

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

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Diamond Dust

Table with columns: STANDING OF THE CLUBS, Won, Lost. Rows: White Oaks, Cobras.

By Joe Chavez

Upon failure of the Alamo Ducks to fill their appointments here last Sunday with the Carrizozo Cobras, the Fort-Stanton-Miners game was shifted from White Oaks to the local diamond.

In the nightcap, White Oaks lost to Carrizozo in a 5 inning exhibition game, 5 to 1. Sally Ortiz had the Miners eating out of his hand and let them down with one hit, the same being made by Shipman of Stanton, who played with White Oaks.

Billy Gallacher umpired the first game and Grady Miller the second.

Next Sunday, the two teams will play their scheduled game on the local diamond, and if you miss it, you will be sorry.

Results of Rodeo at Fort Stanton on July 4th

Cigar Race—1st Bill Dick Browning, 2nd and 3rd Jim Burgner and Leroy McKnight, tied. Cowboy Foot Race—1st B. Chalk, 2nd A. Beavers, Steer Riding—1st Geo. Clements, 2nd Duke Browning, 3rd Jack Forester.

Donations for Captain Baseball Team

W. L. Holmes, .50; Barney's Lunch Room, 2.00; F. H. Hall, 1.00; Wm. Peters, .50; Jose Dario Vallejos, 1.00; P. G. Peters, .25; George Hyde, .25; Anna Julian, .25; Fisher Lumber Co., 1.00; Lincoln Power Co., 1.00; Geo. Titworth, 1.00.

Corona News

Congratulations: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith, a son, July 2. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Otero, a daughter, June 1. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Adams, a daughter, June 9. Mr. and Mrs. Jose Jaramillo, a son, June 18. Mr. and Mrs. Emiliano Luera, a son, July 5.

Miss Charlotte and O.K. Cranford arrived Monday from Los Angeles to spend several weeks with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kimmens.

Miss Geraldine M. DuBois attended the Golden Jubilee celebration in Albuquerque last week.

Junior Anderson arrived Tuesday from Oakland to spend the summer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dishman.

Mrs. J. S. Simpson has gone to Santa Rosa where she joined Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sultemeier for a two weeks' trip to the Pacific coast.

Mrs. T. M. DuBois and son Warren attended the Golden Jubilee in Albuquerque.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Perkins were given a wedding shower by their many friends.

Miss Willie Day Standhart of Roswell is the guest of her uncle, A. J. Atkinson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Atkinson, J. M. Atkinson, Miss Anelle Bagley and Miss Willie Day Standhart attended the Golden Jubilee in Albuquerque as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Duplantis. They also visited Mr. Atkinson's sister, Mrs. Robert Finley, at Socorro.

Miss Minnie Bea Chappell accompanied by her mother, sister and nephew drove to Roswell Sunday for a brief visit with relatives.

Miss Bertha Butler came down from Albuquerque where she is attending the University to visit with her sister, Mrs. Nan Stone, for a couple of days. During her stay they made business trips to Vaughn and Carrizozo.

Miss Dell Roberts, Ben Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pfeiffer and their guests from Illinois left Sunday for a motor trip into Mexico. They had returned from a fishing trip in the northern part of the state and a visit to Grand Canyon and Monument Valley in Utah.

Miss Claudine Sandy of Pampa, Texas, is the guest of Miss Billie Roll.

Miss Ruthie Jenkins spent the 4th with her aunt, Mrs. Pearl Rowland. They attended the rodeo at Fort Stanton and went on to the Ruidoso.

J. W. Parker returned Monday after having spent the winter at Wellington, Kansas.

John Ardantz spent Thursday with friends in Roswell.

Miss Raydelle Chappell returned to her home in Roswell Sunday.

G. C. Brown made a business trip to Roswell Monday.

Prospero Gonzales was here from Glencoe Tuesday, attending to some matters of a business nature. He informed us that last year, on account of the drought, he lost everything, but this year, they have had good moisture and there will be a good yield of vegetables and fruit, with the exception of apples. This yield will be short on account of the early frost which destroyed a great amount of the crop.

Calling



ANCHO ITEMS

Mrs. Barney Wilson and son Charles left Saturday for California to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest are enjoying a short visit from their daughter, Mrs. Ted Hefren of Big Spring, Texas.

Mrs. J. M. Frame spent the 4th with the Bert Penix family at Ruidoso.

The community feels very grateful to Roger Sherman of the Presbyterian Missionary Society for conducting a one week Bible School here. A good attendance has been reported and deep interest is being shown.

Rev. Sloan filled his regular appointment here Sunday to a good crowd. In the afternoon, he performed the baptismal ceremony for little Viola Faye Johnson. We are always glad to have Rev. Sloan with us.

Through the foresight of Cap Straley, a jolly time was planned for the community on the night of July 4. A large amount of fireworks was displayed, after which a lively dance was enjoyed to the music of the Hobbs boys.

A good time was reported by those attending the rodeo and picnic at Red Hobbs' place on July 4.

Mrs. C. C. Belknap was an Ancho visitor last Wednesday. She is still on the job at Corona.

Mr. Roberts, local merchant, spent a few days in Old Mexico.

Mrs. Don English and Mr. and Mrs. Jones met with the singers here Sunday afternoon to practice for the Lincoln County Singing Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chambers of Dallas are spending the summer at the home of their daughter, Mrs. R. L. Huffmyer.

Andy Wilson and his "Happy Five" orchestra of Tularosa will entertain with a dance at the Community Hall this coming Saturday night. These boys will give the dance fans a good run for their money.

Miss Ella Brickley entertained sixteen guests at a 1 o'clock luncheon at the Carrizozo Eating House last Saturday. After the luncheon, the afternoon was spent in playing bridge and parches. At bridge, Mrs. Ben S. Burns held high score and Mrs. W. O. Garrison held the high score at parches.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stimmel, sons Bruce and Charles are here from Los Angeles for a visit with the B. L. Stimmel and Tennis Smoot families. They will remain for a week or so.

LINCOLN HEARSAY

We are sorry to report the death of Mrs. Frank Hulbert, who passed away July 9 at Dr. Woods' apartments. Mrs. Hulbert was born in Ohio, but spent most of her life in Lincoln. She was 64 years of age and is survived by one son, L. C. Hulbert of Roswell and other relatives. The remains were interred in the local cemetery on July 11.

Ernest Maes, Isidro Aldaz, Henry Vigil, Carlos Lujan, Antonio Garcia, Cuco Romero, Max Miranda, Esmael Salas and Pete Zamora were week-end visitors from the CCC camps at Mayhill and High Rolls.

Tom Wallace, who works at Mayhill camp, has moved his family to Lincoln. We welcome them to our town.

Lucille Miranda spent the weekend at Hondo visiting Misses Sabina Salcido and Ola Montes.

Lieut. Ed Penfield and sisters visited with Mrs. Penfield's brother, Mr. Tompkins, at Alamogordo last week. On their return they were accompanied by their grandmother, Mrs. Julia Tompkins, who returned recently from a visit with her son in New York.

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Father Salvatore of Carrizozo will hold mass at San Juan's Church.

Miss Celia Salazar will visit for a week with her aunt, Mrs. Chon Fresquez at Picacho.

People of Carrizozo should heartily appreciate the good service Postmaster Herman Kelt and his deputy, Otho Lowe are giving the patrons. On the morning of July 4, when the office should have been closed tight, they opened the windows and gave the public the service, beyond what was expected of the office. Moreover, they are opening the windows earlier than an opening hours in the mornings in order to give the people good service above what the department expects of them. That's what we call, "Service with the bark on."

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Simer of Capitan were here Monday accompanied by Mrs. Simer's father, C. C. Martin, aged 92, of Dublin, Tex., who has been visiting the Simers for the past two months. Mr. Martin, although from Texas, is a staunch Republican (and proud of it.) He will remain in Capitan for another month, after which he will return home. Mr. and Mrs. Simer will accompany the Dad home, and they will take part in a big family reunion.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Friday and Saturday—"LEMON DROP KID" featuring Helen Mack, Lee Tracy, Wm. Frawley and Gertrude Michael. "Baby Blues" and "Club Continental."

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—"BABES IN TOYLAND" with Laurel and Hardy.—Victor Herbert's immortal score—the color and fantasy of Toyland—a picture the whole family from 8 to 80 years old will enjoy!

Also "It Happened One Day" and "The Story of Monal Metal." Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Off On Eastern Trip

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shaffer and children left Tuesday afternoon for an extended trip to the east. They will make their first stop at the home of Mrs. Shaffer's brother, J. E. Jewell, at Middletown, Ohio, thence to Dayton to visit Mrs. Shaffer's father, Mr. W. R. Jewell. After they do Ohio, they will proceed to Buffalo, N. Y., and visit Mr. Shaffer's father, Mr. Henry Shaffer. There will be an added pleasure in their visit to Buffalo, as Roy's sister, Mrs. A. T. Davenport of Washington, D. C., will be there to add to the good time of the home-coming. After their visit in New York, they will return by way of Detroit and go through the large FORD MOTOR PLANT as guests of the FORD MOTOR CO. They are making the trip in a Ford V-8 and arrived at Middletown, Ohio, yesterday. Now, don't wonder at this, for as we have said, they are going in a Ford V-8, which will make airline time. See the point?

Chairman Rapkoch Strikes a Responsive Chord

At the recent convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Peter Rapkoch, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee challenged the statement of Dr. Rexford Tugwell, undersecretary of the department of agriculture, made at the state university that the constitution in its present form, might lead to internal strife.

He appealed to every individual veteran to oppose a movement to 'hamstring' the Supreme Court by transferring its powers to Congress. He also declared that abrogation of state's rights would mean ultimate dictatorship. In that statement to the Veterans, Chairman Rapkoch struck a responsive chord among the assemblage, the defenders of the flag. He is entitled to a medal for so doing.

The Misses Ella and Ruth Brickley will leave tomorrow, Saturday, for the San Diego Exposition. They will visit different points of interest in the Golden State, planning to be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Greer and children were here from the Greer Goat ranch in the San Andres mountains. Lester says that rain is badly needed in that locality, but the goats are doing nicely.

Ray Sipple, Dean of the baseball game, was here from White Oaks this Thursday, making the Outlook a friendly call, during which time we had a pleasant chat about the good ol' game.

Personals

Honolulu, Hawaii—Miss Jane E. Spencer of Carrizozo, N. M., expects to sail for California ports on the S.S. Durline Aug. 8, on her way home after spending the summer in America's mid-Pacific territory.

Miss Spencer arrived in Honolulu on the Lurline June 20, one of a large group of New Mexico people on that boat, who are residing in beach apartments at Waikiki, many of them attending the summer session at America's farthest west university.

The University of New Mexico furnished a large group of the University of Hawaii's visiting enrollment this summer, which is expected to exceed the 1934 record enrollment of 1,261. A number of distinguished guest professors from mainland universities, and the existence of the School of Pacific and Oriental Affairs, one of the few such departments in an American educational institution, are attracting many students from the territory's sister states.

Mrs. A. H. Kudner, who has been at the Kudner ranch home for the past several weeks, will leave shortly for Los Angeles, where, after a short stay, she will go to Hawaii for a month's visit. On her return, she will go to Alaska to spend a portion of September, after which she will go to New York by way of the Panama Canal, reaching New York by the middle of October.

Mmes. George Titworth of Capitan and J. M. Penfield of Lincoln were visitors in town on Monday of this week.

Mrs. J. R. Marcom, daughter Billie Ruth and son Jimmy Wayne of Dallas, are visiting Mrs. Marcom's sister, Mrs. R. L. Huffmyer.

County School Supt., Mrs. Ola Jones, sons Tom and Paul and Mrs. Watson, have returned from Denver where they attended the N. E. A. Convention. Mrs. Selma Degitz, who accompanied the party, will return later on after she has completed her visit with her daughter. Complimentary to Mrs. Jones, the Pike's Peak News gave her party a prominent place in the gallery of distinguished visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Moline were Taos and Santa Fe visitors on July 4th.

Ralph Petty, junior member of the Petty Economy Grocery, has returned from Cloudercroft and Alamogordo. At Cloudercroft, he took part in the semi-finals golf game; while at Alamogordo, he visited old friends.

Harvey McMullin of Santa Rosa is here for a short visit at the S.H. Nickels home. Harvey is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Nickels.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Poe Corn July 5, a boy. Mother and son are doing nicely—and a new Coach has entered the sporting field.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Petty and small son Jesse spent yesterday, Thursday, in El Paso on business.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Wingfield and Mrs. Doda of Ruidoso were here yesterday.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—President Roosevelt appears to be facing a considerable amount of trouble as his plans move forward for administration of the \$5,000,000,000 works-relief fund. The difficulties confronting the President are of two kinds, each likely to prove embarrassing. At this writing it is impossible to forecast what the end will be but the circumstances of the situation that has been brewing some weeks seem to warrant a recap of the facts.

It will be remembered that during the long drawn out congressional fight preceding passage of the \$5,000,000,000 appropriation there were numerous open accusations and many more mumbled underneath that the fund would be used by the administration to some extent at least for political purposes. Most observers thought at that time that the accusations were simply representative of a boiling political pot. It was felt also that opponents of the President were fomenting discontent and defections in his ranks in order to establish a record for later political campaigning.

Now, however, a different aspect appears. The patronage question has bobbed up. It is coupled with complaints in many states against federal encroachment upon states' rights. So, it is made to appear that Mr. Roosevelt is faced with a determined element which is battling against his policies not so much because he is a New Dealer as because they believe federal power has been extended to a new boundary and this breeds a fear of further subordination and subjugation of state authorities. The recent meeting of the governors' conference at Biloxi, Miss., constitutes ample proof, if further evidence be needed, of the uprising out in the states against encroachment on state affairs by the Washington administration. History records numerous instances where heretofore the Washington government has sought to extend the scope of its power in one way or another, usually in minor matters. In every instance this move has been met by a solid phalanx of state officials and state leaders who have promptly put the federal government back in its constitutional place. As far as research discloses, however, the Biloxi governors' conference is the first instance in which the chief executives of states have come out so openly with their declarations that the federal government had gone too far. The Biloxi pronouncements take on added significance as well through the fact that leaders who were the most critical of President Roosevelt at that meeting were governors of traditionally Democratic states.

The other phase of the difficulties faced by Mr. Roosevelt links possibly more directly with the political situation than does that which I have just discussed. While the states' rights question and the potentialities of a further subordination of state authorities to the will of the federal government lies in directly with the President's expressed desire for constitutional revision, the second factor carries possibilities of important political defections in the ranks of the Democratic party.

Again, the governors' conference gives a clue. State officials must maintain their own political organizations. Unless they do so they sink quickly into oblivion. During the last fifteen years the office of governor in a good many states has been looked upon as a stepping stone to the senate or to the Presidency. Consequently, unless the governor who has political ambitions holds his own lines fast his chances are gone. Since the federal government has so much money to spend in each one of the states it becomes obvious that the governors look with longing eyes at the cash. If they control the expenditure they wield an enormous power. The trouble is under Mr. Roosevelt's policies the governors in most states are not being allowed a voice in this expenditure.

Aubrey Williams, assistant emergency relief administrator here, let the cat out of the bag in his speech to the governors at Biloxi. Few plainers words could have been chosen than were used by Mr. Williams in imparting to the governors' conference the information that Relief Administrator Hopkins and Works Administrator Ickes were going to pick their own men in most, if not all, states. Naturally, the governors began to wonder what was left for them. When they discovered they were holding an empty bag containing no checks which they can sign, their wrath knew no bounds.

And there are further complications in the works relief spending program. It will be recalled that a good many senators and representatives did not conceal their antagonism for Secretary Ickes while the \$5,000,000,000 bill was before them. Indeed, some of them laid down an irrevocable position demanding that Mr. Ickes, public works administrator under the old order, should have nothing to do with the new fund, whereupon the President soothed their hearts by saying that he himself would

direct the spending, and his promises are regarded as having saved the day. When the new set-up was announced, however, Mr. Ickes was found to be a part of it. It is true that theoretically his position is of less consequence than that of Relief Administrator Hopkins and that he is also subordinate in a way to Frank C. Walker, who was brought in as a new co-ordinating element. As the program develops Mr. Hopkins appears more and more to be the big shot. His influence predominates. It must be added, however, that his policies and those enumerated by Mr. Ickes are not in accord.

The divergence of views between Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes was shown in illuminating fashion the other day when these two officials held press conferences on the same day.

Mr. Ickes, who believes the administration never has made a real try at "pump priming" by use of its public works program, argued the impossibility of conducting real public works on any substantial scale under the present Roosevelt program of spending. Mr. Hopkins, on the other hand, discouraged at length on his favorite theme, the necessity of planning projects from the standpoint of potentials in providing employment. The Hopkins policy takes no account of the question of permanence of the projects. It contemplates only the factors involved in getting immediate work. Mr. Ickes takes the position that recovery cannot be gained unless public works projects serve not only to give jobs but to induce other lines of businesses to commence operation. Mr. Hopkins points to previous experiences in the present administration with these attempts at priming the pump and causing related jobs to prosper, while Mr. Ickes inferentially, at least, holds that it is better to continue trying to prime the pump than to give up the job or use the money in the Hopkins fashion. While this little difference of opinion between the two high ranking officials may not seem important, the consensus is that it has had the effect of slowing up the work of spending the vast sum of money. Most folks believe it will take much longer than a year in which to spend the \$5,000,000,000 anyway so that any additional delay puts further back the ultimate consummation of the works relief program.

There is another element of this situation deserving of consideration. It is Mr. Hopkins who is picking the President's representatives in the various states where the federal government has taken over the management of relief expenditures. Mr. Hopkins is not a politician, has never had experience in that field and gives every appearance of being wholly unconcerned about political advice. The result naturally is that Mr. Roosevelt is being "placed on the spot" in a number of instances through Mr. Hopkins' appointments.

Political observers are watching these developments closely because they see in them the germs of bitter political enmity that may not serve Mr. Roosevelt so well in the next election.

The sleepy Republicans show signs of arousing. The administration has been trying to ignore the Springfield conference of "Grass Roots" Republicans and has succeeded except for Spokesman Farley. Mr. Farley, as head of the Democratic national committee and postmaster-general and political patron, signed a dispenser, had to shoot back in his characteristic fashion. Other than his outburst, silent treatment has been the medicine prescribed respecting the Republican uprising.

If Mr. Roosevelt kept his radio turned on while the Springfield meeting of Republicans was in session, he must have harkened back to a similar circumstance involving his predecessor, Herbert Hoover. Political writers in Washington and a good many of the franker politicians could not resist drawing a parallel on the Springfield meeting and the striding which the Democrats gave Mr. Hoover. Of course, every one knew then that Mr. Hoover was too thin-skinned politically to stand up under such machine gun fire. Few of us expected that Mr. Roosevelt had the same characteristic because he had been under political gun fire much more than Mr. Hoover. Notwithstanding White House silence on the Springfield meeting, however, the word leaks out that the President has been much liked, if not disgusted, by the attack on fundamentals of the New Deal. It will be remembered that for the first time the Republican opposition singled out what the opponents believe to be eighteen vulnerable spots in the New Deal program.

Here in Washington observers are watching closely to discover how the President intends to offset the Republican criticism. If and when he fights back, it is believed his general tactical plan for 1935 will be disclosed. Republicans also are watching. There are to be more of these so-called "Grass Roots" conferences and if by any chance the President tips his hand before these other meetings are held, leaders among the Republicans insist they are prepared to take full advantage of the disclosures.

Other difficulties senators and representatives did not conceal their antagonism for Secretary Ickes while the \$5,000,000,000 bill was before them. Indeed, some of them laid down an irrevocable position demanding that Mr. Ickes, public works administrator under the old order, should have nothing to do with the new fund, whereupon the President soothed their hearts by saying that he himself would

direct the spending, and his promises are regarded as having saved the day. When the new set-up was announced, however, Mr. Ickes was found to be a part of it. It is true that theoretically his position is of less consequence than that of Relief Administrator Hopkins and that he is also subordinate in a way to Frank C. Walker, who was brought in as a new co-ordinating element. As the program develops Mr. Hopkins appears more and more to be the big shot. His influence predominates. It must be added, however, that his policies and those enumerated by Mr. Ickes are not in accord.

Hopper Poison Is Ready for Battle

Government Supply on Hand and Infested States Are Supplied.

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

A new mixture of grasshopper poison that carries 50 per cent sawdust, a lower infestation as a result of last year's poisoning campaign, and a surplus of poison bait that growth ridden farmers did not use last year—all these factors indicate that the United States Department of Agriculture will need to buy very little bran and other bait materials in 1935.

Dr. F. N. Anand of the bureau of entomology and plant quarantine, who directed the first intensive grasshopper campaign financed with federal funds, says part of the surplus has been re-allotted and is being moved into states that otherwise might run short of bait.

If the existing supplies of bait are not sufficient for the demands this year, Dr. Anand says, the department will buy bran, sawdust, and sodium arsenite and ship them into selected centers where the material will be mixed by hand under trained supervision. This bait costs much less than the factory-mixed bran, molasses, and arsenic used last year, and, according to the results of field tests the past season, is just as effective in killing hoppers. Last year the department started with a poison mixture containing 25 per cent sawdust, but found by trial that a mixture with 50 per cent sawdust is satisfactory.

Although the number of grasshopper eggs laid last fall was far below the number laid the year before, Dr. Anand says, there are enough in the ground to start another heavy infestation this summer, unless the weather at hatching time is unfavorable to hopper development.

The prospect of a lonely gold prospector a short time ago unearthed a treasure on the Jemez Plateau, in New Mexico, which brings one step nearer the solution of the great riddles of the deserted pueblos there and in the Chaco canyon, says the Kansas City Star. Great mystery has always surrounded these prehistoric ruins in the district northwest of Santa Fe.

Where did those ancient peoples go? What drove them from their pueblos, so well built and so strong? One day they were there, 11,000 of them, living in 14 large towns in symmetrical pueblos four and five stories high. Then they were gone, leaving no word, no sign to say where.

The prospector found one mute little messenger to throw a bit of light on the mysteries which surround the customs of these Tewa peoples. Instead of gold, he uncovered a carefully wrapped bundle from the loose soil. With trembling fingers he began to loosen the outer covering.

The prospector found a softly woven blanket lined with feathers in a perfect state of preservation. Within that was another blanket, the downlike feathers duplicates of those in a modern baby's pillow. When that was opened there lay before the prospector the perfectly preserved mummy of a two-year-old child.

There he lay, with an ear of corn to his hand, a little pottery bowl over his face, just as he had when he was buried about 1,000 years ago. His hair was touselled as any child's would be in sleep, and his tiny hand grasped the ear of corn as if, tired, he had fallen asleep.

Makes Scientific Study of Milk Produced by Sows

Adding to the meager information available concerning the production and composition of sow's milk, E. H. Hughes, associate professor of animal husbandry in the University of California, has published an article in the Journal of Nutrition on this subject. In this study, Professor Hughes has gathered at the branch of the college of agriculture all the known literature on the subject and has added to it the results of investigations made at Davis.

The average daily milk production of a sow is 0.8 pounds, just twice the amount produced when the first test was made in Germany 70 years ago.

Professor Hughes was particularly interested in the composition of the ash of colostrum and normal milk; his is the first study made in this field. He found the ash content relatively low at parturition, increasing during lactation. The calcium and phosphorus content of normal sow's milk is higher than that reported for the human or the cow.

Proper amounts of fertilizer per acre for corn depends both upon the type of soil and upon the method of application. Most of the old-type fertilizer attachments did not give good separation between the fertilizer and the seed, and when one of these is used not more than 100 or 150 pounds of commercial fertilizer should be used per acre, Robert M. Satter, Ohio State university agronomist, warns. With the newer arrangement, which places the fertilizer at the side of the seed in the hill, more fertilizer can be used, ranging from 125 pounds for the dark-colored soils to 200 pounds for the poorer light-colored soils. For row application to drilled corn, these amounts may be increased 25 to 50 pounds.

Placing Fertilizer

More Folks on Farms

Farm population of the United States is the greatest now that it has been in the history of the nation, the United States Department of Agriculture announces. On January 1, 1935, it was set at 32,779,000 persons. This is 270,000 above the January 1, 1934, figure. The increase is attributed to a surplus of births over deaths rather than to any marked movement from cities. It is estimated that 783,000 persons moved out of cities, towns and villages to farms last year, but that 904,000 folks moved from farms to urban centers.

Preventing Bloat

One way to secure bad cases of bloat is to turn cattle into a field of legumes when they are hungry, advises an authority in Wallace's Farmer. To keep milk cows in the barn at night and turn them out on clover in the morning is to invite bloat. Play safe always by planning so that the stock isn't tempted to gobble down a lot of clover in the first few minutes after being turned out. Fill them up before they are first turned onto the clover.

Burning Honeycombs

Burning honeycombs that have become infested with American foul brood, the most serious disease of bees known, is the only safe course for beekeepers. Disinfection by any method yet devised cannot be depended on to kill all the disease spores, according to the results of extensive tests recently concluded at the bee culture laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture. The disease spores may seem to be dead for a year or longer.

Light on Age-Old Mystery

Mummy of Baby, Perfectly Preserved, Unearthed in New Mexico, May Lead to Solution of Great Riddle of the Pueblo People.

The prospect of a lonely gold prospector a short time ago unearthed a treasure on the Jemez Plateau, in New Mexico, which brings one step nearer the solution of the great riddles of the deserted pueblos there and in the Chaco canyon, says the Kansas City Star. Great mystery has always surrounded these prehistoric ruins in the district northwest of Santa Fe.

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The prospect hastened to the authorities with his treasure. It was they who fixed his burial date as about 350. The priceless find was minutely examined, all its history searched out by the signs which only expert archeologists understand. Then it was put on display at the Museum of New Mexico, in Santa Fe.

Only four such mummies have ever been found, and this seems to be the most interesting specimen of all. So proud are the archeologists connected with the museum that they are carefully preparing a report to be printed in learned scientific journals. Meanwhile they zealously guard the child against photographers until they have made their weighty reports and safely lodged him in the archeologists' Hall of Fame.

Already the word has gone around among the native Indians, and many of them, resplendent in their silver and turquoise rings, armbands and necklaces, have come to view the little mummy. They have walked by with impressive faces.

"A pity," they say in their strange, expressionless voices, "a pity to take the little child from his grave where he has rested so long." Some seem to be afraid bad luck will follow those who leave him there in a glass cabinet sleeping his timeless sleep before the eyes of strangers.

Many scientific explanations have been advanced as to the cause of the departure of the Tewa peoples from their homes. Some say a pestilence wiped them out. Others that an enemy annihilated them. But the theory which seems verified, after the intense drought of the last summer, is that the ground level of their water supply sank during some

terrific great drought and drove them in desperation to seek other homes. However, no man can say definitely, for here the scientists run against a blank wall at every turn. The Tewa people, though living in a high state of civilization, had no written word. There are no old tablets to decipher, no Rosetta stones on the New Mexico mesas. On every hand in these ancient pueblos there are riddles, but the greatest of all is the location of their burial ground. Up to the present none has been found for this large prehistoric community of Chetro Ketl in Chaco canyon.

Feast of Raw Peanuts Upset the President

Calvin Coolidge was browsing about the basement rooms and corridors of the White House, a short time after taking office, when he spied a large sack of peanuts near a door leading to the rear grounds. This discovery interested him at once. He always had a passion for any kind of nuts, especially peanuts. This huge bag was open at the top and looked most inviting. He gazed upon his find for a second or two and then helped himself liberally. He filled his two coat pockets.

Later in the morning, while at his desk in the executive office, he rang for his secretary and told him he felt sick and directed that his engagements be canceled. He went to his bedroom, suffering with pains in the stomach. His physician made him drink plentifully of castor oil, and in a few hours he was feeling more like himself.

Upon inquiry the President discovered the peanuts he had been eating were raw. He did not know that the nuts to which he helped himself were for the squirrels. For years a sack of raw peanuts had been kept on hand for the policemen and gardeners to fill their pockets before going to their duties in the grounds. It was in this way that the squirrels were fed.—Boston Globe.

TIRES MAY LOOK ALIKE ON THE OUTSIDE ON THE INSIDE THEY ARE DIFFERENT

HEAT on the inside created by friction is the main cause of blowouts. Firestone Tires are different on the inside—they are built with the patented extra process of Gum-Dipping that soaks every cord and insulates every strand with pure liquid rubber, preventing internal friction and heat. No other make of tire is Gum-Dipped.

Firestone performance records again emphasize the undisputed evidence that Firestone Tires are not only blowout-proof, but give greatest protection against skidding. There are three questions and answers that will solve the problem of what tires to buy:

QUESTION 1—"Will the tread give me the greatest traction and protection against skidding?"
ANSWER—Recent tests by a leading University show that Firestone High Speed Non-Skid Tires stop a car 15% quicker than any other of the leading makes. For eight consecutive years Firestone Tires have been on the winning car in the dangerous Pike's Peak Race where a skid means death. This is undisputed evidence that Firestone gives car owners greatest protection against skidding.

QUESTION 2—"Are they blowout-proof?"
ANSWER—Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have the most amazing records for being blowout-

proof of any tires ever built. In the grueling 500-Mile Race at Indianapolis, May 30th, every one of the 33 cars was equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. Not one of the 33 drivers had any tire trouble of any kind.

Ab Jenkins drove his 5,000 pound car on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires over the hot salt beds of Utah, 3,000 miles at 127.2 miles per hour, with temperatures as high as 120°, without tire trouble of any kind. These are most amazing proofs of blowout protection ever known.

QUESTION 3—"Without sacrificing these two important safety features will they give me longer mileage, thus making them the most economical tires I can buy?"
ANSWER—Firestone High Speed Tires not only give you more than 50% longer wear, but also lowest cost per mile due to the tough, wear-resisting tread built with higher shoulders and a wider, flatter contour. This rugged tread is held securely to the Gum-Dipped cord body by Firestone's patented construction of two extra layers of cords under the tread, a special construction feature not used in any other tire. Unequaled mileage records by thousands of car owners add undisputed evidence of longer wear and greater economy of Firestone High Speed Tires.

You Always Get Better Quality at No Higher Price when You Buy a Firestone Tire with the Firestone Name and Guarantee

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	\$7.30	4.50-21	\$6.65	4.50-21	\$6.05	4.50-21	\$4.95
4.75-19	7.75	4.75-19	7.25	4.75-19	6.60	4.75-19	4.75
4.75-18	7.25	4.75-18	6.75	4.75-18	6.15	4.75-18	5.25
4.50-18	6.45	4.50-18	5.95	4.50-18	5.35	4.50-18	4.75

Scalpto LEAKPROOF TUBES As Low As \$2.45
FIRESTONE BATTERIES As Low As \$5.55
FIRESTONE SPARK PLUGS Each in Sets 58c

Firestone

THE OUTLOOK

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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One year, in advance - \$2.00

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Office Phone No. 24

NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION MEMBER



EDITORIAL COLUMN

Confidence Must Precede Recovery

"If business confidence could be added to the enormous shortage of goods and construction waiting to be made up and to the great supplies of idle credit seeking investment, we should have recovery in this country," said Col. Leonard Ayers, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, in a recent issue of his monthly review of business. Col. Ayers might also have said that the basis of confidence is security — and that is exactly what the country lacks. Fear of high taxes, fear of stifling legislation, fear of political domination of industry—these and similar fears are creating insecurity, and are an unsurmountable barrier to the return of confidence.

It is a noteworthy fact that the nearest thing the country has witnessed in the way of a revival of lost confidence followed the Supreme Court's historic decisions on the NRA, the Railway Pension, and the Frazier-Lemke mortgage moratorium cases. Business leaders, investors and the public at large felt again that the Constitution still lived, and that its safeguards still protected them. If we could now have an assurance from high official sources that the government will abide by the spirit as well as the letter of these decisions, and will attempt no more experiments at the expense of already overburdened business, there would be a real wave of confidence and recovery would follow in its wake.

A Bad Example

The government is setting the people a bad example in the way of meeting obligations. Business men who have had accounts with the various alphabetical departments report that in some cases, they have waited as long as six months for their money and have notified the departments that they will not accept any more orders until bills long overdue are paid and a substantial understanding had about when future governments obligations will be met. The enormous and inconceivable amounts of money the government is appropriating brings forward the question: How can it ever be paid—how and when? That question does not seem to bother the 'brain trust.' Their answer is, it will never be paid. But it will and must be paid, but future generations will be made to pay it under the lash of tax slaveholders.

The bad example of delaying payments of just obligations on the part of the government is spreading. Weekly newspapers have sent out numerous subscription statements of late, to which, few have responded and



Novelties
Magazines
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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Majestic Radios
Rolland's Drug Store
Carrizozo, N. M.

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.

Movie Handkerchiefs

Reasonably priced at the Burke Outlook Gift Shop.

MICKIE SAYS



Don't Take It For Granted

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

ADVERTISE

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

that alone would prove the effect of the bad example. The government does not lose its credit standing by delayed payments of its obligations, but the business man does—it makes a big difference as to who does it.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Carrizozo — New Mexico

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

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 50 — Carrizozo, N. M.

Carrizozo Dry Cleaners

Cleaning . Pressing . Alterations
Clothes called for and Delivered.
Suits Cleaned & Pressed 75c
John Clower, Prop. Phone 66

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market
At Your Service

PHONE 62



Stamped Baby Beef
Lunch Goods
ICE FOR SALE

Fancy and Staple Groceries.
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
Your patronage greatly Appreciated.

PHONE 16



For Dependable
Passenger - - Express
And Freight Service

By
Roswell-Carrizozo Stage & Truck Lines

Office at
George's Auto Service
Carrizozo, N. M.

Try

The Waffle House

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

We Patronize
Home Industries.

Mrs. J. E. Compton

Proprietress
Carrizozo, New Mexico

For Sale

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

EL PASO, - ARIZONA

Motor Truck Line

We carry Refrigerator Trucks
And guarantee all perishable goods
to reach destinations in
perfect order.

General Trucking Service

—Announcing the Opening of—
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.

A more
convenient time
to make your
out-of-town calls



Low night rates now begin at 7 p. m.

CAN IT BE DONE? — By Ray Gross



PARING SHIELD

TRANSPARENT SHIELD FOR PARING KNIFE TO PROTECT HANDS FROM SPURTING OR SPRAYING JUICES OF FRUIT OR VEGETABLES WHEN BEING PARSED OR PREPARED.
CAN IT BE DONE?

Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross 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 sing-
ing convention is to be held at
Corona on the 2nd Sunday in
July. The Huff Sisters' Quar-
tette of Lovington, the Melrose
Quartette of Melrose and possi-
bly many others, will be present
to help make this the best con-
vention Lincoln County has ever
known. Each community will
be expected to render one or
more special numbers. Conven-
tion books may be borrowed from
Mrs. Don English, Carrizozo,
county president. Remember
Corona is ideal in the hot sum-
mer time for picnics. Bring
well-filled baskets and let's com-
bine pleasure with the worship
of our Lord—give Him just a
portion of our time on July 14.

Lode and Placer Mining Loca-
tion Blanks and Proofs of Labor
on Mining Claims on sale at this
office.

clared that many of the changes pro-
posed by the act in existing laws "are
of a constructive nature and should
have the support of bankers, if the
method of appointment and the tenure
of office of the members of the Federal
Reserve Board, in whose hands it is
planned to concentrate greater power
than ever before, could be so altered as
to insure, as far as possible, the abso-
lute independence of the Board from
partisan or political considerations."
He added:

Supreme Court of Banking

"Since the passage of the Federal Re-
serve Act over 20 years ago, opinion in
Congress and among bankers has been
staying towards the ideal of making
the Federal Reserve Board a body of
such independence and prestige that it
might be described as the Supreme
Court of Finance and Banking. We be-
lieve there is greater need now than
ever before for realizing this ideal."



R. S. HECHT

Mr. Hecht emphasized that it is "the
genuine desire of the banking frater-
nity to be helpful and constructive in
making suggestions in connection with
this pending legislation. The changes
we are urging are we believe essential
to the continued independence of the
Federal Reserve System."

"We have made it clear that we do
not object to a measure of public con-
trol in the national interest for proper
coordination of our manifold credit
operations," he said, "and we do not
believe the sponsors of the legislation
desire any political domination over
these activities through our Federal
Reserve System."

"Under such circumstances we feel
that our recommendations should be
favorably acted upon because they
would enable the reconstructed Federal
Reserve Board to function freely as a
nonpolitical body actuated only by the
dictates of sound financial and eco-
nomic policies conceived in the inter-
est of all of our people."

"The adoption of our suggestions
would both place operation of the Fed-
eral Reserve System wholly and dis-
tinctly apart from the fluctuations and
vicissitudes of political conditions and
free from undue influence by banking
opinion only. Such a solution would
thus have a stabilizing and confidence
inspiring effect on the entire business
situation."

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**ALBUQUERQUE
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Delivered Daily to Your

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Start The Journal Today

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**ALBUQUERQUE
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LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41-

Carrizozo, New Mexico,
A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1935
First Saturday
of Each
Month



S. B. Bostian, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

**COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR**
Carrizozo, New Mexico.



REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each
month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially In-
vited.

Bernice Nickels, W. M.
Maude L. Blaney, Sec'y



**COALORA REBEKAH
LODGE
NUMBER 15**

I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth
Wednesdays of each month.
Mary Dozier, N. Grand.
Birdie Walker, Secretary

Carrizozo New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 30, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

L. P. McClintock
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.

Regular meetings every Tues-
day night.

PROFESSIONS

JOHN E. HALL
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Lutz Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director & Licensed Embalmer
Residence Phone 33
Carrizozo New Mexico

DR. R. E. BLANEY, Dentist
— Lutz Building —
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A. L. BURKE
Notary Public
at Carrizozo Outlook Office
Carrizozo, New Mexico
Entries made of all Legal
Transactions.

ALBERT MORGAN
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Old Rolland Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

**NEW
Things**

in Dresses, Lingerie and
Hosiery, Kiddies' Dresses
arriving daily.

A new lot of California
Dresses and Blouses just in.

Outlook Art & Gift Shop

Dine and dance in an "indi-
vidual" frock. Look like a mil-
lion—in a Frock to please your
purse. — Burke's Outlook Art &
Gift Shop.

NOTICE!

To Whom It May Concern:
The party signing himself
"Friend," from whom I have
had two letters of late, wishes
to interview me with some va-
luable information and wishing
to avoid coming to my office,
may be interested to know that
if he will name a place and time,
I will interview him privately so
that his identity will not be
made public.

A. S. McCamant,
Sheriff of Lincoln County.

When you dine and dance look
your best. Daintiest of Frocks
—so reasonably priced you will
want several. —Burke's Outlook
Art & Gift Shop.

**"Naughty
Nities"**

Naughty — but Nice. They
have to be seen to be appreciat-
ed. They're not Too Daring. —
At the Outlook Art & Gift Shop.
PLANTS of all kinds for sale.
Apply at the Degner home
two miles south of town.

Any book you may want, you
may order it through the Rental
Library at Mrs. Garrison's resi-
dence.

TYPEWRITER PAPER

—at Bargain Prices
500 Sheets BOND, \$1
at Outlook Office

FOR SALE—One second hand
8-foot windmill. In good shape.
\$20.00. — John W. Harkey &
Son.

New California Blouses just in
at the Burke Outlook Gift Shop.
Reasonably priced, of course.

Bargain Sale
Used Electric Mangle, in Per-
fect Condition,
\$7.50

Electric Washing Machine in
good condition, \$8.50.
Phone 124

FOR RENT—Two-room house
furnished. — Apply to Fred
Getty.

FOR SALE—O. M. Franklin's
Blackleg Bacterin, per dose .10
Parke Davis & Co's. Black-
leg Bacterin, per dose .06
The Titsworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

RAWLEIGH ROUTES open
for reliable men. Good profits
for hustlers. Old established
company. No experience neces-
sary. Pleasant, profitable, dig-
nified work.

Write today. Rawleigh,
Dept. NMF-15 - P. Denver,
Colorado. J14 28

LUMBER

Windows—Doors—Paint—Glass
Builders' Hardware—Cement—Roofing
Lime—Three-Ply Wall Board—Rope—Pipe
Pipe Fittings—Bolts
\$2.70 Screen Doors \$2.70
Honest Grades -- Fair Prices

Western Lumber Co.

For Sale

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

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WAFFLE HOUSE
ANNEX**

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

JESS ROBERTS
Will Serve You Right
Private Booths

CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.

Sales Service

**Before you buy ANY Car at ANY
Price, drive the 1935 FORD V-8.**

Expert Mechanical Work

**AT
Greatly Reduced Prices**

Gasoline, Kerosene, Lubri-
cating Oil and Greases

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Cash Grocery & Market**

Is the place to make your purchases of
Choice Groceries
Fresh Meats of all kinds
Finest Quality of BABY BEEF



Our Aim is to
please YOU in
every sense of the
term.
Give us a call and
be convinced of
our rare values in
table luxuries.

W. L. Burnett, Proprietor

"Betty Brown"

—Presents—
**Krinkle Crepes---Seersucker
and Sheer Dresses**
"One of a Kind" Garments,
1.95 and 2.95
Burke's Outlook Art & Gift Shop

*When in EL PASO
Stop at the*
**GATEWAY
HOTEL**
or
**LOCKIE
HOTEL**

GATEWAY Rates
SINGLE \$1.50-\$2.00
DOUBLE \$2.00-\$2.50

LOCKIE Rates
Single \$1.00-\$1.50
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FREE GARAGE.

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

By SAX ROHMER

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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 Norwich, 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 Norwich and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked it up. Soon after leaving Kearney Norwich is murdered. Haig is puzzled over cryptic notes in the book, referring to steps to be made by the Wallaroo. While he is poring over the book, a monstrous creature enters, seizes it, and escapes.

CHAPTER III—Continued

It had been removed that night under the very noses of the police and was now safe from their curiosity!

In the luxuriously appointed little cabin of the cruiser, Yu'an drew from the pocket of his fur-lined coat a string of blazing fire opals, roughly threaded on waxed silk. He threw them around the long slender throat of his companion.

"Tonight, I can afford to be generous," he said. "They suit you, Orange Blossom, who are all fit and ice..."

Dawson Haig pressed irritably again and again upon the bell beside the wicket gate of Jo Lung's warehouse door. His light blue eyes sparkled dangerously. Believing that the elusive Big Chief, having caused murder to be committed upon the person of a Scotland Yard officer, was about to elude him again, he was prepared to stick at nothing.

Then the wicket gate opened, and a neatly groomed and imperturbable Levantine stood before them, staring with apparent surprise past Dawson Haig and the detective sergeant to where a group of plain-clothes officers and two uniformed men might be seen in the narrow street.

"Good evening," he said, smiling in apparent confusion. "I'm afraid you have alarmed me."

"Indeed," said Haig. "I'm sorry. I am a police officer, and I hold a warrant to search these premises."

"Really?" the Greek exclaimed. "But on what grounds have you obtained this warrant?"

"Harboring a man wanted for murder!" was the grim reply. "Come on, Warrender."

Haig turned to a group of men who had followed him in, and: "Along the yard," he ordered. "Bear to the left and you'll find a door. Through it and into the warehouse. There are five small cases there, concealed from Birmingham per H. M. S. Wallaroo to Sydney. When you find them—let me know."

"One moment!" Polodos was the speaker.

"Well!" Haig turned to him as two men set off. "What is it?"

"Only this," the Greek continued smoothly: "Your suspect cannot very well be hidden in one of the small cases—you speak of—And the door-in question is permanently locked. The warehouse beyond is leased by Messrs. King. Are you sure, Inspector, that your warrant extends to their premises?"

Dawson Haig stared at the speaker. That official red tape which trammels the movements of an officer of the Criminal Investigation department danced before his eyes visibly, and he stilled language unsuitable to the occasion, as:

"H—Inspector!" came a hail from the far end of the yard. "There's a door here, but it's locked. Are we to smash it?"

"No!" Haig shouted. "Come back. It doesn't matter, anyway. They'll have had the stuff out by now."

In due course the search party reached that business-like office upstairs, and:

"You see," said Polodos, smiling and pointing to a number of books open on the desk, "I was hard at work. The staff, of course, has been gone for hours."

Dawson Haig stared into liquid dark eyes, as unreadable as the riddle of the Sphinx. A sudden wild urge rose to his brain—to take this slimy hypocrite by the throat and to choke him until he coughed up the truth. But:

"I'll just glance over your accounts, Mr. Polodos," Haig said.

Outside in the Chinese quarter, at four points unsuspected by the police, blue lights were burning, for no orders had been given to extinguish them. When, half an hour later, the search party left the treasure house of Jo Lung, Dawson Haig drew Warrender aside.

"Take charge, Warrender," he said, "and stand by. Wait for me here. I've handed this job badly."

He set off through deserted streets. And presently he found himself in a mean little yard with three doors opening upon it. That yard from

which the one who laughed, the Chinese woman, and two shadows had come out an hour before. All three doors were closed. No light was visible.

There was a constable on duty. "You're absolutely sure," Haig challenged, "that nobody has gone in or come out?"

"Positive, sir."

"Carry on," Haig snapped. He suspected this to be the Big Chief's private entrance. But if he dared to force it he would be in bad trouble. He muttered savagely, and walked away.

The light of a gray dawn was stealing through the Temple.

"Well, Matt," said Dawson Haig, "you asked me to let you know, so you have only yourself to blame!"

Kearney nodded, smiling: "I'm glad you came. And we're both used to late hours. Fill your glass and go ahead."

"Comes to this," Haig continued. "I should have started by covering the rat-run out of Three Colt street. I only suspect—but all the same I'm moderately sure—that the leakage was there. But if King Rat is inside he won't get out! Every hole is stopped. Unfortunately, I think King Rat has slipped away again."

"The horror—with the tusks—undoubtedly followed you—God knows how—for the memo book. . . . Yes! I stroked your throat! You are lucky to have one intact. Incidentally, so am I! Those cunning devils must have spotted poor Norwich for a police officer. They tackled him first, you see—failed to find the notebook, and then came after you."

Matt Kearney shuddered. "They were warned in some way, or Eddy would have netted them on the way back. These people are artists—one must admit it. That display of day books and ledgers was surely intended to lead up to the one entry—the one to which the Greek drew my attention."

"You mean the sale, some time after poor Norwich and I were there, of a set of opals to a mythical customer?"

Dawson Haig nodded. "For the considerable sum of two thousand pounds in cash," he added savagely. "Which cash, when I challenged him, the Greek produced from the safe. Infernally clever. Damnably, poisonously clever. I'm skirting the edge of this case, Kearney. I'm a thousand miles from the heart of it."

"Personally," Kearney confessed, "I'm very uneasy about those entries in the memo book."

"Not half so uneasy as I am," said Dawson Haig. "Something you have told me tonight has given me a clew. . . . perhaps too late! That squealing laughter. It was the Big Chief you heard—King Rat! Any doubt I ever had about his real identity, you have settled! I know now whom I have to deal with."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"You remember I went to Singapore a year back? I was following a clew which I hoped would lead to the break-up of a big drug ring—and I knew

that the one who laughed, the Chinese woman, and two shadows had come out an hour before. All three doors were closed. No light was visible.

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Matt Kearney shuddered. "They were warned in some way, or Eddy would have netted them on the way back. These people are artists—one must admit it. That display of day books and ledgers was surely intended to lead up to the one entry—the one to which the Greek drew my attention."

"You mean the sale, some time after poor Norwich and I were there, of a set of opals to a mythical customer?"

Dawson Haig nodded. "For the considerable sum of two thousand pounds in cash," he added savagely. "Which cash, when I challenged him, the Greek produced from the safe. Infernally clever. Damnably, poisonously clever. I'm skirting the edge of this case, Kearney. I'm a thousand miles from the heart of it."

"Personally," Kearney confessed, "I'm very uneasy about those entries in the memo book."

"Not half so uneasy as I am," said Dawson Haig. "Something you have told me tonight has given me a clew. . . . perhaps too late! That squealing laughter. It was the Big Chief you heard—King Rat! Any doubt I ever had about his real identity, you have settled! I know now whom I have to deal with."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"You remember I went to Singapore a year back? I was following a clew which I hoped would lead to the break-up of a big drug ring—and I knew

"The marquis had been shot in the throat just prior to the break-up of that old regime under which he held his commission as admiral of the fleet! His vocal chords were affected. The incredible laughter I heard was the laughter of Yu'an Hee See!"

"You mean that—?"

"I mean that Yu'an Hee See is Big Chief—King Rat! And he was at Jo Lung's tonight. It was his memo book that you picked up. You have heard how it was recovered!"

"But, what happened—in Singapore?"

Dawson Haig finished his drink and shrugged his shoulders. "On my way back to Johore Bahru," Haig replied. "I was ingeniously lured into a Chinese 'bath of feathers'—that's all!"

"Bath of feathers?"

"Exactly, Kearney! It's too late to go into details. Incidentally, though, I got out again. . . . and there was no possible connection between this dastardly attempt and my call on the marquis! I falled, old man—falled miserably. My name with the chief was mud. Yet, you see, I was on the right track. Yu'an Hee See was in Limehouse tonight. Yu'an Hee See directed the murder of poor Norwich! I know, now—because you heard him laughing."

"Good—G—d! Haig!—an idea— he may be sailing in the Wallaroo!"

Dawson Haig nodded—and grinned. "I hadn't overlooked that possibility. Detective Sergeant Durham sails in the Wallaroo as far as Marseilles."

"I'm glad of that," said Kearney. Haig stared at him hard, and:

"Most blandly," he said, "the Greek gentleman at Jo Lung's referred to their establishment in Stamboul, tonight. He was safe. There's about as much chance of getting justice in Stamboul as of finding a gold mine in Shoreditch. But the Stamboul branch, as well as that in Limehouse, doesn't deal exclusively in stolen goods, or even drugs. The marquis is interested in a third industry—possibly based upon Stamboul but probably not. Yu'an Hee See is the biggest slave trader in the East!"

Eileen, a light sleeper, was awakened by the revolutions of the screw of the Wallaroo. She jumped out of bed and peeped out across a deserted deck. That dreary panorama of the Lower Thames was slipping by, a drab and desolate picture.

She watched for a while, then closed the shutter and turned up the light. The panic of waking alone in that gray morning had left her. As she sat there smoking and reflecting upon a hundred and one things, but chiefly upon the problem of whether she should write to Dawson Haig, as she had said she would do, or whether she should wait to see if there was a letter from him at Marseilles, she became aware of something. . . .

Some one—some one who had a regular, heavy tread—was pacing the deck on which her stateroom opened. As he passed and repassed, she experienced a rising curiosity respecting his identity.

No doubt a fellow passenger, unreasonably awakened, as she had been, and who, despairing of further sleep, had gone out for a walk.

Presently she heard his returning footsteps approaching from the after end. She turned on the light, pushed the shutter aside and peeped out.

She saw the promonader—a big man in a double-breasted blue overcoat; a man who wore a bowler hat, and who glanced aside with what seemed like definite curiosity as he passed her door. He was fresh complexioned and had blue eyes—very friendly looking blue eyes.

There was nothing in the least degree alarming about him, except that he seemed to be interested in her cabin. Eileen reclosed the shutter and turned in. And Detective Sergeant Durham, noting that her light had gone out again, passed along B deck to another cabin which interested him. Opening a heavy door he stepped into a cross alleyway, then turned left into another running forward and aft.

CHAPTER IV

Some passengers on the night cross-channel steamer from Boulogne noticed a gray motor cruiser which passed them in a dead calm sea about halfway across. Her extraordinary turn of speed excited their curiosity.

They must have been even more intrigued could they have witnessed the arrival of this mysterious craft off the French coast.

Stealing through the base of a gray and cheerless dawn, the mystery boat edged in, point by point, in the direction of Boulogne.

Stern on to the flat beach it lay, showing no lights, its propellers turning lazily. Presently a boat came out from a shadowy inlet. Two rowers labored at the oars, and very shortly drew alongside.

Those five small square cases which had come from Limehouse were transferred from the motor cruiser to the boat. Orange Blossom then stepped gingerly into the little craft, supported by Yu'an Hee See, who followed her.

Finally came Jo Lung. As the boat swung away:

"You will receive your orders tomorrow," said Yu'an Hee See rapidly in Chinese.

A yellow face surmounted by a woolen cap peered down from the deck of the cruiser, and:

"I hear, my lord," the man replied, and disappeared.

There came a whirl of powerful engines, a deep forceful churning, and the gray streak shot away southwest, swiftly to be swallowed up in morning mist. The two rowers bent to their oars.

Some distance up the little creek a landing stage projected, and beyond might be seen the roof of a wooden hut. At this landing stage the party disembarked.

Yu'an Hee See stood staring out through the open doorway of the hut until the men had carried in all five boxes. A board was quickly pried up. Its removal enabled a larger section of the floor, a concealed trap, to be lifted. Rough wooden steps led down into darkness. The Chinaman watched the boxes being stowed in their hidden cellar. When the work was completed and all traces of this hiding place concealed again:

"Come," he said to the woman, "we have no time to delay."

Perhaps half a mile away, guarded by a clump of funeral trees, a small farm might be seen. The woman was ill-shod for the journey, and clung to her companion's arm, silent and fretful. Jo Lung walked behind.

They crossed a weed-grown courtyard. Jo Lung unlocked the door of a broken-down barn.

There, a vision of blue enamel and gleaming silver plate, appeared a large French touring car. Jo Lung disappeared into the gloomy shadows of the barn, while the others made themselves comfortable in the car. When Jo Lung returned, he wore a blue and white uniform with a smart, peaked cap.

"Paris," said Yu'an Hee See—"straight to headquarters."

"The fact remains," said Dawson Haig, "there isn't a scrap of evidence to connect the establishment of our friend Jo Lung with the murder! If we could have produced the notebook—it might have proved to be a banging matter for somebody. But, legally, it's valueless as evidence."

Kearney nodded. They had just finished lunch in a Strand grillroom. He sipped his coffee thoughtfully. Two days had elapsed, and little or nothing had been done.

Dawson Haig lighted a cigarette. "That it contained valuable clues is proved by the steps taken to recover it. But these clues, or what you and I can remember of them, frankly convey very little. In the next place, I certainly had a glimpse—a horrifying glimpse—in your rooms, of the murderer of Norwich. But, as you have pointed out, my description might be that of anything from a ghost to a wild animal!"

Kearney laughed. "That's true enough," he admitted.

"You have seen the medical report on Norwich? The doctors agreed that he was bitten by long, curved teeth. So far, no one has been able to identify an animal possessing quite such teeth. . . ."

In short, the establishment of Jo Lung—with valuable property—stolen from all over the world, with its so-called burglar alarms, and other novel features, must carry on as usual entirely undisturbed by Scotland Yard!

He looked up, his keen blue eyes gleaming savagely across the little table.

"In spite of the fact that one of the most dangerous criminals in the world used the place as his London base, and that some hired killer of his murdered one of the best men in my department only two nights ago! Not to add that a consignment of drugs, which may have been worth several thousand pounds, was lying about there under our very noses—but, you may take my word for it, is there no longer!"

"That horrible laughter I heard would certainly point to the fact that Yu'an Hee See in person was at Jo Lung's on Friday night."

"I'm almost certain," Haig snapped, "he was on the dock when the crates were removed from the Wallaroo! He was the fur-coated man who slipped through the gates just before I spoke to you! He drove straight to Jo Lung's!"

He sighed, knocking ash from his cigarette.

"The remote possibility that he may himself be joining the ship at Marseilles, I have dealt with, as you know. Durham is on board. But his first message was admittedly not encouraging. It merely consisted of the words 'Nothing to report.' I take this to mean that there is nothing suspicious about the occupants of the cabins mentioned in those mysterious notes."

"One of which is Eileen's!"

"I know," Haig groaned, "and I can't get that fact out of my mind. I have checked the earliest entry relating to 'Suleiman Bey's' Paris address this morning, and that name was the name of a restaurant of that name near the

Moulin Galette. I'm going across this afternoon. I should like to locate Jo Lung. The inquiry is at a standstill here. . . ."

The Restaurant Suleiman Bey, adjoining the Place Pigalle, seemed to be a quiet little place, with sleepy, curtained windows and a glimpse, when the door was open, of a narrow counter where Turkish coffee might be purchased by weight. Beyond was a curtained door.

The night was wet, and patrons were few, but presently two men entered. The one who led, a gaunt, pale-faced fellow, had something of the appearance of the traditional artist, notably a shock of graying dark hair, a small mustache, and a straggly beard.

Since real painters have long since fled that district, his appearance was no doubt illusory.

He was accompanied by a man who might have passed for an American

tourist. He was buttoned up in a white waterproof, and keen blue eyes were visible through the lenses of tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles.

Apparently the artistic gentleman knew the place well, for he nodded to a stout lady who stood behind the counter, raised the curtain in the opening beyond, and the two entered a long, rectangular room.

Faded plush seats lined one wall, broken by a buffet and a draped opening. A number of tables were covered with check cloths, badly holed where cigarettes had been laid upon them; and a little stair at the further end led up to a curtained doorway.

Only six customers were present: four of these around a table near the staircase, two upon the settee. The new arrivals ordered coffee.

Their order was taken by an Arab waiter, very daintily dressed. As he departed, both stared without apparent signs of interest, about the room. The group of four by the staircase, three men and a woman, might readily be classified, in view of the reputation of the Restaurant Suleiman Bey as a meeting place of advanced Communists.

The two men seated on the settee were of a different type. One, a slight, dark-faced fellow, might have been a Portuguese. He constantly glanced with uneasy curiosity in the direction of the stairway. The other was a thickest, debauched-looking man of fifty-odd, smoking a dirty old briar pipe, who stared straight before him at the opposite wall. He might have been Dutch—or German, although, as a matter of fact, he was Scotch. He badly needed a shave; and except that he constantly ordered more brandy, his presence in such a spot seemed unaccountable.

"Nothing seems to be happening," said Dawson Haig.

"Nothing ever does happen here," replied M. Ballon of the Surete. "Plots are made and perhaps carried out, but as they are never carried out in Paris—he shrugged—"what do we care?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Early Settlements in Greenland

In the Tenth and Eleventh centuries Norse sea rovers, starting from Iceland, made small settlements in Greenland and pushed as far as the coast of New England or possibly Nova Scotia, in transient visits. But the Greenland colony was obscure, the country was believed to form part of Europe, and the records of the farther explorations were contained in sagas which were only rediscovered by modern scholarship. Throughout the Middle Ages legendary tales of mythical lands lying in the western ocean were handed down. The true discovery of America, as historically recorded, was October 12, 1492, when Columbus landed on the island of Guanahani, now identified with Watling Island, in the Bahamas.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Appeals to Those of Mature Figure

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FIGURE IT YOURSELF

He was discussing his son and heir, whom he had recently taken into the business:

"Well, yes, he's shaping pretty well, but he has a long way to go yet before he'll have a head big enough to fill my shoes."

Those Party Platforms

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."

Positive Identification

Man—See that woman over there? She's a pay roll bandit.

Out-of-Town Friend—How do you know?

Man—I married her.—Chelsea Record.

WNU—M 24-35

ENJOY

WRIGHT'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

QUALITY GUM

CONQUERED

By R. H. WILKINSON
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QUESTS at the Alpine House were thrilled when Neal Leonard and his party arrived for the climbing season. Leonard was rated among the most accomplished climbers of the day. And every one knew that the veteran's heart was set on conquering Mount Glacier.

No living man had ever reached Glacier's lofty summit. It was one of the few remaining ascents that still held out an insuperable defense to the strength and endurance of man.

One after another of the world's greatest pinnacles had succumbed to the skill and perseverance of the great Leonard. Lesser peaks, they were, but testing his skill and that of others to the utmost. And now Mount Glacier! Hundreds of others had failed. It had been said that no living man would ever reach its summit. And yet to accomplish that very end had become an obsession with Neal Leonard. It meant the crowning achievement of his career.

There were three in Leonard's party—Turner Cameron, who had scaled the most precipitous trail up the Matterhorn in record time; Orris Markham, whose name was a byword of achievement among mountain climbers of the Alps, and Leonard himself. Both Cameron and Markham were comparatively young. They were not as sober and concerned about the success of the attempt as was their leader. To them it was a glorious adventure; to Leonard the accomplishment of a burning ambition.

The trio set out early one morning in late spring, following a farewell party sponsored by guests at the Alpine House as tribute to the three daring men. It took the party a week to reach Glacier's base; a week of climbing that would have taxed the skill of unladen men, let alone these three who were forced to struggle over lesser ridges, each bearing on his back a minimum of 40 pounds of food and equipment.

Leonard had chosen his companions with foresight. When the base camp was established, both Markham and Cameron were as eager for the ascent as when they started. The discomfort of the week's "preparatory" work had not discouraged them in the slightest.

Following a day's rest, the party awoke before daylight and prepared to make their first ascent—the south wall. At the first flush of dawn they set out. Roped together, with Leonard in the lead, they made quick time over the comparatively easy southern defense. Once atop the wall they rested, ate and began climbing again by two in the afternoon. High above them towered the cone-shaped summit.

Their present encumbrance was a nob known as the Camel's Hump. At first the slope was easy; the snow well packed for climbing purposes. But by late afternoon, with the hump's top still a good hour away, the trail became more precipitous. The slope shot upward at a dangerous angle.

Leonard kept in the lead, digging out footholds with his ax with studious care. He surmounted one ledge after another, gave his companions the advantage of a tight rope whenever possible, and finally, just as daylight began to fade, reached the top of the final ledge, and halted.

They made camp on the wind-blown summit of the Camel's Hump and went immediately to bed.

At dawn they were up and ready to begin again. Caching a quantity of their food supply, they began at once the ascent of the dangerous Pulpit Rock. The rock presented the first real difficulties of the climb. It was accomplished by hitching the body up through a series of chimneys—narrow crevices with an almost perpendicular climb. Leonard, as usual in the lead, reached the last chimney's top at 1:30 in the afternoon. Below him his companions were obscured from view by an angle of rock.

Alone, with a hundred miles an hour wind threatening at any moment to unseat him from his precarious perch, the veteran confronted and overcame one of the most hazardous of all ascents.

At the chimney's top a flat slab of rock, smooth as glass, sloped upward at a nearly perpendicular angle for a distance of 15 feet. A barely visible crack, not large enough for a man to insert in it his finger tips, extended the length of the slab. It looked impossible, but Leonard knew it had to be done.

Inserting the point of his climbing ax in the crack and making it secure by twisting the handle outward, he hoisted up his body, clung to the sheer face of the slab for a breathless instant while he loosened the point and repeated the maneuver, and again pulled himself up. In this manner, miraculously, he reached the ledge above. When his two companions arrived at the chimney's top, they ascended the slab easily with the help of Leonard's tight rope.

That night the party camped on a ledge scarcely wide enough for all three of them to lay down side by side. Directly beneath them was a drop of some thousands of feet. Above, the summit was scarcely 700 feet away, a good half mile of climbing. The temperature was far below freezing. The air had become light and was difficult to breathe. Every step during the past three or four hours of climbing had been torture, lung-racking. A rest was required every few feet.

Leonard's eyes began to burn with a strange light. No man had yet reached the height to which the three had ascended. The summit, realization of a lifetime of dreaming, was in their grasp.

As usual they were up before dawn, and at the faintest hint of daylight had begun the climb. Progress was snail-like, every foot gained meant a tremendous struggle. A slip now would mean destruction to all three, so precarious were footholds. By noon they had accomplished but a scant 200 feet. An hour later a heavy mist enshrouded them. Leonard knew the signs, and great as was his eagerness, he was not a fool. He led his companions back to the upper camp, and for two days they remained inside the shroud of a tent that was their camp, while a fierce storm raged without.

On the third day it cleared, and again they attempted to gain the summit. But again a storm overtook them and they were forced to retreat.

That night they held a conference. It was, they agreed, an impossibility for all three to gain the summit. Some one must be left behind. Another camp would have to be established further up, and it would be out of the question to transport enough food and equipment for three.

Cameron and Markham were younger. They realized that if the thing could be done, it would fall to them. And yet they hesitated, knowing the obsession that fairly haunted the mind of Neal Leonard.

Leonard was silent for a long time. But at last he looked into the eyes of his two youthful companions and nodded. The two youths carried a memory of that look for many a year afterward.

Early the next morning Cameron and Markham started out. All day long Leonard waited in the camp below with his thoughts. At dusk the two youths returned. It was impossible, they said, to gain the summit. An insurmountable overhanging ledge jutted out and prevented progress from all angles.

Leonard listened to the pair and said nothing. The next morning he announced he was going to attempt the ascent alone. Markham and Cameron tried to dissuade him, but the old veteran was obstinate. He departed with his companion's pleas still ringing in his ears.

At night their companion had not returned, and Markham and Cameron fell into a doze. By noon of the next day they began to lose hope. By mid-afternoon they knew that no living thing would have been able to withstand the ravages of exposure for so long a period.

They held on for another day, however, and then descended to the next camp. Here they waited three days more and then sorrowfully began fighting their way downward.

That was the last time Neal Leonard has ever been seen. The following spring two aviators announced their intention of flying over Glacier's summit, no small feat in itself. And in May of the same year the act was accomplished.

Among other things the aviators reported seeing something that looked like a torn piece of jacket plastered against a tiny mount on the summit. Markham and Cameron, both of whom heard the announcement, exchanged startled glances. And, then, joyfully, they knew. Old Neal Leonard had realized his ambition. Mount Glacier had been conquered!

Road Builders in Italy Find Triumph Arch Ruin

Many of the numerous triumphal arches have disappeared long ago. Among them was that of Diocletian. It was erected on the Via Flaminia, one of the main streets of the present-day city, writes a Rome United Press correspondent.

The arch of Diocletian was standing in the early Middle Ages and some of its ruins survived until the Renaissance, when they were destroyed to make room for the Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, which then was rebuilt. Some of the marble fragments belonging to the arch then were removed to the Villa Medici, now the French Academy, where they still are preserved.

In the course of road improvement work now undertaken on this site, at a depth five meters below the level of the modern street, further marble fragments of the arch were discovered. The recovery of remaining ones still buried under the foundations of modern buildings is being attempted.

The fragments so far unearthed consist of portions of the cornice, vaulting and bas-reliefs decorating the arch of Diocletian. The bas-reliefs represent the incomplete figure of a winged victory and historical scene with a male head crowned with a laurel wreath.

Recovered Eyesight Disappointing
Occasionally persons who regain their eyesight after having been blind from infancy are greatly disillusioned and disappointed. Some dislike human faces, while others can no longer bear to touch objects they have used for years, or cannot continue to eat certain foods because of their appearance. A few even regret that they can see again.—Collier's Weekly.

Mails Delayed
The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the United States Constitution were submitted to the states at the close of the Civil war. Delaware turned down all three but 80 years later, in 1901, reconsidered and passed them. Thirty-four years after ratification, the State department at Washington was notified of that action by Delaware's secretary of state. No explanation of the delay was made

COLOR AND LIFE IN "POSTER GIRL"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



If you want to make a quilt with lots of color and life, the "Poster Girl" will be your selection. The quilt shown above is made from block number 95-A, which is one of the six different girls in which this assortment comes. Make the quilt either by using all the blocks of one design or assorted. The blocks are stamped on white 18-inch squares, and the applique material is stamped with the necessary designs and cutting lines. Twelve 18-inch blocks are generally used for one quilt. With twelve 18-inch blocks, 4-inch strips between blocks and a 9-inch border all around, allowing 1/4 inch for seams, the finished quilt will measure about 77 by 98 inches. Four yards of 36-inch material is sufficient for border and strips.

Send 15 cents to our quilt department for one block No. 95-A like the above. Make this up. You will like the beauty of design and can then decide what designs you want. A picture of the six designs will be

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RUSSIAN WOMAN'S CLAIMS LIKENED TO FAIRY TALE

Is Anastasia Tchalkovsky the one daughter of the late czar of Russia who escaped the murders at Ekaterinburg? Interest in her claim, which was first brought forward seven years ago, will be revived by the suit entered in her name to recover the property of the family in this country.

Her story reads like a fairy tale, as perhaps it is. She was rescued from drowning in Berlin eight years ago, and shortly after claims and counter claims as to her identity were put forth. The Romanoff family in general rejected them. But it was said that the Grand Duchess Olga recognized her, and Princess Xenia, the former Mrs. Leeds, took up her cause. Yet the mystery remains unsolved, and seems likely always to be.

As in similar instances—that of Perkin Warbeck, for example—there is at least enough semblance of truth

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to excuse, if not to justify, the doubt. Anastasia apparently knows much it would be difficult for a pretender to learn. On the other hand, her knowledge falls her at critical moments. Witnesses have been heard in her favor, but their testimony is not conclusive. Several persons who have investigated the facts believe in her good faith. But her case has certainly not been fully established. Whether this suit will settle anything definitely may be doubted.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pre-School Training
"All competent educators will agree that wholesome training should be provided by some one for all children during their pre-school years. Certainly they should be under the direction of intelligent people, competent to shape their development."—Frederick B. Robinson, President College of the City, of New York.

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Drive far—drive fast —without a worry!

With Conoco Germ Processed Oil in your crankcase, you KNOW the strain won't hurt your motor!



Tests prove this new alloyed oil has 2 to 4 times greater film strength than plain mineral oils and resists heat better!

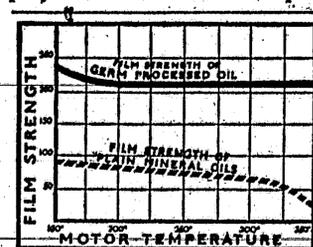
On July 4th or week-end and vacation trips, you'll want to drive far and get there in a hurry. And you don't want that nagging worry of "I wonder if this speed and heat will hurt anything in my motor."

You can't always be sure when you use plain mineral oils, for they have little film strength and oils over-refined by new cleansing processes have even less. Moreover, as motor heat goes up, these oils rapidly lose film strength.

Film strength is the load-carrying ability of an oil, the quality that keeps bearings and cylinders from wearing out. Lack of film strength results in costly damage.

You can drive without a worry when you use Conoco Germ Processed Motor Oil. It has 2 to 4 times greater film strength than any plain mineral oil. Heat does not lessen this advantage.*

Supervised road tests—over good and bad roads, at low and high speeds, in all kinds of weather—give practical proof that Germ Processed Oil pro-



CONOCO GERM PROCESSED MOTOR OIL PLAIN MINERAL OILS

*HERE'S THE PROOF
Note that as heat increases, the plain mineral oils continue to lose film strength, but that above 225° (Minimum Summer crankcase temperature) Germ Processed oil's film strength is not affected by heat. Tests made with Timken machine.

tests motors better. In every test, gravimetric measurement of motor bearings showed that Germ Processed Oil prevented wear far better than plain mineral oils. Tested in a fleet of cars equipped with the new alloy-metal bearings used in many 1935 cars, a high-quality plain mineral oil permitted 45% more wear on connecting rod bearings than did Germ Processed Oil.

Conoco Germ Processed Motor Oil is the first alloyed oil—alloyed, much as metals are, by adding concentrated oily essence to highly refined oil. It is the only oil made by the Germ Process. It is the oil with the "Hidden Quart" that stays up in your motor and never drains away!

Say "O. K.—Drain"—fill with Germ Processed Oil. Drive far—drive fast—without a worry!



CONOCO GERM PROCESSED MOTOR OIL



CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY'S 60TH ANNIVERSARY

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

Among those who attended the Carrizozo-Lincoln baseball game at Lincoln on St. John's Day, were: Mr. and Mrs. Marshall St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Sanchez, Mmes. Lell St. John and Andy Padilla, Messrs. Joe Chavez, Sabino Vidaurri, Vick Lopez, Juan Beltran, Rinaldo Mirabal, Simon Chavez, Celestino Sandoval, Juan Guiles, Frank Vallejos and Pablo Navarro.

Conductor John Miller is in El Paso, undergoing treatment for a temporary illness and is improved to the extent that he will be home in a week or so.

Joe P. Romero, Antonio B. Chavez and George Jaycort were Capitan visitors last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clements, Jr. were visitors from Corona on Wednesday of this week.

Ernest McDaniel of Austin, Texas, was a business visitor from the Ruidoso country on Tuesday.

V. A. Johnston of Crosbyton, Texas, has been busy working his placer mines in the Hecarilla district this month and will soon return to his home.

Miss Jean Egbert, former Lincoln County nurse, but now of Santa Fe, spent the week-end with the J. B. French at Eagle Creek and visited friends in Carrizozo on Tuesday before returning to Santa Fe. During her stay here, she was the guest of Mrs. Roy Shafer. Miss Egbert is now Assistant to the State Health Supervisor.

Mrs. Joe Aguayo, daughters Mary Louise and Jeanne Warner of Kelvin, Arizona, are visiting Frances Aguayo this week.

Just Received



600 New Bright Pattern Enamel Surfaced Rugs
9x12 Size
\$4.95

Guaranteed High Quality Standard Weight
No Seconds

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

In ordering state color combination desired and what room to be used in (Kitchen - Bed room) etc.

6 ft. Yard Goods
By the Yard 49c

HOLLOMON BROS.
Alamogordo, — New Mex.

4th of July Celebration

AT ADOBE, NEW MEXICO
Everybody Invited—Bring filled Baskets of eats.

BARBECUE RODEO



20 Head of Horses and
30 Head of Steers to Ride
30 Goats to Rope

Baseball Games

Bush Whackers vs. Sand Jiggers
Bush Whackers vs. Claunch
Girls' Match Game at 4 p.m.
Prizes for best Rider and best Roper.

HORSE RACES

Dance all Afternoon and Night!

Notice of Publication

Pursuant to Section 32 238 of New Mexico Statutes Annotated, Codification of 1929, notice is hereby given of the filing in the office of the State Corporation Commission of New Mexico of a Certificate of Incorporation and of Marcot - Jicarilla Mining Corporation.

1. The amount of authorized capital stock is \$50,000 00 The amount of capital stock actually issued and with which the company will commence business is 2,000 shares.

2. The names of the incorporators and their postoffice addresses are:

Name	Address
Victor Cotner	807 Rule Bldg., Amarillo, Tex.
Audrey E. Cothner	2614 Hayden St., Amarillo, Tex.
Joe L. Murphy	c-o Herring Hotel, Amarillo, Tex.

3. The objects and purposes of the said corporation are:

To search for, prospect and explore for ores and minerals, and to locate mining claims, grounds, or lodes, in the United States of America, and record the same pursuant to the mining laws of the said United States, etc.,

4. The principal place of business of the corporation is Ancho, New Mexico and the name of the statutory agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process against the corporation may be served is T. H. Taylor, at Ancho, New Mexico.

5. Filed in the office of the State Corporation Commission on June 1, 1935, No. 19959, Cor. Rec'd. Vol. 8, Page 416 at 12:00 M.

State Corporation Commission of New Mexico.

By Don R. Casados, Don R. Casados, Chairman. Certified copy of certificate of incorporation has been recorded in the office of county clerk of Lincoln County, New Mexico, June 22, 1935, at 10 A. M.; Book B of Articles of Incorporation, pages 235 to 238, inclusive.

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.



SAN DIEGO is a perfect place to play, with many of Southern California's attractions within a short distance of the Exposition City.

Plan to go by train to San Diego. You can go there and back on fast, comfortable trains for very little money. And you'll avoid all the bother of crowded highways and the long tiresome drive. Some of our trains have air-conditioned cars.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS ASSURED

In connection with your rail ticket to San Diego, your Southern Pacific agent will gladly furnish you with American Express Tour Coupons that assure you of hotel accommodations in San Diego. These coupons include transfers between station and hotel, hotel room, admission to the Fair, sightseeing tour—all for as little as \$2.85 a day per person.

A TALKING MAP

of the United States and Mexico will be a feature of the Southern Pacific exhibit. You are invited to rest, relax and meet your friends at the "S. P. Plaza" in the Transportation Building.

Southern Pacific
C.P. Huppertz, Agt. Phone 57

Let Quality Top Your Hose!

Now, for the first time we offer the famous

Kayser Mir-O-Kleer Hosiery



Designed to Eliminate All Rings and Shadows

At This Attractive Price—

79c A Pair

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

The **Titsworth Co., Inc.**
Capitan, N. M.

We Carry In Stock:

Hay & Grain	All kinds of Seeds
Blackleg Serum	Wool Bags
Poultry Netting	Barbed Wire
Poultry Feeds	Hog Fence
Dairy Feeds	Building Materials
Garden Tools	Kalsomine, Etc.

Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions, Paints and Varnishes

Our Prices Are Reasonable

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.

Mister!

HERE'S THE TIRE

FOR YOUR JULY 4TH TRIP

and many happy care-free miles—



GOOD YEAR

Guaranteed against road hazards and defects. Extra Safety, Extra Mileage—NO Extra Cost!

RIDE AS YOU PAY

Our terms make buying easy. The Goodyear Speedway Tire costs as low as

51c week

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

HOW 'FINGERPRINT FAUROT' SLEUTHED THE TRAIL OF A TIRE FROM COAST TO COAST AND THE AMAZING EVIDENCE THE SEARCH UNCOVERED ABOUT



EVIDENCE ROLLS IN!

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

PROVED! GOODYEAR SAFETY stops cars quicker in emergency.

PROVED! SUPERTWIST PROTECTION against blowouts.

Come in—see our LOCAL EVIDENCE