

OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY

A. P. Jones is authority for the following story which almost baffles the strongest imagination. A certain ranchman had a tall, raw-boned rooster which he decided to kill, and he was so wild that he had to wait for him to go to roost in order to catch him. Securing his prey, he took him to the yard, but instead of chopping off his head, he performed the old-fashioned act of wringing the neck of the rooster. He dropped to the ground, flopped a few times and seemingly passed out. The rancher took out his pocket knife and cut his jugular vein to let him bleed. He then went into the house, read the evening paper, and went out to get his kill. As he went to pick said rooster up he let out a shrill "c-a-w" and scampered away, crawling under the barn. Thinking he would die in a short time, the rancher went to the house. On returning with a lantern, he found the rooster was gone. The next morning he was out with the flock, with his head to one side, and there were no feathers on his neck. A person could hear him breathe through the mutilated gash in his throat. But there he was, after licking all of the other roosters, and was strutting proudly around with all the admiring hens in the flock following him as if to say "My Hero."

Three dove hunters, while hunting in the canyons of the White mountains last week, stopped to rest and refresh themselves on the side of a hill so as to be near a watering place, where doves gather every evening before going to roost. One of the men noticed a queer looking boulder and with the aid of one of his chums, removed the rock, behind which was a hole large enough to admit a man's body. Crawling in, they found a large room, which had at some distant day been occupied by a human being. There were three rooms in all. In the front room, they found an excavation in the wall which at one time had served as a bed. In one corner was the decayed remains of an old saddle and at a touch, it turned to dust. They also found old cooking utensils, but like the saddle, they fell to nothingness at being molested. The frame of an old picture still hung on the wall, but so dim that no traces of what it ever was, were discernible. The fireplace where the occupant cooked his meals is still there, but there was nothing to show who the strange creature was who made this lonesome place his home. "Dust to Dust."

People who are superstitious about black cats may profit by this story. Miss Dorothy Harris of St. Louis, awakened one night last week to find a burglar standing by her bedside. "Don't move, or I'll shoot," the thief whispered. Her pet cat, as an black as Egyptian night, made a spring for the burglar and clawed at his throat. The thief dropped his gun and made for the open window, while the young lady screamed for help. The thief escaped without loot of any kind. Moral: Don't put out the cat when you turn out the light, girls.

"Blue Eagles" Orchestra at White Oaks, Saturday, Sept. 30.

LYRIC THEATRE

R. A. Walker, Owner

—Friday-Saturday-Sunday—
Geo. O'Brien in "Smoked Lightning" and "Torchy Rolls His Own." COMING—Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, News Reel featuring the Golden State Limited Disaster near Tucumcari.

Meeting of Woman's Club

The first meeting of the Woman's Club for the coming year took place at the home of Mrs. Roy Shafer. A large crowd was present and all members seemed eager to get back into harness after the summer months of idleness. Our new president, Miss Ella Brickley, gave a short address, promising to fill the chair to the best of her ability, and expressing the hope that all would continue to work together harmoniously. After finishing the usual routine, attention was called to the convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which meets in Albuquerque Oct. 12, 13 and 14. Meses. Fred Boughner and Geo. Titworth were elected delegates; Meses. Spencer and Paul Mayer, alternates.

Mrs. Paul Mayer, having the program in charge, "Our Past Presidents," presented it in a unique way. Mrs. Lemon, entering with an old photograph album, sang "Memories," with Mrs. Kelley accompanying at the piano; Mrs. Lemon seating herself, was joined by Mrs. Paul Mayer and while they chatted together and turned the leaves of the album, here and there they would discover pictures of the presidents in their youthful days. As each was recognized and the person discussed, the audience was given a glimpse of the picture by a substituting young lady standing within a frame. The costumes were supposed to reflect the fashion of the times. Next, passing in review, came the presidents, as we know them today. The club was interested in Mrs. McDonald's lovely gown—the same she wore at the inaugural ball when Mr. McDonald was governor of New Mexico.

When Mrs. Ulrich's name was called, our only lost president, an empty frame was shown. Mrs. Kelley softly played "The Rosary." Mrs. Stadtman was the one absent president and here again a vacant frame was seen, but this time the tune from the piano by Mrs. Kelley, "We'll be Loving You Always," rang out joyously. With Mrs. Snow at the piano, Mrs. Don English, in her usual charming manner, sang a characteristic darkey melody, "Water Boy." Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess and her assistants, Meses. Young, Lovelace, Snyder, Glassmire, Misses Thelma White and Ella Brickley.

Fish Supper at Community Hall, Sept. 29, 1933

BE SURE and attend the Fish Supper at the Community Hall on Friday, Sept. 29, at 6 p. m. that will be given by the Rainbow Girls.

The menu given to Ye Editor will be tomato juice cocktail, hash with tartar sauce, cabbage slaw salad, scalloped potatoes, hot rolls, apple or lemon pie, and coffee or tea. Oh, Boy! Some feast and only 40c. Children under 10, 25c.

Time Is Up



Carrizozo Splits Twin Bill

Last Sunday at the local ball park, after Carrizozo had their game with Socorro well on ice with a 7 to 2 score, the "Rio Grandes" rallied strong in the 8th and 9th innings and nosed out Carrizozo 8 to 7. It was a bitter surprise to our boys—but then, anything can happen in a game of baseball. "Red" Huffmeyer had the Socorro-ites well on check until those fatal innings when our boys made some costly miscues which cost them the game.

In the second game, with Andres Lueras pitching airtight ball, Carrizozo headed the Alamogordo-Tularosa team a sound walloping by the one-sided score of 21 to 3. Lupe Flores and their other pitcher tried hard to stop the onslaught of our big guns, but their efforts were futile. Whitis, Tony Peres, Walt LaFlair and Sally Ortiz did very damaging work with the stick. The new man on first, Coach Detloff, Adolpho Sanchez, Manuel and Polo Ortiz, outfielders, took care of their berths in great style.

Dewey Stokes umpired. We'll trounce Socorro next time.—Watch us! The team goes to Socorro next Sunday and "Red" Huffmeyer says he'll flop their ears across the Rio Grande. We're with you, Red, old boy!

White Oaks Notes

The Friday evening Bridge Club met at the home of Miss Ida Cleghorn last week, with Miss Ida as hostess and the low scores entertaining the highs. At the close of the entertainment, dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. L. E. Hunt entertained at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Verda Coe, Meses. Ellen Whitwell and Dorothy Queen, whose birthdays fell on that date. Miss Dorothy Brill of Arabela, Mesdames Ed Queen, Lawrence Queen, Barney Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wells were present. Mr. Wells came all the way from Capitan in order to be present at the above entertainment.

Miss Dorothy Brill of Arabela is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Florence Ward, this week.

Mesdames P. C. St. John and Marshall St. John returned last night from El Paso, where the former had been receiving treatment for an eyesight ailment for the past few days.

Oscura Notes

Sunday, a group of young people went for a horseback ride. The following members made the trip—Miss Arnold, Al-edine Wettstein, Nettie and Lillian Brown and Jack Brazel. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Loudon were chaperons. They went to the ranch across the Malpais and had dinner cooked by the cow-boys. (They are good cooks, too.) In the afternoon they were joined by Carroll Johnson and Tom Parker. This jolly crowd explored the sunken holes on this side of the Malpais.

Orville Luttrell left for Griffin Saturday.

Lillian Brown returned home from Three Rivers last Thursday.

Ross McDonald returned to his ranch near Carthage last Saturday.

Sam Dillard and Dan Loudon left for Carrizozo on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kent arrived home this week from Chicago, where they attended the World's Fair.

Miss Bessie Brown, who is attending high school in Carrizozo visited her parents here for the past week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ward were Carrizozo visitors Wednesday.

The Election

Tuesday resulted as was expected. Repeal in this county as well as in other parts of the state, went over big. Below we are giving the total vote with the different majorities. The vote was light and the election boards worked from 9 to 6 without compensation. In precinct A, the chairman paid for dinners for the workers, much to the disgrace of the great state of New Mexico, which with its high-salaried officials, could not pay for services, neither was there any provision for even a meal for one worker at the polls. Following is the total vote in the county:

Repeal:	For	Against	Majority
	1119	231	888
Amend-ment			
No. 1,	1077	304	773
No. 2,	863	518	345
No. 3,	418	1047	733
No. 4,	787	806	181
Local			
Option 1020	192	828	

FAIR NOTES

1—Corona, Capitan and Carrizozo will have on hand boys' and girls' basketball teams and track teams. Hondo will bring their track team, but will be unable to furnish basketball teams. Tularosa has been invited to participate with their basketball teams.

2—There will be a horseshoe pitching contest.

3—The usual prize for the best decorated car or truck will be awarded.

4—Prof. Koogler of Corona will be in charge of the School Field Events.

5—This year the plan of school events will be changed. The superintendents have agreed that school will not participate against school. Teams will be chosen from all students present and will contest as before. Ribbons will be given the winning teams; these teams may consist of students from any or all the schools of the county. The winners in the various events will have their names inscribed on a plaque that will be hung in the Community Hall and will be a permanent record for all time.

6—Iggy Mulcahy of Albuquerque, a registered referee, will referee the ball games and assist Mr. Koogler in the field.

7—All schools of the county will be officially invited to participate in the athletic and school exhibits.

8—It is the plan of those who are directing affairs in the United States that all people buy the things they can afford and proceed in the usual way in order to assist to break up what we call the "Depression." Chicago has demonstrated what can be done along this line and we believe that Lincoln County will see one of the best if not the best events of its kind we have yet had. All are invited to assist that this may be accomplished.—Committee.

High School Notes

We seem to be starting the new school year right for our enrollment has reached a total of 121, with more enrolling almost daily. The Post Graduates were the first class to entertain the assembly this year. Last week they presented a varied musical program enjoyed by one and all. The Seniors are next on the list and from all appearances we may expect something equally as good from them.

Because so little interest has been shown in football, Mr. Groce decided that what we lacked was a knowledge of the game. So the other day he brought Mr. Detloff into the assembly to tell us how to be good spectators. It was an interesting and worthwhile talk and all of us should know more about the game now.

Have you seen some of the Freshmen limping about town? If you have, you have probably noticed the grins of the upper classmen, too. And little wonder, for the Frosh were initiated in the art of carrying rocks to build our school letter. In a short while we will be able to see a huge "C" shining from Willow Hill. Don't forget the dance tonight by the football boys. It bids fair to give everyone a splendid time.

Tucumcari Train Wreck at Lyric Theatre, Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.

PERSONALS

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Don English, that the F. A. English family will return about Sunday from Chicago, where they have been attending the Century of Progress.

Mrs. Ola C. Jones, County School Supt., made a trip to the Ruidoso Monday, delivered supplies to the schools, stayed over to vote and returned to her duties Wednesday.

Father Brady delivered his illustrated lecture, "The Seven Cities of Cibola," to a packed house at Baca's Hall last Saturday night. The lecture was very interesting and Father Brady favored his audience with two beautiful Spanish songs, accompanying himself on the piano, and also with two Indian songs, to the weird music of the tom-tom. The proceeds derived from this lecture will be used for the benefit of the Santa Rita school. Margarita Martinez and Lucillo Vidaurri were awarded prizes for being the girl and boy to sell the most tickets.

E. M. Brickley, Cashier of the First National Bank and daughter Ruth have returned from Chicago, where they attended the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Poage were visitors in town this Monday from Ancho.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Rentfrow of their ranch beyond the Malpais, spent Sunday here.

Supreme Judge A.H. Hudspeth of Santa Fe spent several days here this week, attending to legal matters and visiting his many Carrizozo friends.

Deputy Hubert Reynolds returned the latter part of last week from Tulia, Texas, where he was called as a witness in the trial of Ed (Perchmouth) Stanton, who was charged with the murder of the sheriff of Swisher County, Texas. Stanton was sentenced to the electric chair.

Dr. F. H. Johnson returned this week from Chicago, where he spent about two weeks as a business visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mayer of Hollywood, N. M., were the guests of Paul's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Mayer for a day the first of the week, on their return trip from Chicago, where they attended the World's Fair.

Mrs. J. Tom White and daughter Thelma of White Oaks were business visitors in town last Saturday.

"Perchmouth" Given Death Penalty

Ed "Perchmouth" Stanton was convicted of murder and sentenced to death at Tulia, Texas, last Saturday night for the shooting of Sheriff Moseley of that place last January. The jury deliberated about three hours. Counsel for Stanton indicated he would petition for a new trial. Stanton, a former convict, denied he killed Moseley, placing the blame upon his companion, Glenn Hunsucker, who was slain near Ramon last July in a gun battle with Sheriff McCamant and his deputies. Stanton surrendered the next day and was turned over to Texas authorities.

The Everlasting Whisper

CHAPTER XI—Continued
—19—

By Jackson Gregory

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She went ahead and began to clamber down the cliffs. Half-way down she wondered why he was not following. She looked up just in time to see him, standing at the mouth of the cave, clutching a heavy bag; he had been tying the mouth of it. Now he cast it outward so that it fell, rolling and dropping to disappear at last in the snow-bank below. And then he began, though hesitantly, to follow her.

"That's one thing Mark King won't get," he announced with emphasis. At last he stood beside her in the snow. "That bagful is mine! There's a fortune in it, and it's mine."

His aversion designated her. Just now the thought of gold sickened.

"We are wasting time," she reminded him.

He followed her to the cave, casting a last look behind him. Gloria was trying to put out the fire; if ill fortune should lead Brodie's crowd here, it would be just as well if they found no smoldering sticks to tell them that the fugitives could not be far off. She called to Gratton to help her.

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully. "I'd better bring that bag in here and hide it."

"No," she said. "Leave it where it is. We must hurry back to the other cave."

But he grew stubborn over it. Heedless of her expostulations, he left her extinguishing the fire and went back for the gold. He appeared, dragging the heavy sack after him, and disappeared swiftly, going into the deeper dark of the farther end of the cave. What a treacherous, thieving, petty animal he was!

She started and whirled about. There was a new sound in the air, a low murmur, a vague murmur. Men's voices! Her first thought was of King; then she knew that it was too soon for him to have gotten out of the mountain, found assistance, and returned.

Gloria whirled again, this time toward the dark into which Gratton had gone. Blindly she hurried after him; clutched at his sleeve.

"Listen!" she whispered. "They are outside. They have followed you!"

The voices came nearer, rose higher. Gratton began to shake as with a terrible chill.

"If they find me—oh, my G—d, if they find me—they killed a man they thought had the bacon—I had it all the time! My G—d, Gloria, if they find me—"

"Sh—!" she commanded. "Be still! Maybe they will go by—"

Two or three men out there were speaking at once; then all were silent. The silence lasted so long that Gloria began to breathe again. Surely, surely Brodie and his men had gone—

Then again came Brodie's deep, sinister voice:

"Back this way, boys," he shouted. "He's gone in here. We've trapped the dirty white rat!"

Gratton had been left to his own devices. Would he have stood stock still where he was, frozen to the ground in terror. Gloria tugged at him, whispering over and over: "They are coming! Don't you hear them? Quick! We must try to hide."

At last he seemed to awaken from a trance. He started and began hurrying with her, crowding by her, stumbling on ahead in the darkness, seeking the cave's unfathomed depths of darkness. Gloria, looking back, saw Brodie's great bulk outlined against the snow outside. He came in, she saw his rifle. His figure was absorbed in the shadows. She saw other men following him; how many she did not know. She had bumped into a wall of rock.

They could go no farther. This was the end. Brodie shouted: "Gratton! Hyster step out lively like a man now. We got you anyway!" Then he began to gather the scattered crowd; a match flared in his hand, his face leaped out of the dark like a devil's. Gloria's heart sank in despair; she felt as though she were going to faint.

But all the time her hands had been groping. At the moment when she felt that her knees were giving way under her, she found where an arm of the cave continued, narrow, slanting upward steeply, cluttered with blocks of stone. She tugged at Gratton's sleeve; she crept into this place and felt him close behind her, crowding, trying to press by her. She gave way briefly, felt him scrape past, and began crawling, following. A few feet further on they came to the end of the tunnel. They were in a pocket with no outlet save the way they had come. She stood, turned toward the front of the cave, and waited.

"Get a fire going, boys," Brodie's rumbling bass was calling. "The little skunk's run to a hole; we'll smoke him out."

Brodie lit his fire. The other men—duly she counted them now; there were five of them all told—were gathering wood, heaping it on. The light flared higher, brighter. She could see the faces of the men now, their eyes reflecting the fire, looking like the eyes of wolves. Brodie carried his rifle as though he fully intended using it. At his side a man they called Benny winked and blinked. By Benny stood a scarecrow of a man, Brazil. Close by, across a squat Italian and the man who had brought the "judge" to marry her to Gratton, the leering Steve Jarrod.

"More fire, boys," called Brodie. "I think I see where he is."

It appeared clear that immediate discovery was inevitable. Gloria thought of King with wild longing, while Gratton cringed and tried to screen his body with her.

"Here's the grub he stole!" It was Benny's cracked, nervous voice, full of wrath.

The light of the fire flared higher, brighter. Suddenly the man Jarrod called sharply:

"There's some one with him. There's two of 'em, Brodie. Go easy!"

"I don't care how many's with him or who they are," Brodie bellowed. "The grub-stealing thief has got his coming to him. Step out, you lily-livered sneak, and take your medicine."

Gloria pressed back against the rock, her flesh quivering. She saw two men and then another two coming toward her. The first sound broke from Gratton's lips now, a little gurgling moan. Then Gloria, with more shuddersome thought of rough hands upon her than of a rifle ball, broke away from her covering companion and came hastily to meet them.

"I'm coming out," she cried.

It was all that she could do to hold herself erect and come back into the



"Back This Way, Boys," He Shouted. "He Has Gone In Here. We've Trapped the Dirty White Rat."

more open cave. In the flickering half-light she looked a slim frightened boy.

"All of a sudden the woods is getting all cluttered up with folk," grunted Benny. "Who in blazes are you, kid? Ap' where's your mamma?"

A shout broke from Jarrod. He clutched her shoulder and drew her closer to him, his face thrust down to hers.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Easy does it," said Jarrod. "Easy—kid! I'm of a notion I've seen that face of yours somewheres."

"Never mind the kid," Brodie was growling savagely. "It's Gratton first. Out with him, Benny."

The others bore down upon Gratton. He shrieked at them; he begged shrilly; he battered them with his fists, striking weak, vain blows. Benny, though the smaller man, had him by the collar.

"So," said Brodie heavily.

Gratton began an incoherent pleading, arrested impatiently by Brodie's great voice.

"Shut up! You've had your innings; it's mine now. You swiped grub when it's the same thing as slitting a man's gullet. Now you get yours!"

He jerked up his rifle. Benny and the Italian let Gratton go and jumped nimbly aside. Gratton stumbled and sagged.

"Stop!" Gloria shrieked. She broke away from Jarrod's grasp and ran toward Brodie. "You don't know what you are doing. You—"

"Close your trap, kid," Brodie thundered at her. "Unless you want the second bullet."

"Easy does it, Brodie," Jarrod shouted. "She ain't no kid, I tell you. She's a girl. That's Ben Gaylor's girl, the one Gratton wanted to marry, the one King took away from him. Keep your eye peeled; King would be around somewheres."

Brodie said ponderously, "Ben Gaylor's girl, you say? Then we're red hot on the right trail, boys! You know what her and King would be after!"

"The gold is here, Brodie!" Gratton cried out wildly. "King had got to it before us, but I've found it. I was coming back to tell you—"

Brodie had small liking for a sward and now his bull's voice cut Gratton's chatter short.

"No solid mountain of gold is going to save your hide—"

Benny began to jig up and down in a frenzy of excitement.

"Hold your hand, Brodie, you big fool," he shouted. "If he does know where it is, give him a show to lead us to it. Before King gets back. If you popped him off now, how would we know where to look?"

"So's you keep your lying face closed I'll give you one show. Step lively; where is it?"

Gratton turned and sped toward the spot where he had hid the gold. Brodie, his rifle shifting in his hands, leaped after him. Gratton was down on his hands and knees, scratching among the loose stones like a dog digging for a buried bone. Brodie put a heavy hand on his shoulder and jerked him back, hurling him to one side. Thus it was Brodie who found the bag and dragged it forward to the fire, dumping its contents on the ground. All rushed forward and snatched up bits of the ore that had rolled from the sack; one of them shouted in wonder; another seized the nugget from his hands; they all talked at once.

Gloria had stood powerless to move. Now she saw that in their flush of excitement no one was looking toward her. She began slowly, silently, edging toward the side of the cave, toward the way out. Her one thought was to dart out and hurry up the cliff to come to the hiding place of which Mark King had told her.

"I never see such gold, and me an old-timer in the mines." It was Steve Jarrod muttering. "This was broke off the mother lode. Oh, my Gawd!"

Gloria made another quiet step—and another. Still no one saw her. Another step; she went quicker; their backs were toward her. And still no one saw. Yes, Gratton alone had seen. He watched her with bulging eyes. She could read his thought so plainly: he was screwing up his courage to make a dash for the open himself. His eyes followed her step by step. Oh, if only he would look in some other direction! If any one of them saw Gratton's telltale face—

Then Gratton began a slow withdrawal from the others; he meant to do as he saw her doing.

Gloria tasted the clean fresh outside air; she was within three paces of the line of snow. Then there was a sudden noise; Gratton, inching off backward, had stumbled over a dead stick. The men by the fire were startled out of their oblivion. She made a dash for the exit. In two great strides Jarrod was upon her and had caught her by the shoulders, dragging her back. And Gratton stood again, his feet glued to the ground.

"Trying to make a sneak for it!" boomed Brodie. "I'll show you—"

"Not yet, Brodie, you big fool!" yelled Benny. "This is only a sackful. He's got to show us where this come from."

Gratton pointed to Gloria with shaking finger.

"King found it first. She was with him. I made her show me the sack of gold. I was going to go back to your camp, to tell you—"

"Cut it," commanded Brodie. "Leave out the lie and talk straight and fast. Where is the rest of it? Where did this come from?"

"I'm trying to tell you," said Gratton hurriedly. "There's—there's another cave; up above. That's where King had his camp; that's where I got this sack. It's up there—"

"No wonder she wanted to skip out," jeered Steve Jarrod. "Where's King all this time?" he demanded. "Up in the other cave, maybe?"

"No," Gloria said dimly, seeking to jerk away from his evil glance and whisky-laden breath. "He has gone—"

"That's good; let him go. We don't care, do we? Eh, girls? But gone where?"

"We were short of food—he is hunting—maybe he has gone for help—"

"And you showed Gratton where he hid his gold? That's a nice little shrewd trick, ain't it? Well, while the shrewd's good, lead us to the rest of it!"

Gratton, grown pliable, darted ahead with Brodie always close at his heels. Gloria, forced on by Jarrod, came next, and after them the others. They made the climb safely and hastened into the upper cave eagerly.

"It's somewheres back there," said Gratton.

"More fire," shouted Brodie. He tossed on an armful of dry wood; the flames caught and roared; shadows quivered and danced. Already Benny was at the far end of the cave; the others ran after him. Even Jarrod relinquished Gloria's arm, eager to be in at the finding. But he called to her as he went:

"You stick where you are. I'm not forgetting you this time."

Fascinated, she watched them. They ran like blood-lusting dogs that had briefly lost their quarry, that were seeking everywhere, in every cranny, with slavering jaws. They turned aside into side-pockets of the main cavern; they got torches and looked high and low; they went back and forth, up and down; they stumbled against one another and cursed angrily; they caught up bits of stone, ran back to the fire to see if the fragments were shot with gold; cursed and hurled the useless things from them, and ran back again, to jostle and seek and be first; they were not so much like dogs now as human hogs, fighting to get first into the trough.

But they did not forget Gratton, and they did not forget Gloria. No escape now was possible.

For an hour they sought tirelessly. Their torches burned out; the smoke choked them; they coughed and cursed, came out for fresh air, dived into the dark again. The shadest day was passing; the entering light, where they had torn the canvas aside, grew dimmer. And still they searched.

"Shut up!" Brodie cried disgustedly.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, C. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for September 24

REVIEW: SOME EARLY LEADERS OF ISRAEL

GOLDEN TEXT—Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Ephesians 6:10.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Friends. From God's Book.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Some Heroes of God's Book.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Lekvens Erom Great Leaders. **YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—What Makes a Great Leader?

For senior and adult classes, two methods are suggested.

First—The grouping of the men and women as leaders.

The material of this lesson is adapted from the Lutheran lesson commentary.

1. The Military Leaders (Lessons 1, 2 and 5).

1. Joshua (Lesson 1). He was skillful in military tactics as well as organization. He possessed natural gifts, but his success was due mainly to his obedience to God.

2. Caleb (Lesson 2). As one of the twelve spies, he insisted that by God's help they could possess Canaan.

3. Gideon (Lesson 5). He obeyed God's strange command to reduce his army to 300 men. With them he routed the host of Midian, and made Israel free for about forty years.

11. Women (Lessons 3, 6, and 7).

1. Deborah (Lesson 3). She was called in an emergency and led the people forward to victory.

2. Ruth (Lesson 6). She adopted a new people, a new God, and a new country, with no thought of personal gain. She became the ancestress of David and thus of Christ.

3. Hannah (Lesson 7). In Hannah shines forth ideal motherhood.

111. Prophets (Lessons 4 and 8).

1. Isaiah (Lesson 4). He has the place of first rank among the prophets. He denounced the sins of Israel. Drunkenness was one of the sins which destroyed Israel.

2. Samuel (Lesson 8). He was director-general of Israel while serving as a prophet of God.

IV. Royalty (Lessons 9, 10, 11 and 12).

1. Saul (Lesson 9). He had the anointing of God and the approval of the people. His days were filled with blunders, largely because he trusted and exalted himself rather than God.

2. David (Lesson 10). David came into prominence unexpectedly. He had the inner qualities that God could use for a true king. He brought the scattered tribes under one government, bound together with the bond of one religion.

3. Jonathan (Lesson 11). He is noted for his friendship for David. He was legal heir to the throne, but renounced his right in favor of David.

4. Solomon (Lesson 12). He came to the throne welcomed by a united nation. The idea of building the temple as well as much material for its erection came to him from his father. He built the temple and dedicated it to God, setting forth that its supreme purpose was God's glory.

Second—The Summary Method.

The aim here is to state the leading fact and principal teaching of the several lessons. The following suggestions are made:

Lesson for July 2. Joshua's faith in the promises of God and obedience to the divine command enabled him to carry forward to success the work begun by Moses.

Lesson for July 9. Because Caleb wholly followed the Lord, his strength was preserved.

Lesson for July 16. It was out of the ordinary for God to call a woman to a place of national leadership. Deborah had the good judgment to urge Barak forward.

Lesson for July 23.—Drunkenness and other sins caused Israel's ruin.

Lesson for July 30. Gideon, with a small band of men, routed and destroyed the Midianites because he trusted and obeyed God.

Lesson for August 6. Because Ruth chose to identify herself with the people of God she was abundantly blessed.

Lesson for August 13. Hannah stands out as the ideal godly mother.

Lesson for August 20. Samuel heard the call of God while serving in the capacity in which his mother dedicated him.

Lesson for August 27. Saul shamefully failed because he disobeyed God.

Lesson for September 3. Because David was a man after God's own heart, God used him and blessed him in spite of his sins.

Lesson for September 10. Jonathan is an example of a true friend.

Lesson for September 17. Solomon chose wisdom rather than honor and riches. Because of this God was able to give riches and honor.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The Lord of Glory hungers for your faith and your love.

Let us, who long to set our hands to great things, begin by little.

Tell the things that I purchased the road to Uganda with my life.—James Hannington.

I am in the best of service for the set of masters, and upon the best of terms.—John Williams.

Wit and Humor



HE'D LOST MILLIONS

The girl was very rich; and he was just a poor young man. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are rich, aren't you, Ethel?"

"Yes, Dick, Dad says I'm worth two million dollars, if things turn out as it now looks."

"Will you marry me, Ethel?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Dick, I couldn't do that," she replied.

"I knew you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"I just wanted to be able to say that I had lost two million dollars."

But Just Where?

The class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. Before they began, the teacher gave them a few hints, and among other things he suggested that they might introduce a short paragraph on migration. One child's attempt read as follows. "In winter it is very cold. Many old people die in winter and many birds also go to a warmer climate."

Saving Time

Father—Why were you chasing that Jones boy?
Son—To lick him! He got me mad.
Father—Why didn't you count 20 as I told you?
Son—I did, while I was chasing him!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Right, Anyway

Some gulls were following a steamer, and an Irishman said to his neighbor: "Sure, an' they're a nice flock of pigeons."
"They're not pigeons," said his neighbor; "they're gulls."
"Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a nice flock of pigeons."—London Tit-Bits.

IN THE SAME CLASS



Prospect—An auto is much like a wife.
Salesman—Why?
Prospect—Because when either starts giving you trouble there's no end to it.

Reform Effort

"She married him to reform him," said Miss Cayenne.
"Did she succeed?"
"Not precisely. But she added considerably to his material for repentance."



WOMAN NOW IN PLACE OF 'LADY'

Change Brought About by Machine Age.

When is a lady a lady? Never! says Inez Haynes Irwin in her book, "Angels and Amazons."

There are no ladies; there are only women in the New World, she declares. A lot of aristocracy has gone over the dam since the turn of this century, when ladies were ladies. In the process woman has emerged into a new being.

The title or designation "lady" (a very pretty-sounding word) had many variations of meaning, from that in "Lady, Be Good," to "Lady Dairymple," wife of the lord of that name. "Lady" implied aristocracy, social superiority. In smaller places it implied also refinement or the possession of a certain grace in carriage and dress, or even goodness. It marked off those favored by fortune or nature from those less favored—the rank and file of women. Once women wanted to be ladies. Now ladies would like to be women, in a common cause of emancipation of the sex.

Certainly this implies a fundamental democratization far surpassing

WORTH TRYING

The drama was a thrilling one, but a talkative young man had seen it before. In an audible voice he announced what was coming next and described how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her.

At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems."

A middle-aged man sat just in front. He twisted himself in his seat and glared.

"Young man," he said, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?"

In Luck's Way

"Look here," stormed Brown to the estate agent, "about that river-side bungalow you sold me."

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked the agent.

"Wrong! Wrong!" exclaimed Brown. "The other morning we woke up and found that the beastly place had floated two miles down the river."

"H'm," said the agent blandly enough, "that's a good stroke of luck. The taxes are much lower down there."

NOT HOPING FOR MUCH



"Ever expect to get on easy street?"

"Maybe as a sweeper or something."

No Cure

"So you are just back from a tour round the Azores," said Hayes. "I understand the voyage has cured you of insomnia?"

"Completely," exclaimed Hayes. "Wonderful!" said the cruiser.

"It must be a great relief."

The cruiser nodded agreement. "Relief! I should just say it was," he replied. "Why, nowadays I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."

Prudence

"Sometimes it is wise to say nothing."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It may enable one to avoid betraying the fact that one has nothing to say."

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

R	A	B	B	I	T	C	A	B	A
C	D	E	L	V	E	E	L	A	T
O	R	N	O	N	N	O	N	E	L
M	A	R	T	R	U	S	T	E	D
B	R	I	C	T	Y	O	U	R	
A	E	S	O	F	U	N	E	V	
T	R	E	L	L	I	S	S		
I	O	N	O	R	E				
S	C	R	A	T	I	O	N		
T	O	O	T	S	O	F	S	A	
R	A	G	H	P	S	A	L	M	
A	L	E	H	B	A	T	T	L	
O	F	H	U	R	L	I	T	E	
M	A	R	T	I	N	E	R		

JOIN UP!



Health and Arithmetic

A third-grade class was having a health lesson. The value of abundant rest was thoroughly discussed, and it was decided that children should have no fewer than nine hours of sleep each night.

The discussion ended and the class turned to the study of

THE OUTLOOK

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A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher
Largest Circulation in The County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
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One year, in advance \$2.00

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Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

The Tumble Weed Party

The annual tumble weed party was held one day last week and attended by many important personages of that vast throng. The signal for the gathering was a strong shifting wind. From over the prairies and up in the canyons, they swayed to and fro and finally began the journey which would lead them to the scene of merriment. The older ones led in the march. Next came the middle-aged and finally the children and even the baby-tumble weeds were not to be left behind.

On and on they went until the leader, an old battle-scarred veteran, which had stood the test of the summer's sun and wind, finished his course by rolling, tumbling and at last reaching a high fence, turned and faced his followers. Then the party began. The wind, sweeping down through the canyons and over the plains, furnished the music for the occasion. Father and Mother tumble weeds led in the Grand March, followed by the younger set. The leaders tipped to the tune of the forest winds, making merry with artistic turns and circles as the dance went on. Now and then an over-enthusiastic dancer would stray from the line and as though seeking to introduce some new features in the terpsichorean art. He would squat, raise to his full height, then dance first to the right, then to the left, first daintily tripping lightly on his toes, then entering into a mad frenzy of swirls and gradually yet gracefully, taking his place in the circle of dancers.

All of a sudden, the wind changed. The music which had led the dancers turned into discordant moans. Then the dancers scattered and the tumble weed party closed as the different characters separated and went on to join other scenes and make new acquaintances. With the rolling of the tumble weeds, the melancholy days are near at hand.

Tucumcari Train Disaster at Lyric Theatre, Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.

Has Big Federal Job



A striking photograph of Mrs. Lucille McMullin of Tennessee, who recently took the oath of office as a member of the United States civil service commission.

A natural sleep of three months is credited to a woman in Brazil. Couldn't say good housewife do that if she had time!—Buffalo Evening News.

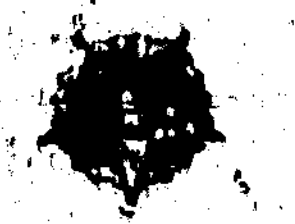
LODGES

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We notice that college professors criticize Walt Disney, creator of "Mickey Mouse" cartoons and animated movies, as being uneducated. Well, he may lack the scholarship of the college profs, being ignorant when it comes to conjugating verbs in Latin or Greek—but he certainly has made a success with his cartoons. And making money with them, too.

FOR SALE—A 25-35 Rifle in good condition. Just the thing for deer hunting.—Lovelace Re-Sale Store.

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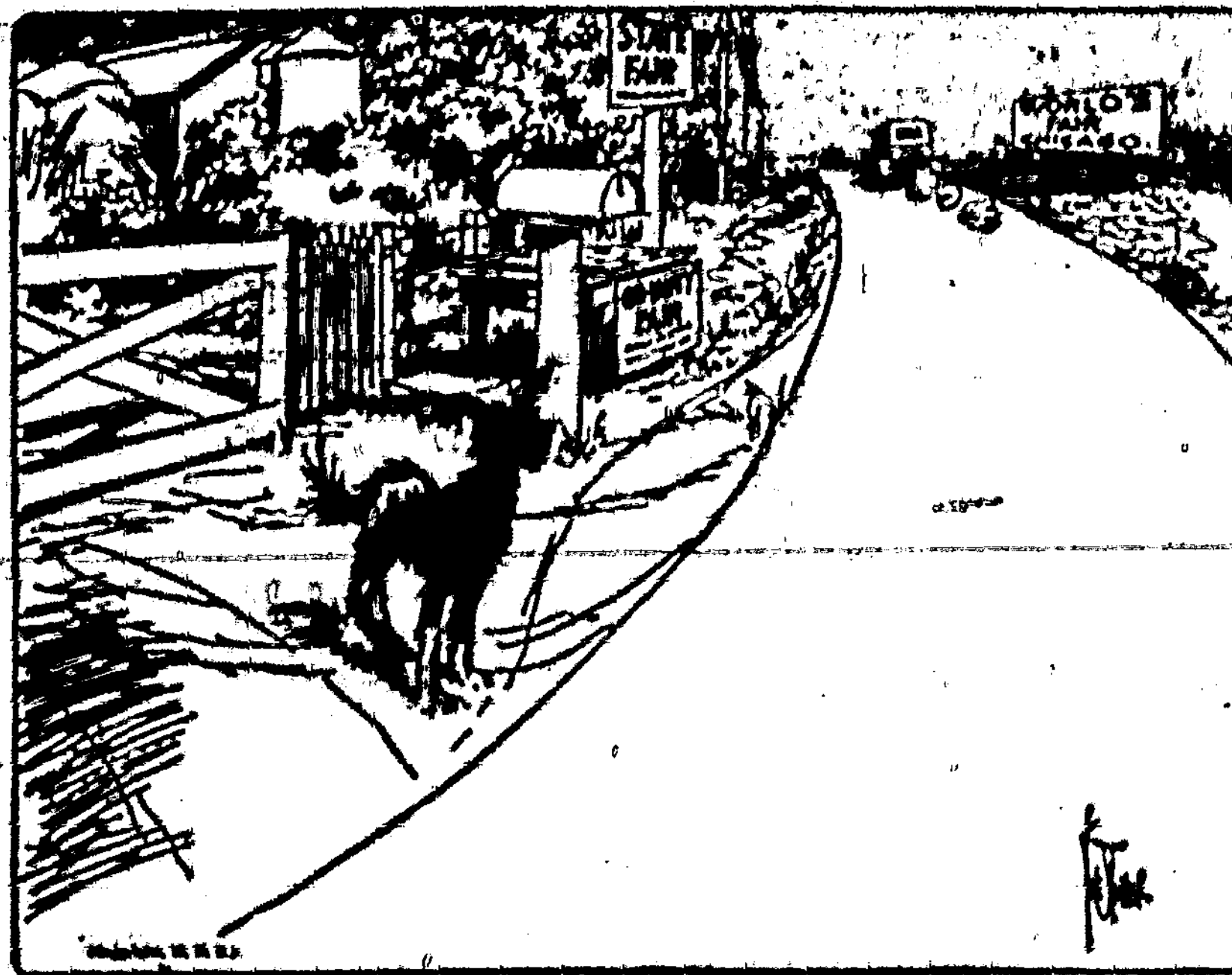
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Mistaken Identity

It is said that an Irish hitch-
 hiker by the name of Pat O'Toole
 was wandering around in a New
 Mexico town some time last
 summer, and he fell unconscious
 on the street. He was quickly
 picked up and hustled to a local
 hospital where it was found that
 he was suffering from an acute
 attack of appendicitis.

A hasty examination was per-
 formed and the diseased appen-
 dix removed. Pat began a
 straightway to improve, but it
 was a couple of days before he
 was hardly conscious of any-
 thing. As soon as his mind be-
 gan to clear, he asked the phy-
 sician what had happened.

"We have delivered you of
 your appendix, Pat," the doctor
 said. "Why — bless me soul, I
 didn't know I had one," Pat
 gasped uncertainly. "Did I
 really have one? I can't believe
 it."

"Yes, the doctor laughed,
 "and it was a big one, too."

Pat stared for a moment in
 horror. He finally caught his
 breath and muttered to himself
 for a moment. He then blinked
 his eyes and blushed as a nurse
 looked toward him. "And you
 say it was a big one? Be Jesus,
 where is it? Where is it now?"

"Oh, it's here, all right," the
 doctor said, chuckling. "It's over
 there in the window, for you're
 must be quiet now, for you're
 a very sick man. We will take
 care of it until you are strong-
 er."

Now the mascot of that par-
 ticular hospital happens to be
 a large monkey with a fine old
 Irish face. This blamed monkey
 goes from room to room and
 visits the patients, and one of
 his favorite tricks is making
 faces at the convalescents. It
 came Pat's time to receive a
 call from the monk.

The doctor had just left the
 room after his talk with Pat
 about his appendix. The wor-
 ried Irishman's curiosity had
 been aroused, and presently he
 turned to see if he could see
 the appendix. In the meantime,
 the monkey had slipped in un-
 observed and climbed up into
 the very window where the doc-
 tor had told Pat his appendix
 was.

Pat's mouth flew open at sight
 of the monkey. The monkey
 made all kinds of faces at Pat,
 and squealed gently at him. Pat
 stared for a full minute in un-
 certainty. Finally he sighed
 and smiled wearily. As the
 monkey squealed loudly at him
 and jumped up and down on the
 window sill, Pat smiled again
 and said: "Don't do that, son.
 You surely don't realize that
 your mother is still a very sick
 man."

□□□□□□

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Scorpion Dogs Mate Around
 When it comes to courting, the male
 of the scorpion family takes the initia-
 tive, picking out his own mate and
 dragging her around until he finds a
 crevice that satisfies him as a dwelling
 place. But once established in a house
 of her own, the wife soon assumes the
 upper hand, in fact, by the time she
 has finished her breakfast in the morn-
 ing there are only a few fragments of
 the male scorpion left as proof that
 she ever had a husband.

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FOR SALE or TRADE—Coal
 Heater in good condition. In-
 quire at this office.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—The farm aid program with respect to wheat now has entered its second phase. It is facing its real test at this time, just as the cotton program faced a real test when the farmers were asked to plow under their growing crop, which has succeeded insofar as gaining the support of the cotton planters is concerned. Secretary Wallace is asking the wheat growers to reduce their acreage for next year's crop, 15 per cent below their average in recent years. It is now distinctly up to them, therefore, if they want to go on through with the allotment plan for which there has been much agitation in congress during the last six or eight years. Contracts are being sent around for the farmers to sign and agree to go through with the plan to boost the price of wheat by controlling the production.

Accompanying this development in our strictly nationalistic program, however, is another of international character. I refer to the agreements recently reached at London whereby a step has been taken to deal with the wheat problem by concert of nations. It can have far more influence than can our program at home if it succeeds, but Washington observers seem to have their fingers crossed until they see some movements abroad indicative of complete sincerity on the part of some of the nations that have signed the London agreement.

The conference at London placed several significant elements into written form. A general understanding was worked out—and signed—that the major wheat importing and exporting countries of the world face the facts of the world wheat problem and agree on a program of action to seek to correct them.

The exporting nations agree to control exports and to adjust production so as to help eliminate the excessive carryovers of wheat.

The wheat importing countries agree to cease further efforts to expand production within their own countries and agree to a policy of gradually removing tariffs and trade barriers as world wheat prices rise.

The countries participating in the conference will establish a joint committee to watch the working out of the plan in its various steps. This committee will meet from time to time and will be responsible for seeing that additional steps are properly taken.

So we have an agreement among all of the nations on a start, and we have our own program well under way. The international understanding is long on promises, and to my way of thinking will be a long while in fulfillment. Our own program, whatever its merit be, is proceeding along quite different and quite definite lines and if the theory be right is dependent for its success upon those who grow the wheat and not upon whims of international politicians and jealousies between nations.

There are so many "ifs" in the international agreement which, after all, hinges upon what the nations themselves do. If all of the signatory nations perform and try to adjust production downward, such as the United States has started to do, and remove tariffs and quotas and other trade barriers, then it is considered as possible that something may come of the conference understanding. But those whom I mentioned as having their fingers crossed are asking whether, for instance, Australia, or the Argentine or Canada, will enforce production control. And, if they don't, then what? Also, what about the situation if Italy, which now has a tariff of \$1.07 (gold) on imported wheat, doesn't cut off some of that amount? Statesmen may sit in a conference and fix things up in a big way, and later their governments have a way of forgetting just what the agreements were, or else find loopholes in them.

I had a letter from one of my readers in central Kansas, asking whether I thought the London agreement would have any effect on the wheat situation this year. My reply was that it would have none and could have none, and I might have added the further thought of my own that it probably never will have much effect, because it is unlikely there will be the necessary concessions by all concerned. If all of the participating nations entered into an international arrangement wholeheartedly, wheat production and wheat prices could be stabilized. There remains, however, that ever recurring "if."

To get back to the domestic plan: Secretary Wallace's decision to cut the acreage 15 per cent next year brings up several questions. Fifteen per cent of what, for example? Let me quote George Farrell, of the agricultural adjustment administration, so there can be a definite statement:

"In many western counties, where drought has prevailed during the last three years, three-year averages are not representative of farmers' production. These counties have favored using county average yields and individual farmers' acreages as the basis for farm allotments. Other growers, however, whose yields are higher than the average and who are able to attest their production, feel that the county

average plan discriminates against them.

"To meet this situation, we have presented to wheat growers a combination plan which is expected to insure determination of fair allotments to all farmers.

"The combination plan provides that in each county, where the combination plan is used, the total production of farmers who submit authentic records with their applications for allotments, will be subtracted from the total production of the county as shown on the official figures in the department of agriculture. Allotments for farmers who do not have proved records will be calculated on the basis of the average yield for the county, less the proved production."

The net result of this all is that farmers can claim their benefit payments on the basis of actual production on their individual farms for the last three, four and five years, if they are able to supply records showing what that production was. This can be done even if the county committee decides to use average county yields and the average acreages of growers as the basis upon which the 15 per cent reduction is to be calculated.

This arrangement applies only to the 1934 crop. There may be more or less than the 15 per cent reduction ordered in the fall of 1934 which will affect the 1935 crop.

On the basis of a theoretically complete sign-up of the farmers and a 15 per cent reduction, there would be approximately 9,000,000 acres now in wheat that would not be planted for harvest next summer. On the same theoretical base of average production, the reduction in wheat grown would be about 124,000,000 bushels.

With wheat prices about where they are now, the income from the current wheat crop is calculated at about \$325,000,000, which is something of a gain over the 1932 return on wheat, which has been figured at \$177,000,000. But if the wheat reduction program goes over, the farmers this fall will receive something in addition to the prices for this year's crop. They are due to receive cash from the processing tax. The Department of Agriculture has figured the tax will yield something like \$120,000,000, and so the total return this year may be as large as \$450,000,000.

Some weeks ago, I reported in these columns that the patronage dam had broken and that plum picking for office holders was going on full speed ahead. That was true. It has gone out full speed ahead, but if one may judge from the enormous amount of grumbling, the patronage flood has not gone in that direction that old line Democrats, or many of them, would like to have it go. Indeed, President Roosevelt's appointments have not been pleasing to the bulk of his loyal supporters.

I can report now that things have come to such a pass that between 20 and 30—no one will say just how many—senators have signed a petition asking Mr. Roosevelt to be a little more regular about his appointments. It is not certain that the petition, one of these round robin affairs, ever was sent to the White House, nor is it certain it ever will go to the President if it has not been given to him yet. Nevertheless, it is significant. It shows the feeling.

The truth about the matter is that some old line Democrats, men whose word has been Democratic law for years, are growing nervous over the potentialities in the Roosevelt course. Deep down in their souls, they fear that Mr. Roosevelt is engaged in building up a "Roosevelt party" as distinguished from the Democratic party. They point out that he has played ball with the Norris-LaFollette-Johnson wing of the Republicans, that he has named such men as Secretary Woodin, to the treasury, after Mr. Woodin has spent years in the Republican fold, and Secretary Ickes to the Department of the Interior, after Mr. Ickes had attained absolutely no prominence at all in any partisan way except as a Progressive Republican, and that he has disregarded party recommendations in dozens of cases only to pick men and women who might just as easily be called Republicans as Democrats.

GIVE UP CAREER FOR FARM LIFE

"If I only had a place somewhere in the country just big enough for a cow, a couple of chickens and a row of potatoes, I wouldn't stay in New York five minutes." How many girls who came career-hunting to New York have you heard say that since the depression started?

Some of them are still hankering. A lot of them have gone right back to the farm. And it looks as though they're going to stay there.

Phil Stong, literary reporter of the lives and ways of country folk, has watched the phenomenon, and ob-

serves that not one of these feminine travelers away from sky-raped city streets has come back, in his experience, or evinced the slightest desire to return.

Practically all the Greenwich Villagers he used to know, Mr. Stong says, have moved to Connecticut, and they're all getting an awful kick out of their cows and chickens. In western cities titled college girls who a few years ago couldn't bear the sight of a haystack are going back to live with the old folks and liking it. Not many have come back to his own home town in Iowa. But that, he says, is because not many girls leave it.

"The point is," Mr. Stong said as he sat in his book-lined apartment overlooking a city street, "when peo-

ple are in trouble they want to get back to the earth as children cry for their mothers in the dark. And I believe both women and men are happier living in the country.

"As a matter of fact," continued the author, "I think the woman working on a farm stands a better chance for happiness than her city sister.

"For one thing, farmers marry early—long before thirty, when definite personalities are set. And early marriages are more likely to be successful.

"Then, too, the wife is a very important personage. The farm couldn't run without her. She has a pleasant sense of power. And she has a definite, regular series of daily functions. Preparing meals (cooking, if there's

no hired girl), candling eggs, making butter, preserving, are all her job. Besides, she has to budget the family expenses and tell Johnny which day he has to help father pitch hay and when to water the pigs."—New York World-Telegram.

Briefly Told

No one needs to learn to sail a boat unless he chooses, but everyone ought to learn something about running himself, for he is launched upon the sea of life.

Teachers needed daily. Public and private schools. Low fees. Central States Teachers Bureau, 913 Broadway, Columbia, Mo.

WNU—M

37—83

PAINTING REVIVAL GRIPS NATION!

"SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FOR ME" IS SLOGAN



NEWSPHOTO FLASHES FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE BRISTLE WITH INTEREST. Unpainted—neglected for years—America has finally awakened to the need of paint. In every section of the country—in every walk of life—painting is the order of this new day. And Sherwin-Williams Paints, famous for quality and low cost, lead the way in the nation's biggest painting revival. Renovize—protect—save—with Sherwin-Williams quality paint this Fall. Don't let Winter rot and rust do further damage to unprotected wood and metal. See your local Sherwin-Williams "Paint Headquarters" at once. Write for a free copy of the new S-W "Home Decorator." The Sherwin-Williams Co., 605 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

NIGHT PAINTING PRECEDES "4 GENERATION" PARTY. Essexville, Mich. (R. R. No. 2)—With the aid of motor car headlights, painter works far into night to finish painting the "wee bit house" of Mrs. A. MacDonald, 67 years of age, in time for the gathering of the clan. The occasion is Grandma MacDonald's birthday party for her youngest great granddaughter—6 months old. Four generations of MacDonalds were represented. Sherwin-Williams Paint, the preferred brand of the MacDonalds for many years, was used on this job.



COW CALLER SOUCIE CATCHES "FEVER." Manteno, Ill.—Celebrities in all walks of life are catching the painting fever. Mr. Treble Soucie, 75 years old, seven times a champion cow caller, still brings 'em in from half a mile away—without a megaphone. He's painting his barn with S-W Commonwealth Barn Red—a "quality" champion, too.



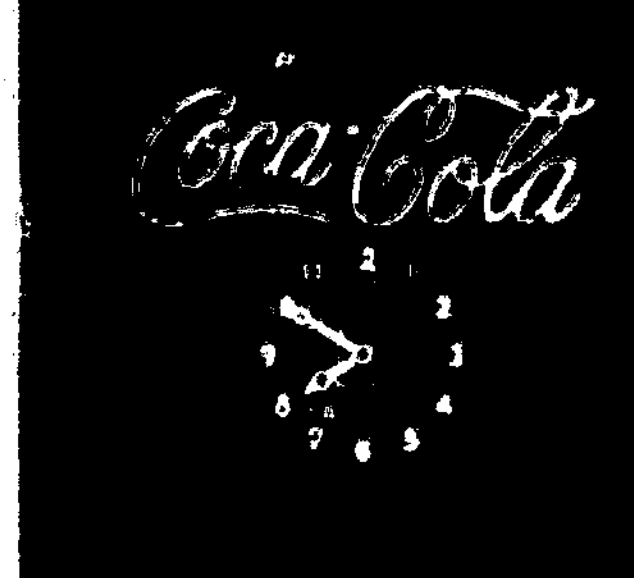
"SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FOR ME!" Indianapolis, Ind.—A typical scene in leading department and Sherwin-Williams dealer stores everywhere as "back-to-the-paint-brush" movement gains speed.



NEW YORK ARCHITECT DOES MASTERPIECE IN PAINT. New York City, N. Y.—Mr. Perry M. Duncan, winner of the coveted Winchester Fellowship at Yale University, has produced exquisite room effects in his beautiful new Bronxville home with Sherwin-Williams quality paints. Mr. Duncan says "I found the Sherwin-Williams book 'The Home Decorator' a valuable source for suggestions in planning exteriors and interiors of homes."



THIRTEEN MAN GETS HUGE OFFER! Chicago, Ill.—Mr. Elmer St. Aubin, world's smallest man, contemplates an offer of \$500 to paint huge Sherwin-Williams spectacular sign with S-W Kem Finishes. This mammoth sign faces "A Century of Progress" and the Illinois Central Railway right-of-way, at 24th St. and the Outer Drive, Chicago. The midget, Mr. St. Aubin, is 36 inches tall, weighs 29 pounds and is 22 years old.



COCA-COLA ON BIG TIME! Atlanta, Ga.—This big, timely reminder to "pause and refresh yourself" is 15 feet across. It is the brightest spot in the "upper stratum" of Atlanta. Thousands daily seek its big, red face or call Walnut 8550 and hear a sweet "electrical" voice recommend Coca-Cola and give the correct time, night or day. This mammoth timepiece is finished with Kem Bulletin Colors—another Sherwin-Williams Quality paint.

HOLD IT! WIN \$25 CASH. Cleveland, O.—Del. Long and Clarence Schultz—S-W News Photographers—want interesting pictures. \$25 for every one published. Sherwin-Williams employees excluded. Pictures must be unusual, newsworthy—include the use of some Sherwin-Williams product. Send pictures to Del. and Clarence care The Sherwin-Williams Co. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, if you wish photographs returned.



HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Tom Shields of Coyote was a Carrizozo business visitor last Saturday.

John Scharf was here from White Oaks Saturday on some business and visiting his son Albert and daughter Laura.

S. E. Greisen, former County Clerk, is acting as reporter of the district court. Geo. Strauss and Ben Tellez are acting as bailiffs.

Remember "The Blue Eagles" the Home Orchestra. Tonight at Community Hall. Tomorrow night at Ruidoso and next Saturday night at White Oaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Marquez of Alamogordo were here Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Marquez visiting her mother, Mrs. P. C. St. John, while Manuel played ball with the Alamo-Tularosa team.

Primitivo Brady was here from Roswell Monday, visiting his son Mike Brady and family and attending to court matters. He was accompanied by Crescencio Carrillo.

In his lecture at Baca's Hall the other night, Father Brady told of how when he first came to New Mexico, he did not know a word in Spanish. He was invited to have dinner at the home of an Indian family. When dinner was over, Father Brady asked the old Indian what the name was of the delicious dish. "Chile con carne," replied the Indian. Tell me what that is in English. "Chili with meat." What kind of meat? "Tusai" came back his Red friend, meaning prairie dog.

Tom J. Price of Alamogordo was a visitor in town last Sunday.

Go to the Waffle House for Home Cooking

Sunday Chicken Dinner a Specialty!

We Patronize Home Industries

Sam Wells and Sam Bigger were here from Capitan Wednesday on some business.

Albert Kimbrell of Picacho visited his parents, Assessor and Mrs. Wm. Kimbrell, here this week.

R. E. Lemon is the new bookkeeper at the Carrizozo Auto Company.

The Busy Bee Cafe serves Enchiladas, Tamales and Tacos every Saturday afternoon.

Methodist Church

Sixty in Sunday School last Sunday; 48 in Capitan and 32 in Angus. We can double these figures. Let's do it. Thirty-seven at Epworth League in Carrizozo last Sunday evening. Regular services in Carrizozo next Sunday morning and evening. Rally Day and Promotion Day will be observed in a combined service at the Sunday School hour, 10 to 11.

The League will hold a baked sale at the Carrizozo Hardware Company, Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 5 o'clock.

L. o V. Markey, patient at Fort Stanton, left Wednesday for Galveston. He thanks the personnel for extended courtesies to make his stay pleasant.

W. C. Merchant and Sam Bigger of Capitan were Carrizozo business visitors this Wednesday. While in town, Sam made this office a pleasant call.

DANCE!

Al Stovall
and his
World's Fair
Band
in
Carrizozo
Saturday Night
Sept. 23
Community Hall
Come Everybody

Dr. Blaney's New Quarters

Dr. R. E. Blaney is now in his new quarters in the Lutz Building. To his old patrons as well as to new ones, this information is important. He is located in the 3-room suite on the landing and the first door to the left—the suite formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Don English, who are now erecting a residence in the western portion of town. Dr. Blaney invites you to call and inspect his new quarters.

The "Blue Eagles"

This is the announcement for the fall season opening of the "Blue Eagles," Carrizozo's home orchestra, headed by Bill Mendenhall, Carrizozo's home boy. The new orchestra will play tonight at the benefit dance for the home football team, donating the services of the orchestra. Now is the time to boost for everything of a home nature. Patronize the dance tonight, help the team to purchase equipment and have a good time. The "Blue Eagles" play at Ruidoso tomorrow night and at White Oaks next Saturday night. Boost the home orchestra which spends its money at home.

Oddfellows Entertain Distinguished Visitor

A banner meeting of Carrizozo Lodge No. 30 was held Tuesday night at the hall, where a reception was held for Grand Master Brown, who is touring the state in the interest of the order. He delivered a splendid address in which he complimented the lodge on its achievements of the past and prospects for future good. After the meeting, a banquet was held at Roy's. He left Wednesday morning to continue on his mission of inspection.

Mrs. R. T. Lucas, who had been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burke, since she and Dr. Lucas returned from the World's Fair, left for her home in Kansas City Tuesday evening on No. 4.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Titworth, in Roswell, a girl. Mother and daughter are doing nicely. Mrs. Titworth is the former Miss Mora Ferguson and the newcomer is Bill's first grandchild. Hot dog! Play ball!

Fred Pflingsten of Lincoln was a business visitor in town this Thursday.

Our old friend, W. E. Armstrong was here yesterday from his home near Coyote, attending to some business matters.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Greer and daughter are here this week from the San Andrea goat ranch. Lester is assisting his brother Jim in the shearing of his goats. Lester finished his shearing last week and the crop on the whole is said to be of exceptional good quality.

Branum's For Quality and Service!



Wilson's or Peyton's
Baby Beef
Any-Cut-Steak
20c a pound

Prime Rib Roast - lb. 15c
Chuck Roast - lb. 13c
Hamburger - 2 lbs. 25c
Sausage - 2 lbs. 25c
Hot Chili - Pint carton 20c

"Blue Eagles"
Dance Orchestra
At White Oaks
Saturday, Sept. 30
One of the unique features of this Event will be a **"BALLOON DANCE"**

Clubbing Offer Extraordinary

"NEW MEXICO"

Your Own State Magazine and

The Carrizozo Outlook

Both for the Price of One

Through special arrangement with "New Mexico"—State Magazine—the Outlook is able to make a most attractive money-saving clubbing offer. Every citizen of New Mexico should read the State Magazine, with its wealth of fine articles and beautiful illustrations dealing with the colorful history of the State, its recreation spots, its hunting and fishing and its resources.

(Published monthly at Santa Fe)

Here is the money-saving offer:

The Outlook for 1 year \$2. New Mexico Magazine 1 year \$1
Regular Price for both \$3.00
Our Clubbing Price for both \$2.00 You Save \$1.00

This offer is subject to withdrawal at any time. Send in your subscription and remittance at once. Delay may mean disappointment.

Mrs. Jim Greer of the Greer ranch near the Malpais, has recovered from a very painful burned limb that happened recently, when she attempted to start a fire with gasoline.

Ben S. Burns returned from the S. P. Hospital at San Francisco last week and has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness which caused him to be taken to that institution. Ben will soon be on duty as operator at the local station.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson and children of Coyote were business visitors in town this Thursday.

Ben C. Sanchez is making improvements on his home in the way of a nice coat of pebble dash.

William Brady is here today from Home on some business and visiting his brother John.

Patronize "The Blue Eagles" the home orchestra. Hear it tonight at Community Hall.

"The Blue Eagles" buy Beans in Carrizozo.

George Elmgren was here Tuesday and attended the reception to the Grand Master of the I. O. O. F. and the banquet in his honor at Roy's Cafe.

"The Blue Eagles"—"The Blue Eagles"—"The Blue Eagles" are coming! Patronize the home orchestra.

"El Cibola"

The new sign "El Cibola" on the roof of the new hotel, is causing much favorable comment. We hope to have an extended article next week about this new hotel.

Woman's Missionary Society

The Woman's Missionary Society will hold a social meeting at the home of Mrs. C. A. Snow, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

'Blue Eagles'

Ziegler Bros.

New Fall Coats

Shorter Hours Higher Wages Inflated Money

Buy now during this Pre-Showing of Betty Rose - - - bought early Coats to save you money.

We couldn't duplicate these stylish new Fall Coats for several dollars more.

You'll feel Bolder and look Smarter in one of these Betty Rose 1933 Coats.



FREE: Roundtrip to World's Fair at Chicago!

Transportation Both Ways and a New Ford V-8 40 BOTH for the price of the FORD!

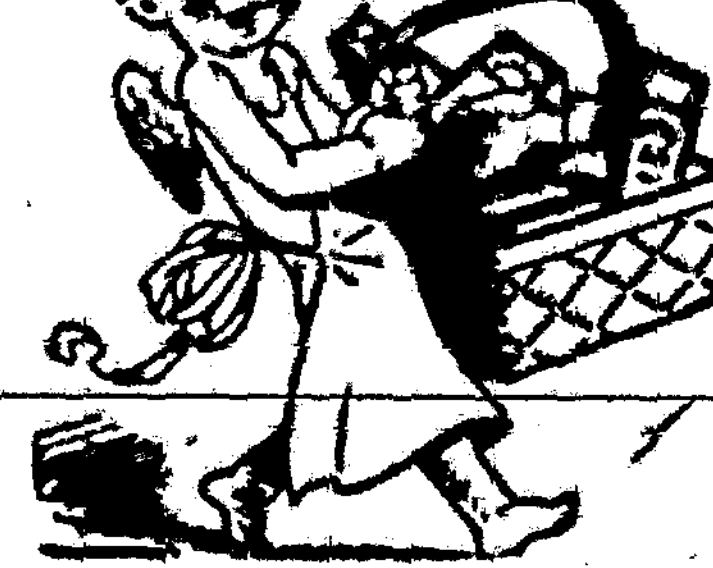
Here's Our Amazing Proposition—You order a new Ford V-8 40—any model you choose—at the regular local delivered price, NOT ONE PENNY MORE! We will buy you a ticket to Chicago—and will deliver your car to you there. After seeing the "Century of Progress" you drive your new car back home—and we will pay for all gasoline and oil you use on this return trip.

YOU NEED NO CASH—trade in your old car. We will finance the entire deal and give you our check to buy your ticket to Chicago and to pay for your gas and oil on the trip home. Remember—your total cost is just the regular local price of the Ford V-8 40—any model you select—NOT ONE PENNY MORE.

If you want to see the "Century of Progress," here's your chance. See the CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.

The ECONOMY

Cash and Carry



Grocery & Meat Market

(In the Newly-Remodeled Mayer Building)

Staple and Fancy Groceries
Choice Baby Beef, Fresh Salt
and Lunch Meats of all kinds.

J. F. PETTY, Prop.

Tucumcari Train Disaster

Lyric Theatre
Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1