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GARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1927

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Railroad Rumblings

The following Carrizozo families were represented at the big picnic last Sunday at Alamogordo...

Mrs. Robert Kiel and two children, who have been visiting the Sherwood Corn family...

Near Dudley, Iowa, last Monday, a cloudburst rushed across the Burlington tracks west of town...

Memorial Day Proclamation

Memorial Day has been observed for so long a time by the American people, that it has become a fixed custom in every state...

I respectfully request that all citizens in general do what they can to assist the patriotic societies of the state in preparing and carrying out programs...

Done at the Executive Office this 23rd day of May, 1927. Witness my hand and the great seal of the State of New Mexico.

Fort Stanton Notes

Mrs. Alfred Kersey gave a four-table bridge party Monday night.

Patient Hermanson left Wednesday to return to duty with the coast guard on the west coast.

Miss Rowen has been sick for the past several days.

The Stanton ball team defeated Ruidoso last Sunday 19 to 4, at Ruidoso. The Mesalero Indians will play at the Fort Sunday, May 29, at 2 p.m.

Patient Mackenson was readmitted to the hospital last Sunday.

The O. T. Department will soon give a musical program here under the direction of Mrs. Gensler.

Dr. Paul Gallacher of El Paso will spend this week-end with Dr. and Mrs. Tappan.

About forty people from here attended the ball game at Ruidoso last Sunday.

Plans are under way for a big celebration here on the Fourth of July.

R. Merrill was in Carrizozo Tuesday on business.

G. Hendren and Rev. Swift were over to Carrizozo Wednesday.

Several families from here will attend the baby health clinic at Alto Friday, May 27.

Miss Julia Sundt, Sheppard-Towner nurse was here Tuesday.

Mrs. R. Merrill and son, Jean, will return home this week-end, after spending several months with her parents at Jonesburg, Arkansas.

Federal Government Will Lead in Demonstration

Washington, D. C. May 24—The Federal Government will not only cooperate but lead in New York City in the planned demonstration in honor of Capt. Charles Lindbergh when he returns. The metropolis has already announced that it intends to stage the greatest home-coming ceremonies in its history.

St. Louis and Detroit are to have a large band in the ceremonies "down the bay" and at New York's City Hall. Wisconsin and Minnesota are also to participate in a large way in the morning of the intrepid flyer, whose feat moved President Coolidge and Doumergue to cable felicitations.

Memorial Day



Ralph Slight Succumbs To Grim Destroyer

After a spell of unconsciousness lasting about one week, Ralph Slight, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Slight, who suffered from concussion of the brain, after a fall from his horse on his way to school, was taken to El Paso, where after medical means had been exhausted, died and the remains were shipped to Alpine, Texas, accompanied by the sorrowing parents.

Ralph was a bright young man, dutiful to his parents and loved by all who knew him. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the parents in their bereavement.

Injured on the Carrizozo-Tularosa Highway

Last Saturday, while at maintenance work on the Carrizozo-Tularosa Highway, Robert Jackson, who was operating the scraper, stepped off to attend to some part of the machine. As he did so, his foot struck a rock in the road, throwing his leg under the blade and breaking it at his ankle.

The Dowdles Have Purchased the Alamento Theatre

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Dowdle have purchased the Alamento Theatre at Alamogordo and will take possession June 1. The purchase was made a short time ago, from J. R. Dowdle, who will go to Texas to attend to some valuable farm properties and will make that state his home for a year, at least.

Miss Winn Beacum of Alamogordo is a guest of Miss Frances Hupperts this week.

Mrs. Lou Hall Will Spend Summer in Texas

Mrs. Lou Hall, who had been residing here since last August with her granddaughter, Louise Hall, who attended our schools, will leave shortly for Texas, where she will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. John Carpenter, at McLean and Mrs. V. V. Boone, another daughter, at Kingsville. Mrs. Hall is the mother of J. E. and L. P. Hall of Ancho and F. H. Hall of Capitan. She is the grandmother of our Representative Johnny Hall and also of Mrs. Robert Punge and Miss Louise Hall of Carrizozo.

Uncle Sam to be in the Whiskey Business Soon

Washington, May 23—Manufacture of whiskey for medicinal purposes will be begun under treasury supervision in time to utilize the fall corn crop, Assistant Secretary Andrews announced today. The treasury, he said, would authorize such manufacture by possibly 5 corporations.

It was the original intention to authorize two companies to engage in making the spirits, but when the question of violation of the anti-trust laws was brought up, it was decided to allow enough corporations to enter the industry to provide competition.

Bourbon and rye whiskey will be manufactured with an estimated annual output of 3,000,000 gallons and should there develop eventually a legitimate demand for medicinal gin, brandy or other spirits, authorization for their manufacture would be considered.

General Andrews said the officers of the corporations would be carefully chosen, in order to insure stable and responsible companies, manufacturing only pure medicinal whiskey at a reasonable price.

A conference will be held this week with representatives of the liquor industry, which is co-operating with the treasury in establishing the corporations. They will meet with General Doran, new prohibition commissioner, to whip the plans into shape.

Pure Nerve!

Santa Fe New Mexican:

Call it foolhardy if you will, but there is something about the performance of young Lindbergh in flying casually from New York to Paris which has gripped the heart of the hero-worshipping world more than anything in the previous history of aviation.

His idea of flying across the Atlantic is to stick a sandwich in your pocket, take off, and look for the Eiffel tower. Or perhaps, like Tom Sawyer, to search for a country that's green on the map—Ireland—and another that's pink, which is France.

Much of the way he was in rain, fog and hail, which was mildly vexing. He was boyishly interested in the "rough" surface of the ocean, from 10 to 100 feet below him, as his plane, a tiny object in an endless void traveled along over tossing combers, which created salt water a mile deep, with nothing between him and the fishes but his ability to keep a gas engine from misfiring, and no human soul within a thousand miles. This is a much more inspiring disregard of death than that of the student suicides. He used it as a foil for a magnificent demonstration of human intrepidity, rather than as an invitation to surrender.

"I guess this must be France," he said to himself, "the noise sounds like Frenchies talking. That tower looks like the picture. I would like to run over and look at the Chinese wall first, but I'm too hungry—better cut it out and drop down and see what these guys are doing."

That in effect is the spirit which makes the nations throw their hats in the air for Lindbergh. No warning radio, no accompanying destroyers, no sextant, no rescuers standing by, no companion to help him keep up his courage—just hop in the old boat and see if England is shaped like the map says it is. Such sublime nonchalance has no parallel in history. It may not be conventional, but—can you beat it?

Crystal Theatre

Friday—"Eagle of the Sea."

Saturday-Monday—"The Boy Friend." Comedy, "Roll Your Own."

Tuesday—"The Night Cry," with Rin-Tin-Tin, the famous police dog in the most amazing picture of its kind ever screened. Admission, 20 40 cents.

NOTE—This will be the last picture to be shown under the management of Mr. Dowdle.

Mesdames Bonnell, Mims and Coe were down from the Ruidoso country to attend the Woman's Club meeting last Saturday.

Picnic Parties

The time has come for canyon picnics. Two were held this week, the first at Nogal Canyon, Tuesday evening, attended by 25 Carrizozo people, and the other on Wednesday evening, when about 30 attended, the last being held under the walnut trees at Nogal. The canyons afford a peaceful retreat for the people from Carrizozo, as they can leave at about 5 o'clock, reach the canyons and prepare their evening meal by 6 o'clock, partake of the same, and return home by ordinary bedtime.

Woman's Club Notes

The last, but one of the most interesting meetings of the year, was held at the home of Mrs. T. A. Spencer Saturday afternoon.

The year's work was reviewed by the officers and chairmen of the departments in their annual reports.

It was voted to give \$200 to the Community Hall indebtedness.

The program on the "American Home" was presented by Mrs. W. C. McDonald in a novel and pleasing manner. American home builders, past and present, were portrayed by living pictures.

Mesdames Wetmore and French, in full Indian garb, impersonated the Big Chief and his Squaw, returning from the hunt.

Mesdames McCammon and Kelley, as the Puritans in the devout manner of their day, sang a beautiful old hymn, symbolic of the Faith of Our Fathers.

The Colonials, Mrs. Loughrey and Miss Synder, danced the stately and graceful minuet.

Mesdames Nickels and Freeman, as President John Adams and wife, represented the early 1800 period, in a clever dialogue composed by Mrs. Freeman.

Mesdames R. E. Lemon and Oscar Clouse as the Cattle King and his wife, sang "The Little Gray Home in the West."

The Moderns were represented by Frances and Virginia Charles, who danced the "Charleston" in a pleasing manner.

The hostess was assisted by a committee consisting of Mesdames Beck, Branum, Green, Allen, Greer, and C. N. Lemmon, who served cookies and punch.

A number of the members from Capitan and the Fort were present and several representatives from the Glencoe Club were present at this meeting.

Their Desire Granted

On May 8, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Scott of Lufkin, Texas, found a basket on their doorstep, containing a bright baby boy 8 months old and the little visitor was provided with plenty of food, neat and tidy raiment and was cooling gently as he was picked up by Mr. and Mrs. Scott. The baby was fair-haired with beaming blue eyes and as the Scotts, who were childless, had often thought of adopting a boy for their home, the little fellow was gladly accepted. Where he came from is unknown, but one thing is a certainty—he was not from their home town, but it is presumed that someone in a distant city, hearing of their desire to adopt a boy, had taken this means of placing him in a good home. Mrs. Scott is a sister of Mrs. J. R. Dowdle of the Alamento Theatre of Alamogordo and an aunt of George Dowdle of the Crystal Theatre of this place. The child was welcome in the Scott home, and will receive the best of care. He will be educated and reared as their own child.

It is said that Charley Lindbergh is of Scandinavian origin, but, according to his taste for sweets, he must have a streak of Eskimo about him. Why? Because the first thing he did after being away from the crowd was to buy a sack of gum drops—that's why.

Selwood of Sleepy Cat

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

WNU Service

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STORY FROM THE START

John Selwood, gentleman gambler and manager of a stage line at Sleepy Cat comes upon a settler whose wagon has mired in a creek. He helps get the outfit clear, after picking up a little shoe and being attracted by the supposed owner thereof in Fyler's (the settler's) wagon. Moses McCracken, a youth, is robbed of \$600 in a Sleepy Cat gambling den. Selwood forces the swindlers, Bartoo and Atkins to return the money. Fyler opens a dry goods store, with "Big Haynes" running a mock auction. Selwood learns the girl whose shoe he picked up is Christie, Fyler's daughter. Selwood makes Christie's acquaintance and warns Fyler that Atkins is a crook. Starbuck, head of the crooked gamblers, attracted, tries to ingratiate himself with Christie. This girl's mind is poisoned against Selwood. Fyler is beaten and robbed. Christie, seeking Doctor Carpy, meets Selwood and informs him that Atkins has thrown her father out of his store, claiming to own it. Fyler is not badly hurt. Christie tells Selwood of threats made by Starbuck, also that he had asked her to marry him. With his two companions, Selwood drives Atkins and Haynes from Fyler's store.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Selwood, approaching the high shuttered window on the north side of the building, felt carefully all around it. The two dogs crouched at Scott's feet. Selwood studied the building a moment. Then he turned to his companions.

"They'll look for us first at the back door—that's the natural way to open this oyster. I'll smash this shutter. Bill, you go around to the south side and slam away at the other window. Just if you can, but whatever you do, make plenty of noise. When I get through this shutter with an ax, Bob drops the dogs in here, one after the other—they won't get both of 'em. When you hear me yell, Bill, it will mean the dogs are in. Then run to the back door with your ax, Bob, and chop at it. I'll take the sledge and an ax around to the front door, Bill. When you hear the dogs inside, join me at the front door and give it the sledge for all that's in you. Now get to your place, Bill—when I hear your ax, I start here—keep out of range, but you can't keep at least one hard shooter in there."

A moment later the thud of Pardaloe's ax against the hollow shutter on the opposite side of the building would have waked the dead, had there been any in Sleepy Cat proper. Timed at the expected signal, came the crash of Selwood's ax into the north shutter. A loud shout from within, followed by a shot, greeted the attack; Choo and Sweetheart, savage with excitement, yelped and whined. A shotgun discharged from close inside the north shutter warned the besiegers what to expect, and a buckshot glancing from the blade of the ax caught Selwood above the ear. Scott, crouching with the dogs, jumped as a second bullet stung his wrist, and a third brought an angry yelp from the dog Choo.

There was no sign or thought of a retreat. Selwood redoubled his blows—one or at most two more charges of buckshot, he believed, were all that were to be feared for a moment, and the sooner they came, the better it would suit him. He sank the ax head again and again into the thick lock-rail of the shutter, intent on reaching the hook-fastening. Again a charge of buckshot hurried through the damaged casement and sprinkled the axman, the Indian, and the dogs, but there was no cessation in the ferocious shower of blows. The splintering crash that followed each one told how fast the shutter was giving way, and the sound of a fourth report from a shotgun also told Selwood that Pardaloe was under fire. Throwing all his energy into one last swing, Selwood drove the ax completely through the jamb to pry out the staple. The ax head, weakened by the blow, broke. With an oath, Selwood called for the sledge and the next minute what remained of the shutter hung loose.

"Willis, Selwood and Scott heard the shouting of the defenders.

"The doors, boys!" roared Selwood. Pardaloe, yelling like an Indian, was playing his ax. Selwood tore the shutter from its hinges, stopped, caught Choo in his arms, unscathed her leash, and threw her like a shot into the store. From Scott's name, Sweetheart flew in after her.

"In an instant pandemonium reared inside, with shouting, the snapping of the infuriated dogs mingled with the crashing of the bewildered defenders, the crash of Scott's ax at the back door, and Pardaloe's sledge at the front. Wood and iron could not withstand. The positions of the two parties were now reversed; the trouble was all on the inside. Dark, near the danger of shooting one another in shooting at the dogs—and with it all the three men in the store looked all they could do to bear down

being torn to pieces. The hickory cross-bar that held the front doors splintered before the first blows of Pardaloe's sledge, and the stout front doors gave way. Throwing himself against the weaker oak, Selwood smashed and shouldered through it and fell into the store. Pardaloe, unopposed, dashed in from the front end, and Selwood, springing from his momentary shelter, grappled the form of a man in the darkness. The two clenched on the floor.

"Call off your dogs!" came in a stentorian voice from somewhere; it sounded like Big Haynes. Selwood, rolling his man in a fierce scuffle toward the front, dragged him to the doorway, threw him into the street, and ran back to help.

Scott, from outside, had set a lighted lantern up in the battered window opening, and hastening to the door with a second lantern, ran in to secure the dogs just as Selwood reached Pardaloe. He sat astride a prostrate defender, his bony fingers fastened on the man's windpipe. Selwood understood too well what that meant. Catching a lantern from Scott's hand, he held it on the man's distorted features under Pardaloe's hand. "Let loose, Bill! Let loose, I tell you! You're killing him."

"Dash it, John," protested Pardaloe, struggling to get away from the gambler's hands, "that's what I'm trying to do—let 'em alone—he tried to plug me! Who is he? Atkins!" he exclaimed, as Selwood held the lantern closer to the man's swollen face.

"Get your knee out of his chest, Bill," remonstrated Selwood. "Can't you see he's all right? He can't breathe."

With many reproaches aimed at Selwood for unwarranted interference, Pardaloe, shaking himself loose, baffled and eyeing his prey, stood by Bill Selwood, bending over the gasping man, saw he was coming to, and started to drag him forward to throw him out.

Pardaloe bared his arms. "Stand away!" he exclaimed in a hoarse growl. "Stand away, John! You throw'd your'n out. I throw mine." He picked up and carried Atkins forward bodily. Selwood turned to help Scott with the dogs. These had Big Haynes, greatly embarrassed, behind two big boxes in a corner—and, held back by Scott, they were tearing to shreds with scoldish delight the blanket Haynes had slept in. Haynes called loudly for quarter, and as Selwood went forward again, Scott, while he held the dogs, advised Haynes to hustle out the back door.

The party was over.

It was the work of only a few minutes for Selwood to regain his room back of the gambling hall. He slipped out of his rig and began to wash up. Within fifteen minutes he was back at the post he had left on hour earlier, with the few sitters around him who had gathered at the last table where Faro was being dealt that Sunday night.

Hardly ten minutes later three men appeared at the open doors of Selwood's place. Starbuck, accompanied by Atkins and Bartoo, walked into the hall and stood for a moment looking about. Selwood knew what they were there for—to see whether he was missing from his ordinary post. He impassively pressed the case spring and kept an untroubled eye on the layout. His visitors lingered only a moment, but it was past the closing hour, and while the last of the players straggled out, Starbuck came in again.

"What have your barn bullies been up to tonight, Selwood?" he demanded, without preliminary.

Selwood asked what he meant. Starbuck told of the attack on the store. "Atkins and Bartoo hold a bill of sale for that stock," he declared, indignantly. "Things have come to a pretty pass in Sleepy Cat when legitimate owners are to be chewed up by dogs and thrown out into the street. This thing has got to stop, or you'll have to move your headquarters out of this town." Selwood parried with civil answers the questions roughly asked, and met untroubled the threats roughly made, and asked only an occasional question himself.

"Have you heard any talk of Vigilantes organizing in Sleepy Cat?" he asked. "I don't know much about it. But the little talk I heard here a few minutes ago about some kind of a fight at Fyler's store was that the Vigilantes had got after the men who had robbed Fyler and tried to kill him. There's no use your talking to me about my men; they do as they please—you know that. Talk to them," he suggested, while Starbuck, very angry, continued to blow off.

"Bartoo says there were half a dozen or more men in it—and they're in the store yet, he says." Selwood thought Pardaloe and one Indian in possession must be making a good deal of noise, but he said nothing. "There's going to be a sleep-up in this town before long," added Starbuck significantly. "Facts that are making trouble ought to get ready

"Meaning just whom, Starbuck?" asked Selwood, pacifically.

"Meaning whoever's behind all this rowing that's going on here lately."

"Well, Starbuck," returned Selwood, with some slight appearance of fatigue, "you know or ought to know, that I'm the man that threw Atkins and Bartoo into the street tonight; they ought to know it; if they don't, tell them so. Of course, I wouldn't have done it if I'd known there were friends of yours in the store. If it hadn't been for me, they would have been hanging to telegraph poles by this time—that's the fact. And tell them the next thing like that Fyler job they try to pull off, they will be hanging to the poles—that's the plain, straight, every-day English of it."

Starbuck had never been faced quite so bluntly. Selwood never had shown his hand quite so carelessly—parted with his caution quite so completely. But a woman stood between them, and she meant the more to Selwood because, though he cherished slight hope of holding her himself, the thought of her going to Starbuck was bitter enough to make him ready for any manner of fray.

Starbuck eyed the gambler intently. Then he spoke with composure. "Selwood, you're cutting quite a figure here in affairs that you've got no business in. You're playing too many



Big Haynes Was Prompt in His Reply.

games to win all of them—do you know that?" Selwood was too absorbed in watching Starbuck's eyes to make the slightest response in words. "Whether you do or not," Starbuck went on evenly, "you'll find your 'dual' role will wind up if you play it long enough. It won't work in Sleepy Cat."

Starbuck paid his enemy one compliment. Without any attempt to back out of the room, he turned and walked straight to the door. There he paused and looked around.

"Good night, Mr. Selwood," he called out calmly.

"It's pretty late for that, Mr. Starbuck," retorted Selwood. "Good morning."

Daylight was really breaking. "Hold on a minute," he added, walking forward to where Starbuck stood at the door. "You're giving me some advice. I'll give you a little. There's Vigilantes talk brewing in Sleepy Cat, Mr. Starbuck."

"When the Vigilantes get me," cried Starbuck, "they'll get you, Mr. Selwood."

"In that case the cross-arms of one pole will do for both of us. But why wait for the Vigilantes? We can fix up our differences any time."

"Some time—not any time, Mr. Selwood."

"Some time for you, Mr. Starbuck," smiled Selwood, as Starbuck stalked heavily down the steps; "any time for me."

It was late that Monday before Selwood appeared. At noon in his room at the hotel he was pulling himself together for a shave. After lunch he walked down the street in the sunshine, with a careful eye for enemies, but passed Fyler's to see what the place looked like, after the change of owners.

Scott had patched up the scars. The front doors showed fewer traces of the rude assault than Selwood had expected. But there was a deadly quiet about the place. The town knew that there had been a fight at the store during the night, but for various reasons the principals concerned had kept their own counsel. When Selwood approached Fyler's, two men stood on the corner talking—Big Haynes and Harry Barbanet. Selwood understood perfectly well that Harry, chief gossip of the Sleepy Cat, was up-town to here late Haynes for all the information he could get as to who the pseudo-Vigilantes had been—that he was and what things might be said and done. The Barbanet brothers had

been uncommunicative and, when Selwood hove in sight, left Barbanet unceremoniously and drew Selwood aside.

"I want to explain things a little, John," said the big fellow. "This sneak—he nodded toward Barbanet, who, left alone, was walking up the steps into the store—is up here trying to pump me about who was in the party; he didn't get anything. What I want to say to you is this: I wasn't in no way mixed up in this scheme to rob Fyler. I had some goods of my own in there and stayed with them fellows so as not to get robbed; myself, I've got no money. John—you know that. It's come easy, go easy. Last night I fired no gun and hit no man. That's all, John. Right is right, ain't it, John? You know the facts, I helped the girl 'n' the Indian and McAlpin get Fyler up here early this morning—they'll tell you that, too—they understood the situation. And I want to tell you, 'twen you 'n' me—that man Fyler ain't hurt much, neither."

Selwood had no reason to doubt Haynes' story. "I hold nothing against you, Haynes, as far as I'm concerned. And I don't know rightly what you're talking about. Somebody at the hotel said there'd been a fight. If any of my men were mixed in it and have injured anybody, they'll have to make it right."

Barbanet came down the steps with a satisfied smile on his face—a wise smile, meant to ingratiate him with the two men talking on the corner. Nothing lacking in assurance, he addressed Selwood. "That's a nice girl in there." He nodded back toward the store. Selwood only looked at him in silence, turned his back abruptly on the impudent loafer and walked away.

Haynes nodded toward the store. "Go slow on what you say about anybody in there to Selwood, Harry."

"How so?"

"They're friends of his."

Barbanet smiled anew. "She thinks Selwood is a mining man. She and her old man were talking about him just now. I asked whether she meant Selwood the gambler. She said no, she meant the mining man—the man that runs the Russell and Wentworth wagons. She don't know he runs the place up the hill," grinned Barbanet. "I guess from the way Mr. Gentleman John walked off just now, he wouldn't like her to know he's a gambler."

"I've got a better guess than that: when he wants her to know it he'll tell her himself."

"Wonder how he'd like me to tell her?"

"He wouldn't like it."

"Wonder how much it would be worth to him for me not to tell her?"

Big Haynes was prompt in his reply, and disinterested. "Not a cent to him—not if I guess him right. But before you cross his trail, Harry, send for the buzzards; they're quick workers and they'll make a clean job of you."

Selwood walked down street quite unconscious of the corner talk behind him. But he felt cheated out of his visit just now, feeling that he had a perfectly good excuse, made occasion to walk around by Fyler's an hour later. This time he found Christie alone and behind the counter in the front of the store.

Her face lighted when she saw him coming up the steps. She had evidently been at work among the goods and was still busy. Her face, already flushed, seemed to deepen in color under his gaze, and the slight disorder of her dress matched the pretty

disarray of her hair. "Things were in such awful shape this morning," she said, with her fingers running around like mice among the hairpins and with her eyes fixed in dire apology on Selwood's eyes. "I know I'm a sight!" she exclaimed. "But you'll never know what this poor store looked like!"

"It looked anything like you," he ventured. "I shouldn't have touched it."

Could Christie have blushed more deeply she probably would; but, unable to do so, she did something worse, as far as Selwood's composure was concerned. She laughed. And it was the happiest care-free laugh in the world—no fret, no worry, neither regret nor apprehension—just the young, happy laugh of a young, happy moment. Selwood felt himself rudely shaken with every vibration of her throat, but he clung to the lifeline. "How's your father?"

"Oh"—Christie heaved a big sigh of relief—"ever so much better. Oh, I know I shall never be able to say all I want to to thank you—how am I ever going to do it?"

She looked at him with eyes so wide open and so appealingly perplexed that Selwood momentarily wilted. His eyes fell. The man who could look into any sort of a hand at poker calmly, or into the muzzle of a gun without visible hysteria, faltered before Christie's eyes. He kept his wits just enough to answer her appeal. "You've done it," he managed to say—and continued—"I hope you'll have no more trouble. Bob Scott will be sneaking around here for a while at night; Bob doesn't sleep much."

"He just saved my life, helping this morning. And"—she hesitated and twisted her fingers a little as she stood behind the counter. Then she summoned courage and went on—in truth she had much the more courage of the two. "And—he, when I spoke of you, he told me you were not here at all last night? And I just knew that wasn't so. And he said that Mr. Pardaloe had gone out of town early this morning—"

"He took a wagon train out," explained Selwood. He did not add that, knowing there was but one way to keep the mule boss quiet, he had sent him out.

"Where were you last night?" demanded Christie, growing in pretty boldness—prety because it was nothing but gratitude and fast-fading confidence—with just the merest dash of receptive feminine curiosity. "Oh, you needn't tell me if you don't want to," she added hastily. "I know I ought not to ask."

Her head hung down—about far enough down to reproach herself for hardness—and her eyes looked up just far enough to reach his; and just innocently enough to shatter his good resolutions of every sort.

"You've full permission to ask me any kind of a question in the world," he said. "Just remember that I was here a little while last night. But Pardaloe and Scott did the hard work."

"Somebody certainly did it. How can men be so mean as those men were to really steal everything we had?" Christie sighed at the thought. But it was not the sigh that shook Selwood; it was the appealing confidence of her question to the one man she felt sure she could trust; and it was so satisfying to him to be even for a few moments in that position.

He stumbled at some effort to answer or explain her difficulty, but Christie rode right on. "I suppose," she said impulsively, "I might as well ask: How can men be as good as you and your friends were to risk their lives to get back what was taken away from us—when they couldn't have the slightest personal interest in helping father and me?"

Selwood demurred. "I wouldn't say just exactly that. Men like Pardaloe and Scott and myself don't see a nice young lady like you often—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Christie, flushing anew at her success as a nice young lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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"The knowledge of a few simple preventive measures will often forestall pain and hours of anguish. When I began taking Tanlac, I had given up hope. I could hardly work and I suffered tormenting pains. My nerves were affected and my nights were sleepless. Dizziness from blinding headaches attacked me. Eating caused intense suffering. In the effort to find relief I took Tanlac. I want all to know about this wonderful tonic. For it restored my health and built up my strength."

Tanlac, L. Nature's remedy made from roots, herbs and herbs. It relieves constipation, tones up sluggish liver, puts digestion in shape, and vanquishes pain.

Don't let yourself become weak and searaway. Regain good health. Take this wonder tonic and remedy. Results from first bottle amazing. At your druggist's.

Green's August Flower

For indigestion, dyspepsia, etc. Relieves distress after hurried meals or overeating. Being a gentle laxative, it keeps the digestive tract working normally.

30c & 60c. At all Druggists, C. C. GREEN, Inc. WOODBURY, N. J.

Takes Out all pain instantly



CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all pain quicker than any other known method. Take but a minute to apply the worst ones. Healing starts at once. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes make the spot "booby" again, a Zino-pad stops it instantly. That's because Zino-pads remove the cause—pressure and rubbing of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medicinal, antiseptic, protective. At all druggists and shoe dealers—35c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Remove the pain & cure

French Village Girl in Philosophic Mood

"On our way to the terrace we instinctively turned back at the door of the studio. Books, books, all over! In between white marble statues looking like pale flowers in a dark forest or white-bodied nymphs under the dense foliage. Rodia remarked that the upper portion of the mantelpiece was like the front of a Renaissance palace. There was a bas-relief on its frieze and in front of it several gobelets fauteuils. The oak table was covered today with antique statues, torsos, Florentine bronze bells, gullies, Renaissance candlesticks, books and manuscripts. Opposite the table Aphrodite, emerging from the dark waves of the curtain, blinded the spectator."

"I thought you would come down."

The old housekeeper mumbled morosely. "Hurry up, Marie. Clean up the terrace."

"Stop!" exclaimed Rodia with feigned indignation. "Don't touch the sacred treasures of kings with your

Ancient Church Organ
Frederick Miller, an expert on organ history, says that the oldest pipe organ in America is in an Episcopal church at Clyde, N. Y. It was built for Queen Anne of England and presented by her to Trinity church in New York, which eventually passed it along to the congregation in Clyde. It is a genuine antique, with only 128 pipes and no pedals.

lowly broom. That one which you've already touched must have belonged to the great Darius himself."

"There's no trace left of that king," said the maid laughingly. "This thing now belongs to us. A dead king doesn't count, anyway."

"This village girl is quoting Shakespeare," said France, after having sent her away, "although it isn't likely she ever read him. Primitives souls have their own wisdom and they teach us many things."—From "Rambles With Anatole France," by Sander Kemerl.

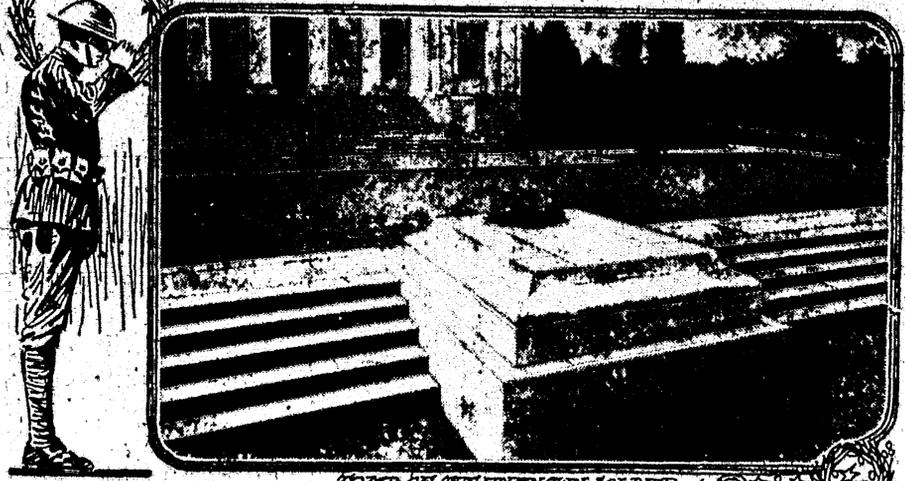
Harbors Lacking in Chile
Chile is a land without harbors. Steamers stop in the open sea and boats come alongside. The water is filled with sea lions, and the rowers often have to push them away with their oars.

Antofagasta is a busy town, built upon rock and sand. In order to make a public garden the people had to import earth from other countries, but the small flowering park is a tribute to the people's tenacity.

The chief means of transportation still in the start to which are hitched horses or oxen.

Editions of Bible
About 4000 different editions of the Bible are now issued in the British Empire.

The Unknown Soldier



TOES OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

NO ONE knows where he was born. It may have been in Maine or in California, Minnesota might claim that honor, or Louisiana. But the name of the state doesn't matter, after all. For he was an American.

No one knows in what outfit he served. It may have been the infantry, the cavalry or the artillery. Or he may have worn the silver wings of aviation. But the branch of the service doesn't matter. He was a soldier—a fighting man.

No one knows where or how he died. It may have been in Belleau Wood or at St. Mihiel, or somewhere on the Somme that his "got his." A hand grenade may have dealt him his death wound during some trench raid or it may have been a burst of shrapnel, or a bayonet thrust when the fighting was hand-to-hand. But that doesn't matter, either. The thing that matters is that "he died fighting" and the flag for which he died was the Stars and Stripes.

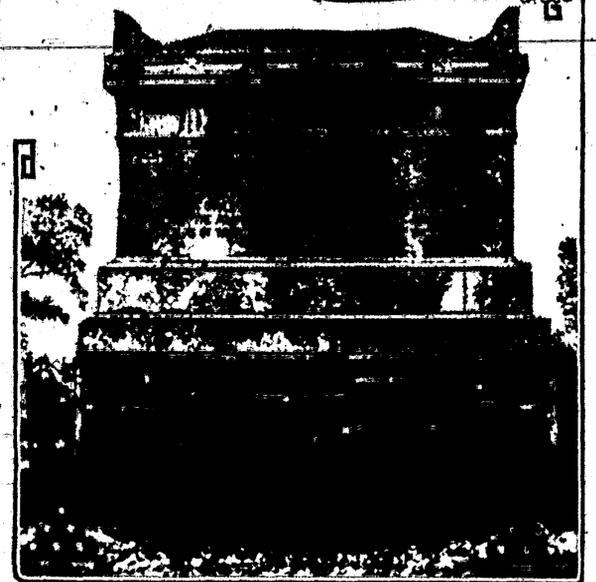
No one knows his name. It may have been Smith, or O'Brien or Cohen or Schwartz or Smedley. Or it might have been Paul Two Lances—the name by which he was once known in the day school on some Indian reservation out West. But his name and the nationality of his parents are not things that matter. He now bears the proudest name that any man can bear.

It's "The Unknown Soldier."

Five years ago they brought his body back across the Atlantic and on November 11, 1922, they placed it in a white marble tomb in a famous cemetery near the nation's capital—a soldier home from the war. Since that time the great men of his own country have bowed their heads reverently before his last resting place. To it have come the great of other lands. A queen of royal European blood, princes, generals, admirals, statesmen, have laid their wreaths upon his tomb.

But all of this homage is as nothing compared to that which is being offered up in the hearts of all Americans on May 30, 1927. For the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington cemetery is a national shrine to which the thoughts of all Americans are turning, on Memorial Day this year. It is more than a symbol of the 4,000 American soldiers killed in battle "over there" whose names and personal histories were unknown. The honor paid to this one of the 4,000, whose identity will forever remain a mystery, symbolizes more than a nation's grateful remembrance of the thousands of men who lost their lives in the World War. It is the incarnation of the spirit of Memorial Day, a day observed by a nation in which the word "united" in its name has a new significance; a nation pausing in grateful remembrance of all the soldiers who gave their lives in all the wars in which their country has ever been engaged. And it is here in Arlington, where the Unknown Soldier sleeps, that President Coolidge, as the commander-in-chief of all American soldiers and the first citizen of the land, will voice America's tribute to her soldier dead on Memorial Day this year.

The first memorial to the unknown dead was erected in Arlington in 1866. It was the impressive monument of rough-hewn granite and polished marble (pictured above) which bears the following inscription: "Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country; and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May



"UNKNOWN" TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD

they rest in peace." Underneath is a great vault of solid masonry, 30 feet deep and 200 feet square, in which are stacked the humble pine-wood coffins containing the bones of the soldiers. Nor are these the only unknown dead in Arlington. It was before this monument that the first formal Memorial Day exercises—although the day had not yet been thus officially designated—were held on May 30, 1908, as the result of the famous General Order No. 11, issued by Gen. John A. Logan, commander of the G. A. R., calling for "the strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country."

War in its very nature is a tragedy, but sadder of all things connected with war is the tragedy of the unknown dead. For some soldiers war means moments of exaltation in the knowledge of a sacrifice worth while, of heroism which will send his name ringing down the years and of tender care of the poor shell of his body after the spirit has fled. But to others it means privation, pain, the same exaltation, the same heroism but with it death, his name forgotten, and only a headstone marked "Unknown" to show where this bit of human wreckage was consigned to Mother Earth.

Considering the vast armies which the United States put into the field in the World War, there was a surprisingly small number of unknown dead. Of approximately 40,000 Americans killed in that conflict only 4,000 were listed as "unknown" at the time the body of one of them was selected for the nation's highest honors to be buried in Arlington as "The Unknown Soldier." Since that time persistent investigation has cut down the number until now the War department reports something over 3,000 still listed as unidentified.

The reason for the smallness of the list of unknown dead in this war lies in the simple little aluminum identification tags which each man in the A. E. F. wore. Two of these tags, each about the size of a silver half dollar, were worn around the neck, one suspended from the other. On each of these was stamped, in the case of an officer, his name, rank and regiment, corps or department, and in the case of the enlisted man, his name and serial number. If the wearer was killed one tag was buried with him and the other was usually attached to the cross at the head of his grave. Whenever practicable a

citizen was Tarsus, which was the birthplace of St. Paul. He was, as he said, with pardonable pride in his birthplace, a citizen of no mean city. About 30 years before the missionary journeys of St. Paul, Cicero, the famous Roman orator and politician, was appointed governor of Cilicia, and of the adjacent island of Cyprus.

cemetery was established near every battlefield and each grave was marked with a temporary headboard giving the name, rank and name of the organization of the man buried there. The company officer was made responsible for this and he was required to furnish the War department with a sketch map of the graves.

In contrast to the small number of unknown dead in the World War, the record of the Civil war is appalling. There are eighty-three national cemeteries in this country where are buried 393,714 Union soldiers. Of this number the graves of 153,414 are marked "Unknown." These totals include those who died in hospitals where identities would have been easily established. In the haste with which the country plunged into the Civil war no system for identification of the killed was adopted. After a battle searching parties gathered up the wounded and buried the dead in hastily dug pits. Since this work was usually done at night, these detachments overlooked many of the casualties. Then the army marched away leaving these bodies to keep their lonely "bivouac of the dead."

After the Civil war was over, the federal government undertook the task of making a systematic search for the Union dead on many of the Civil war battlefields. Hundreds of skeletons were found but there was no mark of identification. It was such "unknown dead" as these who sleep beneath the memorial in Arlington. And they are only a few of the unknown there. In 1872 the War department marked 18,000 graves in that cemetery with little marble headstones and of this number 4,000 bear the simple word "Unknown."

The Civil war was not the only one which added to the long roll of missing men, soldiers who gave their lives for their country and of whom no trace now remains. Their last resting places, unmarked, are scattered far and wide over the United States—in the West, where Indian bullet and lance took their toll, as well as on the battlefields of the South. Memorial Day is a day for honoring their memory, too, and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, before which in spirit, at least, all Americans bow their heads in reverence on Memorial Day is a monument to all American soldiers who fought for the preservation of this "government of the people, for the people and by the people," even though all visible traces of its defenders has "perished from the earth."

The fact that not all of his parishioners have radios did not keep Rev. Raymond Gonso, of the Congregational church, from delivering his Sunday sermon to his flock. The sermon that he had prepared for delivery was broadcast through the mails to members of his parish.

An Important Member
She—Do you mix much with society?
He—Well, I should say so—I'm a divorce lawyer.

POULTRY

HIGH MORTALITY LOWERS PROFITS

High mortality and low egg production go hand in hand in the farm poultry flock and if the death rate of hens is high the results from the flock will be only mediocre, regardless of how well the hens are bred and fed, says H. H. Alp, poultry extension specialist of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

"Records which 234 farm flock owners kept in co-operation with the college show a mortality rate of 12 per cent annually. If this rate is figured for the entire state there would be an approximate loss of 3,000,000 birds annually.

"A 12 per cent mortality on first thought may not seem very high, but it must be remembered that along with a mortality as high as this there goes a general low production throughout the flock. It is not so much the loss of a bird dying that counts as the loss caused by low production through sickness.

"While the causes for mortality may vary to a certain extent, the chief and main causes will be the lack of sanitation and personal attention. Very little credit for the mortality being no higher than 12 per cent can be given to improved conditions in and around poultry houses. Conditions probably have not improved a great deal with regard to sanitation. Diseases have increased and have given more trouble every year. The chief factor in protecting the flock is one of preventive measures.

"If mortality is spread fairly well over the whole year, the spring months quite often show an increased death rate due to increased production, especially so where the birds are forced for production. There is a certain mortality that might be termed normal mortality. This is where death results from causes beyond the control of the operator and is not due to a disease and should cause no worry. The bulk of the mortality, though, can be influenced by the personal ability of the operator. The determining factor with mortality is health and vigor and health and vigor come only from good stock, sanitation and feeding.

"All that is necessary to say as a warning to poultrymen in regard to hen mortality is to remember that vigor can be defined as a hen's ability to live and thrive under ordinary conditions and it is essential to have this factor exhibited in selecting layers and breeders.

"Poultry drugs and medicines should not be trusted to keep the flock free from mortality. Prevention and sanitation should be practiced instead and an abundance of common sense used in handling the flock."

Ventilators Should Be Regulated in Incubator

In hatching eggs in incubators it is frequently difficult to provide enough fresh air or give proper ventilation to the incubator and at the same time to keep the eggs from losing too much moisture.

The poultry department at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., says the ventilators should be kept closed during the first ten days of incubation; because the chick inside the egg requires very little oxygen. After the tenth day the chick needs more oxygen and the amount increases gradually until the need is largest during the last three days.

After the tenth day of incubation the ventilators may be opened more and more until they are wide open at the eighteenth day. The moisture pans should not be allowed to get dry at any time.

Eggs should lose about 15 per cent of their original weight, and not more, during the three weeks of incubation. If they lose more moisture than this it is impossible to replace it. Sprinkling the eggs with warm water several times daily during the last three days is often recommended, but while this can do no harm, it can do little good.

Narragansett Turkeys

The Narragansett turkeys are almost the same weight as the Bourbon Red turkey or about six pounds lighter than the Bronze. They are similar to the Bronze in habits. They are good rangers and dress out nicely. In color they are somewhat lighter than the Bronze. They are not as popular a breed as the E. I. te, White Holland or Bourbon Red, and as a result it will be more difficult to get new stock of this breed than of any of the other breeds mentioned.

Charcoal for Turkeys

Powdered charcoal in the feed is said to aid digestion. Indigestion in turkeys is caused by irregular feeding as often as by wrong feeding. Like the turkey is a creature of habit; it likes the meals that are given to come at regular intervals. In the wild state it feeds often and little; working up its appetite by its own activities. If it gets the habit of irregular feeding, it is restless and either "goes past its feed," as an Irish friend used to say, or creates.

SOUTH-WEST NEWS NOTES

Four Mexicans were killed near Grants, ninety-five miles east of Albuquerque, when their automobile was struck by a passenger train at a grade crossing.

Horse Moss dam, forming a link in the great Salt river chain of reservoirs and power projects, will be named for and officially dedicated by Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois.

According to a report issued in Santa Fe by Miss Mary Bartolino, assistant state comptroller, nearly \$100,000 was collected for New Mexico by the state gasoline tax bureau during the month of March.

The resignation of A. M. Morris as superintendent of the Bunker Hill mines at Tombstone was announced recently in Tombstone by P. C. Beckett, vice president and general manager of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation.

Diversified pursuits for several years has transformed the Jewett valley, eighteen miles from a railroad, into the most prosperous community in all northwestern New Mexico. Diversity and cooperation are being further extended this year.

Articles of incorporation were filed at the state capitol in Phoenix by the Coolidge public service company which intends to do a general public utility business in the new town of Coolidge, Ariz., in the heart of the San Carlos irrigation project.

With the Mexican border at Tia Juana, near San Diego, Calif., now being closed at sunset many tourists are coming to Nogales, Ariz., and crossing the border for a touch of the real, old-time, drinking and gambling West. Occasionally a bullfight is staged.

The New Mexico finance board adjourned in Santa Fe after a day and a half's session without taking any action to rescind the yellow stripe on state automobiles rule, against which Chairman Charles Springer of the State Highway Commission lodged a protest.

Three men were seriously injured, one perhaps fatally, when a heavy explosion of dynamite occurred prematurely at the United States Reclamation Service Company at Yuma. The injured, all quarry employees, are John T. Dwyer, Neal Scott Roy and Vinal Gonzalez.

Approximately 450,000 young brook trout, hatched in the fish hatchery at Squirrel Springs, near Greer in the White Mountains, have been transported in Arizona streams during the past few weeks, according to D. E. Potts, state game warden. About 680,000 brook trout were hatched at the hatchery this year.

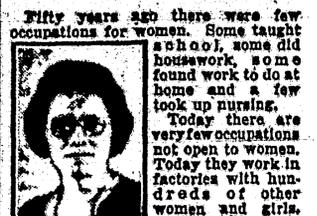
The report on industrial conditions, recently issued by U. S. Employment Service of the U. S. Department of Labor, at Denver, states that industrial activities and employment of a seasonal character in New Mexico showed a decided improvement during April, and further improvement is expected in May. The supply of labor is reported ample for all requirements, except for a slight shortage of woodmen in the Bernalillo district. Seasonal agricultural activities are in full swing. Reports from the metal mining districts show considerable activity in new development and construction work. Producing metal mines, other than copper, continue very active. Coal mining continues to show a gradual seasonal slackening. Considerable development work is under way in the oil fields. Building is quite active throughout the state. The 1927 municipal improvement programs are under way in many of the cities and towns, providing employment for many workers who were out of employment during the winter months. Highway construction is increasing, with sufficient labor available. Lumbering shows a slight increase in woods operations in the Bernalillo district. The report states that unemployment decreased somewhat during April in Arizona, as many workers migrated to adjoining states for work in outdoor seasonal lines. The completion of the spring lettuce harvest in the Salt River and Yuma valley districts caused release of several thousand field workers, most of whom are finding employment in cotton planting and soil cultivation. Considerable land development work is under way. Several of the large copper mines have curtailed production and forces somewhat. However, work continues on new metal mine properties and in the revival of old mining properties, particularly noted in the Galtman, Wickenburg and Patagonia districts. A moderate surplus of skilled and unskilled metal mine labor exists. Building activities and other construction work are gradually increasing.

H. C. Deany, H. W. Yersin and Arthur Jones, attorneys of Gallup, N. M., and District Judge Reed Holloman recently received through the mails a Black Hand letter. It was announced in Gallup. Included in the letter was a shroud glove cut from black paper.

"That a county school superintendent cannot represent as agent any firm dealing in school books is the holding of Attorney General Robert C. Dow in an opinion handed down in Santa Fe at the request of Miss Lois Randolph, New Mexico state superintendent of public instruction.

WOMEN CAN NOW DO MORE

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Fifty years ago there were few occupations for women. Some taught a school, some did housework, some found work to do at home and a few took up nursing.

Today there are very few occupations not open to women. Today they work in factories with hundreds of other women and girls. There are also women architects, lawyers, dentists, executives, and legislators. But all too often a woman wins her economic independence at the cost of her health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain who works in the Unifalco factory making overalls writes that she got wonderful results from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Chamberlain lives at 500 Monmouth St., Trenton, N. J. She recommends the Vegetable Compound to her friends in the factory and will gladly answer any letters she gets from women asking about it.

If Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped other women, why shouldn't it help you?

Revised Criticism
Artist—How do you like the picture?
Critic—(sardonically)—It's in; it might have been worse.
Artist—(offended)—Sir, I hope you will withdraw that remark.
Critic—All right; then it couldn't be worse!

Maybe Just as Well
A Chinese merchant in Philadelphia is the proud possessor of a parrot famous locally for its garrulousness. No one but the owner can understand the Polly's chatter, however, for she speaks Chinese.

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BELLAN'S INDIGESTION TABLETS
6 BELLAN'S Hot Water Sure Relief
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Cilicia Ranked High

Cilicia was the name of a maritime province in the southern part of Asia Minor. It lay between the Mediterranean sea and Syria, and through it ran the great highway from Syria to the coast. This gave Cilicia great commercial importance during several centuries when it was part of the Roman Empire, as well as the adjacent province of Pamphylia, Lyconia and Caria. The principal city of

An outbreak of scarlet fever at Durham, Conn., made it advisable to discontinue church services temporarily.

THE OUTLOOK

Published weekly in the interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, New Mexico.

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher.

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Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon. News columns close Thursday night. If you do not receive your paper regularly, please notify the Publisher. Advertising rates on application.

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

"Well, Here We Are!"

These were the first words uttered by Charley Lindbergh on his successful landing in Paris, after a perilous 33 1/4 hour journey over the seas in defiance of many obstacles, chief among which was that two daring Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli made the attempt from the other shore and from whom nothing has been heard since they began their flight.

This, alone, would have taken the nerve out of most men, aviators not excepted. Again, as in many undertakings of a similar nature, so-called wiseacres shook their heads, others stroked their chins, and perhaps pulled their whiskers and said "It can't be done."

Others even went so far as to place bets against the success of the home boy, who was later to give the old world a kick such as it has never known before—while on the other hand, many, many, loyal-hearted people believed he would make it, and with the familiar American saying at the head of this article, he landed in Paris as gracefully as a spring bird.

With more glory than was accorded to returning generals after the world war, plain Charley Lindbergh accepts his newly-earned laurels with becoming modesty.

In keeping with true American manhood and sympathy, instead of being wined and dined at leisure with rulers and potentates, he went directly to the mother of Nungesser and offered his human sympathy, which act cemented the bonds of friendship existing between the two Republics.

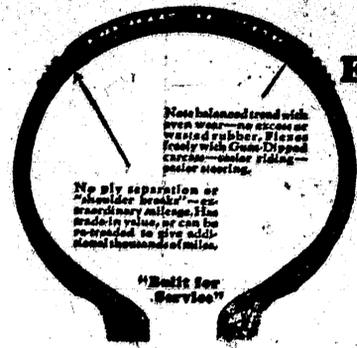
His words, on his arrival in Paris, coupled with those uttered when after viewing the skies and weather signs, he turned to his manager and said "Let's Go!" which expression at the start and at the finish was a showing of the determination of the lion-hearted American boy to do his stuff—and he did it.

Over a hundred things could have happened that would have sent him under the waves to rise no more. One in particular, was encountering the sleet, which, off the coast of Newfoundland, often falls in what is called "ice sheats."

This, the young aviator considered the most dangerous, as the ice collecting on the hood of his "bun" would weigh it down into the sea in the small space of five minutes, according to Lindbergh's own words.

"Well here we are," flashed across the a. e. a. s. followed by "Vive America," was taken on our home shores by "Hurrah for America," "Hurrah for Charley Lindbergh," which silenced the gloom-chasers and placed Charley Lindbergh on the top-most pinnacle of navigation fame. America is justly proud of him; the Old World is praising him, but in the midst of it all stands the modest little mother, whose faith and courage have never deserted her, and to whom the world owes its grat-

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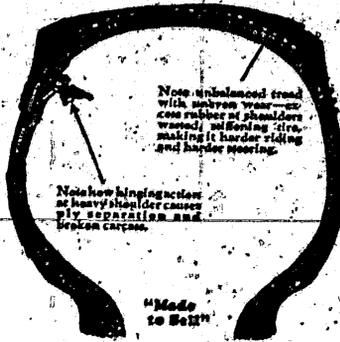


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Outlook Art & Gift Shop



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We Serve Pure, Healthgiving Ice Cream—Sodas and Sundaes.

Our fountain is constantly prepared with all delicacies the heart can wish. Desert Gold Ice Cream, in different flavors, purest and most wholesome. "The kind you like." Our motto is to please. Make our drug store your headquarters.

The Best Drug Store ROLLAND BROTHERS



EDGAR GUEST'S Books of Verse
(the poet that all America reads and loves)

Greeting Cards of all Kinds,
Tally Cards, Place Cards,
Gift Books, Party Invitations,
Stationery

Children's Drawing and Story Books



1—First crate of cantaloupes from Imperial valley, California, started to President Coolidge by air mail. 2—Col. Blanton Winship, new chief military aide at the WhiteHouse. 3—C. W. Chui, Chinese student in Columbia university, addressing a huge "Hands Off China" meeting in New York.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Nungesser Lost in Paris-to-New York Flight—Midwest Storm Swept.

By EDWARD J. PICKARD

FIRST to attempt the nonstop flight from Paris to New York for the Orteig prize, and first to fail, Capt. Charles Nungesser, famous French ace, and Maj. Francois Coll are believed at this writing to have been lost somewhere in the North Atlantic. Their plane, "White Bird," was last seen off the southern coast of Ireland. It vanished in the ocean mists and intensive search by French, American and English vessels failed to reveal its fate. Near the week's end there were still those who believed the unfortunate aviators might be found in some cove of the Newfoundland or Nova Scotia coast or on some small vessel that had no wireless. But the hope was exceedingly slender.

At first the blame for the failure of Nungesser's flight was placed by the Paris press on the United States weather bureau, the assertion being made that the flyers were duped by incorrect weather reports from America, and the French people were so aroused by this that Ambassador Herrick cabled advising American entrants in the contest to delay their start. The story was found to be utterly false, and General Delcambre, head of the French weather bureau, assumed full responsibility for the advice on weather conditions given to Nungesser and Coll before they hopped off. Clarence Chamberlin and Lloyd Bertand, seeing no further reason for delay, made all preparations to start their flight from New York in the big Wright-Bellanca plane; and Capt. Louis Lindbergh, veteran air-mail pilot, flew his entry, the Ryan plane, from San Diego to New York with the intention of hopping off for Paris in a few days. Lindbergh flies alone.

FOR three days eight states of the Middle West were subjected to the fury of the weather. Tornadoes, torrential rains and, in the higher altitudes, severe blizzards prevailed, and reports from the widely scattered regions that suffered showed that nearly 200 persons had lost their lives and about one thousand had been injured. The property losses were very heavy. First destruction was wrought in Kansas, where a twister roared in from the southwest. There followed tornadoes that lashed Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Illinois, flattening farmhouses and buildings in rural sections and laying towns and villages in waste.

Twice the storms struck at Missouri, in a dozen communities in the central part of the state and at Poplar Bluff, in the southeastern section. The known dead at Poplar Bluff stood at 101, with scores injured and the heart of the city devastated. Ten persons were killed in central Missouri, three by high wind at St. Louis and two by fire near Springfield.

Arkansas was swept from the southern section to the northeastern corner by a series of twisters. Latest reports placed the dead at 70 and the injured at more than three hundred. The death list in Texas, where tornadoes struck at two points, reached 30.

MORE money is needed for the relief of the Mississippi valley flood victims. The \$10,000,000 fund was over-subscribed, but the Red Cross officials announced that the amount raised was insufficient to care for the work in hand. All Red Cross chapters were wired to exceed their original quotas. The latest serious development in the breaking out of smaller waves of refugees of the Red river section of Louisiana, where an epidemic was feared. Large supplies of vaccines and of typhoid prophylactic were hurried to that region. Desperate efforts were made to build up the levees along south central Louisiana, at which the flood waters were hammering. The state levee board officials believed the embankment would hold, but naval architects who saw over

the region said they thought the fight to save the Bayou des Glaises levee was practically lost.

REAR ADMIRAL LATIMER issued a warning to all armed forces in Nicaragua that they would have to surrender their arms peacefully to the American troops there or submit to disarmament by force. This order applies to the Conservatives as well as the Liberal rebels, and the latter are to receive from the Diaz government payment of \$10 for each rifle or machine gun surrendered. The possibility that force might be required to persuade some of the belligerents led Admiral Latimer to ask that 800 more marines be sent him. Four hundred were started at once from Quantico, and 400 were embarked at Charleston, S. C., and Port-au-Prince, Haiti. An aviation detachment and six airplanes was sent from Quantico, and another aviation detail with three planes was ready to proceed from San Diego by commercial transportation.

To assist General Moncada, Liberal commander in chief, in persuading his troops to lay down their arms, Henry L. Stimson, personal representative of President Coolidge, wrote the general this letter after their conference at Tipitapa:

"Confirming our conversation of this morning, I have the honor to inform you that I am authorized to say that the President of the United States intends to accept the request of the Nicaraguan government to supervise the elections of 1923; that the retention of President Diaz during the remainder of his term is regarded as essential to that plan and will be insisted upon; that a general disarmament of the country is also regarded as necessary for the proper and successful conduct of such elections, and that the forces of the United States will be authorized to accept the custody of the arms of those willing to lay them down, including the government, and to disarm forcibly those who will not do so."

AMERICAN foreign policy scored heavily when Sir Austen Chamberlain, British foreign secretary, announced in the house of commons that Great Britain had acceded to the view of the United States and would not send further notices to China or apply sanctions for the Nanking outrages. After a full review of the facts the British decided the application of force would be inexpedient, however justified, and Great Britain has informed all the other interested powers of this fact, Sir Austen said. He announced, however, that Great Britain will hold whatever government emerges from the chaos of the present Cantonese split responsible for the Nanking acts, demanding reparations and compensation.

The British government notified Washington it was ready to co-operate in abrogating extraterritorial rights in China, and our State department announced that this government stands prepared to enter into negotiations for the abolishment of extraterritoriality with any government of China or delegates who can speak for China. Dr. C. C. Wu, upon assuming the office of foreign minister of the Nanking government, declared that government has no intention of using force against the Shanghai foreign settlement. When the proper time arrives the Nationalists will take up the question of the international settlement diplomatically, as well as the entire treaty situation.

The Nationalists of Nanking and Hankow have dropped their quarrel for a time to form a united front against Marshal Chang Tse-lin. General Feng is reported moving eastward to drive the Manchurian from Peking.

IN ACCORDANCE with a decision by a Supreme Court Justice Peters of New York, \$2,000,000 raised in the United States for the "Irish Republic" does not belong to either the Irish Free State or Bureau de Yvels, former President of the republic and trustee for the bondholders. Instead, the sum is to be returned to the subscribers after the heavy expenses of the loan litigation are deducted. The immediate return to the subscribers will be made with smaller by another issue. The republic campaign raised \$2,000,000 in the United States. Of this all but the \$2,000,000 gathered by this decision was sent to Ireland

during the struggle to establish in the island a sovereign and single nation. The \$2,500,000, therefore, must be spread over a wide field by pro-rata distribution.

The outstanding detail of the decision is that Justice Peters finds the Irish republic never existed. He holds the republican movement never got beyond the revolt stage.

MRS. RUTH SNYDER and Henry Judd Gray, convicted in the sensational New York trial of the murder of Albert Snyder, the woman's husband, were sentenced to death in the electric chair. The treatment of this case by the press was notable for the lack of the familiar and disgusting "sob stories," and the verdict of the jury has been received with general approval. Even Gray says it was "wise and sensible."

In a somewhat similar case in Newton, N. J., a jury, five members of which were women, brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against Frank Van Sickle, who slew the husband of his paramour and sought to blame the woman for his crime. He goes to prison for life.

AN AMAZING scheme to blow up the Illinois penitentiary at Stateville and rescue one or more of the prisoners was devised by an escaped murderer and was foiled only by the alertness of the guards and keepers, who would not let him drive his automobile through the gates. After a fight they arrested him and easily obtained a full confession. Dressed in the black suit and Roman collar of a Catholic priest and armed with revolvers, nitroglycerin and a supply of mustard gas, the escaped convict, William Evans, made his daring attempt in order to repay the man who helped him escape from the Missouri penitentiary at Jefferson City in 1923. That man, he says, is Harry Funk, who is serving a ten-year term at Stateville for bank swindle.

FOLLOWING a recent ruling of the Philippines Supreme court that the governor general has full power over government controlled institutions, Governor General Wood announced that the government is going out of business in the islands and that its holdings in commercial enterprises, involving about \$30,000,000, will be sold to the highest responsible bidder. Immediately afterward he handed control of the Manila Railroad company, one of the corporations in which the government owns the majority of the stock, over to Filipinos, by giving the natives a majority on the board of directors of the company. Management of the company also was left in native hands.

JUDGE PURDY of the United States District court in Shanghai sentenced Leonard Husar, former United States district attorney for China, to serve two years in the United States penitentiary at McNeil's island, Washington, and a fine of \$5,000 in gold for accepting a bribe of \$24,000 from an opium ring. Judge Purdy also sentenced Neil McKay Heath of Georgia, Husar's accomplice, to 18 months' imprisonment and a \$1,000 fine.

MONDAY was a great day for Americans, for the new federal capital, Canberra, was formally occupied when the temporary parliament buildings were opened by the duke of York. Fifty thousand persons attended the ceremonies and every one of the British dominions was represented. The city of Canberra, which is about 200 miles from Sydney, has an area of 12 square miles. It was designed by a Chicago architect, Walter Burley Griffin, who was first prize in a plan competition. The entire federal district comprises 512 square miles, and strict prohibition prevails there by law.

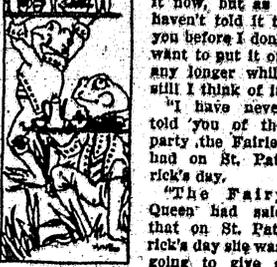
THE Treasury department has called for the \$1,700,000,000 outstanding of the second Liberty loan, the bonds to be paid on November 15, the tenth anniversary of their issuance. Opportunity may be offered by the treasury to exchange these bonds for other government securities if such is not desired. Notice of the call was advertised in every daily, weekly and semi-weekly newspaper in the United States printed in English, by placards, in all post offices and banks and by radio.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE DAY OF GREEN.

"I have been meaning to tell you this story for some time," said Daddy.



Two Green Toads Were Butlers.

"It is way beyond the day for it now, but as I haven't told it to you before I don't want to put it off any longer while still I think of it. I have never told you of the party, the Fairies had on St. Patrick's day. The Fairy Queen had said that on St. Patrick's day she was going to give a dinner party to which she invited every fairy. You can imagine how pleased the fairies were, for the Fairy Queen always had such perfect parties.

"They were always different and better than those of any one else. They felt themselves to be very lucky little fairies indeed to have such a marvelous Fairy Queen. The Fairy Queen would not let any of the fairies help her.

"She said that she wanted it to be her party, and she was to get it all up herself. Now, weren't they indeed pretty lucky to have their Fairy Queen take all that trouble for them?

"The only thing she told them was that they must all be sure to wear green frocks.

"When St. Patrick's Day came the fairies were all right on time at the place the Fairy Queen had told them to be. She had chosen a lovely spot, of course.

"The fairies all wore green fluffy dresses with moss on their heads. They all took their places at a long mossy table.

"Two green toads were butlers and passed all the delicious things to eat to each fairy.

"They had such good things too. First, they had green turtle soup; then they had spinach, green peas and meat balls with a sprig of parsley on each.

"Lettuce salad came next, and for dessert they had green pistachio ice cream and little green candies.

"The Fairy Queen presented each little fairy with a pot of shamrocks. But the fairies had a surprise for her! With a great deal of ceremony they gave a small green box to the two toads, who carried it on a silver tray, and, with low bows and hops, presented it to the Fairy Queen.

"The Fairy Queen was so surprised she could hardly speak, for the box contained an emerald pendant in the shape of a shamrock.

"Oh, thank you, fairies," she cried. "I'm so happy over my beautiful present, and I shall enjoy wearing such a lovely pendant. I can tell you.

"But I've arranged a fairy dance and have imported some special dancers. The party is not yet over."

"Hurrah!" shouted the fairies, for they hated to have the end of a party come.

"The Fairy Queen waved her magic wand, and all hopped countless numbers of green grasshoppers. They went through the most strange dances. They danced in pairs and all together, and the fairies clapped their hands in glee.

"Then each grasshopper hopped on the shoulder of a fairy, while the fairies joined hands and sang all the lovely Irish songs they knew."

Vanishing America
John and Mary were going through the museum. Wide-eyed, they passed slowly from glass case to glass case, reading the inscriptions on the exhibits, and remarking upon the strange things they saw. Finally they came to a case that puzzled them. It was a model, street scene, carefully worked out and designed by some plastic artist. It represented a deserted section of a city street.

"What is that, anyway?" asked Mary. John stood studying it a few moments. "It's a parking space," he replied. New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Horns Treatment
Doctor—Your little boy seems underdeveloped for his age. Have you a yardstick?
The Mother—No, I always use a green handle.

Flounder Has Flat Tire
For the first time in his life, Bobby saw a flounder.
"Look, ma," he cried excitedly. "Look at that flounder! He's got a flat tire!"

6 things to understand about used car allowances

- 1 When you trade-in your used car for a new car, you are after all making a purchase, not a sale. You are simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car.
- 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value; i. e., what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.
- 3 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.
- 4 The largest allowance is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; sometimes it is not.
- 5 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.
- 6 First judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
BUICK • LACALLE • CADILLAC
GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS AND COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

Coyotes Inspire Songs
The plaintive wail of coyotes on the lonely western plains developed many of the colorful, rollicking songs of the cowboy. The songs were intended to drown out the disturbing notes of the howlers and prevent the cattle from stampeding. Oscar J. Fox of the University of Texas told the National Federation of Music Clubs, English, Scotch and Irish folk songs were usually the background for the compositions of the cowboys, he said, because most of them in the early days came from those countries.

Ban on Certain Noises
Noises are civilized and uncivilized according to law in Ankara, the Turkish city established to be the inland capital of Turkey under the present administration, and edicts have been issued to end the uncivilized noises, such as the loud calls of goatherds as they drive their flocks through the streets morning and evening and the howling shouts of the town crier advertising lost articles. Other noises, by inference, appear to be civilized and must be endured.

A leading life insurance company estimates that it costs \$8,167 to rear a girl and \$6,077 to rear a boy to the age of eighteen years.

Self-adulation is one thing and self-respect is quite another.

A man with egotism often succeeds and sometimes mistakenly.

Genuine ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monachweinstadt of Kaiserreich

Cuticura Preparations

Unexcelled in purity, they are regarded by millions as essential in the promotion of skin and hair beauty. The purifying, antiseptic, germ-killing properties of Cuticura Soap Incorporated preserve the skin; the Ointment soothes and heals itching and irritated skin. The body-lubricating Shaving Cream causes no irritation, leaving the skin fresh and smooth. The Cream is fragrant and refreshing.

For the treatment of itching, burning, and other skin conditions, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the best.

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye, looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature.

FOOD SUGGESTIONS

IF THE family like all kinds of foods and are all well, the planning of a meal is not such a problem.

If there are those in your family who enjoy kidneys the following dish will be enjoyed:

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie. For an ordinary pie use one pound of round steak and four or five lamb's kidneys.

Chicken a la King. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter. In it cook one-fourth of a pound of fresh mushroom caps peeled and broken in pieces.

Halibut Pie. Mix two cupfuls of steamed seeded potatoes slightly cut or chopped with one lemon (grated rind and juice), one cupful of cold water, one-third of a cupful of sugar and one well-beaten egg.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union)



"Money talks," says Impoverished Happiness, "but the vocabulary seems to be limited to 'Needy.'"

BE A FRIENDLY FELLOW

By SYDNEY J. BURGOYNE

WHEN you wake up in the morning And things look sort of blue, There's a happy little something That you can always do.

Just pull yourself together And resolve that all the day, You'll be a FRIENDLY FELLOW In all you do and say.

Put on a happy feeling As you put on your clothes, A FRIENDLY FELLOW feeling That turns the blue to rose.

So with a smile-a-minute And a cheery word or two, Just be a FRIENDLY FELLOW— That's all you have to do.

And you'll be spreading sunshine About you all the day— By making others happy In that FRIENDLY FELLOW way.

While a mighty lot of gladness Will be coming back to you— For if you're a FRIENDLY FELLOW You'll find FRIENDLY FELLOWS, too.

Then start the day a-smiling, And keep it up right through— For a truly FRIENDLY FELLOW Ends it that way, too.

So be a FRIENDLY FELLOW, For when life's tale is told; 'HE WAS A FRIENDLY FELLOW' Is worth far more than gold. (Copyright.)

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

By JOSEPH KAYE

At Twenty-one Edwin Franks Goldman Was a Cornist at the Metropolitan Opera.

AT THE age of twenty-one I played the cornet in the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera house, in New York. I started there when I was seventeen and did not leave until I was thirty-two, fifteen years in the pit from where I heard wonderful singing, but rarely saw the singers—Edwin Franks Goldman.

TODAY—Edwin Franks Goldman, next to Sousa, is the greatest bandmaster in America. His symphonic band plays every summer—a season of three months in New York, concerts which are subsidized by wealthy people to the extent of over a hundred thousand dollars a season.

The steps by which Mr. Goldman worked his way to present standing have been steep and arduous. His career as a bandmaster began when he led the police band of New York, a small local organization. And that was only a few years ago.

Do You Know That?

NEWS: These letters formerly were prefixed to newspapers to show that they obtained information from the four quarters of the world, east, west and north and south. The supposition that our word "news" originated from this is ingenious, if not true.

NEWS: These letters formerly were prefixed to newspapers to show that they obtained information from the four quarters of the world, east, west and north and south.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says: woman's foot may be changing, as the scientist says, but she puts it down as satisfactory.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

DOWN THE STREAM

IT REQUIRES neither effort nor skill of seamanship to go down the stream on the ebbing tide. And there is another side to this, for the young man and woman who once acquire the habit of drifting with the current, are as a rule, swept out to sea and wrecked.

And strange to say, in their fatal hour, when the storms rage about them, they blame others for their misfortunes and the terrible ending of their happy dreams.

Highs formed in early years, or during the tempestuous gales of youth have a way of coming back and demanding their toll with a ruinous rate of interest.

It is the course nature takes to balance her accounts in the last days of settlement.

If the young sow tares they shall reap tares. If they have elected to move with the tide, instead of pulling against it, they cannot expect to eat the fruits of victory or stand among the great upon the top of the hills where the atmosphere is clear and the scenes are ever inspiring.

Are you among those who today are going down the stream, thoughtless of the solicitude of your father and mother, unmindful of the heartaches you are causing them, and indifferent to your own future welfare?

Are you sowing grains of anger resenting advice meant for your improvement, disrespectful to your employers, presumptuously assuming an air of importance, idling your precious time, choosing companions beneath you, spending your earnings each week and frequently borrowing to tide over the week-end?

If you are addicted to these short comings, which, alas, in these thoughtless days are growing more common than formerly, you are going down the stream, in spite of your belief that you are not.

The old sea of despair at the end of the stream is claiming its salvage from some hapless soul at this very moment!

There is a pistol shot, an emptied vial of poison, and the life once so innocent and beautiful, so full of promise, flares out, leaving behind the sob and tears of broken hearts.

Fight the good fight, young man and woman. Pull against the stream. Choose Faith as your boon companion and in spite of the snarling storms you will make a safe harbor, with a heart full of joy indescribable.

FOR THE GOOSE— NOW that spring is here, parents sit in a round listenin' in on the radio and other things ought to remember that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

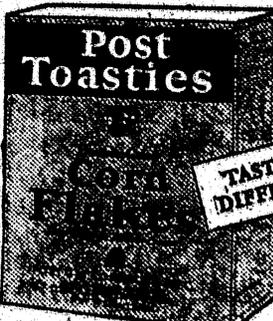
If a woman has a craving for excitement and can satisfy it, the neighbors talk about her. If she can't, she writes a novel and talks about them.

When a man says "I'll get you yet," don't give it a second thought. You can't depend on 'em.

FOR THE GANDER— A good we'll catch fish even if the fisherman is asleep.

No matter how proud you are of your family tree, park it outside.

If a woman is too much of a siddle, you can always give her up.



Ask for POST TOASTIES —corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream



Flaked hearts of corn toasted double-crisp and full of flavor

Post Toasties are the kind of corn flakes that make breakfast a real event. Millions prefer them for their delicious flavor and lasting crispness.

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Men of Proved Bravery Have Moments of Fear

What is the main quality of a hero? Fearlessness, isn't it? You'll say, in discussing the chief character of a favorite book.

It's hard to be absolutely unafraid. A courageous hunter of big game, for instance, who will face lions and tigers without a tremor, often will dread crossing a busy street, through traffic that you would navigate without a single thought.

Most of your fears, if backed into a corner, will turn out to be as thin as a Halloween ghost.

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to reduce inflamed, swollen toe joints and get them down to normal and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning.

Ask your druggist or any first class druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place.

Special note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Emerald Oil at once.

Tracing Salmon's Travels. The Canadian department of marine and fisheries has marked a considerable number of Atlantic salmon, by attaching silver tags to their dorsal fins, for the purpose of tracing the movements of these fish.

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There is an alarm attachment to a wrist watch. The alarming is done by a small wheel with protruding points which pricks the skin when it "goes off."

Industry Slow in Bolivia. Manufacturing industrial development is in its infancy in Bolivia, which is almost solely a producer of minerals.

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Children Cry for

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

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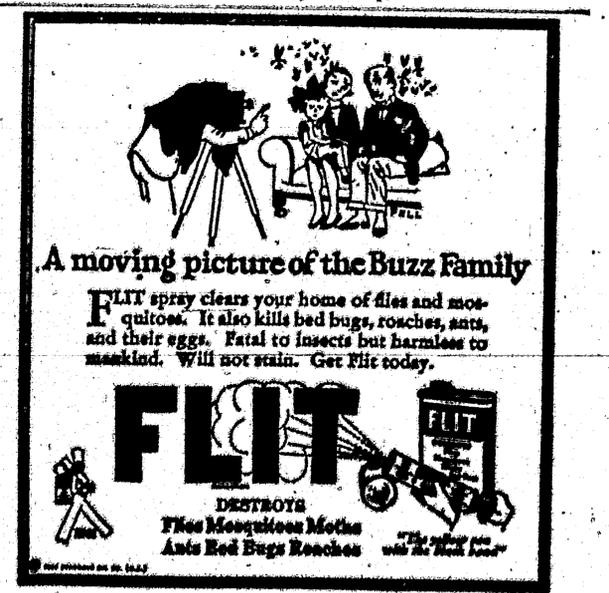
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FLIT spray clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get FLIT today.

PERSONALS

Clifton Zumwalt, wife and daughter, Carne Dell of Los Angeles, came in last week by motor and will leave for home about Saturday, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends here and at the old home town of Nogal.

Flowers! Flowers!

Flowers for Mother's Day—Decoration Day—Every Day. Also floral pieces. M. I. Hunt, phone 78. Alamogordo, New Mexico. tf

Mrs. G. W. Whitaker and daughter, Pansy, were here from their home in Nogal last Friday, shopping at our business house and returning home in the afternoon.

Dry Salt Meat—best quality, 23c a lb.; Wilson Certified Ham—best quality, 33 1-2c a lb.; Wilson fine Breakfast Bacon, 40c a lb.; Swift Premium Breakfast Bacon, 46c a lb. Ziegler Brothers

Mrs. Fred Hennen, daughter, Evelyn and son, Fred of Albuquerque, who visited the Doyle Rentfrow family for a period of two weeks, left last Saturday for home, accompanied by Mrs. Rentfrow and Mrs. John Gallacher, the latter named ladies returning the first of this week. Mrs. Hennen is a sister to Mrs. Rentfrow.

Swift Premium Hams, 37c; Premium B Bacon, 40c; Empire B Bacon, 40c (Sliced, Half or Whole); Bacon Squares, 40c; Advance Shortening, 4 lbs., 70c; 8 lbs., \$1.35. C. D. Mayer

Mrs. Geo. A. Titaworth of Capitan, Mrs. F. A. Berry and daughter, Jean of Fort Stanton and Miss Charlotte Rice of Lincoln, were here last Friday to attend the meeting of the Carrizozo Woman's Club, returning in the evening.

Aermotor Windmills, ready for construction. Save time, avoid delay and buy the best at the Western Lumber Co. tf

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler, Miss Lois Snyder and Prof. J. M. Helm, left Sunday morning for Carlsbad, where they visited the Carlsbad Cave and returned Wednesday. They report a splendid trip and a wonderful experience in viewing the cave.

If you are looking for real quality in Silk Hosiery ask for Kaynor or Allen A Brand and you will not be disappointed. Ziegler Brothers

FOR SALE.—Frying sized spring chickens at 75 cents and \$1.00 apiece. See W. T. Sterling.

The Misses Esther Woods and Elva Brower, the young ladies who taught in our schools the last term, left Saturday. Miss Woods for her home at Wooster, Ohio and Miss Brower for her home at South English, Iowa. They journeyed together as far as Kansas City, where they separated. After spending the vacation period at home, Miss Woods will go to the Panama Canal, where she has signed a contract for the next school term, but Miss Brower, who has many opportunities, has as yet signed no contracts.

For the best fresh vegetables and fresh fruits, Ziegler Brothers are headquarters.

Miss Evelyn French came home Monday from Alamogordo, where she had been teaching at the Alamo schools and will remain at home for the major portion of the vacation period. Miller French will arrive home tomorrow from the state college and the family will be united for the summer season.

Miss Jewel Townsend is the new clerk in the office of W. W. Stadtman. Mr. Stadtman now has two clerks, the Misses Morn Ferguson and Jewel Townsend.

B. L. Stimmel is at Hot Springs and will remain for two weeks to take a series of baths for his rheumatism.

Mrs. C. B. Scott, sons, Charles and Ben and Mrs. Eva Coldren came over from Roswell Monday, remained for the day and returned in the evening. Mrs. Coldren has been in Mexico for the past two years and is here on a business visit, after which she will return to Mexico to join her son, Samuel, who is superintending a large mining corporation in the interior of that country.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. James, Attorney Hudspeth, Joe Bickman, and Chas. Cree took a pleasure trip to the Mescalero, Ruidoso regions and the Indian Reservations last Sunday. Mr. Bickman is a native of Michigan, where lakes and rivers abound, and it seems strange to see what we call rivers here, when they are only spoken of as rivulets 'way up in northern Michigan, where big bodies of water with gamey fish can be found on every hand.

Enchiladas and Hot Tamales

Mrs. Saturnino Chavez will serve Enchiladas and Hot Tamales at her home on the East Side Saturday from 5:30 until 9 p. m. The public is cordially invited. Come.

Messrs. Johnson and Cobb were visitors at this place from Ancho the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hightower, children, and John Fageros came through here Tuesday, en route to the Littleton Canyon near Nogal, where John will do some assessment work on some mining property and will remain there about 4 weeks. Bryan and family came back after leaving John at his claims until his assessment work is finished.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Blaney, Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Burns of Three Rivers will leave Sunday morning for Elephant Butte Dam, where after viewing the dam and doing some fishing for several days, they will go to Hot Springs and visit with old friends formerly of Carrizozo. They expect to be absent about eight days.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Clary were here from their claim near Gran Quivira last Saturday to consult Dr. Shaver concerning an accident Mr. Clary had a few days ago. He was working with a scraper when the horses became frightened at some object in the field and started on a brisk run, Mr. Clary fell, his left foot falling under the scraper, which cut a deep gash in his leg just above the ankle. Dr. Shaver attended to his injured leg and they returned home in the afternoon.

J. M. Beck and Ben Sanchez of the Ziegler Brothers' Store will leave Sunday morning for State College and will return Monday, accompanied by Mr. Beck's son, Marshall, who will finish his first term at college this week and will remain at home for the vacation period.

The Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Church will give a dance at Weimora Hall, Saturday, June 4. The admission fee will be 50 cents, with refreshments free. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Sherwood Corn was here this week from his sheep ranch across the Malpais. He said his sheep were doing nicely in spite of the recent dry spell.

Flores Zumwalt came in this week from Malaga, N.M., where he had been teaching school for the past term. Flore likes Malaga and has signed a contract to teach at that place for the coming fall and winter term. He tells of his uncles, Lute and R. C. Skinner, who are doing nicely in the lower valley, having taken up farming and cotton raising. He will remain at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Zumwalt until shortly before school begins.

Mrs. O. W. Bamberger and son, Billy, will arrive here next Monday to visit for several weeks with Mrs. Bamberger's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lutz and sister, Belle. The Bambergers like Amarillo, Texas, where they have resided since leaving here three years ago.

Assistant Highway Engineer Kelly came in Wednesday and accompanied by Road Foreman Chas. Gray, inspected the late work of reconstructing and surfacing on the highway between here and Corona.

Mrs. Chas. F. Grey has been ill for the past week, but her condition is remarkably improved at this writing.

FOR SALE.—Round White Frost Refrigerator for \$15 00. C. D. Mayer

Carrizozo Lodge No. 39 I. O. O. F., is preparing for a big meeting next Tuesday night, when two candidates will receive the First Degree after which a luncheon will be served, followed by a smoker. All Odd Fellows are urged to be present. John Harkey, N. G. Wm. J. Langston, Sec'y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gallacher, daughter, Jane and mother, Mrs. Jane Gallacher, came down from their Indian Tank ranch last Thursday and attended the High School Commencement exercises at the Crystal Theatre.

Forest Supervisor O. Fred Arthur and Supervisor Wilson from the main office at Albuquerque, were here Wednesday and passed on to the Gallinas forest station, on an inspection trip. After looking over the affairs in the Gallinas district, these gentlemen will visit other districts such as the White Mountain and Sacramento, before Mr. Wilson returns to Albuquerque.

W. D. Crabtree, live-wire business man and dealer in builders' supplies, came over from Socorro last Saturday and accompanied by his old friend and former neighbor, E. H. Sweet of the Carrizozo Eating House, visited the Eagle Creek Club, remained over Sunday and returned Tuesday. He left for home yesterday in order to be present at the closing exercises of the school in which his youngest daughter is one of the graduates.

New Wool Clip

The first movement of the new wool crop came in yesterday morning, when Frank Maxwell sent in 200 sacks of wool and stored them in the Trading Company building. The sacks averaged 800 pounds each—this will be followed by other consignments and the entire clip will be stored here, awaiting the arrival of eastern buyers after which it will be shipped to points in the east, presumably Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Abeyta and daughters moved from here to Capitan this week, leaving Wednesday. Mrs. Abeyta has been residing here so that her daughters could finish the school term before making the change. Mr. Abeyta has a position at the Titaworth General Store where he has been in Mr. Titaworth's

ZIEGLER BROS. Cooper & Wilson Knit Athletics for Hot Weather COOPER and WILSON KNIT ATHLETICS are as Cool as a Cotton bathing suit. The fine knit fabric Absorbs and Evaporates perspiration quickly. 85c to \$1.50

Coming Soon An Exhibit of Charming MODEL FROCKS for Every-Day Wear—Easy and Inexpensive to Make Shown in the GENUINE Peter Pan FABRICS THESE lovely frocks will show you just how "Peter Pan" fabrics make up into the most attractive kind of wash frocks—long-wearing, sparkling in color, and proof against weather, wear, and wash. They will give you just the ideas you want for making up your own Spring and Summer wardrobe. Genuines "Peter Pan" Fabrics come in a wide variety of modish colors and fascinating Parisian-created designs, and all carry this ironclad guarantee. "We will replace any garment made of Genuine Peter Pan if it fades."

Novelty Men's Hosiery FINE ALL-SILK LISLE and RAYON MIXTURES; TWO-TONE EFFECT. in Popular CHECKS and FANCY STRIPES—STUNNING STYLES—65c, 75c and \$1 the pair ZIEGLER BROTHERS "UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS" ESTABLISHED in 1886

"Ye Pastor" Passes Through Paul Dodge, editor and "pastor" of the Tucumcari News, paid the Outlook a pleasant visit last Saturday, on his way to Eagle Creek, where he spent last Saturday night and on Sunday, attended the big railroad picnic at Alamogordo. He was accompanied by Trainmaster J. P. Nash of the Tucumcari Division, and the two made the trip in Paul's car which bore the following lettering: "The Tucumcari News." Paul is one of the newspaper men who never miss an opportunity to advertise for, like all men of the profession, he knows the value of the name. Come again, Paul, we were certainly glad to see you. ABOVE ALL—Teach the children to Save; ECONOMY Is the sure foundation for all virtues. —Victor Hugo. Try First National Service Carrizozo N. Mexico. GENUINE NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS AN UNUSUAL GIFT WHICH WILL LAST A LIFETIME