

The Friona Star

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FRIONA, FARMER COUNTY TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1936

Published Every Friday

Cogitations & Aphorisms of Jodok

Well! Well! and Well!! I have been told that nobody reads my stuff in this column; but just let me even suggest that I will tell something in the future and then do not do so, and I soon find out that somebody reads it.

Well, it appears that some time ago I made some remark about telling something about people who do or do not cut the weeds and trim and water the trees about their premises and public places, and then I got off on some other line with my single-track mind and forgot what I had said and had to be reminded of it.

And now, since it becomes my unpleasant duty to take up this matter, (And I do not mind it in the least), I may as well begin with the churches, for it occurs to me that the places anyone should think most of after their homes, should be their churches. But honestly, there are some churches whose premises are in such a condition that their members should be ashamed to expect the Lord to meet there with them.

Take, for instance, the Congregational church—with a fairly nice building, and with shade trees once planted around it—a gift of the members of the Ladies Aid—and at one time, some really nice flowers growing along the granitoid in front of it and in the squares of earth on either side of the front steps, and all, at one time, kept free of weeds and grasses and well watered.

That was when our good friend Brother Beattie was pastor and he kept the weeds cut and the trees watered and they made a good growth and his good wife saw to it that the flowers in front were well cared for and they added an attractiveness to the church yard which none could help but admire. Now many of the trees are dead for want of moisture and the ground around and between them is so badly infested with weeds that it can scarcely be seen.

Now, all this has been called to my attention and I just had to take time off from the street corner and take a walk up there just to see how badly it really does look, and I found that the picture had not been over-drawn.

Well, I never did think that it is really a pastor's duty to keep the church grounds neatly trimmed and in good repair, and the pastor quite properly thinks that he is hired as a preacher and not as a landscape gardener; but surely there is someone elected or appointed whose duty it is to see that such things are done and if he does not do so, then, pride in the appearance of their city should have a motivation influence.

Then, just across the street is the manse where nice fruit trees such as cherries, plums and peaches, once grew, which were planted by another former pastor, Brother John M. Peyton, and whom I feel that I can call my friend, and were cared for by him and brother Beattie, but now he is away over in New York state and brother Beattie over in Virginia. Father Pearson did all he could and much more than he was able, physically, to do, but nevertheless many of the nice trees are now dead and are nothing but clumps of dry brush sticking up in the air.

Then I took a look at the Baptist church just two blocks away, and I found young elm trees planted around the church building and the parsonage, and also some flowers, and all these are showing a healthy appearance and a nice growth since last year, due to the constant care, I am told, of my good friend Brother Moore, who sees that the weeds are kept cut down and the trees watered and he is deserving of praise for his interest and effort. Just what would happen to them should Brother Moore move away, can be only a surmise.

Then, while I was at it I just took a peep at the Sixth Street Church of Christ, and I saw that there are some nice trees growing in that church yard, and have recently been receiving some much needed attention in the way of clearing out the weeds and watering the trees. I do not know who did this work, but I have just surmised that my good friend, Clarence Sheets, is responsible for it, since he lives closest to it. I may be mistaken, but appearances suggest to me that the work there had not been done before it was needed and it had been done sooner

(Continued on next page.)

REVIVAL MEETINGS

The revival meetings being conducted at the Baptist church by Dr. L. D. Mitchell, of Dalhart, are attracting large attendance and deep interest, both of which have been evidenced from the beginning of the meetings.

Dr. Mitchell is an eloquent and fearless speaker and his bold denunciation of sin in all forms is winning the esteem and support of all who hear him. Quite a goodly number of converts have already been added to the church membership roll. The meetings will continue throughout this week, including the coming Sunday.

Also the meetings that are being held at the Euclid Avenue Church of Christ, with Brother Earl Cantwell doing the preaching, are attracting a good attendance. Brother Cantwell is noted as a bible student and his ability in expounding the scriptures is attracting the interest of all who hear him.

These meetings will also continue throughout this week and including next Lord's Day. You are cordially invited to attend all these meetings.

The Sixth Street Church of Christ members are planning to begin their annual revival meeting on the fifth Lord's Day of this month, being August 30th. Their evangelist has not yet been named, but posters and other advertising literature will be out in ample time to inform the public of dates, speaker and subjects.

SCHOOL BEGINS

The new school year begins Monday, August 31. During this first day teachers will meet to have assignments and schedules arranged. Teaching materials will be distributed and methods of teaching discussed. Buses will not run on Monday, August 31, and pupils will not be expected to report to school.

On Tuesday morning, September 1 all buses will make their regular routes and grade school and high school pupils will begin enrolling at nine o'clock. Regular class work will begin Wednesday morning, September 2.

In order that only one day may be spent for enrollment, arrangements are being made for high school pupils to report for early enrollment at 1 o'clock, Friday, August 28.

O. M. Stewart

FORMER RESIDENT HERE

J. W. Highfill, formerly of this locality but now of Northwest Arkansas, was a visitor here on Friday evening and night of last week.

Mr. Highfill was accompanied by his brother-in-law, who was here with a truck load of nice Concord grapes, which he was selling at \$1.50 per bushel. Mr. Highfill said it is unusually dry in that part of Arkansas, and that crops of all kinds are practically a failure, including vegetables and fruits. Only a few orchards will have anything like a crop of apples, and where there are any apples at all on other orchards, they are small.

OKLAHOMA MAN HERE

I. D. Westfall, of Carney, Okla., and W. E. Anderson, of Tryon, Okla., both former residents of this locality arrived here Saturday afternoon and Monday looking after business matters and meeting and shaking hands with old friends and former neighbors.

Mr. Westfall favored his friend at the Star office with a short visit while here, and stated that the dry weather has practically taken all crops in his locality and in many other parts of that state.

MRS. LORENE HUGHES IMPROVING

Word was received here Tuesday that Mrs. Lorene Hughes, who has been quite low for several days, and who suffered an operation for appendicitis at the hospital at Hereford, was slowly improving. This was glad news to her many friends at Friona.

JAMIE COLE HAS BIRTHDAY

Honoring Miss Jamie Cole on her twelfth birthday, her sister, Miss Mattie Cole, entertained with an enjoyable party at their home Saturday afternoon.

A variety of games served as entertainment before the guests were served with delicious lemonade and cake.

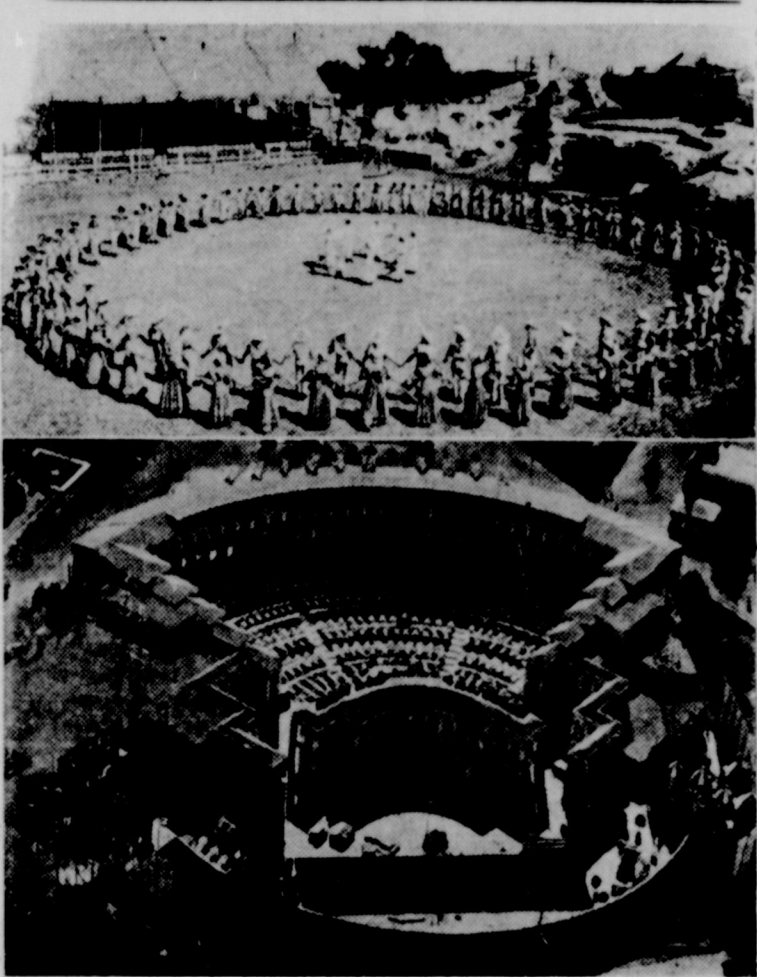
Those attending were: Eunice Mae Weir, Jacquelyn Wilkinson, Louise Parker, Gertrude Short, Nancy Shackelford, Thelma Marie Turner, Thelma May Boggs, Juanita Vaughn, Betty Jean Mayfield, Tinsie and Jr. Fulk, and Lucile Teague, of California.

Miss Edith May Frost assisted with the entertainment.

Henry Clements, of Dimmitt, was a business visitor here Friday.

Paul Parr, who is employed at Hereford, spent Sunday with relatives here.

here Broadway Crosses the Sunset Trail



The saga of the last frontier of western progress blends curiously but effectively at the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial today with the new frontier of entertainment. "Sashay All", rousing musical climax from "The Last Frontier", is shown above, scores of Texans participating in modern conceptions of folk dancing of the period. And below is an air-view of "Casa Manana", most talked-of cafe-theater in the world, with its huge circular stage floating in water and revolving the cast before the eyes of 4,000 spectators. Close by these glittering attractions on the Frontier Centennial grounds are "Pioneer Palace" and its Honky Tonk revue, and "Jumbo"—"Bigger than a Show, Better than a Circus."

YORK'S IN IDAHO

A. W. Wood, local section foreman for the Santa Fe Railroad, is authority for the information to the Star that C. D. York and family who formerly lived about four miles southeast of Friona, are now located in the state of Idaho.

A few weeks after Mr. York and family moved from her to Gentry, Arkansas, the Star received a letter from him asking that his copy of the star be sent to him at that place and stated in his letter that it was very dry and hot there and that practically all crops were burned up by the heat and dry weather and that the locality was 12 inches short at that time of its average supply of moisture.

Nothing further was heard from Mr. York by the Star office until two weeks ago when Mr. Wood came in and informed us that Mr. York with his family was on his way to Washington state, where he hoped to get employment on a big government project, and that he wired his son-in-law, J. W. Wood, at Casper, Wyoming to meet them at a certain place in that state, which was about 100 miles from Casper. J. W. failed to get the wire sent him and the Yorks waited at the named place for the meetings, most of the day and then called J. W. (Sonny) by telephone, and it was then learned that he had failed to receive the telegram and J. W.'s boss having gone away the evening before and left everything in his care so he could not get away to meet the Yorks, who then proceeded on their way to Washington.

Mr. Wood came to the Star office again the latter part of last week and informed us that further information from Mr. York was to the effect that when they had reached some place in Idaho, they had a blow-out in one of their truck tires and were unable to proceed further, and that he had taken a job with a farmer there at a wage of \$60. per month, with house furnished, also milk cows, chickens and hogs for family meat. He planned to remain with this situation for a few months and then rent a farm and go to farming his own.

A WORD OF THANKS

I take this method of expressing my whole-souled appreciation of the very liberal vote accorded me by the voters of Commissioners Precinct No. 1, in the recent Primary Election and extend my sincere thanks to all who so freely supported me with their votes.

My reason for this apparent tardiness in making the above expressions is that I was called away on Monday following the election to the bedside of my aged mother over in North Carolina, and returned home on Thursday of last week.

My sincere thanks to all.
J. M. W. Alexander

HONORED ON BIRTHDAY

Mrs. H. T. Magness entertained Saturday at her home in honor of the fourth birthday of her son, Tim. Tim received many pretty gifts from his friends and the evening was devoted to games played on the lawn, and later in the evening the children were treated to a drive in the 1914 model Ford car owned and driven by the honoree's father, Mr. H. T. Magness.

At a late hour tasty refreshments of punch and cookies were served to the following guests: Billy Larue Jones, Vivian Weis, Tila Rue Day, Gladys Lacey, Irene White, L. A. Jones, Tommy Lacey, Junior White, Robbie Thurston, Sonny Burnie, Eddie Bob Below, Billy Ray Raybon, Bobbie Joe New, Royce Neal Price, Carey Joe Magness, of Farwell, and the honor guest, Tim Magness, and Mrs. Clyde Magness, of Farwell and Mrs. Neva Raybon.

PWA PROJECTS IDLE

Work on the Frion Draw PWA project at the south side of town, has been at a stand still for the past two or three weeks and without any assurance that the work will be resumed at any early date.

Just why this work has been discontinued is not known to the general public, but it is supposed by some to be on account of the lack of allocation of funds for the purpose and is supposed to be caused by the failure of the administration to approve of the Texas quota of the federal allotment for such projects, owing to the lack of skilled and semi-skilled workmen on the relief rolls in Texas.

COUSINS VISIT MRS. G. M. BAKER

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Baker and family were surprised Thursday forenoon of last week when Mr. and Mrs. Erick Lyella and Mr. and Mrs. Bry Bradley, all of Chicago Heights, Illinois, arrived here.

Messrs. Lyella and Bradley are cousins of Mrs. Baker and they had not met for several years. The visitors were on an extended trip through the Western states, having come west through Colorado, Utah and California and returning home by the more southern route and will visit other relatives between here and their homes. They reported that in all their journeying over these Western states they had seen no good crops except in irrigated districts.

VISITING GRANDPARENTS

Clifford Campbell, Jr., of Las Cruces, New Mexico, arrived here the latter part of last week for a visit of two weeks with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Meade, and his two uncles, Harry and Wilbur Meade. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Campbell and his mother was formerly Miss Nellie Meade. He expects to return home in time for the beginning of school.

DIXON—LANDRUM NUPTIALS

Miss Rosella Dixon, attractive and talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dixon, of the Rhea community, became the bride of Ray Landrum in a beautiful twilight ceremony, solemnized Tuesday evening of last week, August 11, at the home of her parents.

Dr. W. J. Frye, bible teacher of Texas Technological College, Lubbock, read the impressive ring ceremony before the window of the flower bedecked guest room, in the presence of approximately sixty friends and relatives.

The wedding party entered the room to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Mrs. David Moore. The bride was beautiful in a blue chiffon velvet floor length wedding gown and carried a bouquet of valley lilies and baby breath.

The maid of honor, Miss Irene Sachs, wore a black fur trimmed frock, and the bridesmaid, Mrs. Helen Schlenker, was attired in rich tan crepe with matching accessories.

Nelson Welch served as best man, and Eugene Dixon, brother of the bride, was groom.

Immediately following the wedding a reception was held at which time anglefood cake, daintily decorated ice cream and iced fruit punch was served.

The bride was graduated from the Friona High School and attended Technological College. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Landrum, of this city, and is a graduate of the Friona High School.

After a short wedding trip to New Mexico and Colorado the couple will be at home on their large sheep ranch near Lazbuddy.

JUDGE ALEXANDER HOME

County Commissioner, J. M. W. Alexander, who was called to the bedside of his aged mother over in North Carolina, on Monday following the recent Primary Election, returned home on Thursday of last week.

Judge Alexander stated that his mother showed no signs of improvement but he was obliged to return home. He stated further that there was very little evidence of any worthwhile crops being grown this season anywhere along his trip, from the time he left the Panhandle until he had crossed the Blue Ridge mountains and reached the coastal plain.

It had been quite dry there but rains had set in and there was prospect of a fair yield. Fruit crop was short but most families would have enough for home use.

LAKEVIEW NEWS

The weather still remains hot and very dry here a good general rain would be very much appreciated.

Miss Geneva Massey who is attending business college at Lubbock spent the week end at home, returning to her school work Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Maples and daughter, Edith, spent Sunday in the H. Melton home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Manderchield's son and family are here visiting them.

Claude and Grace Miller are visiting their sister, Mrs. Martha Walker at Salida Colo.

Prof. and Mrs. Van B. Boston visited in the J. M. W. Alexander home over the week end.

Mrs. Pearl Hand and children returned Monday from a visit to their old home in Oklahoma.

Mr. J. M. Gilmer, of Cromwell, Okla., who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Guinn, since June, left Sunday afternoon for Muleshoe to visit his son there before returning to Oklahoma.

Misses Billie Pace, and Laverne Goodson, and Allen Guinn all of Muleshoe, spent Sunday in the C. A. Guinn home.

VISITING DAUGHTER HERE

Mr. and Mrs. W. Reeves, of Chicago, arrived here Monday, having driven through in their car from their home.

They are guests at the Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Parks at the Congregational manse, Mrs. Park's being Mrs. Reeves' daughter. They expect to remain for several days.

Mr. Reeves stated that all the way from Chicago to the Panhandle, the dry and hot weather seems to have taken all the crops, and in many places rivers and smaller streams were dried up, and at various places in Oklahoma farmers are hauling water as much as twenty miles or more for their live stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Shackelford and daughter, Nancy Ruth, were shopping in Amarillo Tuesday.

Mrs. Mammie Goodie, of Lockney, is visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Landrum this week.

McFARLAND—CLEMENTS WEDDING

A pretty but quite wedding ceremony was performed in the auditorium of the Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. David E. Moore, which joined in the bond of holy wedlock Miss Martha McFarland and Mr. Roy Clements.

The wedding took place Saturday night, August 15th, following the close of the revival services and immediately after the congregation had dispersed and had left the room except the pastor and the contracting parties and Miss Geraldine McFarland, a sister of the bride.

The winsome and lovely bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McFarland, whose farm home is some five miles west of Friona, and has for the past three years been the genial, efficient and popular assistant post mistress of the Friona post office, who by her courtesy and affable manner has won the highest esteem of the patrons of the office.

The groom is the popular proprietor of the Clements Tailor Shop on Main street in this city, who by his geniality and courteous business manners has won for himself a wide circle of friends during his business career here.

Immediately following the ceremony the bride and groom retired to their own home here adjoining the shop where they are at home to all their friends. They are two of Friona's best known and well-liked young people and the Star joins their many other friends in wishing for them a long life of happiness, usefulness and prosperity.

FRIONA WEATHER

The weather in the Friona territory during the past week has been about as warm as it ever gets here, the mercury rising as high as 102 on Thursday of last week.

Monday and Tuesday of this week it ranged around 93, with some good breezes blowing most of the time. At this writing, (Tuesday afternoon) no rain has fallen during the week, although clouds to the south show some indications of approaching moisture.

Crops all over the territory are now sorely in need of rain and farmers say that if rain does not come immediately there will be but little grain produced here this season.

LANGE FAMILY HOME

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Lange, who have been spending the past two weeks at and near Llano, visiting Mr. Lange's father and other relatives, returned home Monday evening, after having spent a very happy vacation.

Their two small daughters, Carolyn and Doris Ann, who had been there with their grandfather, B. Lange for the past several weeks, returned home with their parents.

LAKEVIEW CLUB

The Lakeview Home Demonstration Club met Friday afternoon August 14, at the home of Mrs. Tim Manderchield. There were 14 members present.

Mrs. Buchanan took charge of the meeting which was on the control of plant lice and bugs in the garden.

Our next meeting will be on September 11, in the home of Mrs. Joe Pittman. The program will be "Pep up your meals." Miss St. Clair will have charge of the meeting.

Each member is urged to be present and to bring with them and tell the history of an attractive dish or kitchen utensil.

Visitors are always welcome.

Refreshments of punch and cake was served to the following members: Mesdames; E. B. Whitefield, D. O. Robason, E. R. Sparkman, Jake Mahor, M. B. Buchanan, C. A. Guinn, C. D. Russell, Joe Pitman, Jim Mears, Clyde Hays, J. M. W. Alexander, W. P. Maples, Frank Maples and the hostess Mrs. Manderchield.

HOT AND DRY IN NEW MEXICO

A letter received from T. F. Lawrence, formerly of this city but now of Mountain Park, New Mexico, states that it is hot and dry there in the mountains. He says they have a shower nearly every day, but the sun is so hot that the rain does little if any good.

On the farm where he works they will have about 5,000 boxes of apples and he says they are fine. He says crops are fairly good but that it is hard to get enough water to irrigate with owing to the dry weather. He is not in the best of health and feels himself gradually falling but is able to be about all the time, and sends his regards to all his Friona friends.

Judge E. F. Lockey, of Farwell, was seen in Friona Tuesday.

Miss Floy Goodwine, who has been attending college at Lubbock, returned home last week end.

Ella B. Crabtree, of Lockney, arrived here Tuesday for a visit in the home of her sister, Mrs. Orvie Allen.

WHY NOT?

Little Dora, aged seven, is extremely precocious for her years. She is, also, inordinately fond of her maternal grandfather, who resides with her parents.

"Mummy," she said, when a fashionable wedding was being discussed, "when I've grown up I shall marry granddad."

Her mother told her that such a union would be illegal and finished up by saying: "Well, in any case, I couldn't allow you to marry my father."

"Why not, mum?" queried the precocious one. "You married mine, didn't you?"

CATTY



Ella—How did I look in my new evening dress last night?

Kate—Charming, dear, isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?

Cut Both Ways

An old gardener always had an answer for everything. On one occasion he was told by his employer to mow the lawn.

"Cut it short," she said, "for an inch at the bottom is worth two at the top," says London Tit-Bits.

Donald did the work, and when it was finished he was offered a drop of whisky. The employer poured it out, but showed signs of stopping before she had filled the glass.

"Fill it up, ma'am," said Donald. "An inch at the top is worth two at the bottom."

Too True

The schoolmaster wanted to know whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of a British consulate.

"Supposing," he began, "someone took you up in an airplane, and, after a long flight, dropped you thousands of miles from home in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek first of all?"

An eager hand was raised.

"Please, sir, the hospital."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Hardly Worth It

The conceited young man had talked about himself till the girl felt she could endure it no longer.

"It costs a great deal more than one would think to become a broad-minded and intelligent man of the world," he remarked, serenely.

The girl saw her chance and took it.

"I suppose so," she said, "and I don't blame you for saving your money."—Stray Stories Magazine.

SOMETHING



Weary—I read odder day dat at de age of sixty-five a man has taken in 95 tons of feed.

Happy—Ah! Dat would be a grand life's work to point ter.

Tough One

A backwoods woman, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her.

"You'd better move your foot a mite, maw; you're standing on a live coal."

Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot, paw?"—L. & N. Employee's Magazine.

The Limit

An old country woman going into a large town saw, for the first time, an electric train.

"Well," she said, in her amazement, "I've seen 'em worked by horses, and I've seen 'em run by engine, but I've never seen 'em driv by a clothes-prop before."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Making It Easy for Her

"You are an honest boy," said the lady as she opened the roll of five \$1 bills, "but the money I lost was a \$5-bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yessum," answered the boy. "It was a \$5-bill that I found, but I got it changed so you could pay me a reward."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Worrier

A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor shouted at him: "Quick, how many feet has a centipede?"

The man came back in a dry, dry voice:

"Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"



SIR ISAAC GOT THE BREAKS

The teacher was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovery of the law of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground looking at a tree. An apple fell on his head and from that he discovered gravitation. Just think, children," she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

The inevitable small boy replied: "Yes'm, an' if he had been settin' in school lookin' at his books, he wouldn't have discovered nothin'."—Santa Fe Magazine.

Would Be Better!

The warden of a prison was inclined to overdo the facilities for enjoyment which he gave his prisoners. Despite numerous reforms, the convicts were still dissatisfied.

"Say, you guys," he told them angrily, "I've given you movies and baseball and everything else I can think of. What do you want now?"

"Well, warden," said a voice, "what about a cross-country run?"

GIDDAP!



"Jim Haytossel says as how he allus pays as he goes."

"Well, if you'll notice he's chair-bound most of the time."

Barefooted

Small Charlotte and her father were riding on a bus when a man in the seat in front of them took off his hat, revealing a very bald head.

"Oh look, daddy," said the child in a shrill voice, "that man's head is barefooted!"—Indianapolis News.

Right Idea

"I think the Chinese have the right idea of it," commented the old-fashioned businessman.

"How's that?" inquired a neighbor.

"They don't care who runs the country so long as business is good."

Intellectual Demand

"Do you find an intellectual interest in politics?"

"Decidedly," answered Miss Cayenne. "It requires more study to score an election from start to finish than it does to keep the run of contract bridge."

In His Own Language

A judge entered the street car.

"How are you this morning, judge?"

"Fine, fine; and how are you?"

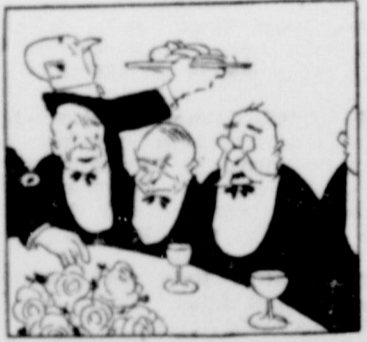
"Fare," answered the man in uniform.

Old Familiar Melodies

"Don you love the old familiar melodies?"

"I'm growing tired of them," answered Miss Cayenne. "I can't help wishing more of the radio composers would do something original."

JUST RIGHT



"A physician says that yawning is caused by an under supply of fresh air."

"That's right—also by an over-supply of hot air."

A Contingent Proposition

"What's that new structure you have put on the hill there?"

"Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "if I rent it this summer, it's a bungalow. If I don't, it's a barn."

Hasn't Aged a Bit

Host (doing the honors)—And that is a portrait of my great-great-grandfather.

Visitor—Wonderful! Why he doesn't look any older than you!

Filling the Bill

Customer—I want a sandwich.

Waiter—What kind?

Customer—Something real striking.

Waiter—How about a club?

FIFTY-FIFTY

"Look at the one staring at us through the bars. Seems quite intelligent, doesn't he?"

"Yes. Uncanny, isn't it?"

"Almost as if he understood every word we're saying."

"Walks on his hind legs, too, and swings his arms."

"Look, he's got a peanut! There, now, would you believe it? He knows enough to take the shell off before he eats it, just like we do."

"That's a female with him. Listen to her chatter. He doesn't seem to be paying much attention to her, though."

"Must be his mate, don't you think?"

"Look kind of sad, don't they?"

"Yes, I reckon they wish they were in here with us monkeys."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

POWDER-PUFFING



Mary (boasting)—My complexion is my own.

Helen—Where do you get that stuff!

Easing the Situation

The minister and his wife were receiving a visit from a woman parishioner when the minister's small daughter walked up to the visitor and gazing intently at her, said: "Oh, my, but aren't you plain!"

Her mother was horrified.

"Whatever do you mean?" she said. "Apologize at once."

"I only meant it for a joke," replied the child.

"Well," said the mother, "it would have been a much better joke if you had said: 'How pretty you are!'"

No Hurry

The American car was flying through the Warwickshire lanes when it pulled up with a screech of brakes opposite a gate on which was leaning an old countryman.

"Say," said the driver, "kin you tell me if I'm right for W. Shakespeare's house?"

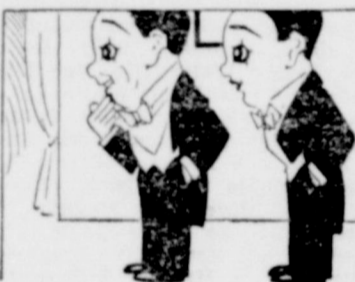
"Yezzir," replied the countryman. "but there's no need to hurry—he's been dead some years."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Preferred It Straight

A judge was trying a case concerning the division of a stream. He had just returned to court after a good lunch, and counsel for the defense was speaking when he noticed that the judge was taking a nap. To house him he shouted, "We now come to the water, my lord—the water."

The judge, partly opening one eye, and putting his hand on the inkpot said: "Very little, thank you."—Stray Stories Magazine.

INFORMATION



"I see you took the pretty girl into the conservatory. Did you propose?"

"No; we both kind of got cold feet. There was a married couple in there having a family talk."

Exchange of Compliments

Two perfect ladies were discussing each other, and their remarks were anything but complimentary.

At length one of them said, "You don't consider yourself a prize beauty, I hope?"

"No," replied the other, "I don't, and I must say your mother must have been very fond of children to have brought you up."—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

Cat's Away

The minister met a gamekeeper. "Come, my good fellow, why is it I never see you at church?"

"Well, sir, I don't want to make your congregation smaller."

"I don't see very well how you could."

"Well, sir, you see, if I came to church the rest of the parish would go poaching."

Music?

"Did you ever hear anything so perfectly stunning?" exclaimed the daughter of the house as she turned the radio on to a new jazz tune.

"No," replied her father. "The nearest thing I ever heard to it was when a truck loaded with empty milk cans collided with another truck that was loaded with live ducks."—Prairie Farmer.

And That's That

"I don't want you to treat my friend Jones as coldly as you do," said Robinson to his daughter. "He may not have much style, but he's a diamond in the rough."

"I know he's a diamond in the rough," replied his daughter. "That's the reason I'm cutting him."



FLY

A young man went to Australia against his father's wishes. In one letter home he wrote: "I have bought a car; first feather in my cap." In another he wrote: "I have bought a farm; another feather in my cap."

This went on for some time and always the son's letter finished with "another feather in my cap."

Later the father received a letter which ran: "Dear dad, I am broke; please send passage home."

The father replied: "Nothing doing. Take the feathers from your cap, stick them on your back and fly home."

Modesty Preserved

Mrs. Blurb—They say that veils for women are coming in style. I wonder why that is?

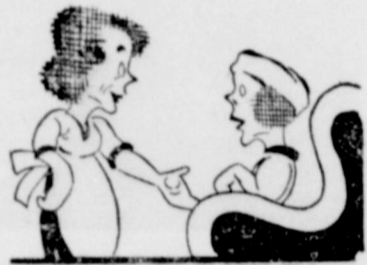
Mr. Blurb—I understand the women are ashamed to show their faces when they go out wearing those clothes that they wear now.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Melancholy Punster

"We have squandered money without thought of a proper return," said the student of economics.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I fear we have proved one of those countries in which a profit is without honor."

MODEST SARAH



Miss Willing—Sarah, if Mr. Simple calls while I'm out, hold him until I return.

Sarah—Oh, miss, sure I wouldn't like to do that.

More Convenient

Woman—No, I tell you I object to giving money at the door!

Tramp—Well, ma'am, perhaps you'll hand it out of the window. I'm not particular. — Pearson's Weekly.

Tit for Tat

"This pound of butter you sold me is three ounces short."

"Well, I mislaid the pound weight, so I had to weigh it by the pound of steak you sold me yesterday."—London Answers Magazine.

Law and Authority

"Do you think women should study law?"

"No," said Miss Cayenne. "Men can look after the law. All a clever woman needs to do is to supervise the authority."

Genesis

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"

IN TRAINING



Wife—Tom, why did you put your friend's things in the dining room last night?

Hubby—Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he wouldn't enjoy his dinner unless he could watch his hat and coat.

The Main Requisite

"Do you have to have talent to make a living at writing jokes?" asked the fair one.

"No," returned the humorist; "all you need is a steady income from some other source."

Coming Up

"How would you like your egg served, sir?"

"Is there any difference in price?"

"None whatever, sir."

"Then serve it on a thick slice of ham."

Waits for the Empty Space

I was warning my little neighbor about being careful crossing streets. "Oh, don't worry," the child assured me. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."—Royal Arcanum.

JODOK—

(Continued From Page 1)

better progress would have been in evidence.

But over at the Euclid Avenue Church of Christ, there are no trees nor flowers (but, in my opinion, every church should have), to need watering or caring for, but even without trees or flowers the yard could be made quite beautiful if set in lawn grass or Bermuda grass and kept well watered. Some folk like a yard that way the best.

Owing to the fact that the Methodist church is over in the east half of the city, I felt that I should not absent myself from my place on the street corner long enough to make a trip over there, and since no one has told me, I do not know just what Brother Thurston has been doing in the way of "landscaping" around those premises.

Now, it is quite possible and more probable that someone will say to themselves or someone else, that this is none of Jodok's business, agree with them in that respect, for it is more likely that I would not be considered an asset to any of these churches, even if I should become a member of each of them. But—

Since the matter was called to my attention, I felt that I had a right to take a look, and having looked, I could not well keep from forming my own opinion, and, because I do have truly at heart, the welfare and interest of all these churches, as well as the city as a whole, I have "formed and expressed" this opinion.

And while I am at it, I just want to make mention of those unusually pretty lilies that are growing and blooming so ravishingly in the yard of Mrs. Nat Jones, on Main street. The bed is not so large, but it is thickly studded with these lilies and blooming profusely in many colors. I do not know whether they are canna or calla lilies, or maybe they are all the same. But they are sure pretty.

Well, I have just been to the dictionary and looked up the definition of "calla" but I did not know what it meant so I looked up the definition of that definition and I did not know what they meant, and I looked for those definitions and was worse confused than ever and gave it up. I then found the definition of "canna" and that seemed to fit the flowers fairly well, so I guess they are "canna" lilies.

I was out at the home of Dr. Stover in the west part of town, not for any professional help, but because he took me out there on a small business mission, and I found there the yard well filled with pretty flowers, shrubbery and vegetables, where, according to the doctor's own statement, there was naught but tumble weeds, goat heads and sand piles when he moved there several months ago. That is an illustration of what a little toil and care can bring about when applied at the right time and in the right way.

It just occurs to me that there is a great general demand for people all over the country to do some sure-enough thinking for themselves. For instance, I saw on the cover page of a small magazine recently advertisement of some good books on various subjects now foremost in the minds of people generally, and at the bottom of the page were the words, "Read, Think, Do," and at the top of the page was a picture of three stepstones. On the top step was the word, "Economics," on the next step was—"What do you Read" on the next was—"What do you Think" and on the bottom was—"What do you do?"

And it just occurs to me that I can hardly pick up a book, paper or magazine, that I do not find somewhere in it an exhortation to "read, think and do." And it also occurs to me that if there ever was a time when each individual should take the trouble to do a little real thinking for himself, and stop listening to the harangues of "would-be" leaders in either politics, social relations, or even religion, it is now.

OBSERVES TWELFTH BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Ira Parker gave a lovely party Monday afternoon in honor of the twelfth birthday of her daughter, Miss Louise.

After Louise had opened her many pretty gifts, she and her guests devoted the afternoon to games.

Late in the afternoon delightful refreshments of punch and cake were served to the following: Nancy Shakelford, Eva Dean Hyde, Eunice Mae Weir, Jacquelyn Wilkison, Jamie Cole, Gertrude Short, Mary Joe Anderson, Wanda Wood, Bubbles and Thelma Watkins, Juanita Vaughn and Junior Parker.

MOVED TO OKLAHOMA

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mans have moved to Hobart, Okla., and Mrs. Mans has requested that her copy of the Star be sent to that place. Mr. and Mrs. Mans suffered a fire loss at their home here a few weeks ago which resulted in serious damage to the building and the loss of most of their furniture.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Macy D. Knode, of New York City, is here visiting in the T. J. Crawford home. She is a daughter of Mrs. M. K. Smith and a sister-in-law of Mr. Crawford.

Mrs. Emmett Day and children and Mrs. Cayson Jones and children were shopping in Hereford last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Jones and children who spent the past two weeks visiting in East Texas, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir, of Hereford, visited relatives and friends here Sunday.

Mrs. L. H. Routh and son, A. J. who spent the past three weeks with relatives and friends in Oklahoma, returned home on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Magness, and son Carey Joe, of Farwell, spent the week end here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Magness.

Mrs. Ethel Phillips, who spent the past ten days visiting relatives and friends and attending the Texas Centennial at Dallas, returned to her home here Saturday.

The Misses Eunice Mae Weir and Jacquelyn Wilkison were guests last week end of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir at Hereford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parr, of Bowie arrived per Monday and are visiting in the home of their son, J. W. Parr.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Jersig and daughter, Shelby Ann, of Bovina, visited relatives in Friona Sunday.

Messrs. Clifford Johnson and B. Barnett, of Black, were in Friona Sunday.

Mrs. Leo McLellan and children were shopping in Clovis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Blewett, of Meagel, arrived Saturday and are visiting relatives here.

I saw a little folder the other day and across the top of it was printed in large letters—"What we think—What others think—and what we think of what others think."

A week from next Monday our public schools are scheduled to open and again take up the process of "Training the Young Idea to Shoot." And I am just wondering if the teachers throughout the land will really do this by training their pupils to really do some thinking for themselves, or will they continue to tell them what someone else has thought and take it for granted and let it go at that. I heard a supposed Sunday school teacher tell his class of young folk recently that if he could but get them to do their own thinking and think these serious matters out for themselves and to their own satisfaction, that he would consider his work done and well done, and have no fear for the consequences.

FOR RENT: One or two rooms either furnished or unfurnished. Call at Star office.

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at public Auction on Tuesday, August 25th, at my farm 16 miles west and 6 miles north of Friona and 2 miles west and 3 miles north of Rhea School House.

Also Horses, Hogs, Chickens, Farm Machinery and Household Goods. Sales Begin at 10:00 A. M. Texas Time. Lunch will be served at the Noon Hour.

SIXTY HEAD OF GOOD LIVE STOCK
Mostly Milk Cows
HERMAN SCHEULER, Owner

SEE US FOR—

Binders, drills, tractors. Farm better with better farm equipment. Used wheat drills.

Blackwell's Hdw. & Furn. Co.
"YOUR HOME STORE"

Why be bent with toil and care
On account of "Old Wash Day?"
When—**THE HELPY-SELFY LAUNDRY**
Takes the Care and Toil away

E. E. HOULETTE, Proprietor, West of Bank

The Friona Star

Published By NORTHWESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY JOHN W. WHITE, EDITOR

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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.

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

DON'T RISK LIVES

(Panhandle Herald.)

In a few weeks, the nation's schools will open for the fall term. And this places one vast responsibility upon the shoulders of school board trustees and members: To make our institutions of learning safe from fire.

Some of the worst conflagrations in our history have occurred in schools, blotting out the lives of scores and even hundreds of children at one time. And the old-fashioned school building is not the kind with great hazards. Some superficially modern and "safe" appearing buildings are almost equally dangerous.

In many schools that are thought of as modern there are too few exits, stairways are badly constructed, doors open inward (in spite of the fact that this is one of the worst of all hazards), heating equipment is faulty. In others fire drills are not carried out periodically. So it goes down a long list of hazards. Unknowingly, we are risking thousands of young lives.

Fire underwriters have prepared a comprehensive form making it possible for officials to thoroughly check school buildings and unearth hazards. Fire marshalls are always glad to lend assistance. Not a single school should open its doors this year without an exhaustive inspection to discover risks, and correct them. The nation's parents should make their voices felt, and insist that the lives of their children be given the utmost protection while at school.

ROOSEVELT RUINING COUNTRY?

(Panhandle Herald.)

If the screams of the president's critics are true, then business in the country has indeed gone to the bottomless pit. They insist that the solemn of the New Deal is to ruin business. Let's look at some of the dreadful things the New Deal is doing to business. Let's go over the Financial Page of the New York Times. In one recent issue of the paper we pick the following headlines at random.

"Saving Banks Top Ten Billion Mark. Deposits within \$10,000,000 of Record July 1 - Accounts at New Peak in Number. Assets at Highest Point. Reach \$11,349,335,582, with surplus account also largest in History."

"Financing Concern Shows Record Net. Commercial Investment Trust for the half year earns \$3.16 a common share. Business also at a peak. Total assets on June 30, at \$409,587,591, compared with \$297,183,889 on December 31."

"General Motors Increases Income. \$88,108,372 net for quarter of June 30 is highest for period since 1929. Half-year total also up. 12 months' profits \$224,069,218. Bringing earnings on common to \$5.91 a share."

"New York Utility Votes 50c Dividend. Directors of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York at a meeting held recently declared a dividend of 50c a share on the common stock, against 25c a share paid in the five preceding quarters."

"Youngstown Steel Rate at 80 percent - the best July rate on an operating standpoint since 1929."

"STERLING SECURITIES GAINS. Net assets were \$19,486,550 at close of first half of the year."

So it should be plain to the dullest that the New Deal is ruining the country and sending its people back to the days of chaos and despair such as we experienced before the advent of the Roosevelt Administration.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cragtree and Mrs. G. M. Bullard, of Floydada; Raymond Whatley, Mrs. W. J. King and Miss Jessie Landrum, of Lockney, left Wednesday for their homes. They had been visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Landrum for a few days and while here attended the wedding of Ray Landrum and Miss Rosella Dixon. They were accompanied home by Miss Ella Marie Landrum, who will spend several weeks there visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baxter, and daughter, of Elk City, Oklahoma, arrived here Monday to spend their vacation with relatives and friends.

School at Friona is scheduled to begin on Monday, August 31st. A faculty of eighteen and possibly nineteen teachers will be employed.

Ted Houlette was shopping in Clovis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Reid and children, Betty Lou and W. C., who spent the week end at Silverton, returned home Monday.

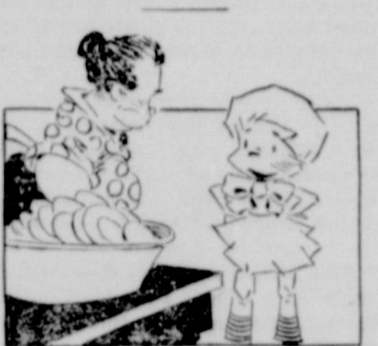


A Little Bit Humorous

FATHERLY ADVICE

"My boy," said the business man to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business." "What are they, dad?" "Honesty and sagacity." "What is honesty?" "Always—no matter what happens, nor how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it." "And sagacity?" "Never give it."—Santa Fe Magazine.

RIGHT AGAIN



"Ma, is Mr. Fulhouse very old?" "No, dear; why do you ask?" "I think he must be, 'cause I heard pa say last night he raised his ante."

Knew About the Ark

The teacher at a London school noticed during the Scripture lesson that a small boy at the bottom of the class seemed to be finding the questions too difficult. "Now, Jimmy," she said, "I'll give you an easy question: What do you know about the ark?" "Please, miss," answered Jimmy, after a moment's thought, "it's what the 'erald angels sings."

Contrary Sex

"So this fine little baby is a girl," beamed the distinguished visitor, as he walked around the baby show. The proud father assented. "And this other one is of the contrary sex?" His wife's eye was on him, but with thought of the wrath to come, he replied: "Yes, sir, she's a girl, too."—Ireland's Own.

Streamlined

"I hear you stayed in a haunted house last night. What happened?" "About twelve o'clock a ghost came through the wall just as if there were no wall there." "And what did you do?" "I went through the opposite wall the same way."

No Choice

Tom—Would you rather be born lucky than rich? Harry—Well, if I were born rich, I would consider myself lucky, and if I were born lucky I would get rich so that it wouldn't matter. But the trouble is I am born and I am neither.

Anxiety

The children next door to the B-family had chickenpox. Five-year-old Agnes was very much excited about it and asked: "Grandmother, if I get chickenpox, will feathers grow all over me?"

After the Bump

Lady Driver (to man she's just bowled over)—It was your own fault. I've been driving cars ten years and am thoroughly experienced. Victim—I'm no beginner either. I've been walking 50 years.

Something Like That

"Dad, what does the paper mean when it says some man went to the convention as a delegate-at-large?" "Well, my guess, son, is that he didn't take his wife along."

NO PUZZLE



"Mary has the clearest complexion in the world." "Yes, you can easily see through it."

Much Cheaper

Mrs. A—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. B—I do. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he did.—Montreal Star.

Proof

Mistress—Help! Your master's drawer has been rifled. Servant—I didn't do it. None of my keys fit it.

International Sunday School Lesson

By DR. J. E. NUNN

For August 23, 1936

General Topic:—The Gospel for all Men.

Scripture Lesson:—Acts 11:5-18; Romans 1:15-17

5. I was in the city of Joppa praying; and in a trance I was a vessel descending as it were a great sheet let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even unto me.

6. Upon which when I had fastened mine eyes, I considered, and saw the four footed beasts of the earth and wild beasts and creeping things and birds of the heaven.

7. And I heard also a voice saying unto me. Rise, Peter; kill and eat.

8. But I said, Not so, Lord; for nothing common or unclean hath ever entered into my mouth.

9. But a voice answered the second time out of heaven, What God hath cleansed make thou common.

10. And this was done thrice: and all were drawn again unto heaven.

11. And behold, forthwith three men stood before the house in which we were, having been sent from Caesarea unto me.

12. And the spirit bade me go with them, making no distinction. And these six brethren also accompanied me; and we entered unto the man's house.

13. And he told me how he had seen the angel standing in his house, and saying, Send to Joppa, and fetch Simon, whose surname is Peter.

14. Who shall speak unto thee words, whereby thou shalt be saved, thou and all thy house.

15. And as I began to speak, the Holy Spirit fell on them, even as on us at the beginning.

16. And I remembered the words of the Lord, how he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit.

17. If then God gave unto them the like gifts as he did also unto us, when we believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, who was I, that I could withstand God?

18. And when they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then to the Gentiles also hath granted repentance unto life.

19. So as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also that are a Roman.

20. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the Power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

21. For therein is revealed a righteousness of God from faith unto faith: as it is written, But righteousness shall live by faith.

22. Golden Text: For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

INTRODUCTION

It is proverbially easier to give up religious beliefs than religious forms. The practices of the Jewish religion had bulked so large in the life of every pious Jew that it was more difficult than we can perhaps understand for him to give them up when he became a Christian. Peter had been brought up to regard it as sinful to eat some of the animals he saw in the visionary sheet. Christ freed men from such like bondage. In what we know of the caste system in India helps us to somewhat understand Peter's feeling about eating at the table of Cornelius; who, although remarked sympathetic toward Judaism, was still a heathen man, and a soldier of the hated, "unclean" Roman Empire. The messengers of Cornelius take account of this feeling when they stand outside the house of Simon, but do not enter—Verse 1.

CORNELIUS

Cornelius bore a name common in Rome and the Roman Empire at this particular time, often of aristocratic families. He was an Italian, a centurion of the Roman army stationed in Syria, which was a province of the Roman Empire. A legion was a regiment of the Roman army consisting normally of 6000 men. Every legion was divided into ten cohorts, and again, every cohort contained six centuries, or hundreds of men. "The city of Caesarea, in which we find Cornelius, was located about 70 miles from Jerusalem, at the Northern extremity of the plain of Sharon. When Judea became a Roman province Caesarea became the Roman capital." "It was the great Gentile city of Palestine, and in the sections which treat of the transition from Jewish to Gentile Christianity, it was natural that Caesarea and not Jerusalem should be the center of Christian activity."—T. M. Lindsay.

IMPORTANCE OF THE INCIDENT The incident of Cornelius occupies much space in the Book of Acts. Why? Because when Acts was written something was happening in Jewish Christian circles before which the whole Jewish world stood amazed. A wall of racial and social separation that had seemed impregnable was beginning to give way. Someone had said that in Peter's declaration, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons," you can hear the crash of the Chinese wall of Jewish exclusiveness. The exclusiveness was to survive, indeed, through the ages, but only with a broken nation; for the Jewish Messiah, the Christ, had declared against it, and the greatest Jew that ever lived, next to Christ, had already been won from it."

PETER AND CORNELIUS

Cornelius' seeking and Peter's perplexity bring the two men together. The Holy Spirit takes these two factors and uses them for the good of the one and the other; the Cen-

turion is led by the apostle into a better faith than the Jewish, while the apostle learns from his strange vision and his contact with the soldier that clean and unclean and are henceforth to have spiritual rather than ceremonial value in God's estimation. Jesus had taught Peter that, but he was "knew of heart to believe it."

GENTILES READY FOR THE GOSPEL—Acts 10:15-17

How ready they were, those Gentiles, for the salvation of the Cross is shown by the fact that Peter had not been speaking long before the Holy Spirit was imparted to them—implying here through going conversion. Frequently preachers and teachers find people thus receptive, thus going out to meet Christ more than half way.

The baptism of the Holy Spirit suggests water baptism, and the rite is administered to Cornelius and his company. Once more we see how invariably baptism follows believing in the early Church. Peter's story of what had taken place silences his critics back at Jerusalem. They glorify God for doing such a marvelous thing is admit heathen Gentiles into the kingdom of Christ, Messiah.

THE GOSPEL FOR ALL MEN—Romans 1:15-16

Paul was the greatest Apostle to the Gentiles. He was thoroughly committed to the idea of taking the gospel to all the world. He asserts that he recognizes his debt to Greeks and Barbarians and that he is definitely set on preaching the gospel in Rome also. He is not ashamed of the gospel even tho' it is so insignificant when observed amid the grandeur, the magnificence, the splendor and the luxury of Rome. He is not ashamed of the gospel because it has the power of God in it. Spiritual dynamite is present in its very essence. This lesson would urge us to recognize the fact that every one, every where, needs the gospel. All are lost without it.

TOO MANY VARIETIES

The case before the court had been going on for many days and concerned a claim that involved wearisome technicalities. Things were not improved when the counsel made a speech of unnecessary length. He said: "Then, my lord, comes the question of bags; they might have been full bags or half-full bags; or again, my lord, they might have been empty bags."

"Or," interrupted the sorely-trying judge, "they might have been wind-bags."—Montreal Star.

A Bright Idea

Painting and perspiring, two Irishmen on a tandem bicycle, at length reached the top of a steep hill. "That was a stiff climb, Mike," said the first. "Sure and it was," said the other. "And if I hadn't kept the brake on we should have gone backwards."

Education

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even 10 pounds of apples from that tree." "So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."

SLOW COLLECTIONS



"I'm sick and tired of running after you with this bill." "Try walking, old chap."

Yesterday's and Tomorrows

Hubby—I certainly don't intend to eat these biscuits. They are yesterday's. Wifey—Suit yourself about that but if you don't eat them today they will also be tomorrow's.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Variety

"Yes, I like to give my husband variety in his meals, especially at dinner time." "Really, how do manage it?" "Well, I give him boiled ham, but I buy it from a different shop every day."

True Enough

"Pa, what's a matrimonial bureau?" "Well, son, it's a bureau with six drawers packed full of women's fix-ins and one man's necktie."

Seemed to Fit

Policeman (to motorist)—Why didn't you slow down? Didn't you see the notice: Slow Down Here? Motorist—Yes but I thought it was describing your village.—Stray Stories Magazine.

DROUTH PLANS OF PANHANDLE TOLD TUGWELL

President's Committee Learns of Agricultural Needs

(Amarillo News-Globe)

An emphatic declaration that America's driest area can support "a permanent prosperous agricultural industry" rang in the ears of President Roosevelt's drouth investigators Monday as they started their back-roads survey of the Great Plains.

"Based upon ample scientific and practical observance it is recognized that fundamentally the natural conditions in the area are capable of supporting a permanently prosperous agricultural industry," H. H. Fennell, regional conservator of the Soil Conservation Service, told the President's committee.

He added that "the productive potentialities are capable of retiring the existing indebtedness" and that "an efficiently operated and balanced farm business organization under plain conditions is capable of maintaining the private cash reserve necessary to adequately absorb seasonal fluctuations, preserve erosion resisting crop residues and conduct emergency tillage."

Fennell's report was handed to the committee near the close of a conference in which reports and recommendations of a five-state soil advisory committee, county officials and others were heard.

"An Auspicious Start"

"We are off to an auspicious start on our trip," said Morris L. Cooke, director of the Rural Electrification Administration and chairman of the commission, said.

Cooke presided at the conference. Seated around the horse-shoe table with him were Rexford G. Tugwell, director of the Resettlement Administration and one of President Roosevelt's closest advisors, and six other drouth "trouble shooters."

Others in the group were John C. Page, acting commissioner and chief engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation; Col. F. C. Harrington, assistant to Harry L. Hopkins in the administration of the WPA; Fredrick H. Fowler, director of the drainage basin study of the National Resources Committee; Col. Richard C. Moore, U. S. Army division engineer from Kansas City; H. H. Bennett, chief of the Soil Conservation Service; Lewis C. Gray, special consultant and head of the land utilization division of the Resettlement Administration.

Fennell Explains Data

All but Col. Harrington and Col. Moore arrived at 7:15 o'clock Monday morning on the Rock Island train. The two army officers arrived a short while earlier by plane.

Fennell explained briefly an eight page typed report which he filed with the commission, outlining the things he believes necessary to bring about a "prosperous agricultural industry." He outlined improvements requiring "considerable initial outlay" which he indicated the federal government should help farmers provide, and listed:

Miss Dol McMillan, of Farwell, visited friends and relatives here the first of last week.

Miss Jewell Russell, of the Messinger community, spent last week here in the home of Mrs. Brownlee.

Mrs. W. H. Hughes and daughter, Miss Mildred were in Hereford Saturday and while there they visited Mrs. Lorene Hughes, who is quite ill at the hospital there.

Prof. O. M. Stewart, superintendent of the Friona Schools, and who has been on an educational tour of the Western States, returned to Friona Sunday.

Walter Ferguson, of Clovis, New Mexico was a business caller in Friona Wednesday.

Mrs. V. B. Whitley and son, Mac, who have spent the past three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLellan, at Hot Springs, New Mexico returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cox, of Dimmitt, visited in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Wilson, Saturday.

Safety First

"Then you won't have a garden wedding?" "No; I'll take no chances of having my wedding called on account of rain."

Thoughtful

Freshman—Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat? Roommate—Well, you wouldn't want our new suit to get wet, would you?

Morris Sheppard To Make Talk To Woodmen of World

Dallas, Aug. 20—United States Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, will speak to 2000 Texas members of the Woodmen of the World, a fraternal association, Aug. 21 at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

"Forty degree teams from all parts of the state, including 12 to 16 men in Woodmen uniforms from each team, will form a parade of 500 men and march through the \$25,000,000 world's fair grounds," announced R. E. Miller, state manager of the W. O. W. and program chairman.

Farrar Newberry, from the national headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, and member of the national board of directors, and Senator Sheppard, who is national treasurer, will be the principal speakers on the program after the parade.

"A team of 40 Juniors of the Forest, from Wichita Falls, will perform a special drill, and exhibition drills will be done by several selected adult drill teams," said Mr. Miller.

"There are more than 1500 lodges in the state, and we expect to have at least 2000 members representing our order at the Exposition."

The parade will begin at 1 p. m., and the program which follows will continue until about 4:30 or 5 p. m., he said.

Jobs "which constitute a follow-up of the preparatory work being a part of the regular subsequent farm practice."

"If improved crop management and water conservation practices are combined, the annual fluctuation in flow of production can be reduced from the existing high variability of 115 to, the possible low of 58" he concluded.

Committee Reports

The commission heard a report from the five-state soil erosion advisory committee, which held an all-day session here Sunday, recommending a set-up for administration of the permanent program. The report was read by Dean H. Umberger of Manhattan, director of the Kansas Extension Service and chairman of the committee.

Work relief projects for the development of wells, ponds and springs were among the recommendations. Urged also were:

- 1. Extension of \$500 maximum seed loans by the Farm Credit Administration.
2. Continuation of the Resettlement Administration's feed and seed loans.
3. Gully control projects, including water spreading outlet construction for terracing and other water conservation practices.
4. Construction of pit and trench silos for feed conservation.
5. Removal of cacti from pastures, and noxious and poison weed control.
6. Elevating and grading of farm-to-market roads.
7. Provisions for the digging of wells, building of windmills and ponds for water storage to supply livestock needs and a limited garden irrigation.
8. Construction of small irrigation projects through loans to cooperative associations and construction of reservoirs and rebuilding of other reservoirs that have been torn out but have water rights and would restore present needy communities to a self-sustaining basis.
9. Planting of trees for shelter, windbreaks and wood lots.

The committee also recommended reduced freight rates on straw and other rough forage, and on concentrates, including cottonseed, soy bean and linseed meals.

Federal purchase of livestock was recommended "if necessary in sufficient quantity to maintain the price of lower grade animals."

Congressman Marvin Jones of Amarillo declared that "over a period of 30 years this country can produce more, net and gross, than any other section of Texas" but declared it needs an "adequate system of credit with a lower rate of interest."

He told citizens attending the meeting that he had never heard "any man in any official position advocate depopulation" of this section, and lauded efforts of the government in reducing interest rates on all indebtedness.

Dr. Tugwell spoke briefly, praising Jones as "one of the hardest working and most conscientious people I know" and declaring talk about moving farmers out of the drouth-stricken area is "simply foolishness."

H. H. Bennett, Congressman Phil Ferguson of Woodward, Congressman Sam Massengale of Cordell, Okla., and Cooke also spoke briefly.

The President's committee went to Dalhart late Monday afternoon to spend the night. Early Tuesday it was to make a tour of the Dalhart area, going by way of Guymon to Lamar, Colo., where it expects to spend Tuesday night.

Accompanying the group were Paul Jordan of Lincoln, Neb., information man for the Resettlement Administration, who recently made a 10-day tour of the northern Plains area with Dr. Tugwell, and Kendall Foss of Washington, information man for the Rural Electrification Administration.

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Old Silver

By DUANE DECKER
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WNU Service.

IT'S almost a legend around Fairfield, the story of Old Silver. One evening when Sam Bigelow went down to the mill pond to fish, he was carrying his short steel casting rod with a shiny black reel and he found Old Man Turner on the dock. Old Man Turner had grown rich by lending money to poor people like Sam and charging an exorbitant rate of interest. Sam had been unfortunate enough to need five hundred dollars due on his farm, so he'd borrowed it from Old Man Turner. Sam had paid it all back plus fifty for interest. But he still owed Old Man Turner a hundred. Old Man Turner's interest on five hundred dollars was somewhere around thirty per cent.

While Sam attached a bright spinner to his line, Old Man Turner scowled and said he thought Sam ought to be home working to pay him back the hundred he owed him, but Sam explained that he'd been working since early morning and he thought he deserved a little recreation.

"Besides," Sam added innocently, "I'm after Old Silver."
"What's Old Silver?" Old Man Turner demanded.

"He's a five pound bass," Sam said, "in this here mill pond and he's got a silver tail, which is chiefly why I call him Old Silver."

Turner snorted with disgust. All bass had black tails and he knew it, and Sam was talking plain poppycock. Sam smiled oddly and told Turner that he, Sam, had seen the silver tail. He'd even hooked the fish.

"It's a lie," Old Man Turner snarled. Sam clicked his reel as he prepared to cast. "Like to bet on it?" he asked.

Crafty Turner could never resist a sure thing. His sharp features contracted and he said: "Guess I might take a chance. How about making the stakes double or nothing on that other hundred you owe me?"

"Suits me," Sam said. "Give me two weeks to get my fish."

For a week Turner trailed Sam around the mill pond, gloating as Sam failed to sight anything that looked like a bass with a silver tail. The second week Turner told Sheriff Pease and several of his cronies about the bet and they became interested. Soon Sam had five or six people following him around the mill pond evenings.

It was the third night before the end of the two weeks that Sam hooked a big one. Besides Turner, Sheriff Pease and five of Turner's friends were around. Sam had tossed his spinner far out toward the center, when his arm suddenly went back with a jerk and the reel began to sing.

The pole was short and brittle and couldn't bend much, but it shook as Sam gripped it with both hands. The fish thrashed back and forth and Sam just played on with him, letting him wear himself out. The crowd—especially Old Man Turner—craned their necks for a sight of the tail.

Suddenly, far from the shore, the fish jumped. It was beautiful. A large bass and, in the fast fading sun, there was an unreal silver glint to the tail! Then the strong, graceful body dropped back into the water. Old Man Turner was frothing.

"It's a lie!" he shrieked. "There's no such thing as a bass with a silver tail. There's a catch in it somewhere, I tell you."

"You saw it," Sam said quietly. "Now I'll bring him to shore."
Sam reeled steadily for several minutes and then, once more, the bass broke water. The silver shone more brightly.

Like a sputtering torch, the tail sank in arrow fashion below the surface and immediately the rushes became shorter and more frenzied. Two more half-hearted leaps and the sparkle of the tail was plain on each reserve dip.

Not ten yards off shore the fish swirled into the air shaking water, with the tail flashing. For the last time it cut into the depths, with its nose pointed down.

Sam hauled the fish to the bank and lifted it up for inspection.

The tail was silver, but the close-up revealed something not visible from the distance. Just the tip of the tail was silver, but it wasn't solid. There were short black gaps between the silver spots, and each spot was less than an inch wide. Sam held the tail up, so that they all could examine it.

The silver spots proved to be metal strips, lettered, clamped around the tail. The lettering read: Ajax Tin Co. Grinning broadly, Sam put his hand into his pocket and drew out a silver clip, the counterpart of those on the tail. He pressed it over the open edge of the tail and clamped it tight. Then he removed the hook and tossed the bass back into the water.

Suddenly everyone was laughing. Everyone except Old Man Turner, whose face was purpling by degrees.

"You've seen him now," Sam said. "Do you pay off or not?"
The legend around Fairfield has it that Old Man Turner already had his fountain pen in his hand.

Second Hand Diamond

By LIDA WOLFE
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WNU Service.

LOU was a grand person to have in a crowd. Even we girls liked her, though she usually stole the show from the rest of us. As for the boys, they never seemed to know anything was going on unless Lou was in the midst of it. But none of us ever thought of being jealous of her.

Four of us were in the drug store one day when Lou came sauntering in. "I have something to tell you," she said. Her eyes were shining and dreamy. Suddenly she slipped off the white-knitted glove on her left hand and spread her fingers on the table. We all gasped.

Diamonds were not so plentiful in our experience and the modest stone we saw impressed us mightily.

"Monty?" we cried almost in chorus. Lou nodded and lifted her hand to look at the ring. "I'm going to give it back to him tonight, but I wanted you girls to see it first."

"Give it back? Isn't it big enough, or what?"
"Oh, it might do, though I'd really like to have a nicer one. But Monty wants to get married and settle down. You know what that would mean. No more clubs, no more dances, no more fun. A nice hot supper promptly at six, then a big chair and a book for him, and a bag of knittin' for poor little Louise. I can't see it—"

Neither could we. Monty was the best in the world, clean and honest, a square shooter, good looking, and holding down a good job. He had been dangling around after Lou for two years, but we were well aware Lou didn't know, and didn't want to know a thing in the world about housework.

The next time we saw Lou, she wore her mother's little old garnet again, and we knew that was that!

About this time, Smith and Ellis bought the old Mackay store. Anne Mackay had been one of us, and we hated to see her go away. But Cynthia Smith soon slipped into her place and it wasn't long before we learned to like her a lot. Cynthia and Lou seemed to hit it off all right, too, which surprised us.

Lou was blond and blue-eyed, the helpless kind—if you didn't know that she was perfectly capable of helping herself to anything she wanted. Cynthia was small and dark, quick and capable, and just as good-humored as Lou.

It was probably Cynthia's liking for books which first attracted Monty. He loved to read, and so did she; and in a little while they took to going off together with some dry-looking old book. And they would read and argue, and argue and read.

We imagined for a while that Louise did not exactly like being supplanted. She would shrug her shoulders and dance harder than ever with Dan, or Otto, or anyone who happened to be around.

It finally seemed to be more Otto than anybody else. Otto was a good sport, and a fine boy; and he didn't know any more about work than Lou did. But he and Lou seemed to suit each other, somehow, so we couldn't help approving. We did watch Monty, to see how he was taking it; but about that time he and Cynthia were practically shut off from the world.

Late in July, Lou showed us her new ring. It was a diamond, too, of course. "Thanks a lot for letting us see it," we said, after she had let us pass it around. "Are you giving it back tonight, or will you keep it until tomorrow?"

Lou's face turned rosy, and she slipped it back on her finger. "Neither. This ring stays right where it is. Isn't it a beauty?" She turned her hand in the light. "So much nicer than the one Monty gave me, don't you think?"

"You don't mean that," we told her, "but since you think you do, let's celebrate."
Lou protested that she did mean it, that she was at last deeply in love, that Otto was her great ideal.

A party is a party, and we decided to make this one to Lou the biggest thing the town had ever seen.

Everyone was there, Cynthia and Monty with the rest. It was then that we discovered Cynthia's new ring. Lou saw us gathering about her, and came over to see what it was all about.

Cynthia held out her left hand, blushing and looking very happy. Lou looked at the ring, then at us. Her eyes were wide and looked as innocent as a baby's, but what she said was:

"Why, that's the same little ring Monty tried to give to me!"
Cynthia started as if some one had slapped her. It didn't seem a bit like Lou to say a thing as catty as that, but there it was!

Before anyone could speak, Monty walked up back of Cynthia and looked at us all.

"What's the matter over here?" he asked.
Cynthia turned to him with a hurt look.

"Lou says this is—that she wouldn't take this ring from you, Monty. Is that true?" Then her voice turned bitter and resentful. "Would you really offer me a second-hand diamond?"

She started to slip the ring off, but Monty caught her fingers and closed them over it. Then he reached over and lifted Lou's hand.

"No, honey, here's the second-hand ring. I didn't have any use for it, so I sold it to Otto."

Aspen Ladies

By VIRGINIA G. MILLIKIN
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WNU Service.

YES, I got a great little woman. We like this cabin where we see the aspen trees across on the mountain.

How come? Well, it was five years ago. I'd been over the divide with a prisoner and was coming back alone. I was right proud of my new job as deputy sheriff. Sally had laughed.

"You?" she'd scoffed. "You're too soft, Zeke." She had added wistful like, "I love you, but nobody can live on love."

I reckon she had given me plenty of time. My jobs had a way of petering out. It was beginning to look like the mail carrier. Ray Lons, was beating my time. But now with this job she promised to wait to see could I stick.

Then I got that killer, Elmer Cross. Seen him through the aspen grove on the side of the mountain. He was limping and I seen he was trying to hide. I grinned as I remembered how Sally said the sight of aspens when the frost had turned them into flaming color made me soft. If she could have saw me straighten up and call to the feller to halt, I reckon she'd been right proud.

He limped toward the car, hands up, with the bluest eyes ever blazed in a man's face. I recognized him right off from his picture in the post office.

"You win," he said, when I showed my badge. He went white and reeled. I helped him in.

"It's the hot seat for me," he said. "I got it coming, but, God! I don't want to go that way."
"Easiest way there is," I told him.

"It's not that," he answered, quick and impatient, "it's a girl back where I was a good enough kid myself. She'd catch her breath, kind of shivery glad, at sight of the color of these trees." He laughed embarrassed like.

"I'll kill her," he went on. I was about to ask how come he got into this jam when a sign stopped us.

"Road out. Detour to left."
We had to take the winding road up through Red Rocks. When we got to the narrowest place where the huge boulders stretched up on both sides, something busted in my think tank.

"Something's wrong with the engine," I lied, killing it.
I sez, "It'll take some time to fix this," and pointed to a mass of Mother Earth's exposed ribs. "At the top of that dark red boulder there's a deep precipice on the other side. Straight down."

"What do you mean?" he asked, staring wide-eyed.
"Buddy," I bent over the engine, "I'm giving you your choice as to how to protect society."

He limps around to my side and sticks out his hand. "Good-by, pal," he sez.

"Would you like to tell me the address of that little girl what would catch her breath at the aspen ladies?" I said, giving him my hand. "I'll send her word you was a swell friend of mine."

He wrote it down with a stub of pencil. He looked at the scrap of paper a long time before he handed it to me. I watched him limp around a jagged shoulder. Then I fussed with the engine that ran perfect. A car edged around the bend. I held my breath.

The car slowed down. I saw the license plate and breathed easy. It was a tourist set-up from Kansas. I looked around quick. Elmer was out of sight.

I set down on the running board and wiped the sweat off my face. Felt sick to my stomach. I set quite a spell. Then I climbed the red giant and saw what I was hunting at the foot of the cliff.

When I got to town I notified the authorities I'd found a dead man in Red Rocks, fallen off a cliff. Pretended to be surprised that he turned out to be the killer.

I wrote Elmer's girl and told her he'd died a rescuing a woman. I ask you now, wasn't it true? Didn't he save his own girl from a broken heart?

Sally was tickled and said we'd announce our intentions on Christmas eve and start housekeeping with the reward money.

Then along comes this tourist guy from Kansas. He swears he saw Elmer limping away from my car. I ain't a good liar when they pin it on me. But I did tell them how I was saving the state a helluva lot of money and taking care of the protection of society, too.

They couldn't see it that way. They said I cheated justice. I ask you now, what is justice?

Sally married Ray Lons the day they took my badge away from me.
Me? My wife? Sure! I went back and married Elmer's girl. Here she comes now, through them aspens.

Unfinished Symphony

He had just joined the high school band in time to take part in a concert. At conclusion of the first number—a very long one—he leaned over to his neighbor. "Have you finished?" he asked, tensely.

"Of course," replied the other. "Why?"
"Cause I've still got a page to play!"

A Human Zero

"How's that widower you married turning out as a husband?" the former widow was asked.
"A pain in the neck," she sighed, "the poor fish was so cowed by his first wife there even isn't any pleasure fussing with him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eagle as Emblem

In ancient times the eagle was the emblem of might and courage. Since then other attributes have been given it. Its extraordinary power of vision, the height to which it soars and its longevity appeal to man's poetic sense.

How Greeks Anchored Ships

The most ancient anchors consisted of large stones, baskets of stones, sacks filled with sand or logs of wood loaded with lead. Of this kind were the anchors of the ancient Greeks.

Long Sunlight Aids Leaves

The leaves of most of the trees in north Norway are much larger than those of similar trees in the southern part of the country, attributed to the long sunlight in summer.

Must Have Some Faults

"It's true," said Uncle Eben, "dat every man mus' have some faults, but dat ain' no excuse foh deliberately choosin' some dat happens to strike yoh fancy."

Puffin, "Sea Parrot"

The Atlantic puffin is nicknamed the "sea parrot" because of its dazzling colors.

Much Copper in Liberty Statue

More than 300 separate pieces of copper were used to create the Statue of Liberty.

The Noble Potato

In the seventeenth century the potato was quite a rarity in Britain and cultivated only in the gardens of the nobility as a rare plant.

Likes Efficient Loafer

"I likes a good loafer," said Uncle Eben, "better'n I does a man dat tires hisself out gittin' in other folks way."

Life of Human Hair

The average life of a human hair is two years. It falls then and a new one is supposed to grow.

MOTHER KNEW

He came home from the office in the evening to find his young wife in tears.

"I've been insulted," she sobbed. "Insulted by your own mother."
He looked puzzled.

"My mother?" he asked. "But she's miles away."
"I know that. But a letter came for you while you were at the office and I opened it."

"Well," said the husband, still puzzled. "But where does the insult come in?"
"In the postscript," she replied bitterly. "It was from your mother and it said: 'Dear Alice—Don't forget to give this letter to George.'"

ON THE JOB

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Brown Rabbit Has Large Eyes

Few animals have such large eyes, in proportion to their bodies, as the common brown rabbit. They are large and bulging, enabling the animal to look in all directions at once.

Early Visiting Cards

Visiting cards were introduced in this country by French royalists who settled on Sapelo Island to escape the French revolution.

Handmade Toothpicks

I parts of Portugal the people whitte "palitos," or toothpicks, for a living. They are cut from willow branches.

First Date in Printing History

The Strassburg documents, dated 1436, and burned during the Franco-Prussian war, had the first authentic date in printing history.

Pointed Furs

Pointing is the gluing in of hairs to enhance certain furs; for example, a pointed fox is a red fox dyed with white hairs glued in to look like silver fox.

Animal Heartbeats

Generally speaking, the smaller the animal the faster its heart beats, and elephants have hearts that beat very slowly.

About the Atlantic

The Atlantic ocean, with its 31,000,000 square miles of surface, reaches a width of 5,000 miles. It is narrowest between Brazil and Africa, 1,600 miles.

Five Vice Presidents Elevated

Only five Vice Presidents, John Adams, Jefferson, Van Buren, Theodore Roosevelt and Coolidge, were elected President.

GOOD JUDGMENT

Sunday School Teacher—Do you love your enemies, Jimmy?
Jimmy—I try to, when they are bigger than I am.

Just Listen
Snead—Does your wife ever listen to your advice?
Gnags—Yes; and that's all she does—just listen.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Turn About
"How long have you been working for the firm?"
"Ever since the boss threatened to fire me."—Vancouver Province.

Competition
Mother—Why are you making faces at that bulldog?
Small Child (wailing)—He started it.

Sperm Whale Has Large Throat
The sperm whale could swallow a man. It grows to a length of 60 feet and has an enormous head, which amounts to about half its bulk and a third of its length. Its throat is broad enough to allow it to swallow a man. The sperm whale is found chiefly in southern waters, and in considerable numbers in the vicinity of New Zealand. Occasionally, though, it is met with as far north as the Arctic. One of a number of important points that distinguish it from other whales is that it has teeth. The throats of most varieties of whales are comparatively small—not more than four or five inches across.

The String Question Maybe
Government Examiner—How did you come to mark this man's paper 101 per cent? Don't you know that nothing can be more perfect than 100 per cent?
New Assistant—Yes, but this man answered one question we didn't ask.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Playing Safe
An old lady in church was seen to bow whenever the name of Satan was mentioned.
One day the minister met her and asked why she did so.
"Well," she replied, "politeness costs nothing, and you never know!"

Cause Enough
"You say you pay a very low rent for this beautiful apartment?"
"Yes, but I'm going to move."
"Good gracious, what has come over you?"
"An opera singer." — Answers Magazine.

Too Much Golf
Doctor—What you need is rest.
Government Clerk—But I can't afford to go away.
Doctor—You don't need to. Just stay at the office a couple of hours more every day.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Would Need Help
Wiggom—I see where a professor has discovered a hundred-foot worm. What do you think of that?
Slugg—I think the early bird getting that one would be calling for help instead of bragging.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Henry Clay's Defeat
Henry Clay, defeated for the Presidency as a National Republican in 1832, lost as a Whig in 1844.



WHY THE CROWD?

Griffiths was the father of 12 children, and he decided to take them all to the seaside. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to enter the train when the proud parent was touched on the shoulder by a policeman, states London Tit-Bits.

"What have you been doing?" the constable demanded.
"Me? Why, nothing!" stammered the surprised man.
The policeman waved his hand towards the family.
"Then why," he asked, "is this crowd following you?"

FASHION HINT



"Merciful Providence! what a narrow escape. When did the savages attack you?"
"Oh! you mean the arrow in my hat? I stuck it there, they're all the rage."

Good Foundation

The manageress, looking extremely angry, approached the customer's table. "I'm sorry," she said, "that you have found fault with my cakes. The business of this cafe has been built almost entirely on my cooking."
"Madam," replied the customer, "I see no reason to doubt it. With a few more buns like these you could build a hotel!"—Stray Stories Magazine.

Suited the Word

"Halt," yelled the sergeant to a new squad of recruits. But one of them marched on.
"Here, Jones, what were you doing before you joined the army?" yelled the sergeant.
"A horse driver, sir," replied Jones. When the squad was marching again the sergeant cried: "Squad halt! Jones, whoa."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Too Tempting

"He won't hurt you," Bobbie's mother reassured her small son who always was terror-stricken when a dog approached.
"Yes, he will, mother," protested Bobbie, "cause he knows I'm full of bones."—Capper's Weekly.

Working Overtime

"How's your bungalow? You told me it was cooled by woodland breezes in the summer."
"That part was all right, but the landlord is working nature overtime. Now he's trying to heat it solely with the sun."

Great Fighter

Recruiting Officer—Are you sure you want to enlist for this war?
Applicant—Yes sir, I do. I belong to the fighting McGuires and we never miss a scrap. I want to enlist for the duration of the war, or longer if it keeps up that long."

Good Reason

Bronson—I hear you have resigned from the Anti-Profanity society.
Johnson—Yes, I've bought a second-hand car and an learning to play golf.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OH, WAITER!



"Mary had a little lamb—"
"Well, what's the rest of the combination breakfast?"

Gardening Days

"I understand you have made extensive plans for your garden this year?"
"I did make some rather ambitious plans for it, but I've changed my mind."
"So?"
"Yes! The more I dig the smaller the space that I intend to dig becomes."