

LARGEST COUNTY  
CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais  
and Gran Quilira

# Carrizozo Outlook

"THE  
HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in  
Lincoln County

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

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GARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1934

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## FORT STANTON NEWS

Mrs. I. Halley, R. N., has received orders to transfer for duty in Chicago. Mrs. Halley leaves Friday evening to spend the Christmas holidays with her family in Hutchinson, Kansas, and will report to the Chicago hospital after the first of the year.

The following ladies have organized the Ruidoso-Fort Stanton bridge club, which met Monday for the first time: Misses Porter, Mallory, King, B. J. Bonnell, W. Coe, W. Titworth, L. McQuilken, Misses Dappen and Moyer. Mrs. R. Porter was hostess to the party.

Pupils of Miss Cole and Mrs. Sloan at the Hondo school entertained the patients with a most delightful program on Monday evening.

The change from Direct to Alternating Current is being made on the post this week. The actual change was made Thursday, but it will be several days before all the necessary adjustments can be completed. Enginemen, engineers and employees are busily engaged in transferring equipment from the old power house and laundry to the new building.

O. Barnovsky, formerly of the Fort, has just purchased a new four-door Plymouth Sedan. Mr. Barnovsky is in business in Capitan.

Dr. and Mrs. S. King returned Sunday from Ann Arbor, Mich., where the doctor spent six weeks making a special study of thoracic surgical technique at the University of Michigan hospital. Enroute they visited in Cleveland and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Payman spent a couple of days at their 'Polatka' in Ruidoso.

Mrs. Frances L. Gensler, head of the O. T. Dept., wishes to express her appreciation to all of those who have contributed to the successful year which her department has had.

Dr. R. G. Hollis spoke Wednesday evening to the patients and to other members of the staff. His talk embraced several different subjects and was explanatory, expository and admonitory. Above all, the talk was interesting and enjoyable.

Old Santa Claus has been seen in the postoffice several mornings of late. He has been very busy mailing out packages and delivering the ones which arrive for people on the post. He has kept all the letters written him by the children and has been seen making a huge collection of fine things to be delivered to all the youngsters on Christmas eve.

Messrs. Johansen, Rosen and Stewart left this week to return to their homes on the West Coast.

Mrs. Georgia Davis has been on the sick list the past week.

The Hi School will have a Christmas Tree and program Friday—old St. Nick'll be present (maybe.)

Ranger Lee Beall of the Capitan country was in town this Thursday.

Truman Spencer is here for the holidays from the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell.

Mayor L. A. Whitaker of Ocora was in town Wednesday.

## ANCHO ITEMS

The Woman's Club entertained their husbands and friends with a lovely Christmas Party last Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Belknap. The house was decorated with the Christmas motif and in the center of the dining room was a beautiful Christmas tree loaded with gifts for all. After a series of Christmas games were played, Santa Claus came rushing in and gave everyone a good laugh with his frolics and jokes—then he passed out the gifts. Refreshments were served to a large crowd.

The Christmas trees for the school will be loaded with gifts for the school children Friday evening at the schoolhouse. The teachers have a nice program arranged for the evening and they hope a large crowd will be out for the affair.

The Ancho Sunday School will have a Christmas program Sunday morning. After the program, Mr. Sherman of Roswell will conduct his regular preaching service.

The Woman's Club will have an all-day meeting at the home of Mrs. M. R. Hendrix, Saturday, Dec. 22. Let's see how many members can be on hand for this meeting.

T. J. Straley has returned home from El Paso where he has been visiting Mrs. Straley. While there, the couple celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

### Hear Ye, Stars!

Comet Chapter No. 29, O. E. S., will have a banquet at the Carrizozo Eating House, Thursday evening, Jan. 3, 1935, at 6:30, for Stars and members of their families. Plates 65 cents. Please make your reservation with the Secretary, Mrs. M. L. Blaney, at your earliest convenience and not later than Dec. 30, 1934. After the banquet members of the Eastern Star will retire to the Chapter room in the Masonic Temple for work. It will not be convenient to have a public installation at this time as was previously planned.

The football banquet will be given Friday evening at the Hi School Building. The Business Men are buying tickets and will take a football boy. This banquet will be served by the girls from the Home Economics Class.

The Woman's Club will meet next Friday at the home of Mrs. J. M. Beck.

B. L. Moore, rancher of Adobe was a business visitor in town this Wednesday.

A special program will be given Sunday night at the Methodist Church. An interesting pageant will be presented and there will be a Christmas Tree for the Kiddies. Santa may be there, so come and bring the little folks.

The Goofus Club will meet with Miss Grace Jones next Friday at 8 p. m. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Murph Muirhead of El Paso will spend the Christmas holidays with the Sweet and Lee families at the Carrizozo Eating House.

Meedames Lillian Lane and Ray Biddle of White Oaks were here shopping this Thursday.

## CRAVENS' BAT CAVE

From an article published in this paper April 25, 1930 and republished by request:

Bright and early last Sunday morning, a party composed of Oscar Snow, Wayne Zumwalt, Lewis Burke, Fay Harkey, Glenn Ramsdale, John Self, A. L. Burke and Albert Roberts made a start for what is known as Cravens' Bat Cave with the intention of exploring, as near as they could, that dark underground mystery. They were provided with strong flashlights, and to guard against hunger, should any of the party become lost, plenty of food was provided.

Arriving at the entrance of the cave about 9 o'clock, the start was made beginning with the Big Room which has been the one to greet people who have visited the cave in years gone by.

Hanging from the well-formed ceiling were many clusters of different colored stalactites, most of which, either bore the resemblance of huge bunches of bananas or grapes. Arising from the floor of the cavern, several stalagmites which relic hunters had dug around in the past, evidently with a view of hauling them out of the cave, but the deeper they dug, the larger the formation became, so they had abandoned the project as a hopeless task.

On leaving the big room, which was, no doubt, used in the dim ages of the past as a pow-wow chamber for the Indians, the party began the perilous task of exploring the cave. They lighted their torches, turned the juice on their flashlights and after securing a strong cord fast to a large boulder, they disappeared into the dark depths, letting the cord out as they proceeded on their journey.

On they went, slowly, but surely: first over ledges, then under massive boulders, squeezing along narrow passage ways, ascending and descending, now and then coming to rooms, where the party could breathe more easily and feel more at ease. One room, which the party named the 'arsenal,' was perhaps, the most interesting of all, from the fact that here and there over the floor were piles of rock formations so closely resembling stacks of cannon balls, that at first glance, they deceived the human eye. They were laid together as smoothly and perfectly as could have been arranged with human hands. They arose gradually from the floor at a thickness of about two feet to the top, where a single ball stood as perfectly as though it had been placed there by some cunning designer.

The next of importance was what they named the "kitchen table." This was a large rock, where the eight men sat down to rest and refresh themselves.

after hard climbing, sliding, brouching, in which they barked their shins, bumped their heads, occasionally receiving heavy falls as they went from one landing to another.

After a rest at the "kitchen table," the party dropped through many dangerous passageways, so narrow that if any member of the crowd had been blessed with an over-amount of avoirdupois, he would have been left far behind. They next entered a room where in one corner was a hole so deep that heavy boulders dropped into the dark depths would crash and rebound from ledge to ledge until they would pass out of hearing distance to the listeners above. This they named the "Bottomless Well" and the name was well given.

The next was named the "Glass Room," where sheets of a thin substance so closely resembling glass that objects could be plainly discerned through it. Some of the boys brought home portions of that substance to keep as souvenirs. In an adjoining room, Oscar Snow found what resembled a petrified parrot which he still has in his possession.

We could greatly enlarge in describing the difficulties encountered by the party while in the Caverns—but enough proof is herein shown to bear out the statement that a small amount of money judiciously spent in that wonderful cave would make it strongly attractive for tourists and sight seers who are continually looking for thrills and adventure. The new highway across the Malpais (ancient lava beds) makes the spot easily accessible.

Cravens' Bat Cave is situated on the Doyle Rentfrow ranch about 15 miles from Carrizozo. To reach the cave, you leave the Carrizozo-Socorro Highway at the foot of Red Hill, then proceed southeast to the herder's house, a short distance from the Rentfrow pasture, still keeping south until you come to the brow of a hill which overlooks the canyon, where the cave will be found. Leave your car on the hill, as you must walk the remainder of the distance.

One room was almost as square as if it had been set to measurement. The walls were crystallized and white as snow. They were so smooth that Fay Harkey took his torch and burned the names of the party, where they will remain for perhaps centuries to come, if unmolested.

Enough has been said to convince one that wonders exist near at hand, although many have visited the cave in years gone by, this crowd is the only one that stands on record that has explored the cavern this far.

## LYRIC THEATRE

R. A. Walker, Owner

Friday-Saturday—"Little Miss Marker," with Adolph Menjou, Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford and Shirley Temple. A clean, simple story, full of humor and pathos. One of the most amusing and touching films of the year. Also a good comedy with it. Don't miss it.

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Change of Heart," with James Dunn and Ginger Rogers, Taken from Kathleen Norris' "Manhattan Love Song." A stirring romance of two boys and two girls just out of college, eager to live and striving for love. Undaunted, they began their brave struggle to realize their dreams. A Tarrytoon and Sport Reel.

### School Notes

Ola C. Jones, Co. Supt.

On Dec. 5, 1934, all rural one-room teachers of the County gathered together at the Merchant ranch near Encinoso for a meeting held for that purpose. The following program was given—Opening exercises, Mrs. Marg. Merchant; Introduction of Visitors, Ola C. Jones, County Supt.; Story Telling, Miss Kennedy, Dean of Women, N. M. N. U.; Demonstration Reading, Miss Mantor, N. M. N. U.

### Recess

Writing, Reading, Mrs. Marg. Merchant; Address, Dr. Gossard, Pres., N. M. N. U.

### Noon

Health, Miss Ruth Ryden, County Health Nurse; Social Science Demonstration, Miss Hayes, N. M. N. U. (Grades 3, 4, 6) Dismissal of Pupils; Discussion, Pres. Donald MacKay, Leader, Eastern Normal Junior College; Vocabulary Building, Mrs. Mary Watson, Rural School Supervisor.

At this time, I wish to express my sincere thanks for the wonderful hospitality shown us by the Merchant families. During the noon hour, a most delicious cowboy stew was prepared and served us by Mr. Merchant.

On Dec. 8, 1934, the Lincoln County Teachers' Convention was held in Corona. Interesting talks were given by Dr. Balleger, Miss Mantor and Miss Hayes of the N. M. Normal University, Dr. Diefendorf and L. S. Tiramano, and Mrs. Bigelow of the University of New Mexico, and Mr. Donald MacKay of the Eastern Normal Junior College at Portales. The next convention will be held in Carrizozo.

I note from the November reports that Ocora boasts of a 100 per cent attendance with the 13 enrolled. Mr. Rockwell's room of the Fort Stanton school boasts the same with the 15 enrolled. Richardson and Baca Canyon boast 100 per cent for the female section with six and three respectively enrolled.

Other outstanding points are as follows: 8th grade—Lincoln, San Patricio, Ramon.

7th grade—Lincoln, Arabela, Erwin, Macho. 6th grade—Picacho, Ramon, Angus, Ancho, Baca Canyon, Lon and Erwin.

5th grade—Ramon, Angus, Rabenton, Alto, Baca Canyon, Arabela, Erwin.

4th grade—Erwin, Angus, Rabenton, Mon Jean.

3rd grade—Baca Canyon and Erwin.

2nd grade—Ramon, Angus, Alto, Jack's Peak, Fort Stanton,

## PERSONALS

Mrs. C. S. Henning of El Paso, aunt of Mrs. Ben S. Burns, left Monday for home after a pleasant week's visit at the Burns home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hobbie left Wednesday for Los Angeles, where they met their daughter Eliza, who was on a home-coming trip to spend the holiday season. Eliza is attending the St. Helen's School for Girls at Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rowland were here from Fort Stanton Sunday, visiting the home folks and attending the carnival.

Mrs. J. R. O'Malley of Capitan, Dr. and Mrs. Rathman and Miss Charlotte Rice of Fort Stanton were Carrizozo visitors last Saturday.

Operator Ben S. Burns entertained a number of close friends at a 6 o'clock dinner at the Carrizozo Eating House.

Miss Nadine Lesnett is clerking at Ziegler Bros. store during the holiday rush.

Mr. and Mrs. Otho Bilbo of Capitan and Mr. and Mrs. Bilbo of Jicarilla were here Sunday night to attend the carnival.

Attorney H. C. Maynard of Roswell has recovered from his serious illness and is back at his duties again.

Harry Stuart, former editor of the New Mexico magazine, was a business visitor here Saturday and Sunday from Santa Fe.

Mrs. Chas. Edwards was in town Saturday from her farm near Three Rivers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Burns will be Christmas dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Boughner.

Mrs. L. B. Lewis of El Paso, formerly Miss Mamie Humphrey, was here last Friday and left Saturday, accompanied by Wm. Humphrey, who will spend the holiday season with the Lewis family in El Paso.

The Misses Rosie Padilla and Aurora Anaya were here from Capitan Sunday night to attend the carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. M. U. Finley were Roswell visitors Monday, returning home Tuesday.

Billy Norman of San Patricio spent the week-end with his family here. He attended the turkey shoot at the Country Club and won three of the turkeys.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Cathey and baby daughter Peggy left to spend the holidays with Forest's relatives at Grandfield, Okla. and Burkburnett, Texas.

Meedames Carl Jones, Roy Shaffer and City School Supt. H. C. Hall were El Paso visitors on Wednesday.

A Rainbow Banquet was given Wednesday evening at the Masonic Temple. The Advisory Board were honored guests. Miss Thelma Shaver presented a delightful program after which lovely gifts were exchanged.

Tinnie, Erwin, Asperos, 1st grade—Ft. Stanton, Asperos.

## DO YOU REALIZE?

THAT THIS PAPER is making its subscribers, both old as well as new, each a Christmas present of the wonderful New Mexico Magazine, FREE of charge with 1 year's subscription to this paper, \$2.00, paid in advance? But you'll have to hurry, folks, for the offer will only last a few days more. It's our treat. Don't blame us if you fail to get in on the extraordinary offer. Now is the time. We are assuming the cost of the magazine. Not asking you to pay anything above the subscription price of the paper.

Just \$2.00; Now's Your Chance!

SUCH IS LIFE—Pop's Night Out

By Charles Sughroe

GIVES CHANCE TO COMBINE FABRICS



**PATTERN #188**  
A two-piece frock is nice for a number of reasons, one of the best being that it affords such an excellent opportunity for the combination of different fabrics. Take this design—you can make it entirely of wool with just buttons and a belt buckle for trimming, or you can make it with, for instance, a plaid wool skirt and a plain velveteen blouse, repeating one of the most attractive shades in the plaid. However you make it up, the well-cut skirt with its smart kick-pleats and the becom-

Seek to Stamp Out Rule of Marihuana

Authorities Start Fight on Pernicious Drug.

New York. — Narcotic authorities throughout the country have started a grim, intensive drive against the use of marihuana, one of the most insidious and pernicious dope evils of the twentieth century. The campaign will be prosecuted with an intensity that no similar past crusade has known.

But that is not deterring United States officials from bending every effort to stamping out widespread use of marihuana. If anything, their determination was whetted by the recent discovery here of the raw material for 1,000,000 "reefers." This is the slang term, used by addicts, to describe the innocent-looking cigarettes made from the lethal Mexican plant.

But—statistics startlingly show—this seizure, while imposing on paper, perhaps—was a mere drop in the huge bucket of marihuana dissemination. To root out the menace it would be necessary to include marihuana in the list of drugs forbidden by the Harrison act.

This measure fixed a heavy penalty for the sale or possession of opium, heroin, cocaine and similarly deadly narcotics. But on the topic of marihuana it is silent, although desperate efforts are made yearly to have the latter included in the ban.

The outstanding reason why the latest and most savage thrust against marihuana may fail is easily explained. This is the facility with which the ad-

dict can provide himself with it locally. If you craved cocaine or heroin, the only way you could get it would be to buy it surreptitiously from a peddler. But marihuana can easily and cheaply be made by almost anyone. "Mary Warner," as it is known along the waterfronts, will grow in window boxes, backyards, any patch of earth. There is less the grimness of the situation. And the ironic corollary to this is the fact that in at least half the states of the Union it may be sold quite openly, without fear of arrest.

Terrible in Effects.  
What is this sinister marihuana? It is scientifically designated as cannabiss Americana (American hemp). From its plant hashish is made—a mixture of the dried seeds of the hemp, a little opium and aromatic spices.

American addicts, however, usually smoke the unadorned leaf, known as "reefers" or "muggles." After the first few puffs the novice experiences a sense of wild hilarity. Then he falls into a profound slumber. The second time, however, the real effects begin to tell. Space and time become vastly distorted so that a second seems like hours, and a kiss will last forever. Sensuous images become magnified and last indefinitely. A hand-clap sounds like a thunderbolt and the addict can literally hear a pin drop.

The craving for it becomes greater, unconquerable. After five years of taking it periods of temporary insanity result.

Move 150-Year-Old Home From Coast to Coast

Portland, Maine.—Charles Quincy Chase, of San Francisco, will transfer from coast to coast the 150-year-old homestead built by his great-grandfather.

So delighted was he with the landmark when he visited Maine that he arranged to have it taken apart and shipped to California, where it will rise again on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Golf Ball Is Moon in Calendar Clock

Fort Worth, Texas.—A clock that tells the time of day, the day of the week and month and phases of the moon has been constructed by Price Kiker, whose occupation is piano tuner.

The clock works with such accuracy, Kiker said, that it is calculated it will not vary more than one day in 49 years.

A golf ball, painted black on one side and aluminum on the other, represents the moon. It is connected with the regular clock movements by delicate gears and makes a complete turn in 29½ days, just as the moon does.

Kiker spent five years in figuring out the plan, he said but actually spent only five days constructing the clock.

Our Neighbor—the Oriental

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

So far, as numbers are concerned the late immigration laws have endeavored to solve the problem of the Oriental in our country. Restrictions have prohibited the Japanese and Chinese from entering. Whether this is a wise policy time alone will reveal. It is true that much of our mental labor can be done more willingly and far cheaper by the Oriental than by those of the white race. It is also true that merchandise made in Japan has been offered for sale in this country at a price cheaper than it can be manufactured in our shops. It is also true that the Oriental may not be the most congenial neighbor. He comes to us with

white race. It is also true that merchandise made in Japan has been offered for sale in this country at a price cheaper than it can be manufactured in our shops. It is also true that the Oriental may not be the most congenial neighbor. He comes to us with

Political Prodigy



Rush D. Holt has been elected United States senator from West Virginia on the Democratic ticket, but being only twenty-nine years old, he cannot qualify for the place until next June. Mr. Holt was a member of the West Virginia legislature, or house of delegates, when he was twenty-six years old and gained fame for his successful fight against waste in government expenses. His father, Dr. M. S. Holt, is mayor of Weston, W. Va.

the background of a different culture and insists on expressing his hereditary tendency. For this reason we find the Chinese, in particular, developing colonies of their own where they have their own temples, shops and social privileges. Every large city has its Chinatown. This is only one side of the picture. We should not forget that in our universities many Oriental students have won first rank in the field of scholarship. Many are preparing for a professional career in their native land. All of the Orientals in this country are not of what might be called the artisan class.

When we seriously ask ourselves, what are the obligations we owe these neighbors, we face a dilemma. One thing certain: we cannot press assimilation to the extent of intermarriage if we want to preserve the white race. The latter invariably loses its identity in the offspring of all intermarriages. On the other hand, the best judgment of the Oriental mind is equally opposed to intermarriage. Nor can we assimilate them into citizenship, for the reason of their tendency to colonize. It would be just as impossible for us to become Chinese or Japanese.

Perhaps our obligation is best expressed in the exercise of Christian courtesy and neighborly spirit, endeavoring to instill into them the spirit of American democracy, and leave it to work from within outward. Whatever assimilation is possible, must arise within the personality of the Oriental himself, and cannot be forced upon him from the outside.

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**Famous Names Live**  
Chicago.—The University of Chicago intends to challenge Harvard's claim to famous names. The frock class here boasts of a Woodrow Wilson, William Cullen Bryant, Irving Berlin and Walter Eckersall.

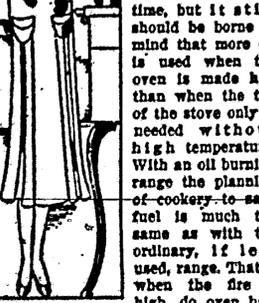
**Has Bottle 200 Years Old**  
Union City, Tenn.—A small bottle, of doubtful value, which is over 200 years old and which has been in the family five generations, is owned by Mrs. M. E. Jenkins, of Union City.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

IN THESE days when economies are sought it is well to remember that fuel can be saved in many little ways of well-planned cooking. Frequently the saving proves one of time as well as coins. Modern stoves and methods require different management from the one-time kitchen stove burning coal and which was always kept going. This is seldom found. There were certain advantages in it, for the constant heat made it possible to cook slowly at least, without adding to the fuel bill. But on the other hand, the very fact that the fire was constant increased costs. It is because the heat can be regulated at will today, that it is so important to have the fire going as little as is compatible with the culinary work.

Cooking on top of a gas, oil or electric stove requires less fuel than oven cooking. So whenever possible, use top burners. When stoves are equipped with oil burners, top and oven are heated at the same time, but it still should be borne in mind that more oil is used when the oven is made hot, than when the top of the stove only is needed without high temperature. With an oil burning range the planning of cookery—to save fuel is much the same as with the ordinary, if less used, range. That is when the fire is high, do oven baking as well as top cooking, and then let the fire burn low, or even cut off the flow of oil and let the fire go out.



For Thrifty Cooking.  
When using the regulation oil stove, or the gas or electric stove, confine cooking to top burners as much as can be managed with results satisfactory. For example, try that delicious pudding, baked apple tapioca, made from corned, peeled, and sliced apples and pearl tapioca, water, sugar, a dash of salt, and cinnamon, if liked. Make it in a double boiler on top of the stove. The tapioca will steam in the boiler much quicker and the apples soften in much less time than in the oven. Serve in sherbet cups, and top each glass with whipped cream or marshmallow whip. Macaroni with cheese can be made in the double boiler, and if dished up and top covered with buttered crumbs browned under the flame, the effect is practically identical with baked macaroni.

When having a roast use the oven to cook other things which require a hot oven, when that is needed, or which take long rather slow cooking if

a lower temperature is right. It is amazing the reduction of time of keeping current on that can be managed in this way. Carelessness in turning burners down, when a lower temperature is all that is needed, will bring up bills a bit. And not to turn off the current immediately it is not needed, is actual loss.

A Place for Everything.  
An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure is certainly true when it pertains to putting away things so that they are easy to find. One's patience is not taxed nor her temper either when she can go to a place and find, not part of what is wanted, but every piece needed. Few things are more trying than to find one cuff of a collar and cuff set lacking, when one is in a hurry, and all three pieces should be together. There are some aids which may prove helpful in guarding against such an inconvenience.

If a set is to be put away for some time, a good way to insure having all parts together is to take a stitch or two through them just enough to tack the articles together. See that these stitches are taken through the portions which turn under in each place and so will not show even the tiny stitch holes when put on to wear. Pins can be used, but they are likely to leave rust marks wherever the pins rest, as well as in the pinholes, so the stitches are better. Another way is to spread the collar out on cardboard and lay both cuffs on it too, over the collar. Wrap the whole set in tissue paper, and lay in a box. Many sets can be put in one box which should be wide though not necessarily deep.

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Smart Accessories



A black cellophane hat and bow are the smart modern accessories to this Schlaparell costume. The coat is in black lightweight wool and is collared with two silver fox pelts. It is worn over an afternoon dress of heavily crinkled rayon called "Pava."

Pug's Fighting Face



Pug Lund, captain and star back of the Minnesota football team, is not handsome to look upon when in action, but he gets there just the same. His friends think he might go to Hollywood and get a job as a screen villain.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

**MAD DOGS!**  
HOT WEATHER DOES NOT CAUSE RABIES, IT IS NOTICED MORE DURING SUMMER BECAUSE DOGS ROAM MORE FREQUENTLY

**SMELLING SPACE**—ALL OF THE OLFACTORY NERVES OCCUPY A SPACE ONLY 1/16 INCH IN DIAMETER.

**FILLING A STOMACH**—THE STOMACH'S NORMAL CAPACITY RANGES UP TO ONE-HALF GALLON.

Mark Builds His Own Tombstone



Mark W. Henderson of Milwaukee, Wis., believes in preparation. So in his spare time he has constructed his own tombstone. The picture shows him working with considerable pride the granite monument, now completed.

Smiles

**A WAY OUT**  
"So you are teaching, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"What do you do when a student asks a question you can't answer?"  
"Call for answers from the class."

**Week's Supply of Postum Free**  
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

**Two of a Kind**  
"I was a fool when I married you."  
"I suppose you were, but I was so infatuated at the time that I didn't notice it."

**Vikings' Idea**  
Desperate-Looking One—I want to buy one of them there saxophones.  
Clerk—What key?  
Desperate-Looking One—Don't matter; I'm just going to play it for spite.

WNU—M 49-34

**The Leader**

**SPRIGLEY'S PEPPERMINT**

# Harmless, Necessary Sheep

By JAMES I. MONTAGUE  
Copyright Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

Through the pullman window, as the train steamed in a prairie station, we could see car after slowly moving car, and at the side door of every one a dozen or more woolly heads thrust forth as far as the gate which confined them in their moving prison would permit.

The man sitting opposite me, an elderly man with a drooping white mustache and a slouch hat of the same hue, regarded them lazily. Then turning toward me he broke a silence which had existed since he entered the smoking compartment, and inquired: "Hope I don't hurt your feelings by taking a chew," and I replied: "Not in the least."

"Never rode herd on them reptiles, hey ye?"

"Never," I assured him. "Sheep," he said, "is misunderstood. I judge that Mary's lamb story done it. Maybe one sheep can be made a pet of, but take 'em in the aggregate they're bad."

I regret that no form of written words will enable me to render the word "bad" as he pronounced it. "Plumb bad," he continued. "Some say they ain't got sense, but they got sense enough to know where they want to go, and when they head that way they go, too. An' all the king's horses an' all the king's men, can't head 'em off. J'yuh like me to tell you somethin' about what they kin do when they git started?"

I would like nothing better, and I said so.

"'Bout twenty years ago, thutty, maybe, I was working for a rancher over in eastern Oregon. He was a wheat rancher but somebody had persuaded him that they was money into sheep, an' he bought him a hand an' turned it out on the range. While they was there they wasn't nothin' for the critters to do but eat. Fust they clumb up on the rim rocks to see if they could spy out some means to get loose an' give us trouble gettin' 'em back, but they couldn't see no way out, so they stayed around till a faller from Portland come along an' made the old man an offer fer 'em. It was a good offer an' he took it up. They was to be delivered, on the hoof, at Portland in a week, an' I was appointed to go along with 'em an' mus 'em an' keer fer 'em till they was recaptured fer."

"They was a little trouble-gittin' 'em into the cysars, but me an' a couple of brakemen managed all right, and a day later we was all on a siding in Portland, me in the caboose an' the sheep in their side-door pullmans."

"When I got off the train the next mornin' an' inquired around, I found out that the feller that was to take 'em off my hands hadn't showed up, but that they'd have to be got on the train somehow because the cysars they come in was needed for other work, an' would have to be made up in the east bound train right 'on."

"The railroad man said we could turn 'em into a stock yard up the line somewhere, an' he'd have the yardmaster tend to gettin' the cysars there. The way the yardmaster tended it was to shift us on a sidin' an' forget all about us. When I seen where we was, an' that the stock yard was just about a block away I got the fool idea into my head that I could drive 'em there, an' told a kid that was gawpin' at us I'd give him two bits to help me drive 'em."

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dog an' begins talkin' to 'em in language they didn't cotton to. The ram that was nearest the dog starts up a side street, an' of course the whole gang followed after him. Comin' to the next street, with me tryin' to head 'em off, they shied at a street car an' swings into a wide avenue, an' down that they went, gettin' scarader an' scarader as kids an' cops yelled at 'em an' motormen banged their gongs at 'em and other dogs joined forces with the one that had started 'em off."

"Pretty soon somethin' shifted them into another street, an' in their hurry to turn the corner they bumped into the door of one of them big Chinese stores like they have in Portland—for they was right on Morrison street by this time. Of course the front door had to be open, an' into the place they loped, baah! like lambs. The chinks in the store got all excited, an' pickin' up canes an' Chinese umbrellas out of big jars began beatin' 'em. But them sheep was not bein' scared of canes an' umbrellas. Six or seven fresh dogs—had heard the rumpus an' come into the place, an' a fat cop was standin' outside, givin' orders but doin' nothin'."

"By an' by along comes the Chinaman that owned the place, an' the fust thing he done was to yell in Chinese at the elevator man to run his cags upstairs. Then he opens the doors of the shaft, grabs a sheep an' throws him down into it, an' inside of six seconds every critter in the bunch taters where the fust sheep had gone an' was piled about eighteen deep in the shaft, with all the others bleatin' an' strugglin' to git down there too."

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"An' then pretty soon comes a big Irish cop an' invites me to go down an' see the chief with him."

"I never knew just how they got that band together, an' out of the place an' down to the city pound, but they done it, I know, for when I'd telegraphed from the police station to the old man an' he answered back, he said that the sheep was took care of an' I was freed. I seen him about five years afterward, when he got over his huff, an' he said it had cost him three hundred dollars, an' had the nerve to ask me to come back an' work it out. But when I allowed I was a careless sort of a feller an' might let a bunch of steers break away on me when I was takin' 'em to town, he thought better of it."

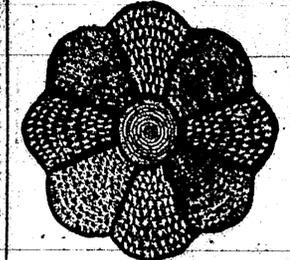
"Him an' me is friends now, but we ain't exactly like Damon an' Pythias."

## "DRESDEN PLATE" CROCHETED RUG

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# Mr. COFFEE - NERVES . . . he gets expelled from school

SUCH IS LIFE—Pop's Night Out



By Charles Sughroe

GIVES CHANCE TO COMBINE FABRICS

**PATTERN 9135**  
A two-piece frock is nice for a number of reasons, one of the best being that it affords such an excellent opportunity for the combination of different fabrics. Take this design—you can make it entirely of wool with just buttons and a belt buckle for trimming, or you can make it with, for instance, a plaid wool skirt and a plain velveteen blouse, repeating one of the most attractive shades in the plaid. However you make it up, the well-cut skirt with its smart kick-pleats and the becom-

Seek to Stamp Out Rule of Marihuana

Authorities Start Fight on Pernicious Drug.

New York. — Narcotic authorities throughout the country have started a grim, intensive drive against the use of marihuana, one of the most insidious and pernicious dope evils of the Twentieth century. The campaign will be prosecuted with an intensity that no similar past crusade has known.

And it probably will fail. Almost inevitably it must do so.

But that is not deterring United States officials from bending every effort to stamping out widespread use of marihuana. If anything, their determination was whetted by the recent discovery here of the raw material for 1,000,000 "reefers." This is the slang term, used by addicts, to describe the innocent-looking cigarettes made from the lethal Mexican plant.

A Drop in the Bucket.

But—statistics startlingly show—this seizure, while imposing on paper, perhaps—was a mere drop in the huge bucket of marihuana dissemination. To root out the menace it would be necessary to include marihuana in the list of drugs forbidden by the Harrison act.

This measure fixed a heavy penalty for the sale or possession of opium, heroin, cocaine and similarly deadly narcotics. But on the topic of marihuana it is silent, although desperate addicts make yearly to have the latter included in the ban.

The outstanding reason why the latest and most savage thrust against marihuana may fail is easily explained. This is the facility with which the ad-

dict can provide himself with it locally. If you craved cocaine or heroin, the only way you could get it would be to buy it surreptitiously from a peddler.

But marihuana can easily and cheaply be made by almost anyone. "Mary Warner," as it is known along the waterfronts, will grow in window boxes, backyards, any patch of earth. There is less the grimness of the situation. And the ironic corollary to this is the fact that in at least half the states of the Union it may be sold quite openly, without fear of arrest.

Terrible in Effects.

What is this sinister marihuana? It is a scientifically designated as cannabina Americana (American hemp). From its plant hashish is made—a mixture of the dried seeds of the hemp, a little opium and aromatic spices.

American addicts, however, usually smoke the ungarlished leaf, known as "reefers" or "muggles."

After the first few puffs the novice experiences a sense of wild hilarity. Then he falls into a profound slumber. The second time, however, the real effects begin to tell. Space and time become vastly distorted so that a second seems like hours, and a kiss will last forever. Sensuous images become magnified and last indefinitely. A hand-clap sounds like a thunderbolt and the addict can literally hear a pin drop. The craving for it becomes greater, unconquerable. After five years of taking it periods of temporary insanity result.

Move 150-Year-Old Home From Coast to Coast

Portland, Maine.—Charles Quincy Chas. of San Francisco, will transfer from coast to coast the 150-year-old homestead built by his great-grandfather.

So delighted was he with the landmark when he visited Maine that he arranged to have it taken apart and shipped to California, where it will rise again on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Golf Ball Is Moon in Calendar Clock

Fort Worth, Texas.—A clock that tells the time of day, the day of the week and month and phases of the moon has been constructed by Price Kiker, whose occupation is piano tuner.

The clock works with such accuracy, Kiker said, that it is calculated it will not vary more than one day in 48 years.

A golf ball, painted black on one side and aluminum on the other, represents the moon. It is connected with the regular clock movements by delicate gears and makes a complete turn in 29½ days, just as the moon does.

Kiker spent five years in figuring out the plan, he said but actually spent only five days constructing the clock.

Our Neighbor—the Oriental

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

So far as numbers are concerned the late immigration laws have endeavored to solve the problem of the Oriental in our country. Restrictions have prohibited the Japanese and Chinese from entering. Whether this is a wise policy time alone will reveal. It is true that much of our mental labor can be done more willingly and far cheaper by the Oriental than by those of the



white race. It is also true that merchandise made in Japan has been offered for sale in this country at a price cheaper than it can be manufactured in our shops. It is also true that the Oriental may not be the most congenial neighbor. He comes to us with

Political Prodigy



Rush D. Holt has been elected United States senator from West Virginia on the Democratic ticket, but being only twenty-nine years old, he cannot qualify for the place until next June. Mr. Holt was a member of the West Virginia legislature, or house of delegates, when he was twenty-six years old and gained fame for his successful fight against waste in government expenses. His father, Dr. M. S. Holt, is mayor of Weston, W. Va.

the background of a different culture and insists on expressing his hereditary tendency. For this reason we find the Chinese, in particular, developing colonies of their own where they have their own temples, shops and social privileges. Every large city has its Chinatown. This is only one side of the picture. We should not forget that in our universities many Oriental students have won first rank in the field of scholarship. Many are preparing for a professional career in their native land. All of the Orientals in this country are not of what might be called the artisan class.

When we seriously ask ourselves, what are the obligations we owe these neighbors, we face a dilemma. One thing certain: we cannot press assimilation to the extent of intermarriage if we want to preserve the white race. The latter invariably loses its identity in the offspring of all intermarriages. On the other hand, the best judgment of the Oriental mind is equally opposed to intermarriage. Nor can we assimilate them into citizenship, for the reason of their tendency to colonize. It would be just as impossible for us to become Chinese or Japanese.

Perhaps our obligation is best expressed in the exercise of Christian courtesy and neighborly spirit, endeavoring to instill into them the spirit of American democracy, and leave it to work from within outward. Whatever assimilation is possible, must arise within the personality of the Oriental himself, and cannot be forced upon him from the outside.

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**Famous Names Live**  
Chicago.—The University of Chicago intends to challenge Harvard's claim to famous names. The frosh class here boasts of a Woodrow Wilson, William Gullen Bryant, Irving Berlin and Walter Eckersall.

**Has Bottle 200 Years Old**  
Union City, Tenn.—A small bottle of dentition, which is over 200 years old and which has been in the family five generations, is owned by Mrs. N. M. Jenkins, of Union City.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

IN THESE days when economies are sought it is well to remember that fuel can be saved in many little ways of well-planned cooking. Frequently the saving proves one of time as well as coins. Modern stoves and methods require different management from the one-time kitchen stove burning coal and which was always kept going. This is seldom found. There were certain advantages in it, for the constant heat made it possible to cook slowly at least, without adding to the fuel bill. But on the other hand, the very fact that the fire was constant increased costs. It is because the heat can be regulated at will today, that it is so important to have the fire going as little as is compatible with the culinary work.

Cooking on top of a gas, oil or electric stove requires less fuel than oven cooking. So whenever possible, use top burners. When stoves are equipped with oil burners, top and oven are heated at the same time, but it still should be borne in mind that more oil is used when the oven is made hot, than when the top of the stove only is needed without high temperature. With an oil burning range the planning or cookery to save fuel is much the same as with the ordinary, if less used, range. That is when the fire is high, do oven baking as well as top cooking, and then let the fire burn low, or even cut off the flow of oil and let the fire go out.

**For Thrifty Cooking.**  
When using the regulation oil stove, or the gas or electric stove, confine cooking to top burners as much as can be managed with results satisfactory. For example, try that delicious pudding, baked apple tapioca, made from cored, peeled, and sliced apples and pearl tapioca, water, sugar, a dash of salt, and cinnamon, if liked. Make it in a double boiler on top of the stove. The tapioca will steam in the boiler much quicker and the apples soften in much less time than in the oven. Serve in sherbet cups, and top each glass with whipped cream or marshmallow whip. Macaroni with cheese can be made in the double boiler, and if dashed up and top covered with buttered crumbs browned under the flame, the effect is practically identical with baked macaroni.

When having a roast use the oven to cook other things which require a hot oven, when that is needed, or which take long rather slow cooking if

a lower temperature is right. It is amazing the reduction of time of keeping current on that can be managed in this way. Carelessness in turning burners down, when a lower temperature is all that is needed, will bring up bills a bit. And not to turn off the current immediately it is not needed, is actual loss.

**A Place for Everything.**  
An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure is certainly true when it pertains to putting away things so that they are easy to find. One's patience is not taxed nor her temper either when she can go to a place and find, not part of what is wanted, but every piece needed. Few things are more trying than to find one cuff of a collar and cuff set lacking, when one is in a hurry, and all three pieces should be together. There are some aids which may prove helpful in guarding against such an inconvenience.

If a set is to be put away for some time, a good way to insure having all parts together is to take a stitch or two through them just enough to tack the articles together. See that these stitches are taken through the portions which turn under in each piece and so will not show even the tiny stitch holes when put on to wear. Pins can be used, but they are likely to leave rust marks wherever the pins rest, as well as in the pinholes, so the stitches are better. Another way is to spread the collar out on cardboard and lay both cuffs on it too, over the collar. Wrap the whole set in tissue paper, and lay in a box. Many sets can be put in one box which should be wide though not necessarily deep.

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Smart Accessories

A black cellophane hat and bow are the smart modern accessories to this Schiaparelli costume. The coat is in black lightweight wool and is collared with two silver fox pelts. It is worn over an afternoon dress of heavily crinkled rayon called "Pave."



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ing lines of the blouse will appear to advantage!

Pattern 9135 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. Size 16 requires 8 yards 64 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

**A WAY OUT**  
"So you are teaching, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"What do you do when a student asks a question you can't answer?"  
"Call for answers from the class."

**Week's Supply of Postum Free**  
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

**Two of a Kind**  
"I was a fool when I married you."  
"I suppose you were, but I was so infatuated at the time that I didn't notice it!"

**Villainous Idea**  
Desperate-Looking One—I want to buy one of them ten saxophones.  
Clerk—What key?  
Desperate-Looking One—Don't matter; I'm just going to play it for spite.

WNU—M 49-34

**The Leader**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE PERFECT GUM

Pug's Fighting Face



Pug Lund, captain and star back of the Minnesota football team, is not handsome to look upon when in action, but he gets there just the same. His friends think he might go to Hollywood and get a job as a screen villain.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

**MAD DOGS!**  
HOT WEATHER DOES NOT CAUSE RABIES, IT IS NOTICED MORE DURING SUMMER BECAUSE DOGS ROAM MORE FREQUENTLY

**SMELLING SPACE**  
ALL OF THE OLFACTORY NERVES OCCUPY A SPACE ONLY 4/10 INCH IN DIAMETER.

**FILLING A STOMACH**  
THE STOMACH'S NORMAL CAPACITY RANGES UP TO ONE-HALF GALLON.

Mark Builds His Own Tombstone



Mark W. Sanderson of Milwaukee, Wis., believes in preparedness. So in his spare time he has constructed his own tombstone. The picture shows him viewing with considerable pride the ornate monument, now completed.

# Harmless, Necessary Sheep

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE  
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Through the pullman window, as the train steed in a prairie station, we could see car after slowly moving car, and at the side door of every one a dozen or more woolly heads thrust forth as far as the gate which confined them in their moving prison would permit.

The man sitting opposite me, an elderly man with a drooping white mustache and a slouch hat of the same hue, regarded them lazily. Then turning toward me he broke a silence which had existed, since he entered the smoking compartment, and inquired: "Hope I don't hurt your feelings by taking a chew," and I replied: "Not in the least."

"Never rode herd on them reptiles, hev ye?"

"Sheep," I assured him.

"Sheep," he said, "is misunderstood. I judge that 'Mary's Lamb' story done it. Maybe one sheep can be made a pet of, but take 'em in the aggregate they're bad."

I regret that no form of written words will enable me to render the word "bad" as he pronounced it.

"Plumb bad," he continued. "Some say they kin't got sense, but they got sense enough to know where they want to go, and when they head that way they go, too. An' all the king's horses an' all the king's men, can't head 'em off. Jyuh like me to tell you somethin' about what they kin do when they git started?"

I would like nothing better, and I said so.

"Bout twenty years ago, thutty, maybe I was workin' for a rancher over in eastern Oregon. He was a wheat rancher but somebody had persuaded him that they was money into sheep, an' he bought him a band an' turned it out on the range. While they was there they wasn't nothin' for the critters to do but eat. Fust they climb up on the rim rocks to see if they could spy out some means to get loose an' give us trouble gettin' 'em back, but they couldn't see no way out, so they stayed around till a feller from Portland come along an' made the old man an offer for 'em. It was a good offer an' he took it up. They was to be delivered, on the hoof, at Portland in a week, an' I was app'ointed to go along with 'em an' nuss 'em an' keer for 'em till they was rec'pted for."

"They was a little troubles gittin' 'em into the cysrs, but me an' a couple of brakemen managed all right, and a day later we was all on a siding in Portland, me in the caboose an' the sheep in their side-door pullmans."

"When I got off the train the next mornin' an' inquired around, I found out that the feller that was to take 'em off my hands hadn't showed up, but that they'd have to be got off the train somehow because the cysrs they come in was needed for other work, an' would have to be made up in a east bound train right off."

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LAST MONTH WE SOLD 481 HEAD OF HORSES AND MULES  
Work horses up to 1000 per head; racing horses up to an average of 100 per head for each of 25 head. To realize the most money out of your horses and mules, bring them East tonight.  
For full details information write:  
FRED CHANDLER, Chariton, Iowa

## FEEL TIRED, ACHY— "ALL WORN OUT?"

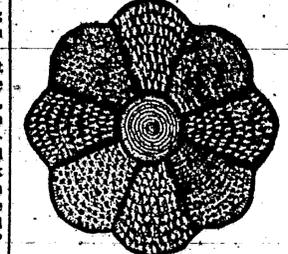
Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill

IS a constant backache keeping you miserable? Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, swollen feet and ankles? Do you feel tired, nervous—all unstrung?  
Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They help the kidneys cleanse the blood of health-destroying poisonous waste. Doan's Pills are used and recommended the world over. Get them from any druggist.

## DOAN'S PILLS

"Linkraft," the new woven material for rag rugs.  
Send 15c to our Rug Department and get our book No. 24 showing 20 different crocheted rugs in quilt design in colors with illustrations. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.  
Address Home Craft Co., Dept. C, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



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Write Murine Co., Dept. W, Chicago, for Free Book

# Mr. COFFEE - NERVES . . . he gets expelled from school

MANY PEOPLE, of course, can safely drink coffee. But there are thousands and thousands of others who cannot. And, without realizing it, you may be one of these.

The caffeine in coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, upset your digestion or undermine your nervous system.

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... switch to POSTUM for 30 days. POSTUM is a delicious drink, and contains nothing that can possibly harm you. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is economical and easy to prepare. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—Free. Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. H. U. 12-22-34  
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Fill in completely—print name and address.  
Offer expires July 1, 1935.

The right leavening for quick gingerbread is our Baking Soda with sour milk also for molasses cookies, strawberry shortcake, doughnuts... Our Baking Soda is obtainable everywhere in convenient sealed containers for just a few cents a package... Our pure Soda is useful in many ways outside the kitchen, keep an extra package in the medicine cabinet... Mail the coupon today.

**THE OUTLOOK**

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N.M.

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

Six months, in advance \$1.00  
One year, in advance \$2.00

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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

NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION  
MEMBER 1934



**EDITORIAL COLUMN**

**Thankful For Not Being In League of Nations**

With other things for which we should have been thankful, we wonder how many of our people were grateful on Thanksgiving Day for our country not being connected with the League of Nations, just at the present time.

As much as the world at large, has preached peace, dark clouds of war now hang over unfortunate Europe. Nations across the seas are a ready sharpening their swords and making hurried preparations for war, while we, thank the Lord, are still out of the picture.

Had it not been for warnings of far-visions patriotic Americans, we would have now been in the League of Nations, and lining our boys up to stop lead on the other side of the pond. We can plainly see how the hounds of war are scheming for sales of war munitions with which to further the crime of maiming their young men and rendering their young men and homes dark and desolate by the loss of loved ones.

We have seen the record of the League with its broken promises and uninterrupted decline in world respect and confidence. But who can tell, for with the incoming congress with its full measurement of power, some strange and crazy scheme may yet be adopted to bring us into the coming fray.

It may be yet that we might be called upon to again sacrifice our young manhood on the altar of patriotism, if they tread on the tail of Uncle Sam's coat which they are likely to do in order to draw us into their scrap. But we be unto the political party which would be a factor in it.

**Pupils of St. Rita School**

- will present the following program at Navarro's Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 14, at 8 o'clock:
- 1--Song, "Santa Claus is Coming," 2nd and 3rd Grades.
  - 2--The Sick Doll--Rosa Montoya, Isabelle Sandoval and Edward Morales.
  - 3--The Real Santa Claus--2nd and 3rd Grades.
  - 4--Song, "Santa Claus," Minims.
  - 5--"Sammie," Patricia Dolan and Albert Apodaca.
  - 6--Playlet, "A Christmas Guest," 4th, 5th, 6th Grades.
  - 7--By-Lo Land, Minims.
  - 8--Messenger Birds, 2nd and 3rd Grades.
  - 9--Song, "Glad Christmas Bells," 4th, 5th, 6th Grades.
  - 10--Playlet, "The Christmas Child," 7th and 8th Grades.
  - 11--And There Were Shepherds, 7th and 8th Graders.
- Admission, 10 and 25 cents.

**In the Probate Court**

State of New Mexico )  
County of Lincoln ) ss.  
In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Minnie B. Fambrough, Deceased, No. 389.

**NOTICE**

To: William Fambrough, Harry Fambrough, Roy Fambrough, Harvey Fambrough, Mrs. Annie Fambrough, Ross Tigge, Alix Fambrough, and To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that an instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Minnie B. Fambrough, Deceased, has been filed for probate in the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and by order, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1935, at the hour of 10 A. M., at the court room of said court in the village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, is the day, time and place for hearing proof of said Last Will and Testament.

Therefore, any person or persons wishing to enter objections to the probating of said Last Will and Testament are hereby notified to file their objections in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, on or before the time set for hearing.

Dated at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 7th day of November, 1934.

(Seal) Ernest Key, County Clerk.  
By Frances R. Aguayo, Deputy.

**In the Probate Court**

State of New Mexico ) ss.  
County of Lincoln )  
In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Earl B. Rountree, Deceased, No. 390.

**NOTICE**

To: Margaret E. Rountree, Boise E. Rountree and Roland B. Rountree of Capitan, New Mexico, and To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that an instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Earl B. Rountree, Deceased, has been filed for probate in the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and by order, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1935, at the hour of 11 A. M., at the court room of said court in the village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, is the day, time and place for hearing proof of said Last Will and Testament.

Therefore, any person or persons wishing to enter objections to the probating of said Last Will and Testament are hereby notified to file their objections in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, on or before the time set for hearing.

Dated at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 7th day of November, 1934.

(Seal) Ernest Key, County Clerk.  
By Frances R. Aguayo, Deputy.

**Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account**

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico.

In the Matter of the Estate of Esperidion Luera, Deceased, No. 290 To Higinio A. Mirabal, Administrator; Nepomocena Luera, Juan Luera, Teresita L. Weita, Carolina L. Mirabal, Petrita L. Velasquez, Emiliano Luera, Victor Luera, Julian Luera, Jose Luera, and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Higinio A. Mirabal, Administrator of the Estate of Esperidion Luera, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court his final report and account as such Administrator, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 7th day of January, 1935, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., as the hour and day for hearing of objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Higinio A. Mirabal as such Administrator, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereof and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the Administrator is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico. Witness the honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 7th day of November, 1934.

(Seal) Ernest Key, Clerk.  
By Frances R. Aguayo, Deputy.

Lode and Placer Mining Location Blanks and Proofs of Labor on Mining Claims on sale at this office.

Just received--A new shipment of Ladies' Blouses. Your

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
Carrizozo -- New Mexico

"Try First National Service"

Deposits Insured under U. S. Government Plan

**Special Offer**

By arrangement with "NEW MEXICO," the State Magazine of National Interest, you can obtain both this magazine (its actual production cost alone is \$4.80 a year) and The Carrizozo Outlook both for a full year for (club price!) This offer is good until January 1, 1935, only. Thereafter the price of New Mexico Magazine will be advanced to \$2.00 a year. What finer Christmas gift could you send to friends or relatives? A sample copy of New Mexico Magazine may be seen at this office. Such an opportunity will not be yours again. Act now!

**ZOZO BOOT SHOP**  
NO CHEAP PRICES TO MISEAD YOU  
NO CHEAP QUALITY TO DISPLEASE YOU

**FOR SALE \$27.00**

Washing Machine, with gaso line motor, in good running condition. Phone 24.

**Don't Take It For Granted**

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them.

**ADVERTISE**

If you want to move your merchandise. Reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

I am prepared to furnish White Oaks Lump Coal at \$8.00 per ton. See, phone or write Bill Wettstein, Oscura, N. M.

Try--

**The Waffle House**

"The Place to Eat"  
Miners' Headquarters  
Leave your samples here

We Patronize  
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**J. E. Compton**  
Proprietor  
Carrizozo, New Mexico

**Carrizozo Eating House**

MRS. E. H. SWEET, Mgr.



Very Best of  
Accommodations

Dinner Parties  
Our Specialty

Individual or Boxed  
**Christmas Cards**

at the

**THE WAFFLE HOUSE ANNEX**

Cool	An	Appetizing
Refreshing	Enjoyable	Light
Drinks	Place	Lunches
Served	To Meet	With Your
As You	Your	Favorite
Like Them	Friends	Beers

JESS ROBERTS assures you a pleasant visit.

Private Booths



When in EL PASO  
Stop at the

**GATEWAY HOTEL**

**LOCKIE HOTEL**

GATEWAY Rates: SINGLE \$1.50-4.200, DOUBLE \$2.00-5.250  
LOCKIE Rates: \$1.00-\$1.50, Family \$2.00-\$3.00

These Rates Include FREE GARAGE.

**SPECIAL**

For only \$20.00 you can give your wife and family a beautiful, new **KELVINATOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR** For Christmas!

Balance in 12 or 18 small Monthly Payments. Ask for Specifications NOW!

New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co. Phone 24 -- Carrizozo

**ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market**

PHONE 62

Leave your Order With Us for the **Christmas Turkey**

**Baby Beef**

Fancy and Staple Groceries. Fresh Vegetables Every Day. - At Economy Prices - Your patronage greatly Appreciated.

White Oaks Coal--\$8.00 per ton, delivered. Will take orders for 1/2 ton and up. Leave orders for the same on Black Vets. The Outlook Art. & Gift Shop announces that they have just received a lovely line of Gift Handkerchiefs at reasonable

**PROFESSIONS**

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Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
Lutz Building  
Carrizozo — New Mexico

**T. E. KELLEY**  
Funeral Director & Licensed Embalmer  
Residence Phone 88  
Car. 12020 — New Mexico

**DR. R. E. BLANEY, Dentist**  
— Lutz Building —  
Carrizozo — New Mexico

**A. L. BURKE**  
Notary Public  
at Carrizozo Outlook Office  
Carrizozo, New Mexico  
Entries made of all Legal Transactions.

**Roberts, Meyer & Co.**  
Accountants — Auditors  
Tax Consultants  
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**ALBERT MORGAN**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
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**Malpais Dairy**  
  
Whole Milk — Cream  
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**George Elmgren**  
Sign and Pictorial Painting  
All Work Fully Guaranteed  
Leave orders at Outlook Office

**Christmas Gifts**  
  
Novelties  
Magazines  
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Cigars of All Kinds  
Prescriptions Carefully  
Compounded,  
Majestic Radios  
**Rolland's Drug Store**  
Carrizozo, N. M.

**Lingerie Slips Pajamas Negligees of Lovell Crepe**  
Outlook Art & Gift Shop

FOR RENT—Two houses. 1 2-room and 1 3-room house, both furnished.—Apply to Fred Getty.

**NOTICE**  
The Woman's Club of Carrizozo will hold their annual Christmas Bazaar and Baked Food Sale on Saturday, Dec. 15, at Community Hall, at 1:30 p. m.



**EL PASO - ARIZONA Motor Truck Line**  
  
We carry Refrigerator Trucks And guarantee all perishable goods to reach destinations in perfect order.  
  
**General Trucking Service**

**For Sale**  
One Used Hand-Operated Book-keeping Machine in Good Order.—The Titsworth Co., Inc., Capitan, N. M.

**Carrizozo Dry Cleaners**  
Cleaning · Pressing · Alterations  
Clothes called for and Delivered.

L. A. Jolly  
**Phone 66**

**For Sale**  
Yearling Hereford Bulls, at Reasonable Prices.  
**The TITSWORTH Co., Inc.**  
Capitan, N. M.

**WHITE OAKS LUMP COAL**  
  
\$8.00 per ton -- \$8.00  
Phone or write Bill Wettstein, Oscura, N. M.

**Carrizozo Home Laundry**  
  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed**  
  
Work Called For And Delivered  
Phone 50 — Carrizozo, N. M.

**A B C**  
**America's Leading Washing Machines and Ironers.**  
Electric and Gasoline Motor Driven  
Backed by 25 years of Manufacturing History  
**LOW PRICES — EASY TERMS**  
Trade in Used Machines at Reasonable Prices!  
**New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co.**  
Phone 24 — Carrizozo

**DIVORCE IN MEXICO.** FI The Outlook Art & Gift Shop  
nal in few days; no residence; wishes to announce that they  
no publicity. Write: Atty. have just received a new line of  
Box 86, Mexicali, B. C. Mexico. Ladies' Chic Millinery. Your

**LODGES**

—CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41—  
Carrizozo, New Mexico.  
A. F. & A. M.  
Regular Meetings 1934  
First Saturday of Each Month.  
Wm. Gallacher, W. M.  
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29  
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR  
Carrizozo, New Mexico.  
REGULAR MEETING  
First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially  
vited.  
Gussie I. Titsworth, W. M.  
Maude L. Blaney, Sec'y

 **COALORA REBEKAH LODGE NUMBER 15 I.O.O.F.**  
Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.  
Kathleen Mendenhall, N. Grand  
Clesta M. Prior, Secretary  
Carrizozo — New Mexico  
CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 80, I.O.O.F.

Carrizozo, New Mexico.  
F. L. Boughner,  
Noble Grand  
W. J. Langston  
Sec'y-Treas.  
Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

**FOR SALE**—Two Registered Bulls; four years old.—Apply to L. R. Hust.

**COAL! COAL!** Lump Coal \$8.00 a ton delivered—See or write Bill Wettstein, Oscura.

**NOTICE**—Hereafter, this paper will charge 50c for each Card of Thanks.

**Now is Your Chance**  
To those who will send us the sum of \$2.00 during the month of December, we will send you the Outlook for one year and in addition to the paper, we will send you the New Mexico Magazine FREE of charge. But you must be quick about it, for the offer is only good for December. After Dec. 31, the subscription price for the magazine alone, will be \$2.00. This offer stands good to old subscribers who have not responded to their subscription statements. If you will remit for one year in advance, you will be included with new subscribers. Now is your chance and it will be your last chance, to get this wonderful magazine FREE. The offer begins with December 1, so get busy if you want to accept the offer.

Advertise in The Outlook and your message will work while you take it easy.

Some newest patterns in Ladies' Winter Wash Dresses at the Outlook Art & Gift Shop — priced reasonably, of course.

**Football Banquet**  
There will be a Big Athletic Football Banquet at the High School on Wednesday, Dec. 19, followed by a big dance. Each football boy will sell a business man a ticket for one dollar. This admits the business man and his guest, a football boy.

"The Terrible Swedes" famous Cagers Dec. 28, at Community Hall.

**Djer-Kiss**  
**PARFUM**  
Solves Christmas Problems  
  
This famous French fragrance, beloved of every woman, makes possible most generous giving, yet so inexpensively. Enduringly popular, of matchless delicacy, long-lasting—you can give nothing more welcome.  
  
Genuine Djer-Kiss Parfum may also be had in a dainty purse-size cassette for only 25¢  
  
Boxed \$2.00  


**Quality Service**  
Come to  
**Branum's Cash Grocery & Market**  
To get Your Vegetables and Meats.  
  
We Have a Complete Line of Fancy Vegetables, Meats, Oysters and Fish.  
  
We sell Luckey's Milk, Butter-milk and Cheese.  
Fresh Daily at our Grocery.

**CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.**  
**Sales Service**  
  
**Before you buy ANY Car at ANY Price, drive the 1934 FORD V-8.**  
**Expert Mechanical Work**  
AT  
**Greatly Reduced Prices**  
Gasoline, Kerosene; Lubricating Oil and Greases

**For Sale**  
Some Used COAL STOVES at LOW PRICES.  
The TITSWORTH CO., Inc.

Give the Little Folks Hand Crochet

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MAYBE you will and maybe you won't have time to crochet one or the other of the cunning garments here pictured before Christmas, but where there is a will to do and dare why not "get busy" and find a way? Really, can you think of anything to hang on the Christmas tree that will bring greater joy to the heart of a child than either of these cunning hand-crochet frocks or the gay coatie with its jaunty matching beret? Any way that if you do not see your way clear to finish before the holidays, a gift as adorable as this will be hailed with delight any day on the calendar. Being done in sturdy mercerized crocheted cotton, apparel like this is an all-year-round proposition so far as timely wearableness is concerned. Either little dress will be charming to wear to parties this winter, made in a dark or a pastel color, and being washable they will emerge from their tubbing all ready to wear when spring and summer comes. To "brighten the corner where you are" is no task for a little girl dressed for a party in the hand-crochet dress of bright yellow pearl cotton (centered in the group). The skirt is a series of crocheted lace ruffles done in shell mesh stitch, matching the round collar and slightly puffed sleeves. Each ruffle, and about the neck and sleeves, is tipped with white. There is no wear-out to a dress of this mercerized cotton. The simple little slip of a frock on the lovely child, seated is easier to make and takes less time to complete than the one just described. Any little girl would be proud of this Sunday-go-to-meeting dress of mercerized crocheted cotton. There will never be any trouble in persuading a young lady to hurry and get dressed if she can tumble into this pretty little frock. Make it in any color you choose, for mercerized crocheted cotton comes in dozens and dozens of delectable tones and tints from dark to light. Perhaps you think a gift of jacket-sweater with matching-beret would be more apropos for the youngster you have in mind. The two-piece ensemble in the picture is easily made of knitting and crocheted cotton. It is a question whether it is more effective in navy, brown or wine-red. The embroidery which adds so vastly to its attractiveness is done in a lazy-daisy stitch—the easiest, quickest decorative stitch known in needle artcraft. Don't forget the cluster of lazy-daisies which tops the crown of the beret. There now! We have told you about crocheted for little folks but have you seen the stunning triangle scarfs crocheted or knitted of mercerized cotton in the color you like best, which make such acceptable gifts for grown-ups? They are bordered on two sides with hand-tied fringe just as are the silk fabric or velvet ones which are making such a hit in neckwear displays this year. © Western Newspaper Union.

ROBBERS' ROOST by Zane Grey

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Soon they were on the way, Helen comfortably settled in the back of the two-seated wagon and Jim riding beside Tasker in front. A rancher, at whose place Tasker stopped, invited them to pass the night at his house, and next morning take the road from there to Grand Junction, which could be reached in a long day's drive. Jim accepted both invitation and advice. In the morning Tasker bade them good-by and God-speed. "Thank you, Mr. Tasker," replied Helen. "I shall remember your kindness. And I'd like to buy back the two horses Jim traded you." "I'll fetch them, if you'll tell me where," replied the rancher. "Star ranch, north of Grand Junction."

"Jim, you will have supper with us," she said, "I'll leave you and Bernie. Oh, what will a tub and a change feel like!" She gathered up her things and ran out of the living room. "Helen hadn't time to tell me much," Herrick said. "Hays kidnaped her for ransom. Took her to a hellhole down in the brakes. Robbers' Roost, she called it. Held her there captive. They fought among themselves—gambling with my money. Hoeseman's crew found them. There was a battle. In the end you killed Hays and brought Helen back. . . . That's the gist of her story. But I want it in detail." "I have all the money, almost to a dollar, Herrick," replied Jim. The Englishman regarded that as of little consequence and urged Jim to a recital of the whole affair. Presently Herrick spoke with something of gravity: "Helen told me that I was to keep you at Star ranch. I hope you won't let this Hays debacle drive you away."

"I'll be impossible for me to stay," rejoined Jim, briefly. "But thanks for your kindness." "I'll have you manage the ranch—give you an interest. Anything—" "Please don't embarrass me further. I can't stay. . . . It's hard to confess—but I have had the gall, the absurd luck, to fall in love with your sister. I couldn't help it. . . . I want you to know, however, that it has turned me from that old outlaw life. I'll go away and begin life over again." "By Jove! So that's your trouble. Does Helen know?"

"Yes, I told her. It was after she asked me to come and stay at Star ranch. She said she would never feel safe again unless I came. So I had to tell her."

"I don't blame her. I'd feel a little safer myself. That devil Hays left his trade-mark on me. Look here. . . . By thunder, Wall, it's a blooming mix. I understand you, and think you're a man to respect and like. Can't we get around the trouble somehow?" "There is no way, Herrick."



"Please Look at My Cinch," She Replied, Coolly.

"What do you think Bernie has done?" "Bernie!" ejaculated Jim. "Yes, my brother. This good woman told me. . . . Jim, you are the richer by ten thousand dollars." "Richer? . . . Me!" "Indeed, Bernie offered ten thousand dollars for my safe return." "You know I wouldn't take a dollar!" flashed Jim. "Well! What do you want, Jim?" she inquired, with a woman's sweet tantalizing mystery. "However, never mind that now. Listen, Bernie hired all the riders available to hunt for me. Also he found where Hays sold our cattle, and he forced the buyers to sell back every head, at the price they paid. He threatened to take the case to Salt Lake City."

"That's sure good news. It might have a tendency to end rustling, at least in wholesale bunches. Did you hear how badly your brother was hurt?" "She did not mention that. Any way it couldn't have been much, for Bernie has been here. . . . Aren't you going to eat any supper? Oh, I shall not sleep much tonight. . . . And what shall I tell Bernie?" The query was arresting to Jim and he hastened to direct her mind into other channels, trying to make her feel concerned that they had still fifty miles to cover. Every moment of that ride next day was a joy and a pang. It seemed as short as the preceding one had been long. Helen was gay, and thoughtful, and talkative by turns, but she did not infringe on the one subject that crucified Jim.

It chanced that as they surmounted the pass that led down into Star ranch valley the sun was setting out of a glorious cloud pagant over Wild Horse Mesa and the canyon brakes of the Dirty Devil. Jim judged of its beauty and profoundly by the sudden silence it enjoined upon his companions. She never spoke another word until Jim halted the team in front of the ranch-house porch. "Home!" she whispered as if she had never expected to see it again. At Jim's halloo Herrick came out on the porch. "By Jove—here you are!" was his greeting, as cool and unemotional as if they were returning from a day's visit to the village. "Yes, Bernie, here I am—thanks to my escort," replied Helen. Jim helped her out, while some cowboys came running. "I'll take the team down," Jim said, hurriedly. "You come in," returned Herrick, as he gripped Jim's hand and gave him a searching glance. He kissed Helen and led her in, with his arm around her. Jim purposely lingered at the bank of collecting Helen's worn and muddy leggings, and carried it in. Another and sterner word with arms crossed, and their gaze was hard to meet.

Presently she arose: "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle." Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her. . . . Barnes led the onslaught of ranch hands upon Helen, and the welcome she received could not have been anything but gratifying.

Jim got on the horse Barnes saddled for him and followed Helen who to his surprise took the road back up to the ranch house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the ridge. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on. When they got up to the level ridge, among the pines, he trotted to catch up with her. But she kept a little ahead.

His thoughts locked around the astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all around him, seemed strangely intensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky turned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above and the purple-gray valley deepened its colors below.

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer. "My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen. "Helen, I fear it's better than your sense-of kindness, let me say. . . . Why did you bring me here?" "Please look at my cinch," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally. Her saddle cinch was all right, and he rather curiously told her so. "Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her boot and spurred foot. "Well, I can't see anything wrong with that, either. . . . Helen."

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irresistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her gloved hand went to his shoulder. "Nothing—the matter with your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all, it's not my cinch—nor my stirrup. . . . Jim, could any of your western girls have done better than this?" "Than what?" "Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes, they would have been more merciful." "But since I love you—" "You are mad," he cried. "And since I want you—presently—to behave somewhat like you did that day."

He reeled under that. The truth was almost overwhelming. The strong, earnest light of her eyes told more than her words. Her pallor had vanished. She was no longer cool. "Jim, you might have saved me this. But perhaps it is just as well. You are laboring under some delusion that I must dispel. . . . I want you—ask you to stay."

"If you are sure—I will stay. Only for G—d's sake, don't let it be anything but—ask—" "Love," she added. "Jim, I am sure. If I were going back to England, I would want you to go, just the same. . . . It's what you are that has made me love you. There need be no leveling. I lived years down in Robbers' Roost. That changed me—blew the cobwebs out of my brain. This wonderful West and you are alike. I want both."

"But I am nobody. . . . I have nothing," he cried haltingly. "You have everything a woman needs to make her happy and keep her safe. The fact that I did not know what these things really were until lately should not be held against me."

"But it might be generosity—pity—the necessity of a woman of your kind to—to pay." "True. It might be. Only it isn't. . . . I brought you here!" Jim wrapped his arms around her and for the reason that he was ashamed to betray the tears which blinded his eyes, he buried his face in her lap and mumbled that he would worship her to his dying breath and in the life beyond.

She ran soft unglued hands through his hair and over his temples. "People, cities, my humdrum existence had palled me. I wanted romance, adventure, love. . . . Jim, I regard myself just as fortunate as you think you are. Lift me off. We'll sit a while under our pine tree. . . . Jim, hold me as you did that other time—here!"

[THE END.]

Jim Jitsu Jim Jitsu means literally the art of making one's opponent see his strength to his own disadvantage. It is not a system of muscle building by physical training, but rather a means of effecting the effectiveness of powerful muscles by performing the most simple but skillful maneuvers. It is a scientific application of the knowledge of the weaker spots in the human anatomy. Every trick that would be accounted "fool" in wrestling and boxing in the height of excellence in Jim Jitsu. This science is taught to officers and selected men of the Japanese army, navy and the police force. The United States government has recognized its importance by having it taught at West Point and at Annapolis as a special training.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for December 16

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE LORD'S SUPPER

LESSON TEXT—I Corinthians 11: 23-24. GOLDEN TEXT—For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. I Corinthians 11:26. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Supper Jesus Gave His Friends. JUNIOR TOPIC—How the Lord's Supper Began. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why Observe the Lord's Supper? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Realizing Christ's Presence in the Supper.

By the Lord's Supper here is meant the bread and the wine used as emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some Christians think of the Lord's Supper as a meal of fellowship eaten before the institution of the bread and the cup. To them it means the agape or love-feast which was practiced in the early church. Such would prefer to call this the Communion instead of the Lord's Supper. With this understanding, we can enter into the real understanding and blessing of the ordinance.

1. The Institution of (v. 23). 1. The time. It was on the night of the betrayal of the Lord Jesus, after the betrayer had been announced. 2. Circumstances of (Matt. 26:26). It was in connection with the eating of the Passover. At the command of Jesus the disciples made ready the Passover, and while they were eating Jesus took bread, blessed it, and gave it to them.

3. The elements used. Bread—doubtless common bread of the Passover feast. The Cup—the fruit of the vine. 11. The Significance of (v. 24-26). Cf. Matt. 26:26-28).

Jesus took natural and literal elements and made them to be symbols of his own body and blood. 1. It is a memorial of the Lord (I Cor. 11:24-25). When Jesus Christ left the world, he left the bread and the cup for the disciples, by which to remember him.

2. To show the Lord's sacrificial death (v. 26). He did not die as a hero, or as an example of unselfish devotion, but as a substitutionary ransom on the cross he made satisfaction for our sins. 3. It is a guaranty that our sins are forgiven (Rom. 4:25). "It was the signet of the Son of God attached to redemption."

4. It symbolizes the believer's reception of Christ (I Cor. 10:16). He thereby participates in the body and blood of Christ, becoming a member of his body. 5. It has a forward look to a completed redemption (v. 26). When faith in Christ is exercised, redemption begins, and its completion will take place at the coming of Christ (I Thes. 4:16, 17). The bread and the cup constitute the keeprake of the Lord until he returns.

111. Qualifications for Participation in the Lord's Supper (v. 27-29). 1. A proper apprehension of its meaning (v. 27). Eating and drinking unworthily primarily refers not to the demerit of the communicant, but to his failure to grasp the meaning and importance of the ordinance. Only regenerated persons can discern the Lord's body. Faith in the integrity of Christ's person and work is essential. Anyone who does not believe in the absolute deity of Christ and his vicarious atonement is an unworthy communicant.

2. Church membership (I Cor. 11:18-22). The Lord's body is the church, which is composed of regenerated men and women united to Jesus Christ as head, and to each other as members of that body, by the Holy Spirit. 3. An orderly walk. Conduct which disqualifies for participation in the Lord's supper: a. Immorality (I Cor. 5:1-13). It is most perilous for one who is guilty of immorality to approach the Lord's table (v. 30). Sickness and death are often visited upon such.

b. Heresy (Titus 2:10; I John 4:2, 8). This means that one who holds false doctrine is disqualified for participation in the communion. c. A Schismatic (Rom. 16:17). The one who stirs up party strife, who causes divisions in the church, should be excluded from the Lord's table. d. Penalty for Failure to Discern the Lord's Body (v. 29-34).

Approaching the Lord's table unworthily issues in the visitation of sickness and death upon the individual. This seems to be plainly the meaning of "weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." This explains the illness of many Christians. The way to escape the judgment is to judge ourselves.

Patience Patience means "to stay under the burden." It is a call to be loyal to the difficult task even when there are open doors of escape. It means that the whole man should stay in the hard place—heart, head and body.

They Are the Winners All those who wear the white robe of spiritual purity are those who have overcome in the struggle with all that is base and evil in the experience of mankind.

BIAS-CUT CLOTHES POPULAR IN PARIS

There is much more give and take in our new clothes judging from the numbers of things brought out on the bias. Sleeves are set into shoulders biasly, or very often sleeves and yoke, coming down in a design back and front, appear on short jackets as well as three-quarter and full-length coats, and on dresses themselves. Another 1934 winter notion is the use of solid color in two and three-piece suits with the splash of color coming in a short scarf about one yard long and six to ten inches wide. This is knotted rather close at the throat and the ends are sometimes tucked in or else they are tucked through tabs that button or fasten on the back of the lapels of the jacket or coat.

Long Slender Tunics in Latest Afternoon Models

Elaborate afternoon models this season show long, slender tunics, almost following in style the three-quarter or seven-eighth coat. These tunics are always in contrasting material and tone. They are noted in faconne rayon crepe, lame and rayon, ottoman and tulle, to accompany dull velvet costumes. Marcel Rochas shows elaborate tunics in lame, chenille material, tufted fabrics, quilted crepe and in beaded or spangled fabrics, to accompany his smart ensembles combining a mixture of wool and silk cellulose film.

Dresses, Tight to Knees, Now Develop Into Trains

Lucien Leleng shows evening dresses extremely close-fitted in front and at back down to the knees, where, through a clever cut, it develops into a long graceful train. Melyneux obtains train effects by adding at the back of his evening dresses a sort of second hem, which is sewn under the edge of the sag skirt and allowed to fall on the ground. Some of these trains in lace effect are actively covered with plastic sequins, forming a contrasting appearance with the dull rayon satins or crepe of the dress.

SWISH OF TAFFETA BY CHERIE NICHOLAS



Again the swish of taffeta resounds in fashion's realm. Especially during the romantic evening hours does the murmuring of its rustle make music in the air. What's more "they say" that taffets will be a very important fabric both in winter resort and early spring modes. The dance frock pictured is of deep blue celanese taffeta. A huge bow of self-taffeta at the neck and a pronounced flare of fullness from the knee carry this lovely and youthful gown to a point of high distinction. Sassy Buttons This is a year of sassy buttons as seen in new collections. Some dress makers show no other fastening or fastenings than large plastic clips.

AUNT AGATHA'S ROMANCE

By R. H. WILKINSON

AUNT AGATHA SPENCER AT fifty-five was still romantic. There is a story that Aunt Agatha was once the village queen, and that her romance with brilliant Paul Shelley was nipped in the bud when Paul eloped with the widow Dawson and never came back to Dexter.

Most folks give some credence to this tale. Aunt Agatha's features still reflect the glory of a once alluring beauty. She has retained many of her early ideas about love and is always eager to counsel youth in regard to it.

Some folks call the old lady flighty. Romance had never again come to Aunt Agatha after her affair with Paul Shelley.

That is, it never came until one day last June. On that day Aunt Agatha had a caller.

Unfortunately she was away at the time and Emma Lougren, the housekeeper, answered the door.

Emma's face wore a look of deep concern when Aunt Agatha got home. "Who," she asked, "do you suppose called this afternoon?"

"Paul Shelley," said Aunt Agatha quickly.

And for just an instant a sort of wistful look came to dwell in her eyes. You could tell that she's never forgotten Paul.

"Don't be silly," said Emma. "It was Roy Huckleworth."

"Roy Huckleworth! Whatever did he want?"

"Goodness knows. He asked for you and when I told him you were out he looked at me kind of queerly and walked away."

Aunt Agatha was puzzled. Then suddenly she smiled. "Well soon solve that mystery," she said, and picked up the telephone.

But Emma was quick to interpose. "No you don't, Aggie. You're not calling up any men like Roy Huckleworth. Goodness knows, folks ain't got over your affair with Paul Shelley yet."

A hurt look came into Aunt Agatha's eyes.

Emma saw the look and regretted her words. "Now don't take it that way, Aggie. I didn't mean to hurt you none, but Roy Huckleworth ain't no man for you to be calling up. Every one knows he ain't right in his head. Chances are he's got some crazy notion and—wants to take you ridin' or somethin'."

Aunt Agatha's eyes sparkled. "How exciting, Emma! How very exciting! I always did think Roy was handsome."

Emma was aghast. Personally she was afraid of Roy Huckleworth. He always had that wild look in his eyes that you see in the expressions of people who aren't just right mentally.

The mystery, for a time, went unsolved. Then Roy called again at the Spencer home. And again it was Emma who greeted him at the door.

But this time Aunt Agatha was in the sitting room and heard the conversation. She came to the door, just as Emma was slamming it in Mr. Huckleworth's face.

"He looked desperate, Aggie," Emma said a little shrilly.

"He said he had to see you personally, Aggie. I'm going to call the police. It ain't safe, having such a man around."

Aunt Agatha tried to open the door, but Emma had locked it and stuffed the key in her bosom.

"Oh, I wish Tom were here," she wailed. "He'd know what to do. I'm afraid of what that man will do."

Aunt Agatha was more curious than her face showed. She saw that Emma was frightened, and was willing, for a time at least, to humor her.

"Don't be silly, Emma. Roy's harmless. He wouldn't hurt a flea. Just because the boy's not mentally alert there's no need to set him down as a raving maniac. Besides," she added, "my brother Tom will be here any day now. Goodness knows I've been expecting a letter for more than a week."

Aunt Agatha retired to the privacy of her bedroom and began to think. Dejected though Roy Huckleworth might be, she remembered him in his younger days.

There had been a sort of rivalry between Roy and Paul Shelley for Agatha's hand. Perhaps, thought Aunt Agatha, perhaps there was a bare possibility—that the old love affair might in a way be responsible for his present mental condition. Perhaps the thing was coming to life in his mind again.

Twice more within the next three days Roy Huckleworth called at the Spencer home and asked to see Aunt Agatha. And on both occasions Emma positively refused admission and slammed and bolted the door.

To make matters worse, no letter came from Agatha's brother Tom. Emma, with a little stretch of her imagination, connected the two and declared that Roy was responsible for Tom's delayed arrival. She insisted on notifying the police, an insistence that was overcome by Aunt Agatha's hot refusal.

"Don't be absurd, Emma. The police will see at you. It will make us the laughing-stock of the town. And, more-

over, folks will remember that Roy was once sweet on me."

It was this last remark, with its possible results of bringing to light again that old-time love wrangle, that kept Emma from her purpose.

However, much to Aunt Agatha's amusement, she kept the doors locked and bolted day and night.

And all the while Aunt Agatha's curiosity was growing stronger and stronger. For the life of her she couldn't figure out what it was that Roy could want.

"Surely not to renew that old courtship!"

Aunt Agatha's heart quickened a beat at the thought. For just a single instant she knew again that old romantic impulse.

But whatever his purpose, Aunt Agatha decided she'd have to get at the bottom of it.

She'd have to find out what Roy wanted.

She'd have to arrange to be at home the next time he called, and, if necessary, lock Emma in her room while she, Agatha, greeted her one-time lover.

The opportunity came sooner than she expected.

That very afternoon Aunt Agatha glanced through the sitting-room window and saw Roy strolling up the path.

Emma was in the kitchen, and quick as a flash Aunt Agatha had closed and locked the kitchen door. She paused for just a second before answering Roy's insistent knocking, to glance in the dining-room mirror and pull back a rebellious strand of hair. Then, with heart pounding a little above normal, she walked over and threw open the door.

Aunt Agatha's heartbeats returned to normal. The man standing there wasn't Roy at all.

It was Tom, her brother. But over Tom's shoulder Aunt Agatha could see Roy strolling down the path toward the road.

"Hello, Aggie," Tom said cheerily. He saw the expression in Agatha's eyes. "Curious duck, eh," he went on, nodding toward the retreating Roy.

"He came up just as I got here and handed me this. Said he found it about two weeks ago and tried to give it to you because it had your name on it and was marked 'personal.' He got sick, he said, of having the door slammed in his face and he declared he guessed the letter wasn't so personal but what I could hand it to you."

Aunt Agatha's heart was heavy as she took the letter from Tom's hand and glanced at the address.

Suddenly she smiled. "Why, it's from you, Tom. The postman must have dropped it, and Roy picked it up. It's marked 'personal' and he wanted to give it to me."

Tom got the idea and chuckled. "That's so," he said. "So it is. Say, you must have thought I wasn't coming. I wrote that letter telling you I couldn't get here until a week later than I expected."

Tom continued to chuckle as he stepped inside the house.

But Aunt Agatha didn't even smile. She was looking rather wistfully out over the lawn and down the road at the retreating back of Roy Huckleworth.

French Cooks in a Row With the Academicians

It is regarded as a healthy sign that, in the midst of political disputes, France has again found time for a culinary controversy. The latest is about sauces, and has opposed the Federation of Cooks to that august assembly, the French academy. The cooks appear to be getting the best of it.

The academy in a recent session adopted a new definition of the sauce that is known in French gastronomy as remoulade. The sauce, which in every previous edition of the academy dictionary had been described merely as a "kind of sauce piquante," has now been defined as "mayonnaise sauce, containing mustard."

Great indignation among the cooks! Mayonnaise, indeed! There is nothing about a remoulade even approaching a, mayonnaise, they declare. The determining characteristic of mayonnaise, it is pointed out, is that it is based in yolk of egg. Remoulade, according to the best Parisian chefs, is a sauce composed of mustard, salt, vinegar, oil and sometimes including parsley, shallots, or finely chopped herbs. No yolk of egg, and therefore no possible chance of confusion with a mayonnaise.

It is even pointed out that the remoulade was defined in the academy dictionary in 1740, thereby antedating the invention of mayonnaise, which occurred in 1760, and its name was a corruption of the name of the town of Port Mahon, which was taken in that year by Cardinal Richelieu, in whose honor the famous salad-dressings were named.

The academy on its accounts can furnish only one isolated definition of a special kind of remoulade called remoulade a la Provençal, which Alexander Dumas declared was made of the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a little parsley, a little garlic and the yolk of a raw egg. Here is yolk of egg enough, but it is probable that out of respect to the cooks the proofs of the academy dictionary will be corrected.

Thimble-Sized Young meadow mice are born blind, deaf, toothless and hairless, weighing a fraction of an ounce and small enough to fit into a thimble. They grow rapidly and are weaned in 12 days. In a few weeks these young adults breed, producing a litter at about monthly intervals until winter sets in, when they generally cease breeding because of the scarcity of food.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

Wallace Will Fight

Washington.—Henry A. Wallace, secretary of agriculture, is girding his armor to fight off a drive to revise the agricultural adjustment act. Mr. Wallace sees many sinister moves now being made in that direction and he is preparing to meet his adversaries in the congressional battle that now appears certain to come.

The secretary freely admits now that there may be some changes necessary in the adjustment act, but his position will be boldly against too much whitening when agricultural legislation is before congress in January. The conviction is held by him that the agricultural situation has been improved by the New Deal program, and he is avowedly favorable to its retention in a general way, although in a recent speech Mr. Wallace told the national grange that probably it would be necessary to re-examine the basis of the program that has been operating now more than a year.

"Exactly what form the drives on the adjustment act and administration may take this coming winter," said Mr. Wallace in an interview the other day, "no one of us can say, but from present indications I would anticipate the most potent drive to be directed at restrictions on agricultural production. So I envision a conflict, a choice between two paths, one leading to unrestricted agricultural production at the earliest possible moment, the other leading to continuance and perfection of the present control methods. Either path may very well require certain changes in the Agricultural Adjustment act. Before I discuss unrestricted production in detail, I would like to say parenthetically that I am for it, provided there is a sufficient excess of imports over exports to service the debts owed us by foreign nations, and in addition to pay a fair price for our exportable surplus; and provided, furthermore, that shipment of these excess products abroad does not impoverish our soil beyond repair."

While Mr. Wallace is saying that the drive is on the adjustment act, observers are finding considerable objection among farmers to control from Washington. I think it is an undoubted fact that the American farmers are rock-ribbed individualists and, that being true, they naturally resent having bureaucrats sitting in Washington offices tell them what to do and how to do it. Because the farm industry was so flat on its back when the adjustment act was passed, the bulk of the farmers were willing to accept anything that promised a measure of relief, according to the considered judgment of students who have watched the whole picture. They have found now, however, that unhappy consequences have resulted, and I am told by many members of congress that they are uncertain whether there is a majority of farmers in this country now favorable to the New Deal farm program.

It seems reasonably certain, therefore, that the discussion of farm legislation in the new congress will develop that which has not been developed before, namely, the voice of the consumer. There is also likely to be violent expressions from the corn and hog producers because of the processing taxes on hogs. A goodly number of farm leaders believe, after surveys among actual farmers, that the processing taxes on hogs have been taken out of the farmer's hide and not the hog.

I told you some weeks ago that there was every prospect of a proposal to repeal the Bankhead cotton law. That movement has gained in momentum beyond belief. The Department of Agriculture, under Mr. Wallace's direction, is taking a census, a vote, on the question whether this law should be continued. The result is that congress will find that question on its door-step also, and don't forget that opponents of the Bankhead law are, real fighters. Those who claim to have suffered damages under it believe that one dose is enough, and if they do not gain their point one way, they will accomplish their desires in another, much to the chagrin of Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, who made so many long speeches in its behalf.

Mr. Wallace stated that he expects the main drive against present agricultural laws to be in favor of removal of all restrictions on production. He thinks that is a ridiculous course to follow. He proposes to give present schemes of control time for trial in order to perfect them. In this he has the whole-hearted support of the New Deal professors who clutter up Department of Agriculture offices in numbers greater than in any other government department. The professors have their contacts at the Capitol, and they use them. Thus, observers here feel that opponents of the present adjustment act may not win unless the objections claimed to exist among the farmers themselves are made vocal. If that occurs, it is declared by authorities, we may see President Roosevelt taking a hand because of the politics involved. If the President throws his little doubt but that changes will come, it is probable that he is satisfied with the present set-up, the strength of the professors will be so multiplied that success of their program will be next to impossible.

Notwithstanding President Roosevelt's speech at the annual convention of the American Bankers' association here, a speech that was believed at the time to have salved the bankers' feelings, considerable distrust of administration policies has begun to accumulate among the banking fraternity. It was noticed before the appointment of M. S. Eccles as governor of the federal reserve board, but it has become much more evident and more vocal since. The reason is that Mr. Eccles is considerably more of a liberal than most bankers and business men. Frankly, some of the important bankers of the country fear that Mr. Eccles will go far to the radical side in directing affairs of the greatest banking system in the world.

While most financial authorities are not now alarmed over the prospect of any inflation by means of reckless running of printing presses, they do fear that the banks of the country will be forced into the position of buying government bonds whether they desire to do so or not. I was told by one banker, a man who has served in official capacity in Washington, and therefore knows this field as well as banking, that he would not be surprised if banks were assigned certain blocks of bonds which they must purchase in the course of financing by the treasury in the next two years. All of the conservative thought in the country looks upon this, of course, as next to printing press money in its inflationary tendencies.

As the laws now stand, it apparently would be difficult for the treasury, acting through the federal reserve board, to tell any particular bank how many government bonds it must absorb. But it would not be difficult to change the law so that any bank could be allocated a stated amount of bonds and be given the privilege of turning over those securities to the federal reserve bank for currency.

Obviously, such financial students as the veteran Senator Carter Glass, Virginia Democrat, would fight to the death against what he believes to be misuse of the federal reserve system and the country's banking structure. There are several other Democrats, both in the house and senate, who would follow the Virginia senator's lead. The belief, however, is that there are not enough to defeat such a proposal were it sent to congress with the administration's blessing.

There is banking legislation scheduled for this coming session. Its scope has not yet been determined but it will be more far-reaching than the previous legislation and, in all probability, there will be some brand new pet schemes put forward by professional advisers who have been called into conference by Secretary Morgenthau and his aides. Then there are the findings of the senate committee on bank and currency to be considered. That committee, as will be remembered, held lengthy hearings and exposed much corruption in certain types of banks. Whether the members of that committee and the administration will attempt to bind the whole banking structure hand and foot because of the rotten spots found in several apples in the barrel, it is too early to forecast.

Yet it is to be remembered that there were ultra-radical investigators including in the staff of men who operated under Ferdinand Pecora, the committee's counsel. Mr. Pecora, of course, is now a member of the securities commission and therefore not in direct touch with his former employer, but there are those here who say his influence is just as great. If that be true, the senate committee can be expected to go off at a tangent in drafting legislation to hamstring not only the bad banks but the good ones.

Because weather affects our daily lives as nothing else, it proves an ever fascinating subject. It is always interesting as well, really a fascinating occupation, to look ahead.

While we cannot definitely forecast the weather this winter, the American Nature association and the United States weather bureau have compiled some records about other winters that are most interesting. Take for example, the country-wide blizzard of 1888. The boys and girls of those days, those who now say, "do you remember way back when," insist that that was a winter which really was winter. The later generations point to the "war winter" of 1917-18, a period of excessive cold and of great snow throughout the United States east of the Rocky mountains. The Far West was much warmer.

Two outstanding winters were: 1912—Severe cold weather during the first three months of the year when unprecedented ice formed on all northern lakes and rivers. It was during this cold spell that Lake Superior was frozen from shore to shore and moose crossed on the ice. Lake Michigan and Lake Erie were completely spanned with ice in some places.

1890—A record cold wave from February 11 to February 15, with zero temperatures extending from the Gulf coast northward. Mobile, Ala., recorded 1 below zero; Vicksburg, Miss., zero; Washington, D. C., 15 degrees below; St. Louis, 19 below; Chicago, 21 below; and Ottawa, Can., 24 below.

Bankers Distrustful

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The Christmas Party

by Martha Banning Thomas

"I THIS isn't bad luck! Here I'm all-packed and ready to go to Hildesfeld . . . and I can't even get my car out of the garage!" Rudy gazed gloomily out of the window.

His mother gazed at Rudy. "I know, dear. I'm awfully sorry. But I don't think even trolley cars or trains will run after this blizzard. Perhaps none will go to the party."

"That doesn't help along my Christmas spirit any," replied her son. "It was to be a grand party. That Sallie Sims . . . you know, the girl with the hair I told you about . . . was to be there. It makes me boil!"

His mother waited a moment or so. "Why not work off steam shoveling the walk? You can help out the janitor. He's got more than he can handle."

"A fine substitute! Really, mother, sometimes it doesn't seem as if you appreciate how I feel. It's awful. Looked forward for weeks to this thing." He went on grumbling.

Without saying more, Rudy slammed out of the door. Soon his mother looked down from the third floor to see him half-buried in a drift by the entrance. He had borrowed a shovel from the janitor, and began working like a rotary plow. The snow fairly swirled away from him; he became a figure dimly seen in the midst of whirling flakes. "Good for him," smiled his mother; "I'm sorry he's disappointed, though."

She went about her usual preparations for Christmas, which was next day. Rudy and she lived alone in a small apartment and she sometimes felt smothered and lonely and disheartened. It was not the way in which she had lived before. Rudy's mother liked space; she hated crowded, city districts. However, she said nothing of this to her son. It was necessary, and she made the best of it.

After an hour or so she heard a noisy, laughing scrambling up the stairs. The door burst open, Rudy stood there, red-checked, covered with snow, his eyes full of eager pleasure. Beside him was some one else. A slim figure with glorious hair like a cloud coming out from a small knitted cap. She was lovely with her high color and fresh outdoor beauty.

"Mother, this is Sally Sims! Would you believe it, she's visiting an aunt in this same building! I'd never know it if I hadn't gone down to shovel. She saw me and came down to help. Isn't it wonderful? I've asked her to share our little tree with us . . . and tomorrow we're going sliding on the hill. It's simply grand . . . simply great!"

Sally agreed. They were both heard to remark that evening that they didn't think that party would be so much.

"It's never the party," laughed Rudy's mother. "It's the people who go to it—or stay away. What an awfully nice Christmas eve this has been."

Rudy grinned at Sallie. Sallie teased her lovely hair. "The best event!" she said.

"Grandpa late to Christmas Feast" by Charles Frederick Wadsworth

IT WAS past two when consternation seized the Christmas party at John Henry's.

The telegram read: Have had an accident. Do not wait dinner for me. JAMES H. ESTON.

"Goodness gracious," this from Grandma Eston, who had come on in advance to help Millie. "What do you suppose has happened?"

John Henry grabbed the telephone and called Balltown. He got Doc Wilkins and asked if he had treated Jim Eston. No, Doc said, he "seen him in the mornin' drivin' around in his car."

Other sources of possible information were tried without success. The gay gathering of kin-folks settled down to apprehensive waiting.

Around three-thirty the youngsters complained of hunger.

"Now children," Millie said, "we'll wait a while yet. Maybe Grandpa isn't hurt so bad he can't get here."

Finally, John Henry said he would drive to Balltown and see what he could learn. It was a forty-mile drive and the time was near five, but he thought best to go.

As he was about to leave the driveway for the road, Grandpa's car was seen coming at a dangerous clip. The old man was all smiles as he stopped before the house and alighted.

Grandma, Millie, Jack, Samuel, Mary, Madeline, John Henry and numerous children all asked for an explanation at once.

"The morning," said Grandpa, "I sampled some candy your Grandma had made, and it was so tough I got my upper and lower plates stuck together. I pried, and danged if I didn't pry two jaw teeth out of the plate, on the side I eat with. I simply had to have 'em for that turkey. The dentist said it would take about five hours, as it would have to be vulcanized. But I'm here and okay!"

"And you just did get here by the skin of your teeth, didn't you, Grandpa?" This was from John Henry, Jr.

The party, joyous, entered the house and soon all were settled for the delayed dinner.

"Grandpa," said John Henry, "please ask the blessing."

Western Newspaper Union.

Dear Old Santa Claus

By Earle Hooker Eaton

THERE'S lots of folks I'd like to know Who live in summer rain and snow; Who dwell as well, in cold and heat, And on earth's good old Easy Street, For one's the chap for loud applause, Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

Though men may come and men may go, Though kings speed fast and then go slow, There's one who gets here every year, On time with his old jingle dear, So hail this chap for loud applause, Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

The world is full of heroes great, On deck today, then out of date For one's the child who does not cheer For one's the chap for loud applause, For her good friend, old Santa Claus! Western Newspaper Union.

Grandpa Late to Christmas Feast

by Charles Frederick Wadsworth

IT WAS past two when consternation seized the Christmas party at John Henry's.

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