling the trigger closed a switch attached to the gun and the device measured the time between the flash of light and the pulling of the trigger.

The tests revealed that the mature men showed the quickest reaction and boys the slowest, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

Youths of ten to nineteen years required nearly a quarter of a second to pull the trigger. The best time was made by the group ranging from forty-five to forty-nine years, who averaged less than one-fifth of a second.

A man of eighty-five had an average reaction time of .218, his slowest time being about the average for the group from ten to nineteen years.

The greater experience of the older men did not account entirely for the better marks, as some had done comparatively little shooting.

Let's Go
"Do you feel like moving pictures?"
"You bet I do."
"Fine! You can help move these up in the attic."

Ruling the Elements
Wife—Do you think the mountain air will disagree with me?
Hubby—I doubt if it would dare, my dear.

Your Face Makes Noise, Says London Scientist

An expert will soon be able to tell a pretty girl from a plain one merely by listening to her face. For an eminent sound specialist has discovered that everything makes a noise of its own, when placed in front of his television gadget. The whiter the face the louder the noise, because a white face has a higher reflective power than a dark one, notes a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

These sounds can actually be measured in decibels. For instance, the Bengal tiger, snarling at a distance of 15 feet, registers 75 decibels, a pneumatic drill 90 decibels, and an airplane anything from 90 to 110 decibels.

The human ear, however, can catch only a range of 7 octaves of noise, constituting from 30 to 30,000 vibrations a second.

Spiders, on the other hand, are constantly making sounds, and listening to sounds, that are inaudible to us. Lurking out of sight in its lair, it can tell just what insect is approaching, and something of its strength and emotion—whether it is fresh or tired, angry or good-tempered.

Piofilm Rivals Cellophane

Cellophane has a rival. This is piofilm, a rubber product. It is produced synthetically from rubber by an entirely new process. Piofilm has the advantage of being moisture-proof after considerable wrinkling or creasing. In this it is unique among wrapping materials. It is also said to have greater tear-resistance but, strangely enough, it does not have the elasticity one associates with ordinary rubber.

It does have a toughness with some "give." Another very important advantage of piofilm is its heat-sealing quality. A moderate amount of heat with pressure makes possible a strong permanent seal of the edges.—Scientific American.

Men "Beat" Eaters

It is generally believed that men eat more than women. And now it is claimed that men eat more intelligently than women. Such a claim of course will be challenged by all women and the bureau of home economics of the Department of Agriculture can look for a lot of protests. Still that bureau made actual tests which showed that while women may be the nation's cooks men eat more intelligently than they do when it comes to the selection of the proper foods for a proper or balanced diet.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Arrow Shot With Throwing Stick

Ancient Mayan hunters used a "hulche," or throwing stick. Instead of a bow, to shoot their arrows great distances with deadly accuracy, and the weapon is being revived in modern sport on the Pacific coast. Archeologists found specimens of the throwing sticks in Yucatan. These were brought back and have served as models for sticks being used by archers today.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

U. S. Farms Worth 57 Billions

In 1850 when the first count was made of the number of farms in the United States there were approximately 1,500,000, with farm property valued at \$4,000,000,000. The census of Agriculture taken in 1930 shows more than 6,000,000 farms with a property value of more than \$57,000,000,000.—Department of Commerce.

Piano Plays Music in Color

Different notes in a composition are reproduced in color on a white disk by a piano exhibited recently in London. The colors appear on the disk as the music is heard. Each note has its own color.

That's Something

Tommy—Mother, I got a chance to sell our dog for a dollar.
Mother—Why, we paid \$2 for him a year ago.

Tommy—I know it, but we've had a year's wear out of him, ain't we?—Pathfinder Magazine.

Red and Green Lights

Poet—Should I stop writing poetry?
Editor—Stop! Jove, no—begin!—Montreal Herald.

The Joy Session

Grandma—Jolie Lou, what part of school do you like best?
Jolie—Recess.—Pathfinder Magazine.

A CORRECTION

McNeil Island Penitentiary

McNeil Island penitentiary was established by an act of congress in 1867. As the original records are not now at the prison, the actual date of opening the prison is not certain. It appears that the institution was under the Department of the Interior for the first few years of its history. The government owns about 480 acres on the island. The institution has not been constructed in accordance with a careful plan as was the case at Leavenworth and Atlanta, but the construction program of the last few years has resulted in a group of buildings modern for the most part, though the maintenance shops in the earlier buildings are old and inadequate.

J. V. (Smiley) Fulks moved his family from the J. B. Lang property to the R. H. Kinsley property formerly occupied by S. Abdulah and family.

Mr. A. O. Tompson, of Hereford, Secy-Treas. of the Hereford National Farm Loan Association, passed through Friona Wednesday afternoon enroute to Farwell, and stopped here for a few minutes visit with some of his Friona friends.

The number of cattle on Texas farms and ranches increased almost 1,000,000 head from 1930 to 1935. During the same period the number of chickens rose more than 2,000,000.

\$5.00 FREE

This add will entitle you to a discount of \$5.00 on a bill of furniture amounting to fifty dollars, or it will entitle you to a discount of 10 percent on any amount you buy when you bring his add during the days May 11-15. The prices are regular and you have an opportunity to make substantial saving on your needs by buying at this time. Bring the add and take advantage of the offer. You MUST bring the add.

Blackwell's Hdw. & Furn.

"Your Home Store"

Hail! All Ye Farmers

If it's new or second-hand Machinery you want, we have it.

We are offering the following in second-hand machinery:

- 2-row P & O horse lister \$ 50.00
- 3-row Moline Tractor lister & 125.00
- 2-row John Deere Tractor lister 35.00
- 3-row Moline Tractor Go-devil 100.00
- 2-row Combination tractor or horse go-devil 35.00
- 1-31-32 Twin City Tractor 350.00
- 1-15-30 International Tractor 100.00
- 1-9 foot Massey-Harris One-way 50.00

See for New Machinery. We can give you better machines for less money, no carrying charges, 5 per cent discount on your notes and many other features of interest.

Maurer Machinery Co.

Phone 47

Friona, Texas

1901

1934

E. B. Black Co.

We have Served You For 33 Years

Hereford, Texas

WE WILL BE WRITING HAIL INSURANCE

On Wheat Crops This Spring. The Best on the Market.

And we will always save some for YOU. But do not be too late Getting it.

J. W. WHITE, Insurance

ALL KINDS OF DEPENDABLE INSURANCE AND BONDS

THE ROMANS

Had A Phrase For It

"CAVEAT EMPTOR." meaning "Let the buyer beware." This was not used as a bit of balm to ease the ancient conscience; nor, yet, was it placarded in the booths and stalls of the market-place. It was a piece of every-day knowledge, born of dear-bought experience.

A shopkeeper knew little about the source of his merchandise. This tunic he bought from a trader, who said it came from Byzantium. So he sold it as the latest Byzantine style. The trader told him the dye was pure Tyrian—it wouldn't fade. So he sold it as Tyrian dyed. But the buyer knew the responsibility was his own. If he guessed wrongly, or his judgment was poor, it was HIS hard luck.

Today, fortunately, there are safer guides than the blanket-warning to "let your eyes be your market."

These guides are the newspaper advertisements. In this newspaper, they are a catalog of the best values in town—signed by responsible firms. If the goods are not all that is claimed for them, their sponsors would need to "beware." For no business can thrive on a one-time sale, or on dissatisfied customers.

A signed advertisement is, in a way, like a promissory note. The advertiser has made a statement, and affixed his signature as a sign of good faith.

So, read the advertisements before you start out on a buying trip. Make this habit, and see how much you save . . . in time, in temper, in money, in shoe-leather.

FRIONA STAR