

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1935

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Diamond Dust

STANDING OF THE CLUBS		
	Won	Lost
White Oaks	13	2
Cobras	10	6

By Joe Chavez

As has happened in every game the Carrizozo Cobras have lost this season, it was repeated again last Sunday in Alamogordo when the boys lost to the Trojans by a score of 8 to 7. Sally Ortiz started on the mound for Carrizozo and did well for three innings, but the Alamo Slingers finally got his number and began aiming at the array of sign boards in the outfield, two of these a key rockets going for circuit clouts.

Andy Lueras relieved Sally on the ant hill and from then on until the (jinx) it was a battle of pitchers and bats. Our boys hit wide and handsome to overcome Alamo's two-run lead and forge ahead 4 to 2. Alamo came back strong in the 6th and tallied three more times at the expense of as many errors, one apiece by Secondbaseman F. Lopez, Shortstop 'Chino' Mirelez and Catcher F. Mirelez, the first and last proving to be very costly ones. Mirelez tagged out a man at the plate and by the impact, the runner managed to knock the ball out of his hand and he was adjudged safe, which he was.

Carrizozo went into a batting spree again in the 7th and held a lead of 7 to 5 until—oh, well, the JINX I said. In the last half of the 9th, with two men down and only one more 'rag to hang' to give the Cobras their eleventh victory, a few more errors crept in and with the apparent weakening of Lueras, who had been toiling hard under a faltering infield, the Trojans assumed new courage and bombarded their way to an 8 to 7 triumph.

The Alamo lads are long distance hitters and had it not been for our two hawk-eyed fielders, Manuel Chavez and "Daddy" Jerry Beltran, Alamo would have murdered Carrizozo solely on homeruns. The boys saved many a sign from ruin for the Alamogordo merchants and they should be grateful. Lell St. John played a good game at first. "L. Mula" of Alamo is well named. That boy packs a wallop with the stick and is a good scooper of grass cutters at shortstop.

The White Oaks Minors ran up their string of victories to 13 by defeating Fort Stanton 8 to 5.

The tournament begins this afternoon on the local diamond with four teams in the fold, namely: Cobras, White Oaks, Hondo and Cadarvale. There will be three days of baseball and the boys are looking forward to a good turnout every day. Each team will put up an entrance fee of \$15.00 and the teams winning first and second, will take the money.

Mrs. Fannie Ricarmore, daughter Mildred, sons George and Ed of Detroit, Mich., who had been visiting over the week-end with Manager George T. McQuillen of the local telephone exchange, left Monday for Dallas and Ft. Worth. They will visit at the homes of Mrs. Ricarmore's sisters before returning home. During their stay, Mr. McQuillen took them to our scenic mountain resorts.

Barney Luck and Charles Pebles of Alto were business visitors here last Saturday.

Out-of-the Ordinary

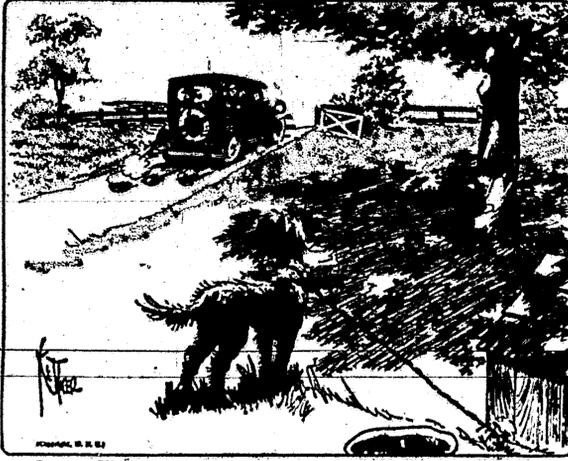
Uncle Tom's Cabin is now being played in Russia, but with variations. Since it would be impossible from a communist viewpoint, for little Eva to go to heaven, for they do not believe in such, that particular scene has been rewritten. In the Russian version of the story, little Eva fights instead of praying, gets well instead of dying and gets a job in a coal yard.

About 65 years ago, a young army officer came to this part of the state from Santa Fe like many men of those days and since that time, spent much of his time in prospecting. One day he made a trip to Nogal mountain. As the queer story goes, in ascending the west side, when to his wonderment he discovered a mine, rich in ore: gold, silver and copper. Strange though it was, the ledges were fully exposed to view in the side of the mountain. With great caution young Major Dolan solicited the aid of a trusted man. They made, as they thought, everything safe for the future. They worked for a long time and finally covered the secret mine to insure it against being molested. He would return occasionally to find conditions as he had left them. Years rolled by until the major, out of service, advanced in age and in need of funds, came back to uncover his mine. Some people furnished money to push the project—they worked for years, but to no avail; the mine had disappeared. The old army officer died. In his last talks with friends gathered about his bedside and also in the delirium before his death, he went over the strange story of the lost mine and pictured with exactness, the nature and location of the vanished bonanza. Perhaps the little major found his treasure on the other side of the rainbow—who knows.

In a lonely, dreary spot on the upper Missouri river near Tekama, Nebraska, lives "Old Montie" Haswell, 86, who lives in a little old hut with no companions except chickens and cats. Montie's father homesteaded the place in 1860 and after his death, Montie remained. The town is 49 miles from his dreary home, but he never goes there. What he needs, he orders and has it delivered by the rural mail truck. He is not religious; in spite of his solitude, he is not superstitious. He is fairly educated. If a visitor calls, which is very seldom, he is received with courtesy, but is not invited to repeat the call. Many books by well known authors are stacked in his rustic book shelf. In a certain place on the crude wall of his lonesome hut, a visitor caught a glimpse of the portrait of a beautiful lady, but on seeking to catch another glance, the picture was gone. Was it one of mother, sister or sweetheart? You may make a guess, but it might only add to the mystery.

Comet Chapter No. 29, O. E. S., cordially invites all members of this Chapter as well as Stars visiting in this jurisdiction to a party Aug. 22 at 8 p. m., honoring Miss Ella Brickley and Mr. E. M. Brickley, who expect to leave Carrizozo in the near future for Carlsbad, where Mr. Brickley will engage in the banking business. We wish you success and happiness in this undertaking.—Reporter.

Dog Days



Lincoln (Hearsay)

We are glad to report that Miss Charlotte Rice, who has been ill for several months, is now very much improved. She is now staying here with her sister, Miss Helen Rice.

Dr. E. L. Woods is driving another new car. The doctor is hitting the ball as usual and its no wonder why he wears out cars as he does, because he is on the go day and night, attending to his patients all over the county.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Grantz moved to Capitan last week.

Ramon Luna and Valdamar Carabajal went to Carrizozo on Monday to register for work.

Mr. and Mrs. Dulcinea Salas left for Colorado last week for an indefinite period.

Frank Salazar and Macario Vigil went to Santa Fe last Saturday to bring home Mr. Salazar's daughters, Celina and Rafaelita. The latter, after attending the Normal University, stayed with her sister Celina, who was employed with the Federal Housing at Santa Fe.

The following people went to Capitan Friday to attend the Republican County Central Committee meeting and hear. Mauricio Miera: Jim Luna, Salomon Garcia, Ramon Luna, Jacinto Sanchez, Jose Baca, Froconio Pacheco and L. Garcia. Everyone enjoyed Mr. Miera's brief talk.

The Billy the Kids beat Capitan at Capitan Sunday behind the steady pitching of Sito Luna. The score was 14 to 3. Peralta pitched a fine game, but Lincoln took advantage of many errors made by his teammates. The game was called off in the first half of the 8th because it was getting (too hot!)

In the nightcap, the Lincoln Tigers played the Capitan Wildcats, the Wildcats winning 8 to 2 in the three innings they played. The Capitan boys are good sports, and everyone had a good time.

Miss Jean Bacot, who has been here visiting her father and the Gallacher family for the past week, left yesterday for Silver City to make her preparations for the incoming school term. Her sister Louise will return about Monday.

Raymond Littleton and Miss Clara Belle Cornet, both of Carrizozo, were married at the Baptist Church Saturday afternoon, Aug. 10. Rev. L. D. Jordan performing the services.

Personals

Attorney and Mrs. John E. Hall returned Sunday from Santa Fe, where the Attorney attended a meeting of the State Bar Association for the greater portion of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spence and son Charles, Jr., came over from Santa Fe last Saturday, and after a visit with Mrs. Spence's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sager, they will return, accompanied by their daughter Virginia, who has been visiting with her grandparents for a portion of the vacation period.

Miss Geraldine DuBois passed through here last Friday, on her way to Capitan to attend a meeting of the Republican County Central Committee of Lincoln County, of which she is a member. She was selected as Vice-Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee.

Miss Jane Spencer and brother A. N. arrived home from their pleasure trip to Honolulu, greatly pleased with their experience in that land of moonlight and roses.

Tommy Cook and Everett Myers made a trip to Colorado last week and returned Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Cook, who had been visiting relatives for the past several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bogle, who have been at Coyote, where Roy has been employed by the S. P. water service, at left the latter part of last week for Lordsburg, where Roy will engage in his old duties in the water service for the S. P.

Oddfellows Hold Big Meeting at Alamo

Eleven members of Carrizozo Lodge No. 30, I. O. O. F., journeyed to Alamogordo Monday night and on invitation from the neighboring lodge, the First Degree of OddFellowship was conferred. Members of the degree team were: A. L. Burke, degree master; J. F. Tom, assistant deg. master; Postmaster Herman Kelt, County Assessor L. H. Dow, Roadmaster J. B. Dinwiddle, John E. Wright, Lewis A. Burke, Fay Harkey, Wm. Langston, Calvin Carl, and Otto Prehm.

After the degree work, the Alamogordo Three-Linkers were hosts to the visitors at a banquet in their honor; On the whole, the Carrizozo-ans were royally entertained and they promised us a return visit in the near future.

See "The Crime Doctor" at the Lyric. It's GOOD!

Corona News

Mmes. J. A. Simpson and Richard Sultemeier have returned from a trip to Alpine, Texas, where they took Mrs. Jim Yates for an extended visit with relatives.

Mrs. T. M. DuBois was the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Dunlap at Duran Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Densley Reagan of Alamogordo stopped for a few minutes in Corona Monday enroute to Melrose, where they will spend their vacation with Mr. Reagan's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle Adams and family of Sayre, Okla., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, who accompanied them back to Sayre, where they will make their home.

Gunther Kroggel of Carrizozo was in Corona on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baldrige and children of Lubbock visited the R. S. Jones family this week.

Billy Bandle of Havana, Ill., has just arrived for a visit with his uncle, Ben Roberts and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hancock and children left Wednesday morning for a two weeks' stay with relatives at Alpine, Texas.

Mrs. R. R. Green was called to Ancho Friday and remained for several days with her sister, Mrs. George Roberts, who was seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank DuBois made a business trip to Duran Wednesday.

Miss Mayme Ruth Berryman left Saturday for her home in Eunice after a three weeks' visit with relatives here. She was accompanied by J. G. Berryman, Jr., who returned to Corona Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wade spent the week-end in Roswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Penix and Mary Catherine are spending a two weeks' vacation at Ruidoso.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas and daughter Laverne returned Sunday from Ruidoso where they spent several days vacationing with Mrs. Thomas' sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Penix and their guests from Oklahoma left Tuesday for a short stay with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barre in Albuquerque.

Mrs. Bertha Butler of Tucumcari, Miss Edith Collins and Bill Larson of Farwell, Texas, came in Sunday to spend a week with their sister, Mrs. Nan J. Stone.

Bill and Charlie Moseley made a business trip to Albuquerque Tuesday.

W. H. Thomas was in Carrizozo on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt Havin returned Monday from Albuquerque where Mrs. Havin underwent a minor throat operation.

Republican County Central Committee Meeting

At the meeting of the county central committee meeting held at Capitan Aug. 9, Mrs. Alice French's resignation as chairman was accepted and the following officers were elected: Chairman, Wm. Gallacher; Vice-Chairman, Miss Geraldine DuBois; Secretary, Don English. Maurice Miera of Magdalena made a short talk, after which rules and regulations for governing the organization were drafted.

Abe Sanchez and Lell St. John were visitors at Capitan last Friday.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

—Friday and Saturday—

"The Crime Doctor"

With Otto Kruger, Karem Morley, Niles Asther, Judith Wood and William Frawley. Roaring with action—heart-pounding suspense—tingling with excitement. If it is thrills you want, don't miss this one! "How's Crops" and "Odor in the Court."

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—

"Music in the Air"

With Gloria Swanson, Douglass Montgomery, John Boles and June Lang. A new high note in Romantic Musical Drama! Also "The House Where I Was Born," "Dog Show" and "CCQ Film." Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Outlook Editor Visits Senator A. B. Fall

Wednesday morning the editor of this paper paid a visit to Hon. A. B. Fall at his magnificent ranch home near Three Rivers. When the writer arrived, the Senator was in one of his rest periods, but he gladly received the visitor and talked over things of interest, politically and otherwise.

We found him, as we have always known him, the same cheerful, courteous friend, retaining the same old fire and vim which among other traits of his wonderful character, made him an outstanding figure in the past, when he so ably represented New Mexico in matters of a national nature.

One cannot converse with that pleasant gentleman without being benefited thereby. His advanced age, 71, his intellect, intelligence, manliness, gentleness and high ideals, all of which are combined to make up the true stature of a man, will be found in Senator Albert B. Fall.

Much has been said in the past, but through it all, he was a victim of circumstances so overwhelming as to be beyond his power to control. Now, as he faces new troubles, we pledge to him anew, our undying friendship with the firm conviction that he will win over the cruel efforts of his adversaries. To the Senator and his noble family, the Outlook's friendship and affections are intensified.

Mrs. H. P. Edwards, daughter Mary, sons Howard, Robert and Thornton of Niles, Mich., spent the week end here and at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thornton at their ranch home near Oscura, Mrs. Edwards being a sister to Mr. Thornton. They motored to the White Sands Sunday afternoon accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Blaney for a picnic. They were also the Blaneys' guests at a dinner party on Tuesday. The Edwards family will remain here until tomorrow, after which they will go to Williams, Ariz., and visit Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Edwards at the Grand Canyon Hotel. Mrs. Arthur Moore of El Paso, another daughter of the Thorntons, will be here for the week end.

Ernest Brown of Shawnee, Okla., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Minnie Bigelow of this place.

W. J. Ferguson of Coyote was a business visitor in town this Wednesday.

SUCH IS LIFE—"Lips That Touch Licorice"

By Charles Sughroe



Housewife's Idea Box



Keeping Butter Fresh Sometimes you may have to keep butter for a long time. A good way to keep it from turning rancid is to place the butter in a small dish. Wring out a rag that has been soaked in very cold water. Cover the dish with this cloth. You will be surprised to find how long the butter will keep.

THE HOUSEWIFE Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc. WNU Service.

Those "Last Words" These used to be a silly fad of attributing to every notable man on his deathbed some phrase which was supposed to epitomize his career. The stone cutter's chisel, on the entablature of the public building is a bit by way of being a similar sentimentality—the attempt to provide an age with "last words." So conceived, how would this age of ours come off?

A bevy of reporters were holding what is technically known as a "death watch" on a famous man who was thought to be dying.

"What are his last words going to be?" asked one.

"He isn't got to have any," replied a confrere tartly. "Your city editor and mine can't get together on them."

But this story has a happy ending. The man got well.—"Uncle Dudley," in the Boston Sunday Globe.

Census Plans Will Give 150,000 Jobs

Commerce Department Asks Statistical Surveys.

Washington.—Three important statistical projects, endorsed by the census bureau, will provide, if finally approved as part of the national re-employment drive, jobs for more than 150,000 persons for varying periods. The projects are, first, a census of population and unemployment, with an estimated cost of \$16,000,000; second, a census of business activities, with an estimated cost of about \$8,000,000 or \$9,000,000; and, third, an alphabetical index by geographic units and by families, of all individuals in the United States returned in the census of 1930, to cost about \$2,000,000.

The total estimated cost would thus be \$26,000,000 or \$27,000,000. Estimated employment for these three projects is 125,000, 25,000 and 2,000, respectively. The Department of Commerce, in behalf of the census bureau, has submitted requests to the division of applications and information of the Works Program administration for grants to cover the second and third projects.

Check on Unemployment. The first project, a census of population, employment and unemployment, has received a favorable recommendation from a cabinet committee appointed to consider the matter, made up of Secretaries Hooper and Perkins and Administrator Harry Hopkins.

Five different bills for an unemployment census are now pending before congressional committees. None has received the approval of the budget bureau. The proposed census of population and employment depends,

therefore, on a grant from the \$4,000,000 works-relief appropriation. The final decision now rests with President Roosevelt.

The second project, that for a census of all business activities, except agriculture and manufacturing, will be started, if funds are granted, on January 1, 1936, to cover the calendar year 1935. Under the plans prepared by the Department of Commerce, administrative headquarters will be located at Baltimore. The census will assemble basic information on the number of operating units, employment, pay rolls, receipts and other data for all business enterprises.

Census of the Aged. The third project, that for an alphabetical index, is to assemble information concerning the ages of individuals covered by recent state and federal old-age pension legislation. Under the economic security law alone it is estimated that the census bureau will be asked to furnish evidence of age for at least 850,000 and perhaps as many as 500,000 applicants for old-age pensions during the first years of the operation of the law.

For five or ten years thereafter the applications will probably run about 100,000 annually. To conduct hundreds of thousands of searches in the original census schedules would quickly destroy them.

The census bureau plans to locate this indexing job at Philadelphia.

Complex Rules Govern Sale and Use of Oleo

Mobile, Ala.—If you have a boarding house, don't serve oleomargarin. But if you do, don't mix coloring into it yourself. To do so will subject you to a manufacturer's license—if Uncle Sam finds it out. And such a license cost \$300.

These and other warnings have been issued by the internal revenue bureau. A grocer who sells oleo may give the coloring for it, but if he shows the buyer how to mix it, he can be made to pay the manufacturer's license.

"Finis" Written for Last Private Bank

Cincinnati.—The final chapter in the history of what was believed to have been the last privately owned bank in the United States was written in the office of the clerk of courts here recently.

"Finis" was written when all books, papers and records of the Citizens' Bank of Harrison, Ohio, were deposited in a vault. The bank was founded more than 50 years ago by Frank Bowles, its sole owner. Two years ago Bowles decided to retire and with the approval of the state banking department started liquidating his bank. All creditors were paid in full.

SEEING THE CITY

by LEONARD A. BARRETT

In every large city we are greeted by a cry—"Enjoy a sightseeing trip, two dollars for a three-hour ride."

We pay our money and take the ride. On the return journey we are interested in a number of persons who express great satisfaction in having "seen the city." Their remarks remind us of the lady who rather boastfully wrote a club paper on, "Seeing Rome in a day!"

What did our friends see on this three-hour motor-trip? True, they saw tall buildings, the exterior of the art museum, houses upon whose construction fortunes were spent, perhaps they saw the stock market and maybe the zoo. They saw many visible objects, but the real city they completely failed to see, for that is invisible—its music, libraries, neighborhood houses, hospitals, churches, universities and homes. The real city is sort of spiritual thing; the aspirations, struggles, ambitions, successes as well as failures of its population.

A stranger in a large city reveals his true inner soul the moment he sets out to "see the city." A few hours after

Science Scores Again



To medical science, food poisoning had been a baffling mystery for the last 30 years, and until now modern physicians were far from solving the puzzle of the strange and sometimes fatal illness caused by tainted foods. But, before an intent audience, R. V. Stone, Los Angeles county health department researchist, described how he has finally isolated the staphylococci of food poisoning, adding to medical science's seventy-odd known bacteria another recognized and combatable germ. The secret was revealed at the American Association of Science Pacific sectional meeting at the University of California at Los Angeles.

he starts out to see what the city has to offer we may find him in the dens of vice, gambling joints or gangster quarters; we may find him quietly sitting in one of its great cathedrals, or studying the collection of art in one of its museums or listening to lectures in one of its great universities.

The reaction within one who sees the city for the first time is most interesting. Some are overwhelmed by its size, rush and congestion. They never dreamed it was like this. Others are depressed, fail to see the meaning of it all and find themselves victims of a bit of homesickness. They miss the odor of roses, the beauty of trees and songs of birds as well as that majestic thing called silence.

It is also interesting to discover that while once the tide was away from the country to the city, the opposite is now true. Many persons, tired of the impersonalism of city life, are returning to small towns and rural life. The city has much to offer to one who truly desires to see its inner life, but very little to offer to one whose capacity to see is limited by the outward things which glitter. Wherever they are, the world they see without is but a reflection of the inner world of heart and spirit. What you see as well as what you think determines what you are.

Big Sheep Coming Back Helens, Mont.—Rocky Mountain sheep, at one time nearly extinct in Montana, are making a comeback, Tom Fowley, assistant state fish and game warden, reported.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker



Seven Chintz Wedding Gifts Ranging From the Apron to the Hot Dish Holder

THE second anniversary of a marriage day is called the calico wedding or the chintz wedding, as preferred. The latter name is not only more up-to-date, but, in terms of accuracy it ranks a degree higher. Calico originally was just as apt to be unappreciated. The very name comes from the Hindu word "chint," signifying painted or stained, and pertains to the fast coloring of designs or variegated staining or painting. Calico comes from the name of the port of export, Calcut in India, where fine cotton cloth was woven, and might or might not have designs on it. It was the foundation textile for the "chint" work. In America the name calico was the quaint one for printed cotton cloth in which designs were generally small, and a bit crude.

With the understanding of the two words calico and chintz, it remains for personal preference to decide which to call the wedding anniversary, the calico or the chintz wedding, although it is maintained that the latter is the accurate one.

Assuming that you all agree that chintz wedding it shall be, let me suggest ways of celebrating the day, and gifts appropriate to the occasion. The invitations stress the kind of wedding when they are sent out on chintz stationery, which, as you know, is of cross-bar design in two or more colors or tints.

Chintz Costuming The hostess wears a genuine chintz dress or a cotton print which may be

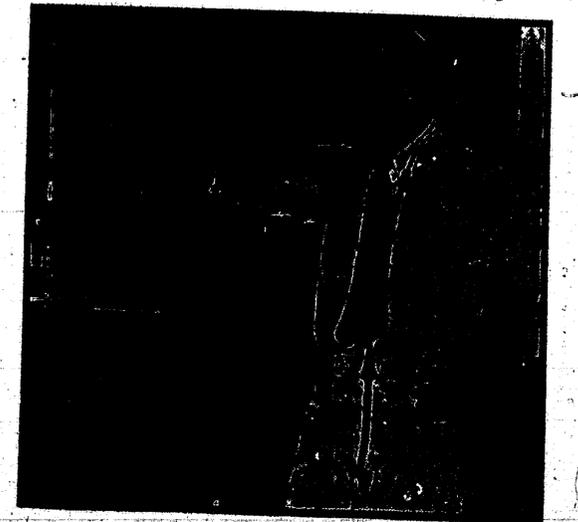
stretched, in textiles, to mean a printed silk. The women guests should wear chintz or printed frocks, and the men follow the groom's lead in wearing neckties of printed cotton, as found in summer ties, or of silk in print styles.

Gifts of chintz articles can range from one, two, or more pairs of chintz window draperies, or just the tie-backs. The giver should be guided in the selection of the pattern and color to go with the homemaker's decorative schemes, either by consulting her beforehand, by presenting the pair or pairs subject to exchange, or by showing samples for selection on the anniversary.

The tie-backs can be given without such meticulous care, as they are not so important. Smart tie-backs are very inexpensive when made of circles 2 1/2 or 3 inches in diameter, each gathered around the turned-in edge to form a little floral cup. Sew these on wide white or green tape, spacing them to touch and allowing enough plain tape to tie about the tie-back hook. Different pieces of chintz in differing patterns and colors are effectively-used for these tie-backs and odds and ends can be used thriftily and with equal success.

The Merchant Marine All the merchant vessels registered, enrolled or licensed under the laws and flag of a country constitute the merchant marine of that country.

Training Future Aces of Navy



The Philadelphia navy yard is a beehive of activity, as the prospective aerial aces of the United States navy are receiving ground training for their future jobs. Since the Navy department has authorized training of several hundred aviation cadets from whom naval aviators will be selected for the United States navy, many candidates from eastern states started their one month of instruction which is climaxed with 12 hours in the air. After those first 12 hours, the budding aviators are sent to the naval air station at Pensacola, Florida, for a year's training, after which those successful are designated as naval aviators and are ordered to three years' duty at good pay. Before the actual flight instruction starts, however, the young men, preferably college graduates, are put through a rigid series of tests for eyesight, balance and other perceptions. The picture shows a student aviator having his vision tested.

Irish Wrestling Champ



Following his sensational victory over the so-called invincible Greek, Jim London, Danno O'Mahoney, Irish heavyweight champion, is recognized as the world's heavyweight wrestling champion in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and about 24 other states.

AMAZE A MINUTE SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD



UNTESTED DRIVERS - OR \$2,000,000 PERSONS IN THE U.S. WHO DRIVE AUTOMOBILES, \$2,000,000 HAVE NEVER TAKEN A TEST OF DRIVING ABILITY

AN ISLAND DEPENDING ON RAIN! BERMUDA, WHICH HAS HAD RAIN ONLY FOR 10 DAYS IN ITS FIRST WATER SYSTEM.

PRESERVING THE SURFACE - THE SERVICE LIFE OF PAINTS IS INCREASED BY ONLY ONE HOUR BY THE USE OF TWENTY SUCCESSIVE COATS. A COAT IN FALL AND ONE IN SPRING IS WORTHY.

MURINE EYES advertisement with image of a woman's face.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD advertisement with image of an ant.

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milses' Water thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow. Milses' Water, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health. Milses' Water comes in bottles at 25c and 60c or in convenient tins at 25c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective waters today.

Cuticura OINTMENT and SOAP advertisement.

DWIN advertisement for insecticide.

Linen Suit a Midsummer Favorite

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



THE present vogue for linen is nothing short of sensational. Whether you go dining, dancing, swimming, flying, motoring, golfing or shopping, or play tennis, there's a linen for every occasion from rustic cravates and peasant weaves and colorful Tahitian prints to alluring novelties in stripes and plaids and in sheer lovely effects for high-style evening wear.

Midsummer days are proving that linen suits, especially in white and natural tones, are of first interest among best dressed women for about-town wear. A linen suit and a wardrobe of blouses and the problem of being smartly appareled during the daytime hours is solved not only for the immediate moment but for well on into the fall, since the very newest linens are in wine shades, in Dubonnet red, in beetroot, purple and orange tones.

Just now, while the weather is warm, it's the white and natural linens that are lending their immaculate and well-groomed appearance to the summer scene. The trio of stunning suits pictured represent the very creme de la creme in linens as now featuring on the style program.

The young woman seated shows that she knows fashion in that with her suit of moynashel linen, in natural color, she is wearing a dark blouse, the same being brown with white polka dots. You are doing the right thing this season if to wear with your white and natural linens you choose dark accessories. The coat is single breasted with buttons all the way up to the collarless neckline. A novel idea is introduced in the placement of deep large pockets above the belt line. Raglan sleeves add a final touch of smartness to this linen classic.

The other two suits are also of moynashel linen. It is rather inter-

esting to know in this connection that King George sends the flax grown on his royal estate at Sandringham, England (supposed to be the finest flax in the world) to Moynashel, Ireland, there to be woven, because the workmanship is so fine—quite a royal pedigree for these linens.

The two-piece centered in the group has a tight-fitting basque coat with no belt to disturb the natural line. It is of white linen with many buttons and tie. The double binding to the coat which gives a vestee effect is new and smart. The sports flap pockets are chic, too.

Handstitching around the notched collar and the pockets gives a distinctive touch to the white linen suit to the right. The stitching and the belt are in matched coloring. The coat is double-breasted, and a polka dot shirt is worn under it.

A very fashionable thing to do is wear a bright colored linen coat or jacket with your white linen skirt. Lila colored linens for these coats are the rage with beetroot or Dubonnet red close seconds.

Then, too, novelty linens with nubby surface or loose porous weave are in good style for suits and for coats. These heavier suits are mostly in oyster white. Very "nifty" ones are shadow-checked in gray and some stunning weaves are in herringbone patterning flecked with brown.

There are lovely embroidered linens shown for dressier wear and sheer striped linens are made up into fascinating evening gowns, as formally as if they were stately silks. With the new fall tweed suits designers are creating clever blouses of fine handkerchief linens in colorings related to the costume entire.

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SMART BEACHWEAR

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



This beach ensemble is out of the ordinary. It is fashioned of purple fabric lace over a linen foundation. Which again proves that lace goes everywhere this season. The ensemble consists of a pair of shorts and blouse with a wrap-around skirt. The large hat is of purple straw.

SHOE COMFORT IS MOST IMPORTANT

To be footloose and free during the season of pleasant week ends and after-dark breathing spaces, one must have foot comfort.

Cool shoes with flexible construction are a likely way of getting this comfort, with preference given lightweight numbers, and those that are ventilated by perforations, lattices and cut-outs.

Novelties in shoes are always at their peak in the summer season, and they are usually far more moderately priced than the novelties thought up for evening shoes to complement formal winter costumes.

Sandals of printed linen or crash, slippers covered with gay flowered chiffon, oxfords of splendid supporting strength, perforated into lacy prettiness, plaid cotton or linen shoes of any color you can name, plaid linen in natural tones, checked gingham in kitchen apron designs, lightweight suedes in any pastel hue or any flag hue and crocheted string shoes are just a few of the kinds you can choose from in the shops.

Oriental Influence Seen in Evening Clothes Styles

The Hindu influence, inspired by the Maharajah of India, has initiated a definite swing away from fitted, bias lines to softly draped designs in evening clothes. Allied influences, such as Persian, Arabian, and a new version of Grecian folds, contribute to the same effect. These flattering, age-old drapery details are difficult to make and hence are not easily copied, a point being stressed now in high style circles.

All, the Parisian couturiers, has turned out a thrilling array of Oriental formal gowns. Most of them are topped with seductive saris, those long, scarf-like affairs which start out by wrapping around the body and then proceed to cover the head in the manner of a monk's head.

HURRICANE HAZARD

By **R. H. WILKINSON**
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"IT IS small wonder," I said, musingly, "that hotels catering to seasonal trade are inclined to charge high rates for what they offer. Why, take here in Miami, for example. The season can hardly be called longer than three months, four at the most. During the remaining eight, or nine months all these hotels are vacant. There is absolutely no revenue for maintenance cost, taxes, insurance and the dozens of other expenses such a project entails."

Beside me, Col. Joel Tucker chuckled at some memory my words revived. The colonel and I are friends of long standing. Today we were seated on the veranda of his winter home at Miami beach looking out over a brassy sea, overshadowed by a leaden, cloudless sky. It was early May. The tourist season was past. An atmosphere of desolation and forlornness hung over the city.

The day was hot, though the mercury was considerably less than the average northerner is apt to think of it being in Florida, between May and November. A gentle breeze swept up from the water, and was cooled in the shade of palm trees and oleanders before reaching the veranda. To the right the top stories of the famous Beach hotel were visible above a fringe of coconut palms. It was sight of this man-made structure that had prompted my remark, for Boris Flake, its owner, is a close friend of the colonel, hence one with whom I am inclined to sympathize.

Colonel Tucker set fire to a long black cigar and crossed his legs atop the veranda railing.

"Back in 1926," he said, "the city of Miami was nearly wiped off the map by a hurricane. You remember it. Worst storm on record. Hundreds of buildings whisked away as if they had been so many cardboard boxes. Thousands of dollars worth of property utterly ruined. The extent of the damage reached an astounding figure."

"It was a setback to Miami and adjacent cities. It meant years of work to rebuild what had been destroyed. And worse still it meant the greater undertaking of dispelling in the minds of outsiders, who had been in the habit of coming to Florida during the winter, the idea that such a storm was apt to repeat itself during the tourist season. Even now your northern papers announce that Miami is being swept by a hurricane every time the wind blows at a slightly greater than normal velocity. Up in New England you can have high tides, blizzards and 100-mile-an-hour gales and they'll never be called any more than a bad storm."

"However, Miami was confronted with the job of overcoming the hurricane hazard. She had to convince you northerners that there was a season for hurricanes and that season began in late August, and ended in late October. And, second, she had to do something to assure the folks who sometimes stayed down here during the summer months, that in the event of a second storm such as that in 1926 there were shelters that could withstand the ravages."

"Boris Flake built the first hurricane-proof hotel. (And incidentally there haven't been many built since.) It cost him thousands of dollars, in fact several thousand more than he had anticipated. When the thing was done he discovered his finances exhausted and his creditors pressing. Hoping of realizing a profit on his investment, however, he held on during the winter season of 1927, only to discover that either the storm of the previous year had scared off the tourist trade, or Miami wasn't going to be the popular winter resort that natives had bragged about. At any rate, business wasn't so brisk that winter, and by the end of the season his financial condition hadn't improved to any marked degree."

"The outlook seemed pretty bleak. Boris decided to stay on the ground during the summer, however, and spend his idle time in concocting some plan whereby he could retrieve some of his investment. An old hand at the hotel game is Boris; thoughts of admitting defeat were too humiliating to be considered."

"During August of that summer Boris got a break. Weather authorities predicted that a hurricane of great velocity was making up in the Caribbean and was heading straight for Miami. The report got around that the city was again doomed. Government officials advised every one to either get out of the city or take shelter in some building that could withstand the storm."

"Folks began to look around for such a building, and it wasn't long before they discovered that Boris' Beach hotel was the only structure in town that was quite astounding, and satisfying to Boris. Before he realized what was happening more than half of the rooms in his hotel were engaged by frightened citizens. At this point he awoke to the situation and auctioned off the remaining beds at prices that were higher than his winter rates."

"For more than two weeks the beach was filled to capacity, while the predicted hurricane went prancing around the Atlantic, and finally sheered off the coast by reason of some climatic fluke, and spent itself at sea."

"But Boris was grateful. The money that he had taken in was clear relief."

Moreover, the incident served as a splendid advertisement. The name of the Beach was emblazoned on the front pages of newspapers all over the country as the only hotel in which hundreds of people sought refuge against the anticipated hurricane.

"Boris opened up the next December and did a normal business throughout the winter. However, by spring he was still in the red and his creditors were pressing harder than ever. If it hadn't been for the fact that the next August another hurricane was predicted and the Beach enjoyed a reputation of the previous summer's business, he would likely have had to board up the doors and windows. But with the profits received from frightened hurricane escapees, he managed to stall off the creditors, and was able to open up for his third season."

The colonel paused in the telling of his tale and looked out across the lawn and over the fringe of coconut palms toward the top stories of the famous Beach hotel. I saw the twinkle in the old man's eyes and said: "Boris was never closed out, then? The hotel is prosperous now; a paying proposition?"

Colonel Tucker nodded. "No," he said thoughtfully, "no, Boris never had to close up. But it was the summer trade that kept him going; still is, as a matter of fact. He couldn't compete with the other hotels during the winter because his overhead was so great." He paused, and the twinkle developed into a smile. "Every August, now, folks move into the Beach and stay there until after the hurricane season is over. Boris makes a regular business of the trade, sells his rooms out in advance and has never failed to have a full house."

"Which means," I suggested, "that every summer, weather officials predict a storm making up in the Caribbean and heading toward Miami with disastrous intent. That hardly seems possible."

Colonel Tucker nodded amusedly. "It isn't possible, and yet the rumor somehow gets around." He paused abruptly, looked at me with a shrewd expression in his eyes. There was also in his tone a note of reprimand. "Didn't I just tell you that Boris was an old and accomplished hand at the hotel game?" Suddenly he laughed. "Excuse me. I forgot we three are all good friends. You see, the weather officials don't always report the coming of a destructive storm during August. But Boris does."

Additional Coinages for Estonia, Finland, Poland

Several of the post-war states in the Baltic region have added to their coinages. From Estonia appears a new one-kroon piece in aluminum bronze to replace the one-kroon silver coin minted in 1933. The obverse shows an ancient ship of the Viking type, reminiscent of the days when the Estonians, along with the Norse and Finnish sea-rovers, were the scourge of the more peaceable nations to the west. The reverse bears the shield of the country with the inscription "Eesti Babarlik" and the date.

Finland has issued a large 20-markkin piece, also of aluminum bronze. The obverse shows the well-known Lion of Finland encircled by a wreath of pine needles and cones, with the date at bottom. The reverse bears the denomination and the inscription "Suomen Tasaavaltia." The metal, aluminum bronze, used for these pieces is a new alloy for coinage purposes and has been commonly used since the World war as a substitute for silver, especially in those countries which have suffered severe currency depreciation. It was first extensively employed by the French for the Chamber of Commerce tokens of 2, 1 and 1/2 franc pieces issued in 1920. The metal is a golden color when new, but changes to a brassy hue with use. The proportions of the alloy is the Finnish coins are 92 per cent copper, 6 per cent aluminum and 2 per cent nickel.

New 5 and 10 zloty pieces from Poland show a bold profile of Marshal Pilsudski, emphasized by the lack of any inscription other than an almost microscopic date placed beneath his shoulder. The reverse shows a small crudely fashioned Polish eagle in a burst of rays and surrounded at some distance from the edge by the inscription "Rzeczpospolita Polska," with the value at bottom. Marshal Pilsudski's portrait appeared on stamp issues some years ago, but these are the first coins to bear the portrait of Poland's national hero.

"Most Accurate" Clocks Made

Declared to be the four most accurate clocks in the world, novel timepieces are being exhibited by the Reich Institute for Physics in Berlin, where they were made. They are operated by the vibrations of a quartz crystal, and are said to deviate from the right time only 0.002 seconds in six months. The crystal is hung in a vacuum glass tube which is placed inside a box surrounded by a second box. The walls of both boxes are composed of copper tubes, air, aluminum and feathers, which keep the temperature within unchanged. An electric current is sent through the crystal which vibrates 60,000 times a second, and these vibrations influence an alternating current which keeps the clock going.

Deciding on Name U. S. A.

The name United States of America was agreed to by the Constitutional convention on August 7, 1787, in consideration of the report of the committee of detail. The selection of this name was logical, since it was composed of states which were uniting, and the whole country was commonly termed America.

Crochet Designs in Wide Demand



Crocheted edgings and insertions have such a wide application to household linens and wearing apparel that they are always in demand and always in use.

Pillow cases, towels, table runners, dresser sets, aprons, gowns, kiddie dresses, handkerchiefs, curtains, bedspreads, and many other articles, require these handmade finishing touches to make them attractive.

Book No. 26 contains 72 actual size illustrations with instructions for many beautiful edgings, some insertions and a few medallions, and is a valuable book to have on hand when an edging is wanted. Use a thread of proper size, depending on article to which edging is to be applied.

Send 15c to our crochet department and receive this book by mail. Address, HOME CRAFT COMPANY, DEPARTMENT B, Nineteenth and St. Louis avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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

Blind Husbands in Colony

A two-hour journey from Belgrade reveals one of the strangest villages in the world, where all the husbands are blind and the work of the colony is directed by the wives who see.

The town of Vretrenik is the first blind war veterans' colony in Yugoslavia, the first in a program of land settlements for the blind undertaken by the government.

The government institute for the blind has arranged many marriages for unmarried blind veterans and aids the couples in the settlement at Vretrenik. The men are employed in useful crafts and the household work and operation of the colony are managed by the wives.

For That "Quiet Hour"

There is one place in which one can undergo a quiet evening—next door to a cemetery.

HEALTH DEMANDS VITAL POINT IN COLLEGIATE LIFE

"Parents considering colleges for their children will do well to look to the health departments," Calvin T. Ryan advises in an article on "College Education in Health" in Hygeia, the Health Magazine. "The English department, the history department and the science department may be directed and manned by men and women with the highest degrees obtainable; they should be, but unless the health department is truly an active part of the institution, regarded as such by the administration and treated as such by the students, no student can get a complete education from that institution. The demands of the new age are going to be more specific, more trying than those of the old. There is going to be more leisure, but one is going to have to work in a manner more exhausting to the nerves than man ever before experienced. A graduate who presents his diploma will also have to present something to show that he has been trained in health and physical resistance; otherwise society will consider him incompletely educated and inefficiently prepared for the work of modern life."

Before sending his son or daughter to college, the parent should want to know whether the physical education department is merely a department of athletics for a few or whether it is a department whose primary interest is in the development of health habits and health attitudes in all students who attend the college. He should want to know whether his son or daughter will be taken care of in case of illness or accident. He should want to know, moreover, whether those in charge of the health work of the college are capable of advising corrective exercises, corrective eating habits and corrective life habits wherever and whenever these are needed.

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A general practitioner is a man who can tell whether you have a broken leg or measles without waiting for a laboratory test.—Minneapolis Star.

THE VALUE of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Come see before going elsewhere.

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# Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By SAX ROHMER

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WNU Service.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

Dimes shrugged his shoulders. "To me it looks rather that way," he agreed. "No man would go off alone on a desperate job of that kind without getting in touch either with Mr. Shale, here, or with the commander!"

"He may have had no opportunity!" Shale suggested.

"He evidently hadn't," said Forman savagely. "But maybe for a different reason. There are half a dozen ships on which he, or Miss Kearney, or both of them, might be at this very moment, lying along here and in the canal."

"We've spoken every ship in the port," the commander assured him. "No, sir. They are not on board any ship."

The British consul's face was very stern. "There's going to be the devil to pay about this business," he said. "And I'm going to be the scapegoat. It's no good gnawing your mustache, Forman. I'm as unhappy as you are. The only reason I don't act is because I don't know what to do. If you have any feasible suggestion—make it."

"Arrest this slippery pair on board!" Forman cried angrily. "Hold 'em here until we're satisfied. That's my suggestion, and a feasible one."

"The 'Bath of Feathers' never fails, Joseph!" cried old Mohammed. He chuckled.

Joseph, that velvet-eyed fortune teller who had led Eileen to the shop of Mohammed, smiled understandingly. "It is best, old Father of Mischief," he replied, "that you now close your doors and leave me to carry out my orders. The crate is in the cellar?"

"It is in the cellar," old Mohammed replied.

"Good—and the girl is safely on the way. Go now, friend, and report to the Chief. Put in a word for me. I take up my new duties—although I



Came Soft Footsteps on the Floor Immediately Above His Head.

Don't know what they are—almost at once. I have my letter of travel and my tickets as far as Keneb. After this day's work, I look for a kind reception!"

"I will go and make my report," old Mohammed chuckled. "I shall not forget you, Joseph."

"My thanks, Father Mohammed. Then return to your home. Leave all else to me. . . . How long should he remain there?"

"They are coming for the crate at sunset. You have until then. But the porters must not see you."

Old Mohammed shuffled away, and Joseph stood for a moment by the door which opened out of the room of carpets, listening. Then, kneeling, he applied his ear to the uncovered boards immediately beyond this doorway, presently to rise, smiling with satisfaction. The sound of Mohammed's footsteps had died away.

Joseph walked through to the little shop and went out, locking the door behind him. This took place nearly half an hour after Doctor Oestler and Eileen had entered the establishment of Mohammed, and perhaps twenty minutes after Dawson Halg, following, had passed through that door beyond which lay a space of uncarpeted passage.

His experience had been truly terrible. At the moment of passing the threshold, a swift suspicion of the truth had flashed through his mind. He would have stepped back, but it was too late.

The floor glided away beneath him, and he shot down into unknown depths. He felt himself enveloped, embraced, by some tender feathery substance which broke the fall, except that he went down and down into suffocating darkness.

This was the "Bath of Feathers!" Instantly Dawson Halg held his

breath. He had alighted unhurt on what felt like a brick floor, the feathery mass about him having broken his fall. He knew that he had one chance of life—he counted the seconds of time which remained to him. . . .

If this pit should prove to be identical with that which he had known in Singapore, there was still hope—provided he could hold his breath so long. One inhalation, he knew, would be fatal.

Standing upright in the fluffy mass which enveloped him, he visualized his position. Twelve seconds had elapsed. And since he had not inhaled deeply, as for a dive, his time was short. He stepped back a pace, touched the wall, groped along it to the left, and knew that he was under the trap, reached the angle, groped further. . . . and touched the rung of a wooden ladder! He swung right, placed his feet upon the rungs, and began to mount.

Five rungs he mounted and seemed to be free of the damnable feathers. Higher yet, cautiously. His head touched the roof. Still holding his breath he felt about with his left hand. His lungs were burning. It was agony to hold out.

He looked up—and saw a faint gleam of light through a chink in the wood-work above. . . . Raising his face towards it, he began slowly to inhale. The scent of the drug impregnating the feathers was nauseating, but the air was just breathable. His half-filled lungs. He knew that death must come at last, if he was forced to remain in that atmosphere. But, at least, he had survived.

Came soft foot steps on the floor immediately above his head.

Jack Ruttray, the first officer, walked out of his cabin onto the boat deck. It was a perfect evening. The turquoise blue waters of Lake Timan mirrored an azure sky. He walked forward, and stared out across the bows of the ship to where Jamalia guarded the desert. Behind him the radio crackled.

An operator came out to look for him. Ruttray stared gravely at the message he brought.

"What shall I do about it?" asked the Marconi man. "I know Mr. Kearney is a friend of yours. It's rather awful to think he doesn't know what happened."

"Poor old Matt," muttered Ruttray. "I've been expecting this any moment." He looked up. "I suppose there's no news?"

"None whatever, Mr. Ruttray, about either of them."

Jack Ruttray, staring hard at the filmy, suddenly looked up. "I may be wrong," he admitted, "but honestly, if I'd been in the Old Man's shoes, I'd have shoved Doctor Oestler ashore at Port Said, or else chucked him into the Canal! . . . They were both old friends of mine—what the devil can we answer? After all, there's still a chance she may be discovered. Can't we sort of break the news gently?"

"Well," said the Marconi man, "I might reply, 'Miss Kearney went ashore at Port Said. Advise communicate agents—or something of that sort.'"

"That'll do," said Ruttray. "He's sure to send a message to me when he gets it. In the meantime, I shall have to think how I'm going to reply. But don't be surprised, my lad, if you hear the sound of a loud splash in the Red sea. It'll only be Doctor Oestler."

Dawson Halg had heard every word of the conversation between Mohammed and Joseph. It had been conducted directly above his head, as he crouched below the trap. Since he knew no eastern tongue, he was grateful to both for speaking English.

The creaky tones of old Mohammed were unmistakable. Mohammed was the proprietor. And he suspected Joseph to be none other than the fortune teller whom he had followed ashore. Later, he was to consider this matter of language again—more coolly; the curious circumstance that these two did not address each other in Arabic. It was destined to play a big part in his lone campaign against the powers of Yu'an Hee See.

He detected the presence of Joseph as he knelt above the trap, listening. . . . he heard his retreating footsteps. Then he inhaled again, cautiously, and standing there in that drug-laden pit, thought hard and swiftly.

The light shobling through the chink at the end of the trap was to his left, and that which opened to his right. There was no ring on the underside, but he was not defeated. He carried a pocket-knife which was a kind of small arm, containing amongst its armaments a strong corkscrew. It was pitifully short, but since it represented

the difference between life and death, he decided, grimly, that it must suffice.

He groped about above him. The planks ran right, and left parallel with the ladder, and he could find two inner cross-battens. The planks were strong but roughly joined. He selected a spot and set to work with the corkscrew.

It was a difficult and a nervous task. The wood was tough, and his implement fragile. The tool survived the test, but his lungs were sibilating badly, drenched as they were with fumes from the pit.

Inhaling slowly and cautiously, he held his breath and descended one step of the ladder. He pulled gently upon the steel handle of the knife. The trap responded, requiring little effort. He descended a step lower—and realized that his legs were plunged into the feathery, poisonous mass. But now he could grasp the edge of the trap.

It proved to be carefully oiled, and its opening was almost soundless. Seeing above him the dimly lighted passage, his first, natural instinct was to abandon the knife and to climb out into cleaner air. But above all, Dawson Halg was a conscientious worker; and a scheme which was to have far-reaching consequences in this very moment of peril took form in his brain.

Holding the trap with his left hand, he detached the corkscrew, and, balancing perilously, slipped the knife into his pocket. Then, pulling the wooden frame fully down, and ducking to avoid it, he climbed up and reached the passage above.

Gently, he allowed the trap, operated by spring hinges, to rise again into place. He stood still, exhaling and inhaling, to free his lungs of those poisonous fumes. He looked, right along the dimly lighted corridor. He saw a closed door. He looked, left, into the room of the carpets. There was no sound.

Quietly he stole out. Pocketing the spectacles of "Mr. Smith," Dawson Halg set out cautiously to explore. And five minutes of exploration satisfied him. There was no one but himself in the shop of Mohammed—and it was quite impossible to get out! Heavy locked doors, iron-barred windows defied him.

He seated himself upon a square wooden chest. Of Eileen he was afraid to think. . . . In that direction madness lay. And at all costs he must keep cool; plan every move.

He heard the sound of an opening door. He slipped back to the room of carpets, dived behind a bundle of rugs, and, automatic in hand—waited.

Smoking a cigarette, and seemingly quite at his ease, the fortune teller whom he had followed from the Wallaroo walked along the room. Joseph Halg crouched, ducking his head. The man came to the doorway beyond which lay the death trap.

As Halg knew, there was a narrow space to right and left of the trap, along one of which safety zones old Mohammed, with surprising agility, must have skipped when he had led him to what had been designed to be his finish. The Armenian dropped upon one knee, pushed the trap fully open, and secured it.

Halg craned cautiously forward. Joseph was peering down into the "Bath of Feathers."

He turned—and walked to the door beyond, tried it, and uttered an impatient exclamation. Halg ducked behind the pile of carpets.

The man circled the open trap, went back again by the way he had come, and in a few moments returned.

He walked past the raised trap and inserted a key in the lock of the closed door beyond. Whereupon:

"Hands up!"

The Armenian dropped to his knees in a flash, whistled around, drew a pistol from his pocket with miraculous agility, and fired as he crouched!

Crack! of two shots came together. Joseph dropped his automatic, half rose. . . . and toppled forward into the "Bath of Feathers!"

A stifled cough came up from the drugged pit.

Halg stood still—listening. To the sticky sweet fumes had been added the tang of powder. He visualized the street outside and realized that interference was unlikely. Clouds of feathery dust were rising from the Bath.

case—undoubtedly designed as his coffin!

Eileen woke from a troubled dream, vaguely wondering what was obstructing the porthole of her cabin. Something to do with Doctor Oestler. Was it that Doctor Oestler was standing between herself and the porthole—or was he standing outside on the deck? Certainly he had some part in it, although she couldn't actually see him. . . .

An unfamiliar stewardess was holding her head, and very gently urging her to drink something.

"Halg, chief inspector Scotland Yard on board. . . . That was a queer thing to think of!"

Several years elapsed—or so she calculated—years of the most wretched suffering, mental and physical. At some time during this unaccountable period she realized the meaning of that awful premonition which had claimed her at the London docks. She saw a great ship sinking in a calm sea. There seemed to be a booming noise as the vessel dived into blackness. Terrified, she screamed, and seemed to hear the voice of Billy (who was "Billy"? She couldn't think who Billy was, only that she wanted him—wanted him desperately.) He said, "It's all right, darling. I'm here. . . ."

The kindly, unknown woman was there, soothing her, and she conceived a definite terror of Doctor Oestler. Words broke through her delirium: "Don't worry so, cherie—don't worry. Have courage. While you are with me you are safe. . . ."

A Frenchwoman. . . . There were no French stewardesses on the Wallaroo. . . . But when true awakening came, Eileen was unable to recognize it. She could not accept her surroundings.

She saw a lofty room, one end of which was open. Beyond was a flower-laden balcony. It had four pillars—she counted them over and over again: One, two, three, four. They were stone or plaster, but partly concealed by flowers. . . . Of course it couldn't be real!

She touched the silken coverlet of the bed on which she lay, pinched herself—detected the fragrance of clustering roses. She saw that there was a tray beside her bed, set upon a lacquer table, which contained a very comprehensible medicine bottle, a glass, and a jug of water. Beside it was a big bowl of cut roses.

Wildly she stared across the room towards the balcony; but beyond she could see nothing but a cloudless sky. She was aware of an unfamiliar lassitude. Her limbs, too, had a leaden feeling. But, as the truth of her surroundings crashed in upon her mind, she threw off the coverings and sprang to the floor.

## CHAPTER VIII

Dawson Halg stared down at the long oblong box lying upon a mud brick floor. Respect for the efficiency of the Hee See gang began to claim him. Jo Lung of Limehouse was no more than a spoke in the wheel. Doctor Oestler was merely another. There was a directing intelligence greater than any of these, by whom the smallest detail was never neglected.

He marvelled at the man's knowledge of psychology—the man who had laid this trap for him. How could he have anticipated that his, Halg's, profession of curiosity would have led him to seek for that other entrance upon the pretext of leaving the shop by a shorter route? And what alternative snare, had been planned in the event of his electing to leave by the door opening on the narrow street?

This oblong box was ready for him. It was packed with straw; a loose lid rested upon the floor beside it. A tin of nails, he saw, and a stout hammer. What had they planned to do with his body when it had been nailed in the box? Obviously the duty of the insidious Joseph, having hauled him out of the trap in the pit, had been to secure him in this coffin, and then—what?

Certain porters were coming for the crate "at sunset," he recalled. These porters must not see him. He must escape from the premises of Mohammed.

Mohammed! . . . That name had occurred in the diary of Yu'an Hee See. . . . and under the date of the Wallaroo's arrival at Port Said! Eileen's abduction had been planned in London!

"Calm, Billy!" he said aloud. "Pull yourself together. . . . Go easy."

He considered the trapdoor; and now he observed hanging upon a hook beside it a sort of grappling iron attached to a long rod. The door possessed two rings by which obviously it was intended to be raised; there was

a big bolt at the top by means of which it might then be kept in place.

He hesitated no longer. Stopping forward, he grasped the rings, lifted the trapdoor, and secured the bolt. A suffocating stench from the feathers all but choked him. He took down the iron from its place on the wall, thrusting it through the mound and into the pit. He groped about, until, sickeningly, the hook established contact with what he knew to be a human body.

Leaning back, he dragged, dragged, until at the edge of the door there came a hitch. He readjusted the iron. And so, presently, through that mound of feathers—covered with feathers—suffocated in feathers—out came the victim.

One glance sufficed to show that the man was dead. His contorted face was horrible to see. But Dawson Halg had little compassion to spare.

First—the keys! He found them. Next, he emptied all the dead man's pockets, transferring the contents haphazard to his own. Finally, he heaved the body into the straw-lined box and set the lid in place. Holes for some twenty nails were already bored in it.

Then, lowering the heavy trap, he stood still, listening. There was no sound. Light came through an iron grating some three feet above his head, opening, so far as he could make out, upon a narrow, brick-enclosed courtyard. From this courtyard, doubtless, steps led down to the locked door of the cellar.

Footsteps sounded in the courtyard above. Halg darted lightly up the stairs, regained the passage, and there stood still, waiting.

Two men entered. They talked together in subdued voices in Arabic. He knew that they were removing the chest. Presently, heavy dragging footsteps told him that they were carrying it up the stairs to the courtyard beyond. He heard a dull bump as they laid it down. One of them returned and closed the door.

Muffled sounds, voices; and, finally—silence.

The Wallaroo had left her berth, and the pilot was taking her down the Canal when Dawson Halg burst into the office of Shale, the British consul. The consul, standing just behind his desk, looked up.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Inspector! you have found her?"

Dawson Halg shook his head savagely. "But I know where she was kidnapped," he replied. "What I don't know is where she has been taken. But first of all, it is most important that my presence here shall not be known to a soul outside this office. Not a word that anyone has seen me! The gang we are up against think me dead, and I intend them to go on thinking it. Do you understand?"

The four men in the consul's office signified that they understood.

"I want Doctor Oestler and the woman Edman arrested at Suez," Shale merely nodded and made a note.

"I want you to get a party together," Halg went on rapidly. "I can easily describe the place they have to go to—and here are the keys. I have just escaped from there myself. I want it searched from roof to cellar, and I want the man Mohammed, who is supposed to be the proprietor, under lock and key some time tonight. Is that plain, Mr. Consul?"

The consul nodded and scribbled rapidly some notes upon a pad. This he thrust into the hand of one of the men. "For Captain Ellis! Bring him back as soon as ever you find him!"

"How do I get to Keneb?" Halg demanded. "She may be there! Anyway, I'm going to see."

"I'll make arrangements—night train from Cairo." Shale pressed a bell button.

"In the meantime, as she's an American citizen, can I leave it to you to advise Mr. Forman, her consul?" Halg asked.

### (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Hunting Elephants for Tusks, Regular Business

The precious white gold of Kenya—elephant's tusks—is protected by government regulations in South Africa, and, like all lucrative trades, has its unlawful and bootlegging channels.

It is for this treasure that natives risk their lives and penetrate the tall grass jungles and forest of the interior, tumbling elephants by the thousands in the dust.

The tusk hunters are divided into two groups, according to a representative of the American Express company—the killers and dead ivory gatherers, the latter industry being the great mystery to the white man. "Dead ivory" is supposed to be derived from dead elephants at skeletons and though 2,000 elephants die a natural death every year in the jungles and forests of Africa, it is an astonishing fact that few big game hunters or explorers have ever discovered a dead elephant.

Look to Art for Guidance

We look to art for guidance for its idealism and for creative faculty; for it is not knowledge that is wanting, but the power to clearly conceive and externalize that which is known.

## Golden Phantoms

FASCINATING TALES OF LOST MINES  
By Edith L. Watson

### THE STORY OF LAS PLACITAS

THEY were sitting on their heels in the shade of a corral fence, these two sputhwesterners, one day in the spring of 1880. It was at a place not far from Santa Fe, that center of romance and excitement for the whole western country. As they talked about things old and new, never dreaming what madness was in store for them, old Jesse Martin came riding up, all steamed up over something.

"Look at this, boys," he said, fairly stuttering. "I've got the richest thing on top of this here earth."

"This! This is a handful of ore—ore so rich that the two friends caught the contagion and grew as excited as Martin.

"Where'd you get it, Jess?" they asked, eagerly.

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you," was the answer. "Not now, boys, I ain't. I got a partner in Santa Fe, and I'm goin' to tell him first. Then when we get everything filed, I'll let you in on it."

All the pleading they could do would not move Martin from this decision. He rode off finally toward Santa Fe with his ore and his news, leaving them to wonder where—in the world he had found such a bonanza. Had he run across the Adams diggings, or the Hatchet mine? Pahaw, those places were too far south for Martin to find. This must be something a lot nearer home.

Nearer home—why, perhaps they could ask some questions of the Mexicans and Indians thereabouts, and find out where old Martin had been. That was the idea! Hastily they caught up their horses, rode forth, and began to take up Martin's trail. Oh yes, said someone here and someone else there, the old man had passed this way, or he had ridden yonder. We saw him just a day or so ago. He was coming from thus-and-such a direction. So the pair rode in that direction. And sure enough, they finally came to a claim, all regularly staked. In the prospect hole was ore—ore like that he had showed them—very rich ore.

The two men were greatly pleased with their forethought in tracing down the location. With business-like promptness, they staked their claims alongside Martin's. From these new mines-in-the-making they gathered a few samples, and then they raced back to an assayer, wild with curiosity. How would the ore turn out?

The assayer grew excited with them. Hastily he prepared for the business of extracting gold, as they watched the process with eager eyes. At last—in the bottom of the crucible lay a button of something. Now for the acid test—would it prove to be gold? With trembling hands the assayer poured in the acid—and the button did not cut! Eureka! They were worth fortunes!

They rushed back to their claims. The news had already spread, in that strange manner with which the word of new-found gold always has spread, and men were coming in to stake claims as near to theirs as possible.

Then came a crowd from Santa Fe. At its head were Jesse Martin and Governor Lew Wallace! So that was the partner! The news ran ahead of them—Jesse's samples had assayed \$75 to \$100 to the ton. Everyone laughed with glee—everyone cheered.

In three days Las Placitas accumulated a population of 10,000 souls. Everyone was gold-crazy—the golden phantom had led them to fortune and they had left their wits behind when they set out to follow her. And yet—

Some of the more sober souls began to quiet down. It was time to make more assays, to see just how far the gold spread out, to learn just how rich it would run.

The assays were made. They showed no value at all.

The shock was tremendous. Men refused at first to believe it. They argued angrily that there was some mistake. They knew that they had found gold. The assayer must be a fool, not to know his business. He could not find gold when it was right under his nose.

Then someone thought of looking for Jesse Martin. He had "the richest thing on top of this here earth," did he? Well, he'd better explain himself.

But Martin had vanished from sight—and with him disappeared about \$4,000 in real money—money that he had obtained from Lew Wallace and other prominent men of Santa Fe. He had "lit out" for parts unknown as soon as the rust set in. He was too keen an old coder to risk discovery and retribution.

But the mine—that was still there, and the rich ore had most certainly come from his claim! So it had—but not originally. Martin had salted the hole with high-grade from another mine.

And the assay—that button of gold which the acid would not cut! It was merely a crystallization, and not gold at all.

Ten days later Las Placitas had again become a desolate spot in the hills. Only thousands of tin cans sparkled and glittered in the New Mexico sun—just an shining as had been the hopes of the ten thousand, just as worthless as the claims they staked.

### FOR NEW READERS: THE STORY FROM THE OPENING CHAPTER

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 Halg, of Scotland Yard, very much in love with Eileen. Halg, convinced opium is concealed in Jo Lung's warehouse, delegates Kearney, with Detective Norwick, to visit the place and add out what he can. While there Kearney picks up a notebook. Yu'an Hee See, whom Halg 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 Norwick and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked it up. Norwick is found murdered. Halg is puzzled over cryptic notes in the book. While he is perusing over them, a wild creature enters, seizes the book, and escapes. Matt's story of hearing horrible laughter at Jo Lung's satisfies Halg his quarry was there, he recognizing the peculiar malignancy of Yu'an's laugh. At Macmillan the inspector boards the Wallaroo, disguised. From some messages he receives, he realizes passengers on board are members of Yu'an's gang and that they have recognized him. A Chinaman's letter to throw Halg overboard but goes over his head. At Port Said Halg, trailing Eileen, is lured into a "bath of feathers." Eileen disappears.

# Washington Digest

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

### A Laugh Not Enough

Washington.—President Roosevelt knows and those close to him realize that sometimes something more than a laugh is required to kill off a rumor. That is one of the reasons why the President is planning if and when congress adjourns to make an extended tour of this country. He knows of rumors going about the land that his health is not up to par and he is taking this method of disclosing to the American people by action rather than word the answer that he is physically fit.

Whoever occupies the White House is continually subjected to whispered rumors as well as open assertions of one kind or another. Some, as in this instance, reflect on the health of the chief executive. Others, as happened within the last quarter of a century, reflected on the personal habits and practices of the President. Still others have related in times past to personal fortunes and financial dealings of the man in the White House. Usually these "whispering campaigns" are of a derogatory character. No one ever knows exactly how they start nor is it ever possible for observers to put a finger on the rumors as they float by. It is a condition that seems to be bred by prominence of the individual about whom the rumor mongers can operate because people are always interested in what a President of the United States is doing.

In the current instance the "whispering campaign" was largely unknown to Washington until summer resort residents began returning to the city. They brought back all sorts of stories that were being circulated in distant places concerning Mr. Roosevelt's health. The gossip, for that is what it appears to be, spread like wild-fire in Washington and became so much concern that it crept into one of the White House press conferences. "Mr. President," one of the 200 correspondents present asked, "are you in a little bad health?"

The chief executive's answer was the laugh which has endeared him to many people. He was just back from a short cruise aboard a yacht in Chesapeake bay. His face was sun-tanned. He leaned back in his chair and demanded to know what the correspondents thought about it. I think that the news dispatches from Washington that night indicated rather clearly what the correspondents thought about the state of the President's health, for surely none of these dispatches indicated any particular alarm.

Nevertheless, the rumors continued to go and a good many thousand people apparently believed that Mr. Roosevelt had broken under the strain of his New Deal presidency. So, before the summer is over millions of Americans probably will have an opportunity to see for themselves just as the correspondents saw at the press conference that the President still has his smile; that his hair is no more gray than when he took office in 1933, and that his countenance shows no earmarks of the strain which every President of the United States finds an inherent part of that job.

One trip upon which Mr. Roosevelt has set his heart is a tour to the Pacific coast and return. It will provide an opportunity for several millions of Americans to see him and a lesser number to hear him speak. It will carry him through territory which contains probably about half of the nation's population.

It is well recognized in Washington that no amount of denials by informed persons or any amount of second-hand testimony is sufficient to squelch malicious stories of the kind that have been circulated about the President. The eye witness is the only one who is prepared to discredit such stories and, unless present plans are revised, the eye witnesses will be many this summer. The President probably will make other trips during the late fall and early winter as well. Plans for these are still in the making and their length and number depends somewhat upon the date of congressional adjournment.

The program fits well into the Roosevelt methods. In the 23 months of his tenure the President has done a considerable amount of travel. He has made three cruises on the yacht owned by Vincent Astor, two of which lasted more than two weeks each. He traveled to the east coast of Canada in June, 1933, aboard the craft, Amberjack, and returned two weeks later aboard a navy ship. Last year, it will be remembered, he visited Haiti, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Colombia, the Panama canal, Clipperton Island, and Hawaii. On his return from that cruise he crossed the Northwest, making several speeches before reaching Washington.

In 1933 and in 1934 he visited Warm Springs, Georgia, the colony where victims of infantile paralysis are nursed back to health and with which the President, because of his own affliction, has had much personal connection. In returning from the 1934 visit to Warm Springs, Mr. Roosevelt stopped at Muscle Shoals, Norris dam, and Birmingham for personal visits to points and things which interested him. All of these trips have been in addition

to perodical visits to his home at Hyde Park, N. Y., and, apparently, all that he needs to add to his mileage this summer is a period of comparative calmness in Washington.

### To Reduce Deficit

If superficial appearances count for anything, the administration is actually making moves designed to reduce the federal treasury's deficit. It is yet too early to tell definitely what the plans are and administration spokesmen are strangely quiet about them but there are certain signs and portents which may be examined in the effort to determine which way the government is headed in respect of the gigantic expenditures for public works, relief, and general government costs.

While congressional committees continue to examine tax questions with a view to enactment of legislation that will increase federal revenue, the President and his advisers have taken steps to cut down the drain on the treasury. The first and probably the most important of these moves is the announcement that on November 1 federal aid to those people unable to work will cease definitely. Relief Administrator Hopkins announced after a conference with the President that the relief policy will be changed on November 1 and that the various states, counties, and municipalities will be expected after that date to look after that segment of the population known as the unemployed. These are people who for one reason or another cannot earn their own living by work.

Previously Mr. Roosevelt had directed his fiscal advisers to make a thorough study of relief requirements for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1935. While this is almost 11 months away, the President told newspaper correspondents that he desired to know as early as possible what the burden of relief would be in the future. His announcement was interpreted as having a connection with budget requirements and prospective revenue under the proposed new tax legislation.

Earlier, Public Works Administrator Ickes had made known that the program of public works expenditures for improvement of the Mississippi valley and its rivers had been abandoned. It will be recalled that the National Resources board had recommended extensive improvements to be carried out from public works funds in the hands of the public works administrator. These involve vast sums. Now, it is made to appear that the PWA and the administration have in mind some restraint on expenditures of that character and that hereafter gigantic allotments of a public works or improvement character may be expected to be fewer in number.

The result of this will be, of course, to hold in the treasury some of the total of the \$5,000,000,000 public works appropriation.

Reduction of the outgo for direct relief necessarily will be reflected in the remainder of the public works-relief fund and it is reported that other plans are in the making which will have as their prospective end a restoration to private employment of greater numbers of idle workers than heretofore have been contemplated.

Then, as another indication of administration intention to restore funds to the treasury and thus reduce the difference between income and expenses was an announcement by Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Jones made known that hereafter the RFC will not make loans to banks. He declared that the banking structure was in an excellent condition and that further aid was not required.

The fact which Mr. Jones did not mention in his announcement is, however, that the banks are exhibiting no particular desire to borrow from the federal government. The RFC already holds preferred stock in almost half of the banks in the country and these banks, according to RFC records, are liquidating their obligations as rapidly as they can do. This is significant.

## Insect Cannibals Lower Crop Loss

### Earworm Has Habit of Eating Its Fellows; Halts Greater Damage.

Supplied by the United States Department of Agriculture.—WNU Service. The corn earworm's unfriendly habit of eating its fellows saves a great deal of corn that would be destroyed by these insect pests if they lived more amicably together. Out of several earworm larvae—sometimes as many as 20—entering the same ear of corn, only one may live to become an adult moth, according to recent studies by entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The sole survivor of the 20 does not make away with all the others. Perhaps it kills only one or two. Its victims, however, may have accounted for one or two more, and so on. Corn earworm cannibalism is progressive.

Corn with long, tight-fitting husks is more conducive to cannibalism among earworms than corn with short, loose-fitting husks. The hungry larvae that hatch from eggs laid on corn silk outside the husk must work their way inside to the new silk and the kernels. When their only passageway is restricted—as it is when the husk covers the whole ear and extends well beyond the tip—one frequently runs upon another. No larva feeding by itself goes out of its way to pick a fight. But when it meets a fellow feeder it immediately lunges for a soft vulnerable spot of that fellow-feeder, sinks in its powerful little jaws, and voraciously devours its victim, down to the hard head capsule. In close quarters, where there is no room for a counter attack, the larva that strikes first is almost certain to win.

In open spaces, the entomologists say, all these tiny larvae lack to complete the picture of furious combat is the ability to growl, snarl, or hiss.

## Weeds Are an Obstacle to Better Grade of Hay

Weeds are one of the greatest obstacles in producing high grade hay for the market, says W. H. Hosterman, hay specialist in the United States Department of Agriculture. He reports that farmers who are planning to profit from a national hay shortage—a shortage that certainly cannot be overcome in less than two or three years—will make every effort to have their hay free from weeds.

To grade as U. S. No. 1 not more than 10 per cent of foreign material—which is usually made up of weeds—may be present in hay. For No. 2 and 3 the tolerance is 15 and 20 per cent, respectively, except for alfalfa where the allowance is 5, 10, and 15 per cent. Alfalfa, says Mr. Hosterman, usually is "very clean," which accounts for the difference in grade requirements.

Weeds are particularly bothersome in the annual hays such as soy beans, Sudan grass, and lespedeza. The most bothersome weed reported in soy bean hay is the prickly spurge nettle (bull nettle). With the slightest dampness—even the breath of animals eating it—an offensive odor arises. Seed of the nettle also is objectionable when soy beans are harvested as a seed crop.

## Pine-Fed Pigs

In the Middle Ages millions of porkers picked up a precarious living in the great forests, grubbing for acorns and roots. Today they are reared on quick-fattening oil cake, which makes better bacon. But such fare is dear, and Germans have been enjoined to observe economy in pig-feeding. Now, says the Tin-Bit Magazine, a German chemist has come to their aid with an extract from pinewood, of which commodity Germany has millions of acres. It is claimed that this extract is capable of fattening pigs rapidly and satisfactorily.

## Along the Windrows

Ten tons of soil an acre pass through earthworms each year. Honey is used to manufacture one brand of golf ball now on the market. Nearly 21,270,000 acres of land in England is devoted to grazing this year.

There are still 20,000 horses in New York city, requiring 600 stables to house them.

Seven farms have automobiles for every one that has electricity, in the Mississippi valley.

Official statistics show corn is North Carolina's biggest crop, the normal yearly yield being about 50,000,000 bushels.

Two-thirds of the meat animals that are slaughtered in this country are slaughtered under government inspection.

Corn imported into the United States in 1934 amounted to 2,957,256 bushels.

More than 23,000,000 acres in Russia have been sown to grain this year.

Prospects for an apple crop in northeast Kansas are above the five-year average, a survey by the state horticultural society indicated.

When apple trees receive proper fertilizer and cultural care they will produce every year under favorable weather conditions.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

### Lesson for August 11 DANIEL

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:1-20. GOLDEN TEXT—Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?—I Corinthians 6:19. PRIMARY TOPIC—How Daniel Grew Strong. JUNIOR TOPIC—Ten Times Strong. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Obeying the Laws of Health. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Motives for Total Abstinence.

The lesson committee has designated this lesson, "Temperance and Health." In the use of this as a temperance lesson it must be borne in mind that it is temperance in the sense of self-mastery, rather than having to do with indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Daniel's self-mastery was due to his right relation and loyalty to his God. It is utterly futile to hope to enforce a program of temperance upon those who are in rebellion against God.

I. Daniel in Captivity in Babylon (vv. 1-4). Daniel with his companions were carried away to Babylon in the first siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. At the command of the king, certain choice young men were carried away because they were "skilful in wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science," that they might be trained to stand in the king's palace.

1. Daniel's Trials (vv. 5-7). 1. Conscience tested (v. 5). By the appointment of the king, a daily provision was arranged of the king's meat and wine for Daniel and his companions. This was contrary to the custom among the godly Jews. Being contrary to the Jewish customs they could not conscientiously partake of them.

2. The change of name (vv. 6, 7). Among the Hebrews names were given to children which were most significant. Daniel means "God is my Judge." The significance of this name is that all the problems of life were submitted to God for a decision. God was made the arbitrator of his life. His name was changed to Belshazzar, which means "Bel's prince." It meant, therefore, one whom the chief god of the Babylonians favored. Hananiah means "gift or beloved of Jehovah." His name was changed to Shadrach, which signified "illuminated by the sun god, Rach." Mishaal means "who is as God?" His name was changed to Meshach, which means "who is like the goddess, Shehabach, the gentle one?" Azariah means "Jehovah is our help." This was changed to Abednego, which means "the servant of Nege." Back of the change of names was the attempt of Satan to wipe out the name of the true God.

III. Daniel's Courtesy (vv. 8-13). Daniel seems to have been the spokesman for the company. Although his heart was fixed, he did not forget to be a gentleman. He requested to be excused from this meat and drink in order that he be not defiled. We should learn from this that in times even of great trials we should be courteous. When Daniel asked that a test be made as to the effect of the food upon the countenance of himself and companions, gracious consideration was given to them.

IV. Daniel's Triumph (vv. 14-21). 1. As to physical health (vv. 14-16). A test was made for ten days, and it was shown that Daniel and his companions were fairer in countenance and fatter in flesh than those who indulged in the eating of the king's meat. This meat and wine would have been pleasant to the palate, but would have meant a compromise of the conscience. It is obligatory upon God's children today to abstain from that which is contrary to his law.

2. Spiritual insight (v. 17). Because of Daniel's loyalty to God, Nebuchadnezzar's dream was revealed to him (2:1-45), and he was given visions sketching the whole history of the world.

3. Mental growth (vv. 17-20). Daniel and his companions were found to be ten times superior in matters of wisdom and understanding to their comrades. Those who abstain from indulgence in the use of strong drinks have clearer minds and are thus better equipped mentally for their work than those who indulge therein.

4. Their social and political preference (v. 19). They stood before the king. No higher position of influence and honor could have been given them.

5. Their temporal influence (v. 21). They were all advanced to positions of influence, and Daniel became president of the college of wise men, and the prime minister of the nation. This position he continued to hold during several dynasties.

Good Actions Do you act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something, while you live and it is in your power. What remains but to live easy and cheerful, and crowd one good action so close to another that there may be the least empty space between them.

Habit Habit is the magistrate of our lives! and, therefore, we should see that we have good habits.—Lord Bacon.



## A Few Little Smiles

AMBIGUOUS

She was a very beautiful young daughter with a head of blonde curls that people are forever complimenting. Naturally, the mother has become a little self-conscious regarding her child's looks. The other day the two of them boarded a Lee road bus and the mother absent-mindedly put a dime in the box. Said the conductor: "The little girl's fare."

"Yes," returned the mother complacently, "isn't she?"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.



## NO BON-US

Cat—Why are you going to get another home? Dog—Cause the people I live with are vegetarians, that's why.

## A Real Fast

Johnny, age six, had been the guest of honor at a party the day before and one of his little friends was regarding him enviously. "How was it?" he asked. "Did you have a good time?" "Did I?" was the emphatic answer. "I ain't hungry yet!"

## Elusive Cauder

"Remember," said the pompous attorney, "that you are expected to tell nothing but the truth." "I'll try to do so," answered the timorous witness. "But I won't know how far I have succeeded until you have gotten through with the cross-examination."

## A Good Imagination

Schoolmaster—Now, Willie, if the earth's axis is an imaginary line, can you hang clothes on it? Willie—Yes, sir. Schoolmaster—Ha, ha. That's good. And what sort of clothes, Willie? Willie—Imaginary clothes, sir.



## SO WHAT

"It's a long lane that has no turning." "Squared another grudge against somebody, eh?"

## Waiting List

The young couple was talking over finances and the husband remarked: "Won't it be wonderful when we're out of debt." "I'll say," returned the young wife. "I've got a whole list of things I'm going to charge when that day comes."—Indianapolis News.

## Preference

"Do you like a man who quotes poetry?" "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "he is usually better than one who relies on original conversation."

## Mexican Imbroglio

Host—What do you think of the Mexican imbroglio? Guest—Well, I confess I like our plain old-fashioned fruits best.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## His Specialty

"Why did you break your engagement with Tom?" "He deceived me. He told me he was a liver and kidney specialist, and I found out that he only worked in a butcher shop."—Stray Stories Magazine.

## Weakening

"What would you do if a man kissed you?" "Scream. But I'm terribly hoarse today."—Lustige Kolner Zeitung.

## Domestic Success

Woman—My daughter is taking a course in domestic science. Friend—How is she making out? Woman—All right, in infer. She writes that she just made the scrub team.

## Learned It at School

Girl Friend—How did you happen to become a chiropractor? Chiropractor—Oh, I always was at the foot of my class at school, so just naturally drifted into this profession.

## FOR HOUSE WEAR IN THE MORNING



Just exactly right for a Good Morning of household chores. As cheerful as the chirp of the first robin, and as necessary as your next breath, is this cool, adorable, simple frock. If you like this young, dainty kind of dress that looks so inviting across the breakfast table, by all means make it of sheer Swiss or dimity and decorate it with contrasting ruffles; if it's destined for a life of "hard labor," choose a sturdier material. Printed cotton and colored ric-rac braid makes a sensible and colorful substitute for the ruffles. In one morning you can run up enough of them to last all summer.

Pattern 2241 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 yards 35 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly for name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York.

## Smiles

OLD IDEA

"What do you understand by 'Communism'?" "It's another word," said Senator Sorghum, "for an old idea that makes every person think that if property were equally divided he'd have better luck in grabbing off more than his share."—Washington Star.

Numeration

"Remember," said the earnest counselor, "that the hairs of your head are numbered." "That's not so important in case of a crime wave," said Cactus Joe, "as to remember that every 320 bill is numbered."

Where Ignorance Is Best

"He says I look like the best dancer on the floor. I wonder if I should give him a dance?" "Nope, better let him keep on thinking so."

When the Game Is Over

"Fortune favors the brave." "Not if the brave buy wildcat stocks."—Pathfinder Magazine.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM THE PERFECT GUM

COOLING

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

Alec Adams was here from Arizona the first of the week, winding up a trip in which he visited his old home in Arkansas. On the home trip, he stopped over here to visit his brother Joe and family.

A party of five OddFellows made a trip to Alamogordo Monday night and installed officers for the lodge at that place. They were: Postmaster Herman Kelt, Roadmaster J. B. Dinwiddie, Wm. Langston, C. Carl and J. F. Tom. The postmaster was the installing officer, assisted by the others mentioned above.

Adolph Sultemeier was down from Corona Monday on business.

Ray Sipple and son Gordon were here Tuesday morning from White Oaks, transacting some business. As usual, we had a nice chat with Ray concerning baseball.

Fred Martinez and Julian Miralez were visitors at San Patricio last Friday, remaining for the big dance that afternoon and night.

Dave Beckett and George Young were here last Saturday from Vaughn attending to some business matters. Mr. Beckett is the proprietor of the Vaughn Hotel; he reports business good.

B. J. Bonnell of San Patricio was one of a large group of Production Credit Association officers to attend the Conference at Albuquerque on July 29. Besides Mr. Bonnell were: G. B. Sellmeyer, Roswell; C. W. Beman, Lovington; E. C. Moore, Dexter; W. M. Snyder, Lovington; G. B. Brainard, Artesia.

Father Salvatore and Sabino Vidauri had a force of men putting new roofing on the Santa Rita Church this week.

L. P. McClintock has resumed his duties as track foreman. C. Simpson, who relieved him during his absence, has gone to Daming to engage in the same line of work.

Felipe Sanchez was here from Tularosa this week, visiting his sons Abe and Benny, their families and the Andy Padilla family.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt appreciation for the great kindness shown us by our many friends in our bereavement through the loss of our husband and father.

Mrs. Stearns and son Johnson  
Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Stearns  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Poage  
Miss Erma Poage

Arcadio Brady returned last week from El Paso, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. Arcadio is recovering nicely.

Italy says she's going to lick Ethiopia — Ethiopia comes back with the answer, "A-bee-see-ya!"

Mrs. J. R. Marcon and children, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Huffmeyer for the past month, have returned to their home at Dallas, Tex.

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank the many friends who, with deeds of kindness, words of comfort, acts of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings as a token of love, shared in our bereavement in the loss of my beloved wife, Mrs. Maggie Lovelace.

Respectfully,  
Morgan Lovelace.

**BURNETT'S**  
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

**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.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
Carrizozo — New Mexico

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



All Ladies' —and— Children's  
**Summer Dresses**  
**Sharply Reduced**

The Burke Outlook Gift Shop

**Lincoln**  
(Hearsay)

Dionicio Sedillo and daughter Mary were here Sunday visiting Mrs. Roberta Romero and family.

Mrs. Regina Baca, Mr. and Mrs. Juan Baca were here from Carrizozo Tuesday, the ladies visiting with the L. Salas family, while Juan went on to Arabela to bring back Mrs. Daniel Chavez, who had been visiting relatives there.

Fortino Beltran attended the Stanton-Cobras game at Carrizozo last Sunday. Fortino seldom misses a game at Carrizozo, from the fact that one of the team's star outfielders, Jerry Beltran, is his nephew.

Forest Ranger R. V. Galt was here from Capitan Tuesday on some business.

Ernest Maes and Carlos Lujan were week-end visitors from the CCC Camp at Mayhill. They made the trip home with Jesse Brubaker of Capitan, who is connected with the Forest Service at that place. Tom Wallace accompanied them back to camp.

Isabel Aldaz and his Billy the Kids substituted for Roswell at San Patricio on Santa Ana's Day, July 26, and were beaten badly by Henry Montgomery's Apple Pickers of Hondo. Lincoln plays Capitan at Capitan next Sunday.

Park Benefit Dance

Carrizozo, N. M.  
July 30, 1935

The Drive to finish payment on the Park Debt is now under way. 18 organizations have been asked to arrange some sort of benefit entertainment.

"The Los Rancheros" will lead off with a dance Wednesday night at the Community Hall. Aside from the cost of the lights all the proceeds will be donated.

All organizations are asked to keep away from this date so as not to conflict.

The Country Club will suspend for the night and assist to make the dance a success. No charge by the musicians. Do what you can to help out. Admission 50 cents for dancers.

—Carrizozo Park Committee.

Reyes—Gallegos

Last Friday afternoon at the Santa Rita Catholic Church, with Rev. Fr. Salvatore officiating, Miss Julia Gallegos and Benny Reyes were united in marriage. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benigno Gallegos. She was born and reared in Carrizozo and received her schooling in the local schools.

The groom, like his wife, was born and reared here and is the grandson of Mrs. Chonita Martinez. Their many friends are offering congratulations.

Card of Thanks

May God bless all our dear friends for their floral offerings and acts of kindness during the recent illness of our little Sonny Boy, David. The beautiful songs of cheer and words of kindness will be long remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bryan  
Mr. and Mrs. B. Greenwood  
and family  
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bryan  
and family

The town was rid of about two dozen canines this week, when an order was given by the city to pay a license or be minus your pup. So now, there are plenty 'hot dogs' in the crevices of the Malpais.

Mrs. Sherwood Corn spent a few days in town this week from the ranch near Adobe, visiting her daughter Mrs. Ada Grey and children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Beck, sons Marshall and Allen spent a few days the latter part of the week at Cloudcroft.

**DRESS SHIRTS**



We have a new assortment of nationally advertised Dress Shirts in genuine shrunk and pre-shrunk Broadcloth and Madras; both solid and fancy patterns.

You will want several of these smart shirts for shirtsleeve days.

Price: \$1.25 to \$2.50

**Ziegler Bros.**

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

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

**We Carry In Stock:**

Blackleg Bacterin — Distemper Cure for Horses  
Pink eye Medicine — Screw Worm Killer

Fruit Jars  
Fly Spray  
Flooring  
Syringes  
Sash  
Lath

Lime  
Doors  
Paints  
Cement  
Germite  
Asphalt

We have a large stock of Chip-proof Enamelware, Open stock sets of dishes, glassware, Electric Lamps, Etc.  
We invite you to come in and look over our stock.

**Our Prices Are Reasonable**

**Carrizozo Eating House**



Very Best of Accommodations  
Dinner Parties  
Our Specialty

**HAY FEVER**

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

Sept. 6