

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

8 PAGES

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

VOL. XXI — NO. 23

GARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1935

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR

Diamond Dust

STANDING OF THE CLUBS	Won	Lost
White Oaks	12	2
Cobras	7	5

By Joe Chavez

As was predicted in last week's issue of the Outlook, the Carrizozo-White Oaks game last Sunday was one of the best ever witnessed on the local diamond for many a moon.

Brilliant plays by both teams kept the fans on their feet from the beginning to the end.

Carrizozo was in the lead for five and six innings with the counts 4-2 and 4-3. In the 6th inning, the locals blew up momentarily and White Oaks put across two more tallies with the aid of two costly errors.

"Tino" Lopez ran back from second base after a high fly, which, we think, had been left to the rightfielder, would have gone down in the score book as a put-out. The next heart-breaker for the Carrizozo rooters followed in succession. Two men were retired and two were in scoring position. The batter hit an easy bouncer to Pitcher Ortiz, who recovered the ball with care-free poise, but when he started to deliver the ball to first, his grip slipped on the pellet, hit his leg and rolled out to third base.

This placed the Miners in the lead, 5 to 4. For two more innings it was a pitchers' battle between Sally and Lee Simpson, with the latter having an edge over the former in the pinches. The Cobras made a desperate effort for a rally in the 9th and managed to bring in the tying run and force the game into extra frames. In the 10th, Simpson produced the devastating hit which won his own game for White Oaks. Lee pitched a fine game and saved himself from the fangs of the Reptiles by flinging baffling ball in the pinches.

Everett Myers, "Nig" Littell, Grady Cody, Simpson and Van Schoyck, Jr., did some handy work with the stick and played heads-up baseball.

Fielding honors should go to Manuel Chavez and Jerry Beltran. These boys robbed the Miners of several hits with their wonderful running catches in the outfield. Chavez had four putouts and every one of them he had to pull out of the fire.

The final score was 6 to 5. Harry Miller and Rolla Ward were the arbiters.

We have high praise for Manager Sipple, his team and the White Oaks fans for their clean sportsmanship, and hope to have another friendly (BUT HOT) game with them in the immediate future.

O. T. Keathley has re-opened the Zozo Boot Shop and is ready to give his patrons the best of service. Mr. Keathley specializes in cowboy boots, saddles and delicate, ladies' shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Side entrance to old Roland Building, next to the Waffle House & Annex.

Miss Marie Jensen, nurse at the Johnson hospital, is on a month's vacation, during which time, Mrs. Ted Purcey (nee Mary Romero,) will relieve Miss Jensen.

Mrs. Clarita Romero of Ancho, mother of Nathan Adler, who has been quite ill at the home of her son here, is somewhat improved at this writing.

Lincoln (Hearsay)

Lincoln beat the Capitan Woodchoppers here Sunday by a score of 16 to 9. Capitan plays Pica-cho here in Lincoln Sunday.

When in Lincoln, don't fail to visit the following historical places:

Old courthouse, where Billy the Kid killed the two guards, Ollinger and Bell, before his last escape.

El Torreon, built by old settlers to protect their families from Indian attacks, and recently restored by the Chaves County Historical Society.

The old Patron house, where the Kid carved his initials while being a prisoner there.

The site where the McSween house was burned down, ending the famous Lincoln County War and the old McSween store, now owned by J. M. Penfield. You will notice that the window and door shutters have a steel layer between and are doubly made. You can also look at the hill from where Montoya and Crawford started coming down, and when about half way, Herrera took a long shot and killed Crawford, who was trying to cover up behind a boulder. Montoya rolled down the mountain and saved his life.

Last but not least, the old Ellis Hotel, where Governor Wallace stopped when he came to Lincoln after the turmoil, his mission being to pardon the participants and thereby insure peace among the warring factions. According to hearsay, all were pardoned except the Kid.

The Lincoln Store, T. C. Romero, Prop., have photos in stock of the above mentioned landmarks. Mr. Romero will also be glad to show you some old relics. Make him a visit.

Baptist Church Services

If you are without a church home in Carrizozo, we cordially invite you to worship with us next Sunday. The evening worship hour will begin with a 20-minute Song Service. See church card on page four of this paper.

Mrs. Charles Joyce and brother-in-law Geo. Joyce returned last Sunday from a pleasure trip to Lawrence, Kans., where Mrs. Joyce visited her mother Mrs. G. E. Rahekopf and George visited friends at that place and at Kansas City. They were glad to get away from the extreme heat of the middle west.

Billy Norman of San Patricio made his customary business trip to Carrizozo on Monday.

Word was received at this office from Miss Ruth Kelley, who is now employed by the H O L U at Albuquerque. She reports enjoying her duties immensely and sends her best regards to her Carrizozo friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dale, daughter Effie and son Elmo were here from their ranch near Ancho Wednesday.

Rev. J. L. Lawson and family, now located at the Elephant Butte Dam, were visitors here last Sunday as guests of Attorney and Mrs. John E. Hall. Rev. Lawson will be remembered as pastor of the local Methodist Church several years ago.

The City Cousin



Roswell to the Fore

The Good Will trip which had been published in this paper for three weeks in advance, was made Wednesday. The business interests of our neighboring city were well represented and the band more than lived up to expectations of Carrizozo people. The band played at different street intersections over town and to say that their concert pleased everybody, would be putting it lightly.

The leader of the band, Mrs. Noah, is deserving of more than ordinary mention from the fact that having been a resident of Roswell but one year, during that time she has organized and now has under her supervision, three separate band organiza-

tions. At their departure, the leaders of the Good-Will trip expressed themselves as highly pleased with the manner in which the people turned out to hear the band and made themselves acquainted with the Roswell people. The Outlook wishes to extend its thanks to the members of the Roswell Chamber of Commerce for this trip of Good-Will and hope that our neighbors will repeat the visit at some future date.

The leaders of the Good-Will Trip were: Messrs. Claude Simpson, Sec'y of Roswell C. of C., Dan Wilmoth, Carl McNally and other members.

The Republican Executive Committee Meeting at Santa Fe

Convened on Monday of this week at Santa Fe. One of the most important meetings of the Republican State Central Committee was held. Important, we say from the fact that the speakers stood pat on their denunciations of the New Deal, one of them terming it the "Black Widow Spider."

The particulars of that meeting have been published in the daily papers, giving accounts of the highlights and also publishing in full, the proceedings of the entire meeting.

Lincoln County was represented by one regular member, A. L. Burke, and one more serving on a proxy, George Simpson of Corona, who was there on the chairman's proxy.

There was an absence of "pusy-footing" on the part of the speakers, showing that they were not afraid to speak up and denounce what they believed to be wrong.

Mrs. Erva Glaunch, daughter Evelyn and Wayne Richard will leave Sunday morning for Tulsa, Okla., where they will visit with Erva's mother and her son Jack, who has been visiting his grandmother for the past several weeks. They will spend one week with the home folks and will return, accompanied by Jack, who has had a whale'n good time at the grandmother's home.

Mrs. Anna Bell Risinger spent last week at Sweetwater, Texas, visiting her sister Mrs. Brack Mitchell. Mrs. Mike Risinger, her mother and daughter Helen returned with Mrs. Risinger and spent several days at the ranch home across the Malpais, returning to Sweetwater Monday.

Good-Will Parade Notes

The Roswell Dispatch and Roswell Record both circulated copies of their paper for free distribution. These were a special edition and had numerous write-ups pertaining to Lincoln County; Carrizozo in particular. The wordings on the numerous advertisements were of an informal nature. The Daily Dispatch and the Roswell Record are to be commended on this achievement.

We heard a kid say during the Roswell Chamber of Commerce Good-will parade Wednesday afternoon: "Look at those band boys step. 60 pieces — quite a band! See those bright red coats and white pants. That's what I call class."

All people of Carrizozo and the surrounding towns turned out Wednesday afternoon to witness the Roswell Good-Will parade. It was led by the high-stepping school band; then came the business men afoot, followed by a caravan of automobiles. The excellent school band serenaded the different business houses around town with well-known marches; it made the people rather take new life to see such a display given by our progressive, ever-alert neighboring city of Roswell. It was certainly a treat, and one which will linger a long time in our memory.

We noticed some boys in their teens, of diminutive stature, playing the Bell-front Sousaphone Tuba. They did a creditable task at playing the huge instrument—or was it a job? One had to look twice in order to see from whence the music came. Referring to the Roswell parade Wednesday afternoon.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Friday and Saturday—Ken Maynard in—"Gun Justice"

Roaring with action, gripping suspense and dynamic thrills. Strange As It Seems and Cartoon.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—"The White Parade"

With Loretta Young, John Boles, Muriel Kirkland, Dorothy Wilson. An intimate glimpse into a nurses' training school—their courage; their escapades; their loyalty to duty . . . and their loves! "Jack's Shack" and "Marching With Science." Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Hall—Dudrey

At the Baptist Church, Saturday, July 13, Miss Edith Dudrey of Carrizozo and Halley Hall of Ancho, were united in marriage with the Rev. L. D. Jordan performing the ceremony.

The attendants were Mrs. B. A. Dudrey, mother of the bride, brother, Reid Dudrey, Mrs. Edith Beck, aunt and Mrs. Era Smith of the News office.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Dudrey of the Western Union office. She graduated from our high school with the class of 1933, after which she attended the Albuquerque Business College. For the past year, she has been employed by the government. She is a charming, modest young lady and is possessed of many becoming qualities.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hall, Sr. He attended the Carrizozo school and afterwards graduated at Smithville, Okla. He is a careful, conscientious young business man. He is a brother to our attorney, John E. Hall. The young people are beginning their new life with bright prospects. Just at this time they are, as we understand, undecided as to where to make their future dwelling place. The best wishes of their many friends over the county are being tendered.

Mrs. Albert Roberts has returned from Ruidoso, where she spent the past month, during which time, she has had many guests from Carrizozo, among whom were Mesdames Percy Welch, Dean Curbello, Wayne Zumwalt, Georgia Braum, Rebecca Townsend and others.

Dr. W. C. Snow of Ralls, Texas, brother to Albert and Oscar Snow and Mrs. Chas. Jordan, came in this week and has gone to the northern part of the state to fish for trout. Dr. Snow was in hope of meeting Dr. R. T. Lucas, who comes here every summer for angling. That would have been a team to make the trout hunt cover. Dr. Snow was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. B. Snow of Stephenville, Texas, who is visiting the children and their families here. Mrs. McCrary of Memphis, Texas, an aunt of the Snows, is also here for the present week.

In an Associated Press dispatch from San Jose, California, we notice that a marriage license was issued to John Grandoff, Jr., of Herman, Calif., and Miss Helen Strauss of Carrizozo, N. M. Congratulations.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Jones are here this week from Oklahoma to visit the Ray Sale family and Miss Grace M. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George Simpson and Miss Geraldine DuBois of Corona were in attendance at the big Republican Committee meeting at Santa Fe Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Carl were visitors at the home of Mrs. M. R. Hendrix on July 7 and with Mrs. Hendrix and son Fred, they attended the Sunday School picnic at Jack's Peak.

Everett Myers and Tommy Cook will leave the latter part of this week for Alamosa, Colo., and will return accompanied by Mrs. Cook and the baby, who have been visiting Mrs. Cook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, for the past several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stimmel and sons, who had been visiting the B. L. Stimmel and Tennis Smoot families for the past week, left yesterday for their home in Los Angeles. They reside at what is called Kettleman Hill and before coming here, Lee gathered some nice specimens of petrified oysters and other kinds of shells from former inhabitants of the deep, which are curious in nature. Also oil shale specimens, of which we have some in this locality, vary much the same.

Miss Lucille Williams of Alamogordo is the guest of Miss Ruth Petty this week. The girls were schoolmates in Alamogordo.

This office is in receipt of a card from Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jones from Lake of the Ozarks. Fishing must be good there, only we don't think you can catch any mountain trout. We hope they are enjoying their stay.

Mrs. Anna Gillett made a trip to Collinsville, Okla., last Friday in answer to a message to the effect that her daughter, Edith Ridgel, was ill. She returned Saturday after finding Edith's condition improved.

Word from the bedside of our old friend, O. S. Starns, is to the effect that he is improving to some extent. Let us have hope.

The dance given at Community Hall last Saturday night by Andy Wilson and his "Happy 5" of Tularosa, was fairly well attended. Come again, boys!

Mrs. John Gutknecht came in from Chicago Tuesday and will remain with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler for a week. Mrs. Gutknecht would remain longer, but Judge Gutknecht has planned a trip abroad and the date for the sailing of the steamer is near at hand, which will necessitate Mrs. Gutknecht's early return.

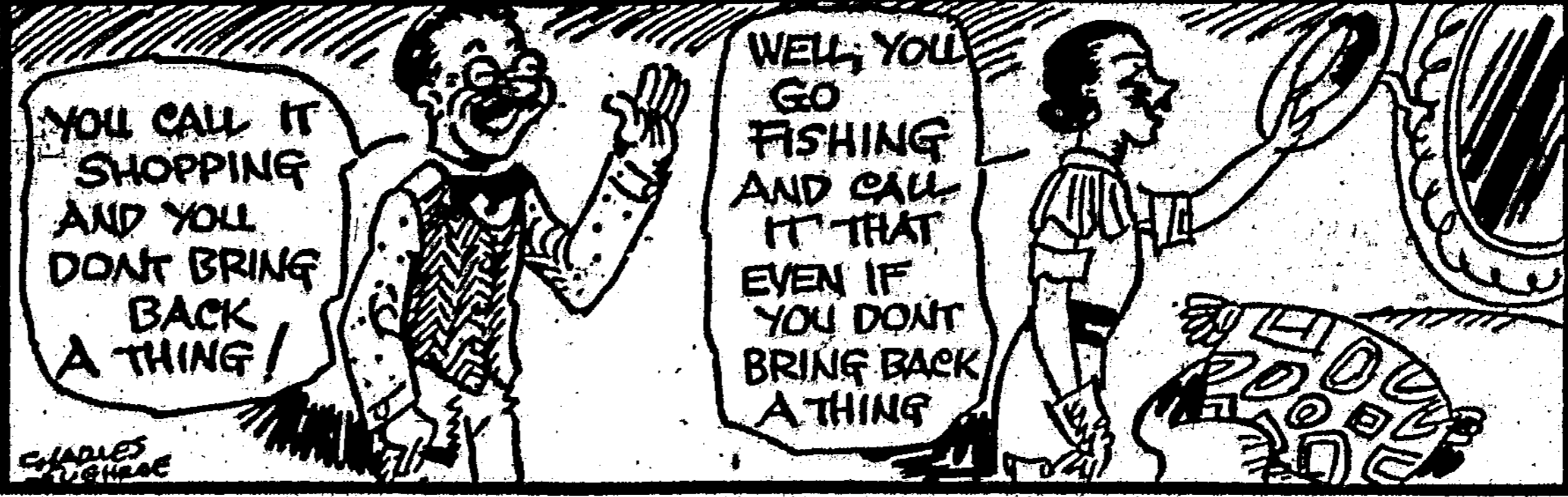
Mrs. Selma Degitz will return from her visit with her sister, Sunday. She will be accompanied by Marshall Beck, who will pay a visit to his parents, while on his vacation.

Eddie Long, representing the popular Titaworth Co. Store of Capitan, was a business visitor in town this Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thornton of their farm-ranch near Oscura were business visitors in town last Saturday.

SUCH IS LIFE—That's So Too!

By Charles Sughroe



IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. F. R. FILLWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, & Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 14

NAOMI

LESSON TEXT—Ruth 1:14-22; 4:14-17. GOLDEN TEXT—A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Proverbs 31:24. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Happy Family. JUNIOR TOPIC—Making a Happy Home. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Living Our Religion. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Making Religion Attractive.

In teaching this lesson it will be necessary to cover the entire book of Ruth.

I. Naomi's Sojourn in Moab (Ruth 1:1, 2).

On account of famine in the land of Judah, Naomi with her husband and two sons emigrated to the land of Moab. It is strangely inconsistent for a man whose name means "my God is King," who has a wife whose name is "the pleasant one," and who lives in a town which means "house of bread," to sojourn in the enemy's country on account of famine at home.

II. Naomi's Barrenness (Ruth 1:5-7).

After the death of her husband, her two sons married Moabitish women. In a short time, her sons also died. This is a dreary picture—three widows in the same home in a short time.

III. Her Return to Bethlehem (Ruth 1:6-22).

Having heard that the Lord had visited his people in Judah in giving them bread, Naomi decided to return to her home land. After she had experienced barrenness she returned.

1. Ruth accompanies her. When the time came for Naomi to go from Moab, Ruth and Orpah accompanied her for a distance. She frankly placed before them the difficulties which would confront them, and repeatedly urged them to turn back.

a. No chance to marry again. She reminded Ruth and Orpah that she had no more sons for whom they could wait.

b. Their heathen gods must be renounced (v. 15). She made it quite clear to them that idolatry could not be practiced in the land where God's people dwelt.

c. Though Orpah went back, Ruth stood the test. Her mind was fully made up. She was willing to accept as her God the One who was able to produce in his subjects the nobility of character she observed in Naomi.

2. Naomi's reception. Her arrival made a stir in Bethlehem. The people recognized her and perceived a marked change wrought in her. Ten years of such trials would make a noticeable change even outwardly, but the change was mainly inward. She asked that her name be changed to Mara.

IV. Naomi's Gracious and Tactful Behavior (Ruth 2, 3).

1. She remembered her wealthy kinsman (ch. 2). In the case of a forfeited possession, it was incumbent upon the nearest kinsman to redeem it. Boaz was a kinsman. It was necessary for both Naomi and Ruth to have food. Barley harvest afforded that opportunity. The divine provision was made for the poor when the harvest was gathered (Lev. 19:9, 10; 23:22; Deut. 21:19). The matter was talked over between Naomi and Ruth, and arrangement was made for Ruth to glean in the field of Boaz.

2. Naomi seeking rest for Ruth (ch. 3). This rest was to be in the house of a husband. Other things being equal, such is the only real place of rest for a woman. Naomi instructed Ruth as to her toilet preparations so as to be attractive and then also as to presenting her claim upon Boaz to perform the duty of a kinsman in redeeming the forfeited estate because of the sojourn in Moab. The redemption of the estate involved not only the ability to pay the price of the forfeited possession, but also the marrying of the woman.

V. Naomi's Reward (4:14-17).

1. Blessed by the women of Bethlehem (vv. 14, 15). The birth of a son to Ruth was the occasion of this blessing. It meant the perpetuation of the line of kinship, and looked forward to the true Redeemer, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

2. She became the nurse for her grandson (v. 16). This not only provided her with a home and living, but with the opportunity of helping on the purpose of God in the coming redemption.

3. The baby gives a name (v. 17). "Obed" means "servant of God." Ruth thus became a link in the ancestral chain of our Kinsman and Redeemer, Jesus Christ. The introduction of a Gentile into this line indicated the outreach of the redemptive purpose of God, which extends to the peoples of the whole world.

Progress A marked characteristic of the progressive man is that he is always improving something somewhere. He has a horror of possible deterioration, and he knows the demoralizing, disintegrating power of familiarity with inferiority.—O. S. M.

Children A child is trained much more by example than precept. Parents should therefore be most careful to act up to what they profess; and to let their actions be a reflex of their words.

Byrd Weather Men Face Bitter Cold

Their Most Difficult Job With Expedition.

Hollywood.—Down at the bottom of the world, where the winds howl all winter long at a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, members of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition spent 18 long months.

And of all the difficult and dangerous jobs assigned to members of the crew, the balloon man's long vigil amid those icy blasts, headed the list. Even the two cameramen who risked their lives to photograph exciting incidents agree that their job did not compare with that of the meteorologist.

The story of George Griminger, sent with the expedition by the weather bureau in Washington, was told by John L. Herrmann and Carl O. Peterson, who brought 130,000 feet of film back from Little America.

400 Balloons Released.

Day after day, Griminger mounted the snow covered roof of the science building and kept a telescope trained on balloons soaring into the atmosphere. More than 400 balloons were released by the meteorologist to determine wind velocity and direction at various altitudes.

The neat little pile of record books cost Griminger many a frost-bitten cheek and finger. For hours at a time, exposed to the extreme cold, he kept his eye to the telescope. Because the lens must be adjusted constantly, he

could wear only silk gloves. These kept his fingers from freezing to the frigid metal, but they weren't much protection from the cold. Griminger relayed his readings through a telescope to fellow scientists in the warm building below. Readings were made once a minute until the balloon was lost from sight. In daylight, their course could be followed up to 30,000 feet. During the long winter of endless night, little paper bags containing lighted candles were attached.

Suffered From Frostbite. Griminger wore a poseguard and other special equipment, but still he suffered continually from frostbite, the cameramen related. As a matter of fact, all of the 55 men under Admiral Richard Byrd, and the admiral himself, were frostbitten at one time or another.

Frequently the cameramen and others on trail trips would be caught in a blizzard, and parts of their bodies frozen before they could erect a shelter. Al Wade of North Hollywood suffered the most severe case. He was eighteen pounds lighter when released from the hospital.

Motion picture photography was difficult at any temperature below zero and almost impossible from 40 degrees on down, the cameramen reported. Down to 40 degrees the film becomes brittle, and beyond that it continually breaks.

The camera itself freezes at low temperatures and the hand crank cannot be turned.

The photographers developed a technique of their own to defeat the weather. Placing their cameras in ovens, they would prepare a scene for photographing, race for the cameras and grind them until they froze.

Once Herrmann clambered up a 75 foot steel radio tower for a bird's eye view of the camp. The scene over, he tried to descend but discovered his legs were frozen to a pair of steel supports. Another man climbed up and shook him loose.

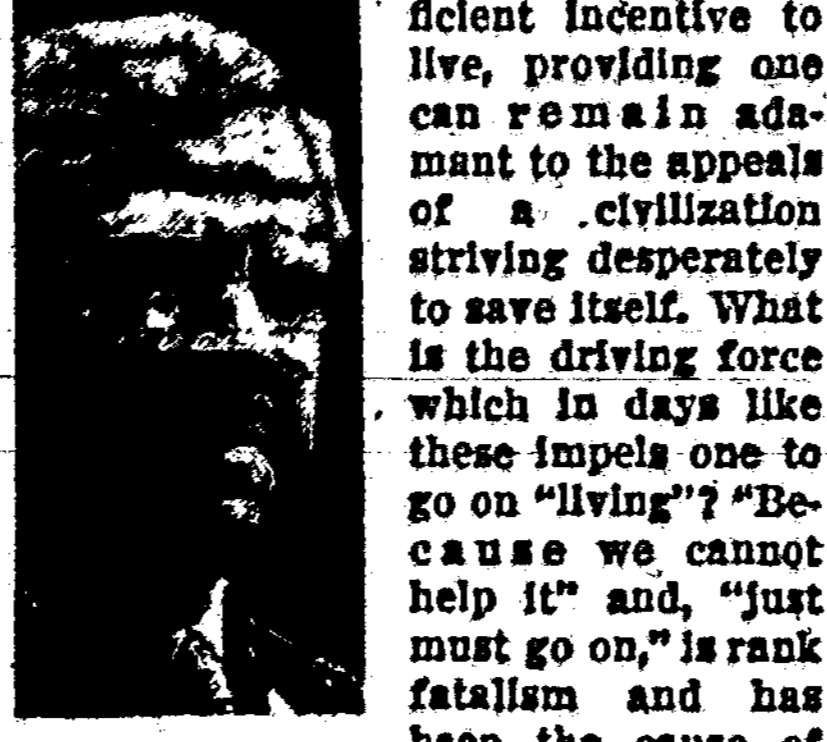
Another time, on a tractor trip, he fell backward into a 12 foot crovasse, but escaped with bruises. The cameramen and four others were bound for the admiral's advance base to bring back supplies and equipment left by Byrd when he returned to Little America by plane.

A "Best" Cellar

The most conveniently arranged and completely equipped modern cellar has a vegetable "department" where a fair supply of apples, potatoes, et cetera can be kept in cool security. Such a household asset enables a housewife to buy economically in quantities and also makes it unnecessary to purchase food as frequently. The walls of the vegetable department are equipped with shelves and bins. The inside is painted white to make it lighter and the outside is coated with an attractive color in harmony with the rest of the basement.

Life's Motivating Force

By LEONARD A. BARRETT



"To live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man"—may furnish a sufficient incentive to live, providing one can remain adamant to the appeals of a civilization striving desperately to save itself. What is the driving force which in days like these impels one to go on "living"? "Because we cannot help it" and "just must go on," is rank fatalism and has been the cause of most of the self-destruction the past few years. Some high motivating force is essential if we are to escape the peril of the pessimist or the tragedy of the fatalist.

It is interesting to study the dominating driving life-force of different people. Many a widowed or divorced mother finds her "power to carry on" in her undying affection for her child. A father finds his in both affection and responsibility for the maintenance of his family. Another person finds his

Mother's Little Boy



Robert Wadlow of Alton, Ill., was seventeen years old February 22 last. His height is 8 feet 2 1/2 inches and he weighs 385 pounds—and he's still growing. He is shown here with his mother.

enthusiastic desire to live in his reach for wealth, fame or happiness. The question still remains, however, are these driving forces sufficient to stem the tide when the particular object of one's affection or ambition has been removed? The fatalist frankly says, No. Kipling writes:

For to admire, and for to see, for to behold this world so wide— It never done no good to me, but I can't help it if I tried.

The search for an adequate motivating life force which makes it seem worthwhile to go on living is never found until we forget ourselves. In Les Miserables this test came to Jean Valjean. When he threw into the fire all that remained of his galley slave days, he remarked, "Jean Valjean is dead"—but, just at that moment one of the silver candlesticks which the bishop gave him, fell from the mantle. He was thus reminded of the words of the bishop, "Life is to give and not to take." This new motivating power made the character of Jean Valjean. The forces which ultimately compel us to want to live are not found in the desire "to take" what the world has to offer but rather "to give" to the world what it needs. Our world is not made by forces which play upon it from without so much, as it is expanded by forces from within ourselves. Emerson said, "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

To give of the best within us furnishes a commanding life-purpose and makes us want to live heroically, nobly and sacrificially.

Many French in Asia French colonies in Asia number some 25,000,000 people.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

THE home serving of company meals should be relieved as much as possible for the comfort attendant upon having each person well supplied with food, at first and when plates require replenishing. This is not an easy matter when conversation is lively. It is difficult to break in with, "May I give you some?"—of this or that, whatever it may be that is needed. Yet, unless the hostess sees that all guests, and family, are properly served the meal, as a meal, is scarcely a success, although the occasion itself may be a pleasant one.

A point can be taken from a hostess whose butler eliminated the necessity of her attention to serving, so it was purely a delightful innovation—in her case.

At each place there was a silver tankard filled with ice water and each person refilled his or her own glass. The tankards were of Paul Revere silver which supplied a reason for this item of self-service in her case. It also gives a precedent for those whose silver chests are not so fortunate. Individual glass pitchers or carafes or pewter tankards, make excellent substitutes, and they do away with the commotion attendant upon refilling of glasses with water. Be sure there are ice cubes in the containers so the coldness will be lasting.

Various Methods. Planked dishes from which the host serves meat or fish and vegetables without requiring other serving dishes simplifies the service, and therefore quells some of the usual commotion. Or a large platter on which a roast is served may have two or even three vegetables as edible garnishes, some of each being put on every plate before passing it. For instance, potatoes browned in the pan may be separated on the platter with fronds of carrots and stalks of asparagus or individual servings of fresh peas or beans on lettuce leaves. Or separate vegetable dishes may be set by the host and portions from each be dished up from them.

Two dishes of relishes diagonally opposite each other, each containing an assortment of edibles, helps self-service. Pickles, jelly or preserves, and olives make a good combination.

The Question of Bread. Bread is not served at formal dinners, but at other times, a thick piece or a roll should be on each individual bread and butter dish. Butter may or may not be with it, but most persons like to have it.

The salad may be served with the meat course. Dessert should be on individual plates ready to be taken in as dinner plates are removed. Coffee is served in the living room after the dinner is over. The tray with cups, saucers, spoons, loaf sugar and cream should be ready. The coffee may or may not be poured out before the tray goes in.

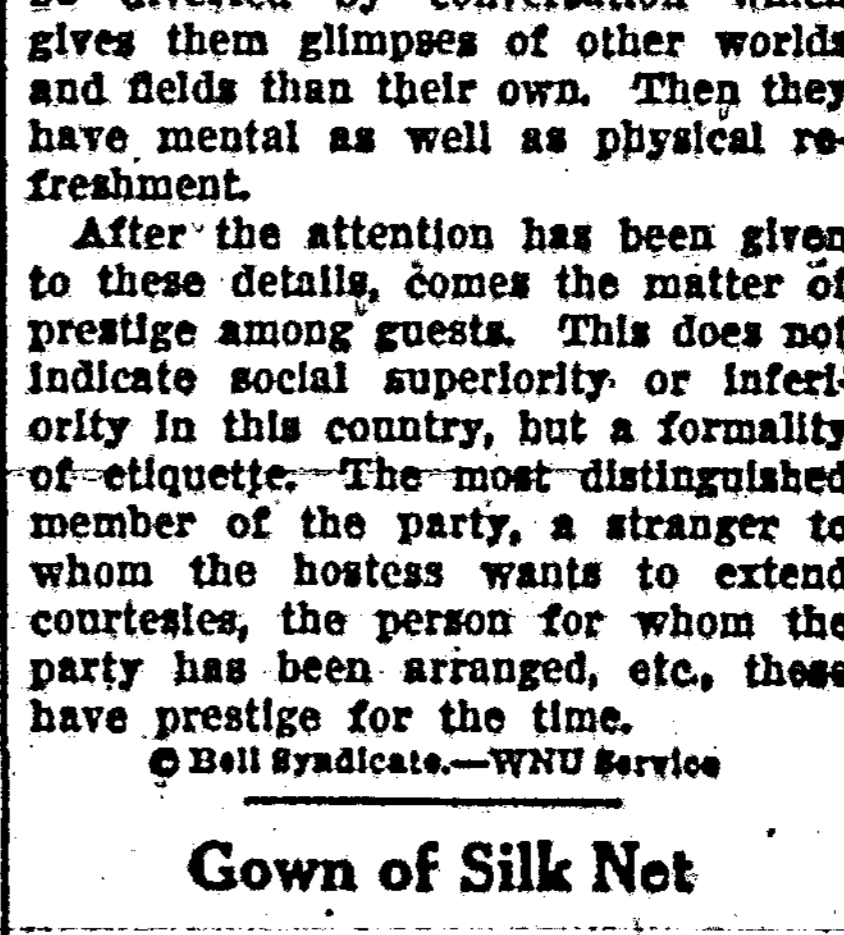
Correct Seating. The success of a dinner party is largely dependent upon the seating of

guests. This is also true of luncheon and supper parties which gather about a dining table. Assuming that the hostess has asked congenial persons, which is the first essential for success, the next thing in importance is having those together who will naturally find subjects of interest to talk about. This does not mean that those in the same fields of work, such as artists, doctors, literary persons, etc., should be side by side, since it is not good form to "talk shop." But there is still another excellent reason for mixing the group differently. A dinner is an entertainment at which persons should be taken out of their special atmosphere and be diverted by conversation which gives them glimpses of other worlds and fields than their own. Then they have mental as well as physical refreshment.

After the attention has been given to these details, comes the matter of prestige among guests. This does not indicate social superiority or inferiority in this country, but a formality of etiquette. The most distinguished member of the party, a stranger to whom the hostess wants to extend courtesies, the person for whom the party has been arranged, etc., these have prestige for the time.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service

Gown of Silk Net



Bands of cording lend chic to this delicate coral pink gown of silk net that is made to accompany the bridal gown. The sash and the bow on the cunning horseshoe hat are powder blue velvet ribbon.

Odd Cancellation From 1870 to 1801 the stamps of Afghanistan were canceled by having a piece of paper torn or cut out of them. In 1892 Afghanistan adopted the modern method of cancelling stamps with ink.

Hawaii Puts a New Star on the Flag



Hawaii is so eager to be made one of the states that the people of the islands on Flag day New Old Glory amended so that it bore forty-nine stars. Tamar Kahalehewa, Hawaiian, is here seen sewing on the new star with the assistance of Constance Merrill, Anglo-Saxon, and Rose Lam, Chinese. A bill to admit Hawaii to the Union as a state has been introduced in congress.

Rookie Makes Good



This is Vito Tamulla, rookie pitcher of the New York Yankees, who is making a fine record for his first season in major league baseball.

AMAZE A MINUTE SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD. ASIAN EXTREMES—THE CITROEN AND HAARDT 8,000-MILE EXPEDITION ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF ASIA MET TEMPERATURES FROM 120° ABOVE ZERO TO 16 DEGREES BELOW. HOTEL COMFORT. A NEW YORK HOTEL PROTECTS ITS GUESTS FROM ANNOYING VIBRATIONS OF TRAFFIC BY LEAD AND ASBESTOS PADS UNDER EACH COLUMN FOOTING. A MALE HEIR—A BOY AT BIRTH HAS ONLY ONE CHANCE OUT OF TWO THAT HE WILL HAVE A MALE SUCCESSOR.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Golden Phantoms

FASCINATING TALES OF LOST MINES
By Edith L. Watson
SPANISH BULLION

Wise Treatment Ended Child's Stubborn Fits

By HARRIET LOVEJOY
National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.
One morning a mother entered my kindergarten leading a little girl of five by the hand. She was pulling the child along against her will. "I would like to enter Mary in kindergarten," she said. "I can't do anything with her at home."
"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.
"She's so stubborn. She won't do anything I want her to."
I enrolled the child, and giving her a chair, said: "You may sit anywhere you like, Mary."
As the mother started for the door, she turned to me and said: "When you want Mary to do anything, just ask her to do the opposite."
Mary stood for a while, then picking up her chair proceeded to seat herself by a wall. She sat there all the morning. No one paid any attention to her. When we had games, I asked her if she would like to come and play with us.
"No!" she replied in a spiteful manner.
Mary sat in the same chair every day. She kept it up for a week or so. Then I think she became impressed with the idea that it made no difference to anyone else whether she joined us or not.
One morning when we were having games, I saw that Mary was standing. After a few moments' hesitation she came slowly up to the group. I smiled at her, saying nothing. Soon she sidled up beside me and stood there watching the game.
When we returned to our chairs, she went over to hers and picked it

up. I made a place next to me at the table, saying: "Here's a place for your chair, Mary, if you would like to sit here." Mary came over and sat herself down.
That was the last of Mary's stubbornness at kindergarten.
I related my experience with Mary to her mother, and I think she probably changed her methods, for some time later she informed me: "Mary is so different since she entered kindergarten."

Sun-Time Unreliable
Contrary to general belief, our most accurate clocks do not correspond exactly with the sun, for the truth of the matter is that sun-time is accurate for only about four seconds each year. For the remainder of the 365.2421 days of the year, says Pathfinder Magazine, the sun is either ahead of or behind time. Old Sol's greatest variation occurs about the beginning of November when he crosses the meridian about 16 minutes before noon and again around the middle of February when he crosses the meridian about 15 minutes past noon. Consequently, scientists have been forced to set up a mean standard of time by which to regulate our clocks.

KILLS ANTS

Sprinkle Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to kill quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. At your drugist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

BOYS! GIRLS!
Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dixie Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Advt.

Did That, Anyway?
A motorist crashed through the front door of a house and landed in the parlor, where a woman sat reading. It must be said to his credit that he had the courtesy to remove his hat.

THIRSTY? Drink KOOL-AID

MAKES 10 GLASSES 5¢ AT YOUR GROCERY

TIRES
Track and Passenger, Best Terms. For white wall shipping anywhere. For particulars write T. M. YOUNG, 222 Broadway Ave., Pueblo, Colo. Dealers Wanted.

Pimples Completely Gone

After Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment

"My face broke out with pimples that came from surface irritation and were quite large. It itched and burned and at night would itch so badly I would scratch, and the pimples finally turned into eruptions. My face was disfigured for the time being; I looked as if I had the measles.
"Then I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I got great results so I bought more, and I used only two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and the pimples were completely gone."
(Signed) Miss Mayme Michelsen, Weeping Water, Neb.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Advt.

Washington.—President Roosevelt took the country by surprise when he suddenly dispatched a message to Congress asking for a new tax law that would have the same effect, although in a limited scope, of the "share-the-wealth" program advanced by Senator Huey Long and Father Coughlin, the radio priest. It may be said that the President not only surprised but stunned Congress by the proposal. It was a move concerning which there has been no forecast and it has taken some research to show how it links with other New Deal reform plans. But a link does exist. Of that there can be no doubt.

Succinctly, Mr. Roosevelt has demanded that Congress enact a tax law that will yield, according to estimate, something like \$1,000,000,000 annually. It is designed to place the heaviest drain on the rich, whether they be rich corporations or rich individuals. In terms, the President observed that it was a program to tax "static wealth" and increase purchasing power of those not blessed with this world's goods.

The key to the program is the tax on inheritances and gifts. These two taxes must operate jointly if they are to succeed at all. If an individual of wealth wants to avoid already heavy inheritance taxes, he has only to give away his property before his death. In the new Roosevelt proposal, those who receive these gifts would have to pay a tax upon them as they would on any other income. There is a question as to its constitutionality but many able lawyers believe, the gift tax will be sustained by the Supreme court.

The second phase of the new tax bill boosts rates of taxes on incomes. At present, the individual with an income of \$1,000,000 is taxed at exactly the same rate as the individual having an income of \$5,000,000. Of course, the \$5,000,000 income pays more total tax but the point is the rate is the same as on the smaller income. Mr. Roosevelt proposes that the rate should be gradually increased above \$1,000,000 just as it is graduated from the lowest income taxpayer to those receiving \$1,000,000 annually. There seems to be little opposition to this particular item in the bill although it is natural to expect that attempts will be made to alter that suggestion since there is a school of economic thought which insists that tax rates can be high enough to discourage investments bringing a return to the individual of a size large enough for the government to take the bulk of that income.

The third major item in the President's program provides for a graduated tax on incomes of corporations. Corporations now are taxed at the rate of 33 1/2 per cent of their net income whatever it may be. Mr. Roosevelt thinks this basis is improper. He proposes to have smaller corporations pay only 10% per cent and that, as the capital of the corporations increase, they be subjected to a gradually higher rate until a top of 16% is applied on the incomes of the largest corporations. Certain modifications or classifications were offered in this connection so that some types of corporations may not be compelled to pay the maximum rate.

The President's program for new taxes was received without particular enthusiasm in Congress except for a loud "Amen" by Senator Long. Indeed, the President's message was right down Senator Long's alley. The Louisiana senator has made hundreds of speeches advocating some parts of the proposal now offered by the Chief Executive.

Congressional reaction to the President's message included more groans than applause. A political campaign is due next year. Democratic leaders in many instances, face re-election. It does not require the services of a soothsayer to tell you that new taxes are hard for a political candidate to defend.

Superficially, therefore, it would seem that Mr. Roosevelt was playing bad politics when he proposed a tax bill at this time. Such is not the case. Editorial conclusions by dozens of newspapers which understand the political situation in this country at this time are unanimous in terming it a political maneuver. Their conclusions are based on the fact that a candidate seeking political office can go out and say to people of small incomes: "Look what we are doing to the rich." Thus it is made to appear that a new wave of soak-the-rich propaganda is about to engulf us.

Business interests naturally are alarmed over the prospects. Thousands of corporations have barely been able to make ends meet in these depression years. Now that there is a prospect for some additional business and merger profits, they are confronted with a Washington program of taxation designed to go beyond the present tax burden.

It is true that some of them will be benefited by lower rates but many economists are of the opinion that these corporations receiving the benefit of lower rates actually are in the best financial condition of any in the country. Contrary to the argument often heard, the truth seems to be that the

smaller-business entities have come through the depression much better than those units with great investments and great capital funds. The answer lies in the fact that in the case of the smaller corporations, the stock usually is closely held and they are units for the most part individually managed. In the case of the larger corporations thousands of stock holders have a voice in selection of the corporate management and this management cannot be half as flexible as in instances where the word or direction of one man is controlling. In addition, small corporations are not subjected to great overhead expenses like the larger business bodies. The large corporation must maintain its organization and cannot even when work is slack cut down its fixed charges such as interest on debt and plant operation to the same extent. So, there are many who believe the high rate of tax becomes a penalty, the main object of which is to break up large corporations into smaller business units.

The Republican national committee is sitting virtually asleep in its easy chair, but Mr. Roosevelt's recent challenge of Supreme court decisions and his demand for constitutional revision is not being allowed to die. Everywhere around Washington, opponents of the New Deal are making attempts to keep that issue alive. Their claim is that Mr. Roosevelt put himself on a political hook when he offered criticism of the Supreme court, a co-ordinate branch of the government. They are determined to keep him on that hook if they can.

It is interesting to note how Mr. Roosevelt, observing a bad reaction to his initial statements concerning the NRA decision, has maintained silence on the point since. It is equally interesting to note how some of his mainstays and advisers have kept the issue bubbling up here and there throughout the country. Such men as Senator Robinson of Arkansas, senate majority leader, and Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, probably the President's closest friend in the senate, have made speeches lately using much the same tone and language as did the President in that memorable press conference. Every other administration spokesman has done the same thing. These speeches together with the continual jabbing and poking by New Deal opponents are serving to keep the question before the country. New Deal opponents frankly are joyful at the opportunity they say the President provided them.

In the meanwhile, as said above, the Republican national committee has been doing next to nothing. The condition is serving to build a fire under Henry E. Fletcher, chairman of the national committee, and is drawing criticism as well to Senator Hastings of Delaware, and Representative Bolton of Ohio, joint chairmen of the senatorial congressional committee. Some Republicans are saying that the Roosevelt opposition is being allowed to wander without guide or anchor and that a golden chance to gain important results is being wholly wasted, because of the inactivity of these two committees.

Considerable discussion is being heard these days concerning the necessity for getting new blood into the national organization and its headquarters. My own conviction is that Mr. Fletcher is due to go before long. He has failed to win the confidence of the several factions in the Republican party and has operated on a distinctly do-nothing basis. Neither Senator Hastings nor Representative Bolton has set the world afire with political initiative or use of political opportunity available to them. The question naturally then is asked: How can the Republicans and the New Deal opposition generally expect to defeat Mr. Roosevelt for re-election in 1936 unless vitality is shown in the party leadership?

An old tale about the Blue Eagle has just come to light. It was not disclosed until after the Blue Eagle had been buried under the avalanche of a Supreme court decision holding NRA codes unconstitutional. The story involves the patenting of the design. Artists conceived the Blue Eagle as the NRA insignia. To protect it and prevent unauthorized use of the insignia the design was rushed through the United States patent office. The design was then turned over to an artist at the patent office with instructions to make the necessary prints required by law. He had proceeded only for a brief period on the work when he left his desk to notify the commissioner of patents of what he deemed to be a mistake in the design. His words were prophetic. He called attention to the fact that one wing of the Blue Eagle contained more feathers than the other and added:

Prophetic Words

"Any bird built like that can only fly in a circle."
To shorten the narrative, let it be said that the artist was directed to proceed with his work. And let it be added, the Blue Eagle did fly only in a circle.

Western Newspaper Union.

ONCE upon a time there were two young prospectors. They had been tramping the New Mexico mountains for some time, and as winter was drawing near they were short-cutting across the ranges toward home. They were somewhere in the rough country which comprises the southwestern corner of the state.
Late one afternoon, snow began to fall. "We'll have to hole up for the night, George," said one of the men to the other. "First likely-looking cave we come to, we'll call it a day."
"Looks like one ahead, there," said the other, and they quickened their steps. The cave proved to be a fair-sized cavern, but they built a fire near its mouth to keep warmth in and wild animals out, and soon they were comfortably frying bacon and boiling coffee.
After supper, relaxed before the fire, they looked about them. At the far end of the cave a second, smaller hole appeared, some 10 feet up the rocky wall. The snow had stopped falling, and everything was peaceful.
"Well, we didn't find any hidden treasure this trip," said the man called George.
"No, and we never will. There isn't any, that's why."
"Oh, I don't know. I've heard—listen, Bill, did anyone ever tell you about the lost treasure of the Golden Giant?"
"Nope; sounds like a fairy tale. I suppose the giant ate up all the—"
"No; this Golden Giant is a mine at Pinos Altos, south of here. It has been gophished just under the surface, and from the extent of the workings I'd say that a lot of ore was taken out of that mine, one time and another. It's supposed to have been worked by the Spaniards who lived at Santa Rita. The local legend says that the Spaniards got out a fabulous fortune, whatever that means, and the next thing to do was to take it over to Santa Rita, where the fort was. So they loaded it on burros and set out.
"Santa Rita is about 25 miles southeast of Pinos Altos as the crow flies—but burros don't fly, and they had to go around. The got up above where Hurley now stands, and I suppose they were congratulating themselves that they were on the last lap, when—"
"When the Golden Giant woke up and came after them!" politely inquired Bill.
"No, you dummy! Nothing like that. It was Indians that showed up about then, good old horse-tie Apaches. The priest in charge of the pack-train just had time to get them up on the mesa and hastily bury the gold. Then the Apaches got too near for comfort, and although the Spaniards put up a brave fight, they were all killed."
"I'll bet that right in these very mountains there's treasure cached away, if a person could know where to look."
"That's a big 'If,'" moralized Bill. "What do you say we got some sleep?"
The next morning Bill, looking about him with a practiced eye for traces of ore, noticed again the small cave in the rear of their lodging. It was an ordinary-looking hole, but for some undefined reason he felt a lively interest in it.
"I'm going to look and see what's in that little cave," he told his partner, who was ready to start on.
"Now who's got funny ideas about hidden treasure?" jeered George. "Come on; no use climbing up in that hole."
"I'm going to look, anyway," replied Bill. "Here goes!"
He managed to scramble up the rocky wall, and landed safely in the darkness of the little cave. It was hard to see anything; he lit a match . . . another . . . "Hey, George!" he called, urgently.
George, who had started on, heard the summons and came back. "What do you want?" he demanded, rather crossly.
"Give me a flashlight, and hurry up!"
"What's the matter now?" He unpacked the flashlight and handed it up to Bill, whose hand trembled a little. "What have you got?"
For answer Bill threw down a dusty, heavy, small oblong that fell with a thud on the floor of the cave. George bent over to pick it up, but he straightened up again and looked at Bill as if he were seeing a ghost.
"G-g-gold!" he stammered, weakly. "G-gold 'b-bars!"
"You will talk about Golden Giants, will you?" roared Bill. "Well, here's hidden treasure for you—more than you and I can carry!" He jumped down, went over to the door of the cave, and looked out. Then he turned back.
"Or am I going crazy?" he mumbled. No, he was not crazy, though the two behaved like idiots for a while in the exuberance of their emotions. Finally they calmed down long enough to plan that they would take the gold home, then return in the spring and hunt for the mine from which it came.
And here "Bill" and "George" pass into the realm of legendary heroes. No one knows anything further about them. And whether they ever returned and found the mine remains a secret. Not even a legend remains to explain the source of that hidden treasure.

Oh, Goodness
June—Is he very spooony?
Grace—Dear me, he's as spooony as an eight-course dinner.

Ok, Goodness
June—Is he very spooony?
Grace—Dear me, he's as spooony as an eight-course dinner.

LOWER COST PER TON MILE

DUE TO FIRESTONE EXTRA CONSTRUCTION FEATURES

QUESTION No. 1—"Will the non-skid tread give me the greatest traction and protection against skidding?"

ANSWER—The patented construction feature of two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread makes it possible for Firestone to use a wider, flatter tread with higher shoulders, that puts more rubber on the road. This, combined with the scientific non-skid design, gives greatest non-skid safety and traction ever known.

QUESTION No. 2—"Is the tire body protected against destructive internal heat, the chief cause of premature tire failure?"

ANSWER—Every cord in Firestone Tires is soaked and saturated in pure, liquid

rubber by the patented Gum-Dipping process. This process, not used in any other tire, soaks every cotton cord and insulates every strand, preventing internal friction and heat, giving extra strength, longer life, greater dependability.

QUESTION No. 3—"Will the tread give me long wear at today's higher speeds?"

ANSWER—A new and tougher tread compound developed by Firestone gives you longer wear at lower cost per mile, even at today's higher speeds.

Call on the Firestone Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer in your community today. Let him tell you about the exclusive construction features of Firestone Truck and Bus Tires which will give you lower operating costs and greater safety.

Tests show that... Firestone Truck and Bus tires stand out.

Gum-Dipped cord body gives greater strength and stamina.

More and tougher rubber, with wider flatter tread gives longer non-skid wear.

OLDFIELD-TYPE
Gum-Dipped
The Tire That Taught Thrift to Millions

SENTINEL-TYPE
Volume Production
Tire for Light Trucks

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GREATEST TIRE EVER BUILT FOR ALL-ROUND SERVICE, UNEQUALED FOR HIGH SPEEDS AND HEAVY HAULING

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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

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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



EDITORIAL COLUMN

**Are We Independent?
Think it Over**

The glorious Fourth of July, which has always been the pride of this great Nation has passed again, but what inspiration did we gather from it? It seemed to us, that the word, "Independence," was rather hard to speak.

Would you think us as long-winded and behind the times, to recall the times when the idea of independence was born in the minds of such patriots as Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock and Benjamin Franklin, who uttered the immortal words, "we must all hang together or hang separately," and all others who with tightened belts framed our constitution and declaration of independence in those divine words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Following those days when the framers of the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution, men brave at heart and of sound minds, relying on the foundation of our free government, dared to go into the forests, brave the dangers of wild animals. These men cleared away the timber, built homes to enjoy the life unhampered by tyranny which was hitherto unknown before the God - send of the new order of things which gave them the freedom for which they had long hoped.

They planted crops, reaped harvests of grain, cotton, tobacco and other things, including hogs. The farmer could look with satisfaction on his hogs and relied on the increase that the hogs would bring - knowing that they would be his when the increase in grain and hogs came. What an independence.

Now, in place of that wonderful independence, he hears this: "Don't plant so much wheat the next time so that we can tax the miller to make up for your smaller crop which we can do with a Processing Tax. Or, plow under that third row of cotton; you've planted too much. We have too many pigs. Give your sows to us and we'll cut their throats and throw them into the river before the young is born. They make meat too cheap." But you know all about these things, so what's the use to repeat them?

Again, let us forget, the spirit of independence guaranteed the people at the birth of this nation, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness - and exchange it for dictatorship, bureaucracy which will change our Constitution, and turn our Old Glory into a meaningless rag.

The new CCC Camp located just east of town will, we hope, stimulate business.

Santa Rita Church

Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 8 a. m.
Evening Service at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

**St. Paul's Church
(Episcopal)**

Rev. L. E. Patee, Vicar

Baptist Church

L. D. Jordan, Pastor.
Reid Dudley, S. S. Supt.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. every Sunday.

Preaching Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Sunday in each Month.

Comments

By Lewis A. Burke

Numerous 'Third Party' movements have started," quoting a White Oaks man. "The latest is the EPIC party. Upton Sinclair, who was defeated for governor of California during the last election, is at a loss to find a presidential candidate. I think he could, under pressure, be drafted for the job as president."

To Mrs. Lillian Lane of White Oaks, N. M. - Thank you for that nice remembrance of the Honeysuckle Vines. They certainly will look beautiful planted along by the Trellis of the Burke Outlook Gift Shop.

With the Roy Shafer family in New York City and Jane Spencer small brother A. N. in the Hawaiian Islands, Carrizozo is well represented around half the world, to say the least.

Les Moline played baseball last Sunday. He's pretty good at the bat, they say.

S. P. Engineer John Harrison has retired on pension, being 70. He has a clean record, and will be missed by his friends at this place. Mr. Harrison will leave shortly for San Bernardino, Cal., where he owns a fruit farm, and will make that his future home.

In The Third Judicial District Court of the State of New Mexico Within and for Lincoln County.

Ben Rentfrow, Plaintiff

vs.

M. S. Crockett, Defendant,
No. 4234 Civil.

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the Final Judgment and Decree of Foreclosure, Appointment of Special Master, and Order of Sale made and entered in the above entitled and numbered cause of action on March 26, 1935, in the above named Court, the undersigned special master, as provided by the Court in said decree, will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the front door of the Courthouse in Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 31st day of July, 1935, all of the following described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sum of money hereinafter mentioned, which have been awarded to the plaintiff in said decree, said property being situated in Lincoln County, State of New Mexico and described as follows, to-wit:

N 1/2 section 9, township 8 south, range 9 east, S1NE4, N4SE4 section 19, township 7 south, range 9 east, N. M. P. M., containing 480 acres. Together with all improvements thereon including one mile fence, one 12 foot Sampson windmill and tower and all well equipment, and one Lone Star pump jack.

All sums to be realized from the sale of said property are as follows:
Principal of Judgment . . . \$1954.14
Interest to date of sale . . . 80.34
Attorney's fees . . . 189.33
Special Master's fee . . . 15.00
Court costs . . . 11.60

2150.91
together with the costs of this sale. The terms of sale are that purchaser shall pay cash at the time the property is struck off to him, except that plaintiff is permitted to bid up to the amount of his judgment without cash payment.

Grace M. Jones,
Special Master.

WANTED-Two or three cow (either milk or range) to milk during the summer. Have plenty of grass and water.-Apply at this office.

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Carrizozo - New Mexico**

"Try First National Service"
Deposits Insured under U. S. Government Plan

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered
Phone 50 - Carrizozo, N. M.

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Suits Cleaned & Pressed 75c
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At Your Service**

PHONE 62



**Stamped
Baby
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ICE FOR SALE

Fancy and Staple Groceries.
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Your patronage greatly
Appreciated.

PHONE 16



**For Dependable
Passenger - - Express
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By
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Truck Lines**

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**George's Auto Service
Carrizozo, N. M.**

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The Waffle House

"The Place to Eat"
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Leave your samples here

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Home Industries.

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Proprietress
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For Sale

One Used Hand-Operated Book-keeping Machine in Good Order.-The Titworth Co., Inc., Capitan, N.M.

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Motor Truck Line**

We carry Refrigerator Trucks
And guarantee all perishable goods
to reach destinations in
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General Trucking Service

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The Ruidoso Home Laundry
Ruidoso, N. Mex.

Which will Clean, Press and Launder
Any kind of wearing apparel-at very reasonable prices, and guarantee our work, which is being done by Experts ONLY.

We call for work and deliver.
We ask for your valued patronage.

Louis Johansen, Prop.

Reach friends
in other towns
earlier now at
low station-to-
station rates

Night rates begin at 7 p. m.



CAN IT BE DONE? By Ray Cross



**MID-AIR GAS STATION
FOR AIRPLANES**

JOINT HOSE ON PLANE SWAYING OVER
THREE 100 FOOT TOWERS BRIDGE
OVER ON FABRIC BAR FILLED WITH 20
GALLONS OF GAS.
CAN IT BE DONE?

Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Cross in care of this newspaper.

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico

In the Matter of the Estate of James E. Compton, Deceased. No. 401
 Notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of May, 1935, the undersigned was appointed by the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, Executrix of the Estate of James E. Compton, deceased. Notice is further given that all persons having claims against said estate are required to file the same with the undersigned or with the Probate Clerk at Carrizozo, New Mexico, within one year from this date or the same will be forever barred. This the 19th day of June, 1935.
 Una M. Compton,
 Administratrix of the Estate of James E. Compton, Deceased,
 J21-July 12 Carrizozo, N. M.

Big County Singing Convention

The third Lincoln County singing convention is to be held at Corona on the 2nd Sunday in July. The Huff Sisters' Quartette of Lovington, the Melrose Quartette of Melrose and possibly many others, will be present to help make this the best convention Lincoln County has ever known. Each community will be expected to render one or more special numbers. Convention books may be borrowed from Mrs. Don English, Carrizozo, county president. Remember Corona is ideal in the hot summer time for picnics. Bring well-filled baskets and let's combine pleasure with the worship of our Lord—give Him just a portion of our time on July 14.

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

Charter No. 10958
 Reserve District No. 11
 Report of the Condition of the **FIRST NATIONAL BANK** At Carrizozo in the State of New Mexico at the Close of Business on June 29, 1935

ASSETS

1. Loans and Discounts.....	\$110,492.77
2. U. S. Government obligations, direct and— or fully guaranteed	191,225.00
3. Other bonds, stocks, and securities	18,600.00
4. Banking House.....	1.00
5. Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank.....	25,110.55
6. Cash in vault and balances with other banks.....	49,561.17
7. Outside checks and other cash items	216.27
TOTAL ASSETS	\$395,016.86

LIABILITIES

15. Demand deposits, except U. S. Government deposits, public funds and deposits of other banks.....	170,225.85
16. Time deposits, except post-savings, public funds, and deposits of other banks.....	112,184.77
17. Public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivisions or municipalities.....	71,331.04
18. Deposits of other banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding.....	692.83
Total of items 15 to 19:	
(a) Deposits secured by pledge of U. S. Govt. Securities	\$71,331.04
(b) Not secured by pledge of loans or investments	283,103.45
Total	354,434.49
20. Capital Stock \$25,000.00	
Surplus	15,000.00
Undivided profits net	582.37
Total Capital Account	\$40,582.37

TOTAL Liabilities..... \$395,016.86
 Loans and Investments pledged to Secure Liabilities
 33. U. S. Government securities

State of New Mexico }
 County of Lincoln } ss.
 I, E. M. Brickley, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 E. M. BRICKLEY Cashier,
 CORRECT—Attest:
 Ella E. Brickley
 Paul Mayer
 J. C. Brickley
 Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1935.
 (Seal) Otto E. Frahm,
 Notary Public.
 My Commission expires Aug. 22, 1935

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By SAX ROHMER

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Matt Kearney, young American living in London, says good-by to his sister Eileen, on board the Wallaroo bound for Colombo. The Wallaroo is conveying \$2,000,000 in gold to Australia. Kearney meets Inspector Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, very much in love with Eileen. Haig is convinced opium is concealed in Jo Lung's warehouse. Called to other duty, he delegates Kearney, with Detective Norwitch, to visit the place and find out what he can. While in the warehouse Kearney picks up a notebook. Yu'an Hee See, Chinaman, whom Haig has long been seeking as the leader of a band of international thieves, is at Jo Lung's. Discovering the loss of his notebook, he sends two of his followers after Norwitch and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked it up. Soon after leaving Kearney Norwitch is murdered. Haig is puzzled over cryptic notes in the book referring to stops to be made by the Wallaroo. While he is poring over the book, a monstrous creature enters, seizes it, and escapes. Kearney's story of hearing horrible laughter while at Jo Lung's, satisfies Haig his quarry was in London. There, he recognizes the peculiar malignancy of Yu'an's laugh.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

The big Scot drew one gnarled hand out of his pocket and banged it on the table before him. The Arab waiter shuffled across from some hiding place. "Brandy!"

The Arab retired, but almost immediately returned. And as he set more cognac before the customer, he dropped a green slip upon the table.

Instantly the big man grabbed it, drank his brandy at a gulp, and crossed to the stairs. He mounted, unsteadily, drew the curtain aside, and disappeared.

"Hello!" said Dawson Haig. "Something has happened. Did you notice?"

"Yes." His companion nodded. "But it is, I think, as I have said. There are other rooms here; no doubt some company of fools is meeting in one of them, to discuss the overthrow of the present Russian misgovernment, or something of that kind. Our brandy-willing friend has been summoned to join them."

"Possibly," the other murmured. "But I should have liked a glimpse of that green slip."

Eyes as he spoke the Portuguese clasped his hands, ordering the waiter to bring cigarettes. And when this order was executed—a green slip accompanied the little blue-wrapped packet!

The customer visibly started at sight of it, stood up, a small, lithe figure, and started up the stairs as the other had done.

"Ha!" said Dawson Haig. "A second chance missed. I would give a year's pay, Mr. Ballon, to be present at this meeting you speak of."

The meeting to which Dawson Haig referred was taking place in a large room two floors above. A singular company was assembled.

A case of champagne had been opened in the center of the floor. Upon a big, marble-topped table were bottles of whiskey, brandy, gin, absinthe and even arak. Boxes of excellent cigars lay upon many of the smaller tables placed before the settees. The air was gray, almost unbreathable, with tobacco smoke.

Out of those thick glass mugs usually employed to serve lager, the guests were engaged in demolishing the various beverages provided.

As the big man entered, pipe in hand, and stood, swaying and looking about him with bleared eyes, wild yells of greeting went up. The newcomer seemed bemused by his riotous reception. One could almost watch the slow workings of that fuddled brain. Then, evidently having discovered the person he was seeking, he picked his way to a narrow scottee between two curtained windows, on which one man lounged in supercilious isolation.

This was a spruce groomed Egyptian, his sleek black hair growing very low upon his cheekbones. With his clean-shaven, olive face and very white teeth, he was a languorous handsome figure. A scarlet turban lay beside him where he reclined supported by many silken cushions, and there was an open attache case upon the floor, apparently full of papers.

"Hello, Macclies," he said, greeting the newcomer in English, which he spoke with facility but a slight accent. "You are late. You and one other are late to report."

Watching the heavy lip twitching under a graying moustache, he thought, "Only desperation has made you report at all."

"I had to work and as it was the reply, I had to be here. I've had bite for sup since yesterday morning, and I walked here from Cairo."

"You had a well-lined purse the last time we met, Mac, and it's your own fault if it's empty now. But—the Egyptian smiled meaningfully into the desecrated face—"It will soon be well filled again. Show me your papers, and I will see that you have supper."

The Scotman laid a number of papers, including a greasy passport, upon a little table.

"There you are, Chief."

The man addressed as Chief glanced through the documents and the passport; then, from the attache case he took a long envelope. He removed the

contents, enumerating them as he did so.

"One—fifty pounds English," he said.

"Two—a week's pay in advance. Three—your ticket for Trieste; you leave in the morning. Four—cabin accommodation Trieste to Alexandria. Five—in the small envelope—the name and address of the man from whom you will take further instructions when you get there."

He replaced them all, adding those papers which Macclies had given him, then deftly slipped an elastic band around envelope and passport, handing it back with a smile.

"And now go to it, Mac," he said. "It's your last night. From now on you are under orders."

But his keen brain was busy, and he was thinking: "This man is efficient but dangerous. I must be prepared to fight him."

Macclies turned and looked about the smoke-laden room. It would have been difficult to find within any similar area a more complete set of infans. Their nationalities were various. But most of them had at least one quality in common—they were drunk.

In the matter of villainy there was little to choose between them. There was a huge, cross-eyed Swede, bearded nearly to the eyes, who apparently possessed no name other than Ned; an Italian with sly sidelong eyes answering without resentment to the name of the Wasp; a Chinaman with an evil scowled and pock-marked face; this creature was apparently known as One Eye. Other ruffians there were, black, white, yellow, and brown, draining tankards of champagne and shouting coarse personalities.

"You look rotten, Mac, you do!" shouted a coarse voice. "Come and feed your face, old cock. Uncle Tom here, wants to talk to you."

Macclies started in the direction of the speaker, a thickset, bull-necked individual, scars of the ring visible upon nose and ear. His companion, Uncle Tom, was a powerful negro, whose little sunken eyes seemed to hold a reddish light, so that they resembled those of a gorilla.

Macclies joined these two at their table, and the negro drew a laden supper wagon alongside. As a man who is famished, the Scotsman helped himself. The ex-prize fighter dined for him a mug with champagne just as the Portuguese came in. He was greeted with cries of "Ferd!"

"What's scared you, Ferd?"

"Didn't think you was goin' to join up again, Ferd."

This last from Kid Brown, the Cockney fighter. Loud laughter, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet.

The new arrival made his way to the scottee where the Chief reclined, watching him and thinking: "This man is afraid. He may destroy us."

Downstairs in the restaurant, the Russian politician continued his apparently interminable harangue. The two men who had penetrated to the mysteries beyond failed to return. Dawson Haig turned to the French detective.

"I may be chasing a shadow," he said. "But I am not satisfied. I mean to wait until one of them comes out again; then I mean to follow him. Is there any other way out of this place?"

"Not that I am aware of," the French detective replied. He smiled. "There is perhaps a political meeting going on. I fear you are wasting time, monsieur."

"Having nothing better to do at the moment," Dawson Haig returned grimly. "I intend to go on wasting my time for at least another hour."

Upstairs the party was growing riotous. As a result of some small dispute, Ned, the huge Swede, very drunk, had challenged One Eye, the Chinaman, to a wrestling match. One of the tables had been overturned by the combatants, and much glass broken, but all carried on merrily.

The elegant chief slipped coffee and smoked Egyptian cigarettes, exchanging light badinage with various members of the company. But always he remained, reclining amidst his cushions—watching, weighing men, and estimating motives.

Two guests were singing at the top of their voices, one in German and the other in Portuguese. The supporters of these rivals (who were not singing the same song) added their voices to the choruses. And in the midst of this uproar, the Wasp, drawing a knife from his sleeve, leaped across the table before him and sprang, snarling, upon the German singer.

"You sing that about me, you swine!" he shouted.

Both vocalists ceased abruptly, and the German fell back on a table immediately behind him, which was smashed by his weight, so that its contents were spilled all over those seated near it. At the same moment, with great presence of mind, he kicked the Italian in the stomach.

The Wasp's knife fell from his hand, and howling with agony, he dropped and lay writhing on the floor.

A big blond Brandenburg, extracting himself from debris of the broken table, sprang upon the fallen Wasp.

"Italian pig! I strangle you!" he roared.

The Chief stood up, smiling at

longer. "Orders!" he cried in a sharp voice.

The Brandenburg hesitated, drew back. Cat-calls, cheers, and laughter ceased. The agonized Italian, groaning, struggled to regain his feet.

In the space of ten seconds complete silence came.

All faced the Chief. "I have to remind you of orders." The Egyptian's voice cut through the stillness. "I will overlook this breach—it is the first tonight. But any other infringement I must report to Mr. King."

"To h—l with Mr. King!" the German exclaimed thickly, his murderous glance still set upon the Wasp.

The Chief slowly turned his luminous eyes upon the speaker. The lust of battle faded from the German's expression and he looked almost with despair at that slim figure standing at the end of the room regarding him.

"This is regrettable, Franz," the Chief continued in his calm voice, "most regrettable tonight when we are newly reassembled. Nevertheless I cannot possibly overlook it." He began to glance about from face to face. All eyes were suddenly averted.

"Not the Adder!" the German whispered. "Don't send for the Adder. I don't mean to do it Chief. I am drunk—see? And when I am so, I am mad to fight!"

"I shall make due allowance for the fact."

And now the Chief's glance rested upon the battle-scarred face of the London prize fighter. "Kid!" he called sharply.

With obvious reluctance the Kid obeyed, stepping forward almost sheepishly.

"Yes, Chief?"

"The Egyptian pointed to the big Brandenburg.

"Thrust Franz for me," he directed calmly. "Do not injure him seriously—but teach him to respect orders—drunk or sober."

Mention of that seemingly commonplace name, Mr. King, as if it pos-



"There's No Malice, Franz?"

essed some magic quality, had sobered the company. All drew back to the utmost limits of the room. But all avoided the neighborhood of the Chief.

The Kid, who wore a double-breasted coat with a woolen pullover beneath, removed, first the coat, then the pullover. When finally he had discarded his vest, he displayed a formidable torso, with bulging biceps and rippling shoulder muscles. The German also shed his coat, and as he did so:

"Thank you, Chief," he said, looking along the room. "I take what it is coming to me." Turning he faced the pugilist.

"I'm sorry, mate," said the latter. "But orders is orders. No offense. Cover up as well as you know 'ow."

With which friendly warning he shot a left of deadly accuracy to the man's jaw. The sound of its impact echoed around the room. It was the "Maxim" silence, in the words of one sporting critic, for which the Kid had been celebrated in the prize ring—a piston-rod blow, which if it registered, flesh and blood could not withstand.

And, incredible though it seemed, the Kid meant it kindly. He knew that swift division followed by an aching head was preferable to a mangling.

Franz staggered, threw up his arms, and fell to his knees. Stopping, he spat a tooth upon the floor. Kid stood over him, amazed when he did not topple forward.

"Has he had enough, Chief?" he asked.

"No. Hit him again, but make him stand up. Stand up, Franz," he ordered.

The big German looked up, almost pathetically, into the face of the Kid. Blood streamed down his chin.

"Put you 'ands up," Brown demanded. "Make a fight for it—!" make me feel better."

The Brandenburg rushed, closed with the boxer, and held him in a bear-like grip. The Kid brought a short one to his right ear, but that grizzly-hug continued.

"Chief!" the fighter cried. "Make 'im break away!"

"I told you to thrash him," was the calm reply.

The Kid rained blows upon the head and body, but the tenacious, powerful German was slowly lifting him off his feet. . . . And now he had him clear of the floor!

A hoarse, suppressed cry of excitement from the onlookers greeted this feat.

Drink fumes cleared from the fighter's brain, and ring craft came to his aid. Suddenly he seemed to crumple up in that strange hug which was squeezing the life out of him. He collapsed, dropped limply from those embracing arms. . . . and even as the German looked down at him, panting with his giant exertions, the Kid came to his feet like a catch released, and that piston-rod left drove again straight to the point.

Franz crashed down so as to shake the room.

"Good," said the Chief. "Lay him on the scottee there until he comes to."

His orders were obeyed, and the party continued merrily.

In the restaurant below, Dawson Haig and his Paris conferees exchanged reminiscences. M. Ballon was growing restless, the stipulated hour having expired.

"Would it be possible," said Haig apologetically, "to arrange for some one to follow any persons coming down from above and leaving the restaurant tonight?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "I can go and arrange for this now, if you care to wait."

"I'll wait," said Haig. He settled their account with the Arab waiter, and, lighting a cigarette, was turning over the mystery of the whole thing in his mind. Suddenly, the curtains at the head of the stairs were drawn aside. . . .

Two men came down, one supporting the other. The man supported was heavily built and of definitely Teutonic type. From time to time, he spat into a bloodstained handkerchief. He walked unsteadily.

His companion, who wore a brightly colored pullover and gray flannel trousers, seemed much concerned about him. "Sure you're all right, mate?" he asked as they reached the foot of the stairs.

"I'm all right, Kid," was the guttural reply. "You do me well, but you do me decent."

They began to cross the floor, making for the doorway.

"There's no malice, Franz?"

"There is none. Orders is orders."

Haig realized that the fighting man, with that sublime insular ignorance of his class—look for granted the fact that no one else in the restaurant understood English!

"Anyway, I'll see you to a taxi," he said, "and we'll have a drink together in Cairo."

They had nearly reached the curtain draped in the opening beyond which the stout lady presided over coffee beans. Dawson Haig held his breath.

"For me, not Cairo," the German replied. "I go to Marseilles tomorrow . . . and . . . by the Wallaroo. . . ."

Haig stood up and followed. By some unfortunate accident, a taxi passed at the very moment of their exit, and he came out onto the street only in time to see it pulling away, and to meet the glare of vicious, sunken eyes, as the cockney fighter confronted him.

"Lookin' for anything, mooso?" inquired the latter truculently.

"Yes," said Haig, "do you think you could get me a taxi?"

For a moment the other glared, then his battle-scarred face broke into an appreciative grin. "I thought you was a foreign bloke, but I ain't no bloomin' porter, mate. Get your own taxi!"

Dawson Haig walked slowly in the direction of the Place Pigalle.

CHAPTER V

The R. M. S. Wallaroo lay about fifty miles south-southeast of Barcelona. Eileen was in the writing room completing a long letter which she had commenced the day before, immediately after receipt of a Marconi message which read:

"Don't forget you promised to write. Signed, Billy Haig."

It was destined to be consigned to the post at Marseilles. The final paragraph, written on the previous evening, ran:

"I suppose it's hopeless to expect too much for a face of thirty pounds. My cabin is quite comfy, and the eats are good. The ship's officers are dears, and Jack Rattray looks after me wonderfully. But the passengers are very plig-lish."

Eileen took writing paper from the rack and continued:

"There's one rather nice man on board, a Mr. Durham, and, oddly enough, he knows you! Isn't that funny? He's going ashore at Marseilles. Then there's a Doctor Oestler, whose cabin is next door to mine. He's

going to Sydney to take charge of the construction of some big electrical works somewhere in Australia. He knows a terrible lot about electricity. Jimmy Jackson, the senior Marconi man, told me that the doctor is going to revolutionize the radio industry. . . . I don't know what he means. But both times I've been up to send messages Doctor Oestler has been in the wireless room. He sends and receives a great number of messages.

"There's nobody to fall in love with, or nobody I've found so far. I mean, there's a perfectly dreadful woman at the chief's table (old Corcoran is chief engineer. Do you know him?). Some sort of half-caste. A truly terrible pig. I don't know her name and haven't troubled to find out. But old Corky has fallen badly: everybody's laughing about it.

"Charley Winter says she's some sort of vaudeville act going out to an Australian engagement. I hope she gets the bird the first night she opens.

"There are two very unholly-looking Chinamen living somewhere on the deck below—at least, I thought they were Chinamen, but some one told me they're Siamese. One is small and high-brow and wears glasses, and the other is quite tall with a long neck. I think they must have tried to hang him at some time, but he was too tough. He's a poisonous-looking brute. . . ."

A scratching on the glass of the window immediately in front of the table attracted Eileen's attention. She paused, pen in hand, looking up to see the chief officer, Jack Rattray, performing an excellent pantomime of a very thirsty man drinking.

Eileen shook her head and pointed with her pen to the writing table. But Jack persisted, and finally Eileen nodded consent.

"The doctor's compliments," said Rattray seriously. "If you will step along to his room, he will make up a prescription."

They went downstairs together, heading for the doctor's cabin.

Rattray took a short cut through some of the serving quarters, and, passing an open doorway, Eileen detected over the rattle of a nearby kitchen the strains of a gramophone.

"Is that the chief's gramophone?" she asked, turning to Jack.

"He's entertaining the lady snake charmer," was the reply.

"She's not really a snake charmer, is she?"

"No. I don't think she could charm snakes—as a matter of fact, I believe she trains elephants."

There is a fine old house in the Dar el-Ahmar, in the native quarter of Cairo, which, after standing vacant for a number of years, apparently found a tenant. Some time in 1923 it was leased, and ever since had been occupied.

The frontage on the street is not imposing, except for two rather fine windows above a bleached door covered with Arabic inscriptions. But it contains some fine apartments on the first floor, and on the night of the twentieth—two days before the Wallaroo was due at Port Said—one of them was the setting of a scene to witness which Dawson Haig would have paid much.

Under the light of one of the lamps was set a coffee table, and near to it, buried in cushions, Orange Blossom lay. She smoked cigarettes and drank tea from a porcelain cup. A large silver incense burner sent up clouds of perfumed smoke.

The native latch of one of the three doors to the apartment was depressed. Yu'an Hee See came in. He closed the door and looked along the room.

"Little blossom," he said, his strange voice echoing in the nearly empty room. "You love the perfume of Ho Nan. I, too, love it, but you burn too much."

The woman pouted. "I can never do as I like," she exclaimed. "Since you brought me from China, I have never known any happiness. What have you come to tell me? Is it that I must embark upon a ship, stiff in a train, or be sick in an airplane? Something, I see in your eyes."

Yu'an Hee See watched her smiling. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Haifa is Modera City

Haifa is the principal port of Palestine, and is a modern city, being little more than a century old. From Mount Carmel, above the city, the view embraces half of Palestine. Mount Carmel was one of the resorts of the Prophet Elijah, and on the mountain may be seen the School of the Prophets, a large, partly artificial cavern, in which it is said the Holy Family rested on the return from Egypt.

The Olive Tree's Arrival

Soon after the discovery of the American continent the olive was conveyed thither by the Spanish settlers. Introduced into Mexico by the Jesuit missionaries of the Seventeenth century, it was planted by a similar agency in California. The assumption is made that seed was introduced in 1769 from Mexico and planted at the San Diego mission, whence cuttings were taken to other missions throughout California.

No Substitute for Shirtwaist Frock



You can get by this summer without many things—but NOT without that "indispensable"—The Shirtwaist Frock! And indeed, why should you even try, when a very few yards of smart striped cotton shirting and a little effort can produce the pictured result? In town, in the country, on the links, or driving your car you'll find that "action back," the answer to your prayers. The inverted skirt pleat makes for unhampered freedom and the slashed brevity of the sleeves was designed with a "heat wave" in mind. Every woman will have one shirtwaist frock—but the smart woman will make several!

Pattern 2222 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 56 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York city.

Smiles

LET IT STAND

The Editor—You say he had all the landmarks of a bum. Don't you mean earmarks?

The Reporter—Well, there was enough soil in them to make it the same thing.

Similarity

"Do you ever try the stock market?" asked the traveling salesman.

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "But it's my guess that the stock market is a little like a deal in faro. You want to fight shy unless you know the dealer."

Slightly Mistaken

Deacon Pinchpenny—Yes, suh, he got mad 'n' called me a durned old bareface scoundrel.

Colonel Bluegrass—Well, he's slightly mistaken, suh. You've got a gotee an' mustache.—Florida Times-Union.

WNU—M 27—35

ENJOY

WRIGHT'S SPEARMINT PERFECT GUM

QUALITY GUM

Washable Silks of New Importance

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



WASHABLE silks have a new importance because of the wide variety of types which are fashion firsts. No longer is it simply a decision between a tub silk crepe and a washable, silk shirting, now that so many new and intriguing weaves have entered the field of silks that launder.

First in the present fashion ranks are the new silk linens and the silk shantings in versatile weaves. The silk linens closely resemble linen except that they have more luster, but being made of silk they have the natural elasticity of silk and therefore are easier to keep fresh and unrumpled. Then too, the new silk linens have the advantage of taking strong dyes easily and are at their loveliest in the vivid peasant colors which are so vogue this summer. They also come in some very smart modernistic prints. The latter favor bold plaids and geometric treatments, the technique radically different from that used on silk crepes. For sports hats, beach and daytime bags, for belts and for separate scarfs, the checked and plaided silk linens are doing things with a dash and so that fits right in with the spirit of summer gaiety.

Silk linens is particularly to be commended in all white. Its smartness is evident in the two-piece suit to the left in the picture, which has a black skirt and a jacket-blouse of white silk linen. A polka dot silk ascot is worn with it.

The very attractive two-piece sports dress centered in the group is fashioned of a gold-colored silk linen. The accordion pleated skirt allows for motion. The top is bloused and has alternate pockets, with mother-of-pearl buttons and a wide attached belt presenting chic style accents.

The oriental influence which is so apparent in the new mode is reflected in the popularity of silk shantings for sportswear. The very newest shantings are heavily ribbed. Both solid

color and printed version are shown in these sturdy shantings especially for strenuous outdoor wear, while in the softer types of prints a very supple light shanting is being used. See the effective model to the right in the illustration. It is made of a greenish-yellow silk shanting, with a shanting coat in orange and red regimental stripes.

A surprise entry in the washable field is mousseline de sole. One can find no prettier material than this sheer and dainty weave. While all mousselines are not washable, some very new versions just put on the market have been specially processed for washability. They come in plain weaves, also in types with delicate shadow self-color patterns, the latter proving irresistible when once you glimpse them.

Silk broadcloth is also a washable fabric that is being enthusiastically used in better-type active and spectator sportswear.

A revival of interest in the lovely washable silk damask and silk jacquards is also noted. Entirely new patterns are available this season, stressing especially clever nautical motifs, and a series of sports patterns showing different games.

Washable silk crepes now showing are enlivened by amusing little patterns in vivid colors on light grounds, showing articles of sports equipment such as golf tees, polo mallets, beach umbrellas and so on. As to the very fine-quality plain washable silk crepes they are made in well-tailored shirtwaist types with embroidered monograms on the scarf, bosom or sleeve.

© Western Newspaper Union.

SILKS DE LUXE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



The sentiment for high-quality fabrics is notably on the increase among women. This trend is particularly reflected in the demand for grand and stately silks reminiscent of the days in the long ago when silk was really silk. The beautiful lady pictured is wearing gorgeous silk taffeta in a wrap print. If one were not told, one might think, at first glance, that this garment of queenly grace was one of the new fall-skirted evening gowns such as Paris proclaims to the world this season. In reality it is a most glamorous bouffant evening wrap, which goes to show the out-of-the-ordinary things which designers are doing in way of formal fashions.

Vails Move Back

Hang your veil off the back of your hat if you wish to be both "different" and chic.

JADED WARDROBE IS EASILY SPRUCED UP

There are endless possibilities of what one can do for a jaded wardrobe, and we are always on the lookout to discover things that can be added to an old dress to give it another season's wear. This year it is a change of jacket. Patterned ones contrast with the plainness of the gowns.

The idea of putting bright prints on top of dark dresses is a welcome change from the all-print ensemble that begins to pall after so many months of wearing. A short jacket makes a dinner dress out of one that would otherwise be extremely formal. When it is a wrap that is to be removed it is swagger to the hips or fitted to the floor. Anything goes in the way of a design for these new wraps, the smallest of pin dots to large floral patterns that are vibrant with life and exotic colorings. If the dress is white or a pastel, a print with a dark background is chosen for contrast.

Fall Woolen Card Gives Two New Groups of Colors

The regular edition of the 1935 fall woolen card, portraying 48 colors in woolen fabric, has just been released to members of the association, it was announced by Margaret Hayden Horke, managing director. In addition to basic shades, the card contains two color groups designated as "Rustiques" and "Touchdown and Ski Colors."

The first-named collection consists of hazy pastels and rich autumn tones especially suitable for dresses and children's wear. The "Touchdown and Ski Colors" have special merchandising appeal for the football and winter sports seasons.

Choices of Belts

Pigskin, patent leather and colored leather belts are fashioned on wide designs—sometimes clasped snugly around the waist in a model which resembles that worn by Tyrolean mountaineers, or again, crumpled softly around the waistline like a fabric.

Weeds Great Harm to Good Pastures

Pests Can Be Removed With Little Difficulty and Prevent Trouble.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.—WNU Service.

"What can farmers do to make pastures more efficient?"

This is the question frequently asked of forage men in the United States Department of Agriculture. Farmers explain that feeds and seeds are high in price; that more dependence must be put upon land already in pasture.

Weeds probably are the greatest handicap to pastures which are properly grazed, and yet receive little notice from many good farmers, according to L. W. Kephart, of the bureau of plant industry. Weeds, he says, usually can be eliminated by proper care of pastures.

First under "proper care" is destruction of tall-growing weeds, like wild carrot, ferns, and ragweed, by mowing, cutting, grubbing, or pulling. Close, systematic mowing probably accomplishes the most good with the least amount of man labor—and if faithfully followed will eliminate most weeds.

There are some weeds, like buckhorn, hawkweed, and dandelions, that grow so low that mowing does not control them. A roundabout, but an effective, way to eradicate such weeds is to apply phosphate fertilizer. Phosphates "bring in" the white clover, which in turn adds nitrogen to the soil. Soil deficient in plant food cannot produce a good pasture.

Some weeds are actually poisonous, and should be removed bodily. Most of them, like water hemlock and white snakeroot, grow in clumps on fairly fertile soil at the edge of woodlands. They can be easily pulled out. Some of the bushy weeds which can be destroyed by cutting are hardhack, buckbrush, hawthorn, sassafras and persimmon sprouts, ferns, and snow-on-the-mountain.

Rape Pasture Believed Immune to Chinch Bugs

There is a particular place for rape, immune to chinch bugs, as a pasture this year, believe members of the Iowa State college farm crops department.

Rape sown alone is unquestionably the best annual pasture that can be seeded for hogs, and rape alone, or rape and oats, the best for sheep, they say.

On average soil an acre may be expected to provide sufficient pasture for 20 to 25 spring pigs. The crop is planted early in the spring, using about five pounds of seed per acre. The supply of seed is adequate and low. An acre can be seeded for between 25 and 30 cents.

This is the lowest cost pasture that can be seeded and returns are greater than can be expected from anything else, the farm crops men assert. They believe there is this year a place for rape on practically every farm in the state, it having an excellent value for all kinds of livestock except milk cows.

Stover Roughage

For fattening animals, the Iowa State college suggests that only a part of the roughage ration consist of corn stover, which is the corn plant minus the ear. So far as gains and finish are concerned, fattening cattle have been found to do as well when a portion of the roughage is corn stover as they will when alfalfa hay is fed exclusively. Because stover is lower in protein and minerals than alfalfa hay, these nutrients must be supplied if stover is fed in any large amount. Such feeds are linseed oil meal, cottonseed meal, or corn gluten meal.

Feeding Idle Horses

Idle horses do not need grain but can be carried in good condition on about half a pound of hay daily for each 100 pounds weight, says the Prairie Farmer. On light work of two to four hours a day they should receive one-half to three-fourths pound grain and 1½ pounds of hay or good roughage for each 100 pounds weight. On heavy work they should have a pound to 1½ pounds of grain and a pound of hay for each 100 pounds weight. Excessive feeding of hay is unnecessary.

Agricultural Notes

Every farm needs a subsistence garden.

The soy bean is nearly immune to drought and chinch bugs.

Incomplete feeding and lack of minerals cause rickets in pigs.

When cured, popcorn should contain about 12 per cent of moisture.

Farmers who have feed grinders should not grind their grates too fine.

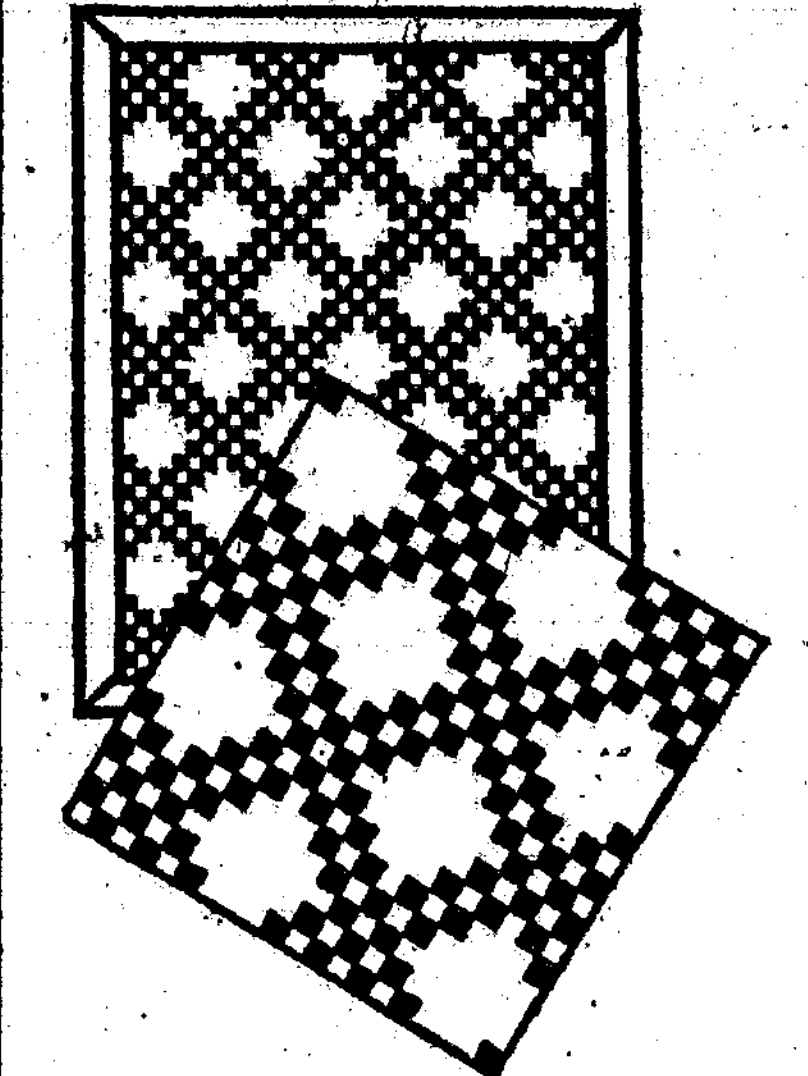
Colts may, at an early age, be accustomed to separation from their mothers during the day.

Big buffalo gnats invaded Tennessee fields in such swarms that farmers, taken unawares, were forced to abandon their plows and flee.

The climate of the Matanuska valley in Alaska, where the rehabilitation project is under way, is considered to be very mild. The soil is very rich and the valley is reported to be extremely productive.

Strong Favorite of Quilt Makers

By **GRANDMOTHER CLARK**



The "Irish Chain" quilt can be found in almost every collection, and quilt makers will make at least one of these simple chain patterns. The single, double, or triple Irish Chain has one, two, or three blocks in the chain. The background is white and the squares are a solid blue, red, or other dark mixed colors to give contrast. The squares in this quilt measure 1½ inches without seam, and they are applied on two different nine-inch blocks; one all checked, the other with a square in each corner. These are assembled alternately to give above effect. Seven 9-inch blocks are used across top and nine blocks on side. With a 6-inch border quilt will measure finished about 72 by 90 inches. This quilt is simple to make but cutting of patches and blocks must be accurate to produce good results.

This quilt is one of the 33 popular quilts shown in book No. 23, which will be mailed to you upon receipt of 15 cents. Cutting charts, instructions and valuable information for quilt makers will be found in this book.

ADDRESS—HOME CRAFT CO., DEPT. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

But Sing, Anyway
If you sing before breakfast you will cry before supper.—Old Saying.

SEE SPIRITS OF CRATER VICTIMS

Ghostly Visitors Bring Fear to Japanese.

Curling up in the smoke which rises from the crater of Mihara, Japan's famous suicide volcano, the ghostly images of three girls were seen by terror-stricken villagers on the island of Oshima. Remembering that Mihara rose to fame as a lover's death tray following suicides of three high school girls, the villagers said the specter of the girls was an ill omen.

Frightened, the superstitious said the volcano's "nushi" (master) was about to "rise from the land of fire" to lure visitors to "Jigoku" (the abode of the devil).

Three days later visitors from Tokyo, just across the bay, swarmed to the island, partly out of curiosity and partly because it was Sunday and the island's natural beauty and warmth attracted them.

At 10:30 a. m. about 100 spectators were gathered on the spot from which persons committing suicide plunge to their death. Suddenly a young man, scarcely twenty-five, ran forward and flung himself headlong into the crater. As the spectators, horrified and speechless, looked at each other, another man, a few years older, came out from the throng and, without saying a word, walked as though in a trance and dropped into the fiery pit.

Nervously the spectators moved away, afraid that some unseen hand might pull them into the smoldering inferno. Suddenly another youth, about twenty-three, ran to the edge of the crater, stripped himself of his kimono and, with nothing on except shorts, stepped over the brink into the world beyond.

Hardly had the talk of these suicides died down when, two days later, three more men flung themselves into the fire-emitting abyss, one after another, as many spectators looked on.

The police have decided that hereafter all visitors to the island will be questioned before being permitted to land. Those suspected of suicide intentions will be barred from landing. All visitors must buy round-trip fares.

Officials of the home office in Tokyo are frankly pessimistic. Last year more than 800 persons

lost their lives in Mihara's crater despite every effort to put a stop to the suicide craze. The crater is seven miles around and it is not humanly possible to net-in this vast territory as have been other suicide-trying places.

Two Discarded Pens give you one good rebuilt fountain pen free, guar. 1 yr. Enclose 3c stamp. Mail to Broc Pen Exch. 3922 S. E. 48th Ave., Portland, Ore., Adv.

That's Easy
Burn egg shells to avert bad luck, is an old belief.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust—

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Thing That Counts
"Pull" may get a job, but "know how" has to hold it.

PRIZE WINNING BAKING

CLABBER GIRL
BAKING POWDER

ITCHING TOES

Burning, sore, cracked, soon relieved, and healing aided with safe, soothing—

Resinol

ONLY

GOOD MERCHANDISE
Can Be Consistently Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

DIZZY DEAN slides for a putout!

HELP! A HOLDUP! HE SHIPPED OUT THE BACK WAY!

SPEED IT UP! MAYBE WE CAN NAB HIM!

HIT THE DIRT!

LOOKOUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

THAT'S ONE FOR THE BOOK! OLD DIZ GETS A PUTOUT ON A HOOK SLIDE!

OLD DIZ? GOSH—IT IS DIZZY DEAN!

AN' I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T GOT MY SPIKED SHOES ON

GEE, DIZZY, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MEET YOU! I BELONG TO YOUR CLUB, TOO. SEE MY MEMBERSHIP PIN?

THAT'S GREAT, DON, AND YOU GET AN ASSIST ON THAT PUTOUT OLD DIZ MADE!

THANKS, DIZZY. I TOOK YOUR TIP, TOO, AND EAT GRAPE-NUTS FOR BREAKFAST—JUST LIKE YOU DO.

WELL, YOU MUST BE PLAYING ON THE ENERGY TEAM, CAUSE GRAPE-NUTS HAS A GOOD BATTING AVERAGE WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING ENERGY!

Boys! Girls!... Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join the Dizzy Dean Winners... wear the Membership Pin... get the Dizzy Dean Winners Ring

Just send the top from one full-size Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual. "Win with Dizzy Dean" containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provides more varied nutriment than many a hearty meal. (This offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Not good in Canada.)

HAY FEVER

ASTHMA and SUMMER COLDS are unnecessary. Complete relief only \$1.00 postpaid. Nothing else to buy. Over 40,000 HOLFORD'S WONDER INHALERS sold last year alone. Mail \$1.00 today for full season's relief to THE DANDEE CO., 14 North Sixth St., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, or write for Free Booklet. Sept. 6

SHETLANDS

Solid Colors \$20; Pintos \$35

Mrs. J. R. Jenkins, Corona, N. M. July 19

JOB PRINTING



Done Right
and at
Reasonable
Prices!

—We Print—
LETTERHEADS, ENVELOPES, STATEMENTS,
PROGRAMS, HAND-BILLS, LEGAL BLANKS

THE CARRIZO OUTLOOK



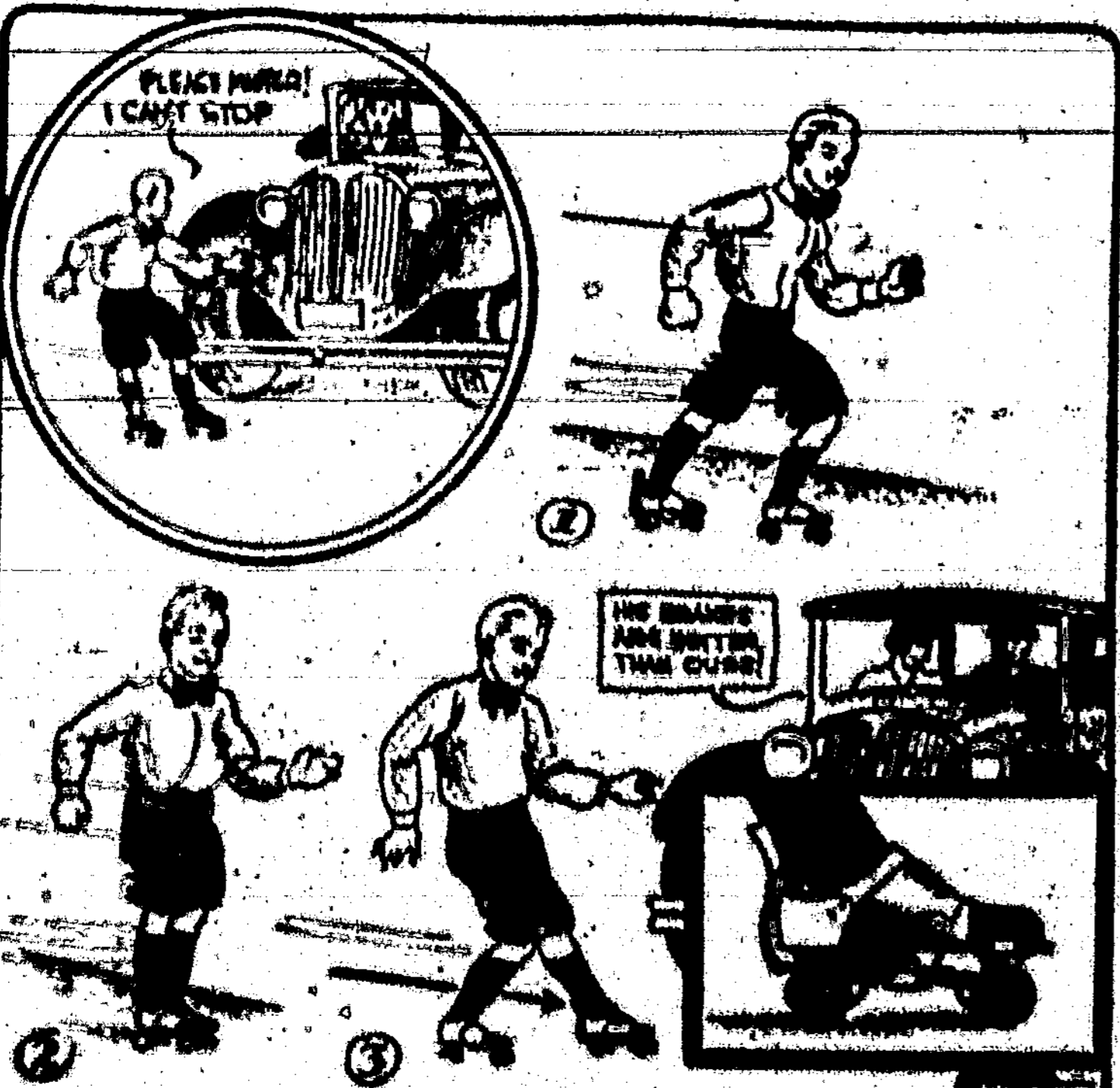
—Every Day is Someone's

Birthday

Remember them with a
Birthday Card—The Burke
Outlook Art & Gift Shop

CAN IT BE DONE?

By Ray Cross



ROLLER SKATE BRAKES

With this device on a roller skate a simple movement of the ankle puts on a brake. **GW IT BE DONE?**

Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Cross in care of this newspaper

Comments

By Lewis A. Burke

A well-known railway conductor, who has recently returned from a vacation trip that took him over seven states, says: "In all my travels I didn't find anything to compare with the beautiful scenery of Lincoln County. Take, for example, the sight upon entering Ruidoso, the Bonito Dam, Eagle Creek, the view at the top of Nogal Hill. That's what I call scenery par excellence."

Twenty Million Dollars for work relief in the state — headline. Something more to worry the Taxpayer.

Huey Long and Father Coughlin. Plans are being formulated for a new third party, but they lack presidential timber, save Huey Long (?). But anything is liable to happen. 'Tiz their fight, not ours.

An Italian Tenor became so enthused with his role in "Lucia" that in the final scene he stabbed himself to death. Why don't some of our radio crooners do likewise?

Have you men seen or been wearing the newest style underwear in abbreviated BVD pattern? The garment leaves nothing to the imagination. It is a breech-cloth. No more—no less. (Referring to the underpants.)

Speaking of men's straw hats (which we weren't) the latest in vogue this season is the "Straw-fel" made of a combination of materials that can be readily cleaned easily. And they hold their shape.

"Designers of bathing suits for 1935 devoted little time to suits for men, practically leaving them out," ventures a Subscriber. "But the sweet young things, that's another matter—the more you see of 'em, the better." "And you can quote me on that."

It will be noticed that most of the people who are in favor of the "share the wealth" plan are only in favor of sharing some other fellow's wealth.

Hail to Joe Louis. The Negro easily defeated Carnera, the Italian giant, known to many as 'beef trust.' We think that the prize fighters should draw the color line as did John L. Sullivan. Not that he was afraid of anybody. We think that Joe Louis stands an excellent chance at being the next heavyweight champion of the world. He has youth, being only 21, and is a scientific boxer.

The radio silver-tongued orator Father Charles E. Coughlin, speaking that the Presidency "holds no allure for him" says, "As a priest I could not hold any office; I am a priest and I hope to die one."

Bird of Paradise Tree—that is what is in evidence at the J. K. Such home. The tree is fully 12 feet high, and is handily placed in their back yard. It is a beautiful sight.

Grant Miller and Florencio Mirelex—we understand that these boys are among the recruits of the 7th Cavalry, Fort Bliss' crack regiment of horsemen.

Much rain in the mountains this week. But none has reached here as yet. As the Mexican says we hope it will rain "muy pronto." In fact there always has been a deluge on July 4th. Later—A little shower fell this Tuesday night.

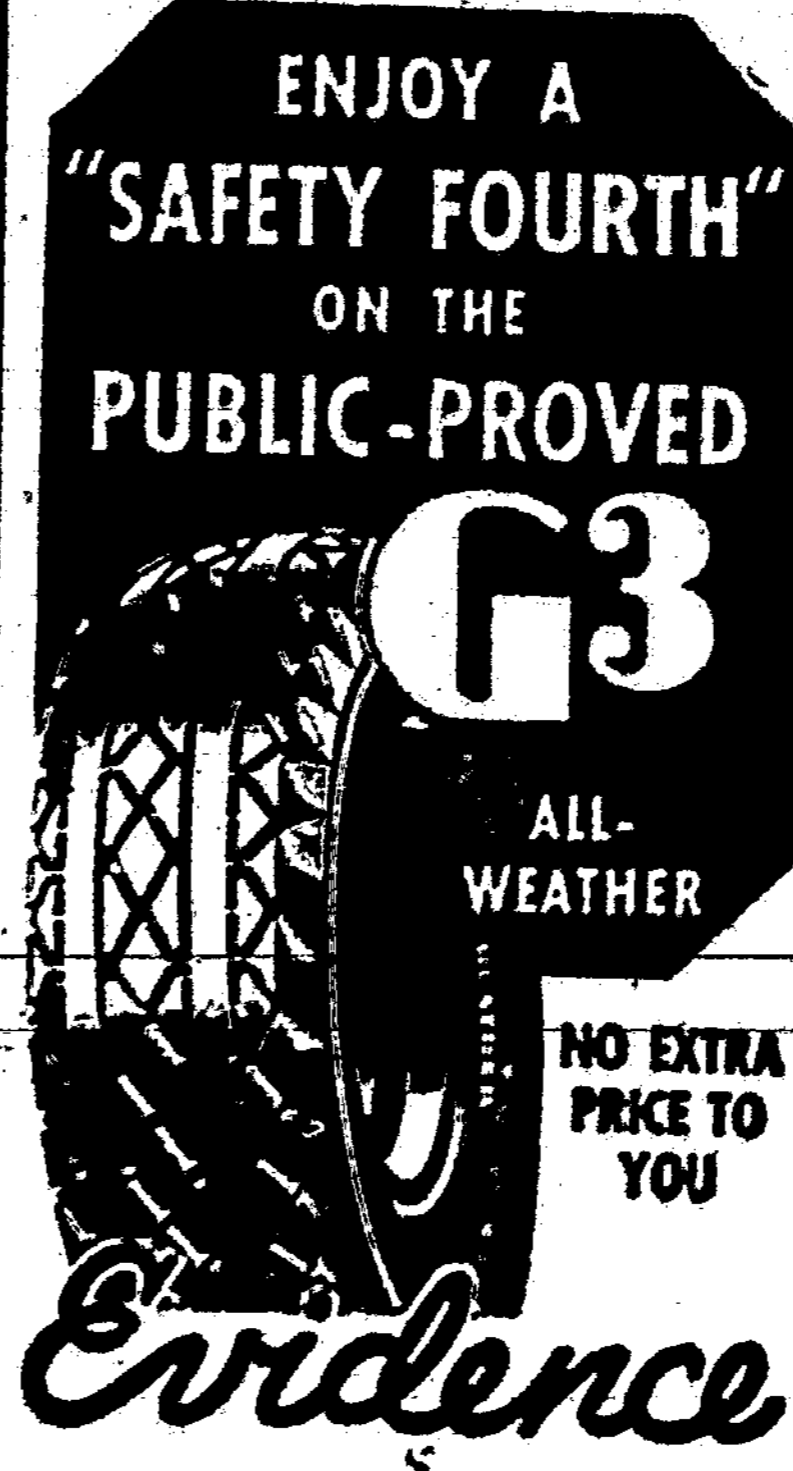
Everybody asks this one "Where are you going to spend July 4th?" Fort Stanton and Adobe have celebrations and rodeos on that day. Yes, we plan to take them both in.

—Thank you too much, a Wimpy of the comic strip says.

Real Bargain

FOR SALE—Clayton Player Piano with stool and several rolls. Practically new, for only \$40.00. Easy terms to reliable party.—See Nick Vega, Carrizozo, N. M.

WANTED—Two or three cows (either milk or range) to milk during the summer. Have plenty of grass and water.—Apply at this office.



GOOD YEAR

"G-3" users around here confirm facts uncovered by N. Y. Police Inspector Faurot on his country-wide search.

PROVED! 43% MORE MILES of REAL NON-SKID — frequently exceeded.

PROVED! GOODYEAR SAFETY stops cars quicker in emergency.

PROVED! SUPERTWIST GOODYEAR gives PROTECTION against blow-outs — in every ply.

SURE! Guaranteed against Road Hazards and Defects

DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Roy E. Shafer, Dealer
Phone 80, Carrizozo, N. M.
Carrizozo Auto Company

We note that the Fort Stanton "Caduceus" is now edited by James W. Smith and Walter R. Martell. We wish them success in their endeavor.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabino Vidaurri and children left Wednesday morning for Albuquerque to spend the 4th and visit relatives.

Louis Lalone is here from Pasadena, Calif., visiting friends and relatives.

Conductor Pat Dolan and family returned last evening from their pleasure trip to California.

First going to Los Angeles, after which, they went to San Diego and viewed the wonders of the Southern California Exposition.

The 4th celebrations at Fort Stanton and Adobe were highly successful, both from social and financial points of view.

LINCOLN HEARSAY

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler, Miss Ruth Ryden, County Nurse and Frank Leannett of Carrizozo were visitors here on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler, as a rule, spend nearly every Sunday at old historic Lincoln.

Esequiel Lujan, Jr. and Adenago Archuleta arrived Monday from Colorado, where they had been for the past three months and Geronimo Zamora has returned from Los Angeles, where he visited relatives.

Word was received here of the death of Mrs. Miguelita Torres, in Hagerman at the home of her son, Joe M. Torres. Mrs. Torres was 78 years old and lived here most of her life.

Miss Julia Penfield, Lieut. Edward Penfield and Jo Anna were Carrizozo visitors last Saturday.

Penn-Craft HATS FOR MEN!

\$5.00

With pride we offer these Hats— with pride you'll wear them. Trimly faithful to fashion's latest dictate, ruggedly true to the tradition of Quality.

Penn-Craft Hat Co.
(A Division of John B. Stetson)

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

We Carry In Stock:

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| Turnip Seed | Radio Tubes |
| Rutabaga Seed | Radio Batteries |
| Vaccine | Electric Lamps |
| Vaccine Syringes | Extension Cords |
| Worm Medicine | Generators, Etc. |

Our Prices Are Reasonable

We have a full line of Ladies' Dresses in Silk and Cotton prints, Eylet Embroidery, Piques and Voiles, all sizes and latest designs, at very low prices. We invite you to come in and see for yourself.

Mail orders filled promptly.

Carrizozo Eating House



Very Best of Accommodations

Dinner Parties
Our Specialty

T. C. ROMERO

General Merchandise

Lincoln, New Mexico

Fancy and Staple Groceries
Dry Goods
Liquors and Wines

Stop in and let Mr. Romero show you some relics of Old Historic Lincoln.
(BILLY THE KID'S HOME)

Among the collection are a pair of Handcuffs and a pair of Leg Irons, excavated from the ruins of the old Jail.