

## Diamond Dust

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	Won	Lost
White Oaks	16	9
Cobras	12	8

By Joe Chavez

Not being in or near the whereabouts of that awful massacre which took place last Sunday on the local battleground, the writer is at a loss as to merit or demerit the down-trodden, heart-broken, highly-touted Carrizozo Cobras. Through the mediums of a little hearsay, I will attempt to give the readers of this sport column a few reports about the Carrizozo Fort Stanton park benefit game.

Stanton again combined with White Oaks and the Cobras held their own with them for about three innings. From then on the Cobras went into a lethargy; unable to stop anything, catch anything, nor hit anything. The visitors were slapping the ball so fiercely and thumping the base paths so steadily, that here in the heart-of-town you could bet that Mussolini and his "Mussolinis" had gone after the poor Africans. The Cobras did a little footwork themselves. With the crack of the bat, they turned about-face in the direction of the Malpais and hoofed it to No Man's Land. At one instance, Outfielder Manuel Chavez scared a jackrabbit out of a bush, and someone in the grandstand bet a rusty dime that the long-eared jassak was hobbled or else had imbibed of too much conversation "a q u a." Chavez and Beltran brought back the pill, but it was not quick enough—Garrison had been reposing on the bench 300 seconds, puffing a cigarette to his heart's content.

Boys, take it easy on the writer, but for the love o' mike don't spare Leandro Vega and 'Chino' Mirez. The former dared Andy Lueras to give Garrison one over the pan and see how far he could paste it. The Chino, not having had his desired slumber the night before, decided to use the first bag for a pillow. He did and was caught in the act of napping. Get the tar and feathers, boys; I'll help you.

Final result: Butchers, 24; Slaughtered, 4 or 5—who cares? Red Huffmyer was on the slab for the winners with Chambers doing duty behind the bat. Much credit is due these boys for their aid in the slaughter. Also 'Nig' Littell, Garrison, Van Schoyck, Shipman and Parker are deserving of a bouquet.

The paid admissions to game amounted to \$11.95. Out of this was taken \$4.15 for expenses, leaving \$7.80 to park fund.

The Cobras play a return game at Fort Stanton next Sunday.

### Civil Service Examination

W. C. Hendren, Acting Material Officer at Fort Stanton, has issued an announcement for a civil service examination for a General Mechanic, to take place not later than Sept. 4. Particulars and requirements concerning the examination may be obtained by getting in touch with Mr. Hendren at Fort Stanton.

George Joyce, custodian of the local schools, has everything shining like a nickel in preparation for the school year. He has been actively engaged all summer in repairing and cleaning the buildings.

## Corona News

The Corona orchestra returned Wednesday from Dunlap where they attended the rodeo and played for two dances.

Supt. Abell and family arrived Tuesday to make their home here. Bluford Chitwood was taken to a Roswell hospital Monday night where he is very ill with pneumonia.

Miss Frances Clark was taken to El Paso Tuesday night for an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. Bertha Yessler and Miss Martiel Chaney of Nara Visa were dinner guests at the Frank DuBois home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Monk and son Brookie have returned from a summer vacation spent in California.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Penix and daughter Mary Catherine returned Sunday after having spent two weeks on the Ruidoso.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame and Paul Frame were guests of the B. E. Penix family Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Downing had as their guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Long, Miss Verdine Cleghorn, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Smith of Santa Fe, Oren Downing, Mrs. Jane Nix and Miss Irma Rock of Nara Visa.

A. J. Atkinson is enjoying a visit from his cousin, Will Atkinson and family.

Mrs. Bertha Butler left Saturday for Tucumcari where she will teach again this year.

Miss Edith Collins and Billy Larson left Saturday for their home in Farwell, Texas, after a two weeks' visit with their sister, Mrs. Nan J. Stone.

Earl Martin of Liberal, Kans., is in Corona on business.

Wilbur and Frank Dishman left Sunday for Lelia Lake, Texas, where their mother is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Warf, Earl, Claude and Lorena Porter have returned from a three weeks' vacation spent on the west coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cranford of Los Angeles spent a few days last week with Mrs. Cranford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kimmons. They returned to their home with their two children who had been spending the summer here.

The Corona Camp Fire Girls returned last Saturday afternoon from a four days' trip to Carlsbad Caverns. They came back by way of Cloudcroft, where they spent a very pleasant night camping in the Sacramento.

The girls and their guardian, Mrs. Syd Jones and their sponsor, Mrs. Geo. Simpson, wish to thank all of those who furnished their cars and made this trip possible.

J. M. Chappell has purchased the Carrizozo Cleaners (tailor shop) and wants a solicitor for his business on a good percentage basis. Mr. Chappell comes here highly recommended and every bit of his work will be absolutely guaranteed. Watch for his announcement in this paper next week.

Tennis Smoot and Billy Compton made an emergency trip to Gallup Tuesday and returned Wednesday morning with a repossessed car for the City Garage. They made the trip in record-breaking time in spite of the fact that they encountered several floods on the return trip.

School opens Monday and the BOYS will be tickled to death.

## Reviewing the Labor Day Parade



## Lincoln (Hearsay)

The Capitan Woodchoppers defeated the Billy the Kids here Sunday by the score of 8 to 6. In the nightcap, the Carrizozo Malpaiseros played the Lincoln Tigers. This game went 4 innings only and Carrizozo won. The teams clash again at Carrizozo next Sunday.

Justice of the Peace H. M. Maes was a county seat business visitor this morning.

Hearsay didn't listen enough this week — so curtains for this time.

## Elaborately Entertained

(Contributed)

Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler and Mrs. Selma Degitz gave a dinner at the beautiful and artistically furnished Ziegler home. The guests were, Mrs. Ola Jones, Mrs. Mary Watson, the Misses Ella and Ruth Brickley, Messrs. E. M. Brickley and Elliott Jones.

In due time the guests were conducted to the dining room, each being assigned to his or her chair at the tastefully arranged table by unique and artistic place cards. The dinner consisted of all that the most exacting epicurean could desire, gracefully served and surpassingly delicious.

When the dinner was finished the guests were conducted to the parlor and entertained by musical selections rendered by Ruth Brickley, after which they departed expressing their thanks to two most charming and gracious hostesses.

Russell Reid, secretary of the Seamen's Social Club of Fort Stanton and R. C. Parrish were business visitors here Tuesday.

Tillie De la Rosa, 14-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Salvador De la Rosa, died yesterday and was buried this morning.

A. P. Jones and "Baseball Sandy" were here from across the Malpais this morning. The boys report good rains.

Father Salvatore had the tower of the Santa Rita Church painted a bright green this week.

Again we arise to call attention to the enormous crop of tall, ugly weeds which should be cut, dried and burned before they go to seed, be scattered over town to ruin the lawns and gardens. Why not put the relief workers of the CCC boys on the job?

## Out-of-the Ordinary

At Hannish, Mass., Mrs. Lena Barbaza, 105 years old, has decided that it is about time for her to cease strenuous work. At the age of 90 she did her own house work and worked in her garden of which she is justly proud. During a course of conversation a few weeks ago, when she was asked about the modern dress for women, she talked freely, yet sensibly, as follows: "I am glad to see the dresses longer and I have never objected to seeing them worn reasonably short, for convenience in driving or riding, but when the girls and also women in older years came out with bare legs, the balloon went up with me." She still enjoys the dance, the card game and can play golf with the best of them, but now she has come to the conclusion that she had better slow up a bit, but not on smoking.

One of the strangest things known for ages has recently come to light in Brooklyn, N. Y., which resulted in an operation and removal of an 8-inch horn from the head of a patient, at the Cumberland Hospital. The man had kept the matter a profound secret even to his family, by wearing a hat. One day while out in a strong wind, his hat left his head and before he could recover it, the secret was out. According to the strange story, he received an injury in a fight six years ago, when he was endeavoring to protect one of his employees from an assault and was hit on the head with a club. As the wound healed, the horn began to grow out. The horn was spiraled like a ram's horn and was covered with a mass of modified hair intermingled with particles of bone, much like the horn of some animal. Attending physicians brand the case as one of the most extraordinary in surgical history.

Mrs. S. H. Nickels, daughters Marjorie and Dorothy made a trip to Santa Rosa and paid a visit to Mrs. Nickels' niece, Joelyn and nephew, John Spiller. They returned Tuesday accompanied by John, who will spend the week at the Nickels' home.

Mrs. Sabino Vidaurri, the Sisters of Mercy and Ernest Lopez drove to Clovis the latter part of last week, the Sisters remaining to teach school at that place this winter, while the Sisters of Clovis transferred to Carrizozo and arrived here the first of the week.

## Personals

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Winters of Oklahoma City are here, Mr. Winters being interested in the mining industry. Tuesday morning, they made this office a pleasant call.

Geo. L. Hallman, cousin to Mrs. T. E. Kelley and connected with the federal banking system, was here last week, assisting in the arrangements for transferring the belongings of the First National Bank from here to Carlsbad. While here, he was a guest at the Kelley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Poage and Miss Ruth Kelley were here from Albuquerque and spent the week-end with relatives, returning to the Duke City Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunther C. Kroggel of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co., made a trip to Albuquerque and different points in Torrance county, where Mr. Kroggel transacted business matters, while Mrs. Kroggel visited friends. They returned home Sunday.

Mrs. A. W. Moore and son Arthur, Jr., left for El Paso last Friday after spending a week with Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thornton of Oscura.

Miss Lillian Johnson, Chief Operator at the local telephone station, has returned from her vacation which she spent in Mountain Park, where she was the guest at the home of her brother, Ira Johnson. She reports a pleasant vacation.

Glencoe-Ruidoso Flower Show and Tea, Wednesday, Sept. 4, from 2:30 to 5:30 p. m., at Bonnell's Ranch. You are invited to attend.

Miss Elizabeth Johnson and sister Juanita leave this week for East Texas, where Miss Elizabeth will teach this winter. She has been visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Edgar Johnson, this summer.

A farewell party was given Sunday at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Brack Sloan, honoring the Boys' Sunday School class of the Methodist Church. A chuck wagon dinner was enjoyed by all at the noon hour. Mrs. Sloan and children are leaving this week for Roswell, where the children will enter school. The community will miss them very much. Supt. and Mrs. Hall and children will occupy the Sloan residence during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Birney, daughter Betty Jeanne and son Bill arrived Saturday for a two weeks' visit with the C. L. Robinson family of Angus. They've been visiting Mr. Birney's parents at Las Animas, Colo., for the past month and are now on the return trip to their home in Houston, Texas, where Mr. Birney has been employed as head of the Journalism Dept. of the University of Houston and the Houston Senior High Schools the past eight years, since leaving Carrizozo, where he taught English in 1925. Mrs. Birney is the former Ivy Blingham and was employed in the local telephone office prior to her marriage to Mr. Birney. They expect to attend the rodeo at Magdalena on Sept. 3-4, and visit with the Ira Rogers family there, Mrs. Rogers and Birney being sisters.

## Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

—Friday and Saturday—  
Frances Lederer in  
"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

With Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. A candle in the window meant bundling in the parlor! See for yourself how Minute Men managed when firewood was scarce. A romantic comedy revealing our Puritan fathers in their gay moments. Also "Two and Almost Five" "Nerve of Some Women" and "Grain Thieves."

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—  
Shirley Temple in  
"BRIGHT EYES"  
With James Dunn. Also "Hollywood Party" and Cartoon.  
Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

## That the World May Know More About OddFellowship

On Tuesday night, Sept. 17, there will be a treat in store for those who are desirous of knowing more about the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

The information will be broadcasted from Station WFG in Atlantic City, N. J., and will be given in an address by United States Senator M. M. Logan, Past Grand Sire and others, accompanied by music appropriate to the occasion.

The addresses will be broadcasted over a nation-wide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System and will begin at 7:30 Pacific standard time, 8:30 Mountain standard time, 9:30 Central standard time, 10:30 Eastern standard time.

All Oddfellows and those who wish to know more about the principles and inner workings of the order are invited to tune in on this occasion. This information is sent out by order of the Grand Masters of the different states of the union and the Grand Secretaries. Be sure to take advantage of this coming opportunity.

Mrs. Catherine Bilbo and children were visitors from Jicarilla yesterday, returning home in the afternoon.

Mrs. Roy McDonald of Tucumcari, niece of E. M. Brickley is here visiting the Brickley family this week.

Dr. T. H. Williams, Dentist, will be in Carrizozo Wednesday, Sept. 4, for one week.

John Dale was a business visitor from his ranch near Ancho on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Boughner, daughter Rhea and son Leslie, returned Sunday from a pleasant sight seeing trip which took them through the Grand Canyon and other points of interest, such as the Petrified Forest. They experienced dry highways while on the concrete, but Fred seemed to think it was his streak of hard luck to encounter heavy rainfalls when he struck the dirt roads—but they had an enjoyable trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clements, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Julian Clements and Woodrow Clements were here yesterday, attending to some business matters. Woodrow will be director of athletics at the Hondo school.

# Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By SAX ROHMER

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## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Haig mounted the steps and walked along the uncarpeted passage, pulling the curtain aside; he stumbled over the man who sat there . . . and a meerschaum pipe fell to the floor and smashed.

"Inshallah!" groaned the owner. Haig stooped swiftly. "Kosel by car in five minutes," he whispered. "House of Dr. Julian Hessa."

"Offer me money!" came a muffled whisper. Haig put his hand into his pocket.

"Give him no money!" came an angry shriek from Hassan es-Suk at his elbow. "He is a lump of mud, a son of a bitch, an unutterable liar! It was a trick!"

Cursing, opening and closing his talon-like hands, old Hassan es-Suk poured forth a torrent of what Haig divined to be brilliant invective. The seated man shrugged resignedly. Hassan es-Suk pushed Haig forward.

"A spy—" he whispered in his ear—"a dirty police pig! Begone—quickly!"

Eileen sat on the edge of the disordered lacquered bed, her teeth tightly clenched. She had completed an exploration of her prison. There was a large wardrobe in which, carefully hung, were the clothes she had worn in Port Said. There was an extravagantly appointed bathroom.

She recalled seeing Dawson Haig outside. It was then she accepted the invitation of the aged Arab to explore the treasure house beyond. Here her memory terminated with the recollection of a sharp pain in her shoulder, a sickly sweet smell, and a sense of sudden weakness. . . . How long had elapsed since then?

Her position was desperate. The flower-covered balcony overlooked a beautiful garden. The prospect was terminated by a high white wall, like the wall of an ancient fortress. Something told her that the ground fell away beyond that wall, and that further beyond yet was the sea. Where was she? And where was Dawson Haig? Had they . . . ?

The door opened, and a stout and kindly looking French maid came in, locking the door behind her. Eileen was breathing very rapidly.

"Mam'selle is frightened," said the woman. "No no—" meeting that fixed, angry stare—"It is no good, chorie. I am Celeste," she went on, opening the wardrobe and taking out Eileen's suit in the most natural manner in the world. "You have been sick—I know that sickness—I have had it."

Celeste swiftly glanced up, high in one wall to a little wooden trap. It was closed. "Cherie," she said, "trust me, I am your friend. You understand. Perhaps I can help. Don't answer."

She bustled busily into the bathroom. "Come, mam'selle," she called. "You will be yourself again after your bath."

Eileen walked across to the bathroom. The Frenchwoman closed the door as she entered. "I know how it has happened to you, cherie," came her voluble whisper. "It happened so to me, also. Where were you when last you remember?"

"Ja Port Said," said Eileen miserably.

"Ah!" The Frenchwoman nodded comprehendingly. "I was at Cairo when he saw me. But that was many years ago!"

"But tell me, please, where am I now?"

"In Yemen, cherie." A large strong arm was slipped maternally about the girl's shoulder. She was pressed to an ample breast. "You have courage, great courage—I see it in your face. And now is the time for courage—courage not to fight!"

Eileen began to feel that she had known this singular woman all her life. "What do you mean, Celeste?" she asked. "What is this place—where am I?"

"You are in Arabia, poor baby. Down in there—" she pointed vaguely—"in a little town that no one ever heard of. Beyond is the Red sea. Here behind us is desert—desert—desert—and then . . . Mecca."

"But this house? Who does it belong to?"

"It is the house of Awami Pasha."

Behind what looked like the grating of a ventilator, high in the bathroom wall, two points of light glittered and disappeared. Yu'an Hee See walked slowly out of the cupboard-room above onto the mahogany floor of the salon which adjoined it. He nodded slowly, as one who has clinched a satisfactory bargain. And, crossing to the door, he hissed softly. . . .

## CHAPTER IX

Dawson Haig spent part of that night in the large caravanserai of Bir Ambar, on the old pilgrim route to Mecca. He had traveled from Kenah in a big French car with an Egyptian driver, over roads which were originally intended for camels. The tiny oasis was nearly deserted and he dozed a few uneasy hours upon a hard bed. At daybreak they took the road again, reaching Kosel about noon.

He was taken straight to the house of Doctor Hessa, a small villa looking out upon a saltless sea. The doctor's name appeared upon a neat brass plate beside his door, so that he was presumably in practice.

Doctor Hessa rose from behind a table at which he was seated, smiled significantly, and held out his hand. Dawson Haig caught his breath. The stout and prosperous looking Hessa was a Turk! Nodding, Haig handed him the letter received from Hassan es-Suk.

The doctor glanced at it, then from a drawer took out a third envelope identical in appearance, and passed it to Haig. He now spoke for the first time.

"You are the last to arrive, Joseph," he spoke in French. "I have a relief swept over the listener. 'So I understand, Doctor. But' (a sudden idea entered his brain) 'I think Len Chow and Franz cannot be far ahead.'"

Doctor Hessa smiled even more broadly. "Nearly eight hours," he replied. "Convey to the Chief my best wishes and assurances. If you will follow my servant; he will direct you to the quay."

The "letter of travel," addressed as before "To Joseph," read "You will proceed by motorboat and report. Chief."

Haig's respect for the efficiency of the Egyptian police services was increased as he followed the servant down rough stone steps to a little quay against which a battered but seaworthy motorboat was tied up; a thirty-eight-horsepower engine under that ill-used hull. . . .

An aged mendicant was seated at the foot of these steps. He grasped Haig's hand. "Bakshishi bakshishi!" he whined.

Haig paused—looked down. Instantaneously the nut-cracker features were relaxed. He saw a young face under the old mask. "Destination unknown!" he whispered.

"Don't say yet, inspector. . . . It's impossible to cover you!" came a swift reply. Then, loudly, "Bakshishi bakshishi!"

Haig dropped a coin, and the clutching fingers were relaxed. "Impossible to cover me," he thought. Routine did not demand that he should sail for this unknown place and "report!" Common sense was against it.

Further co-operation with his Egyptian colleagues became impossible. But beckoning out of the haze over the sea was a dream-image of Eileen. Some stupendous plot was working slowly to its culmination. . . .

He must find her at all costs—he near to her. Some means of communication he would surely find. . . .

In a long, rectangular room on the first floor of the house on the hill Yu'an Hee See's rogues were gathered.

The Wasp was excitedly arguing with the one-eyed Chinaman and Franz, the Brandenburger. Len Chow was deep in conversation with Jo Lung and a villainous-looking Arab known as Ali. At a table Doctor Oestler sat, apparently pleading with the gloomy, debauched Macles. Uncle Tom and Kid Brown were drinking stout from tankards.

There were a dozen other faces which must have been recognizable by anyone who had been privileged to enter that room in the Restaurant Suleiman Bey in Paris on a certain night when Dawson Haig had sat waiting below. Wise flowed freely. Remarks were being shouted in many tongues when, suddenly, Doctor Oestler stood up. "Orders!" he cried.

The clamor subsided—died away—a curtain was drawn aside, and Awami Pasha entered. He was greeted with a

roar of welcome. He smiled, and nodded his handsome head to right and left. Then he raised both hands—silence fell again.

"My friends," he said, "you speak many tongues, but all of you, I think, a little English, so I will address you in English. Tonight you have been entertained and I trust are very happy. But after one more drink all round, you will go to your quarters, and you will sleep; because tomorrow is the day for which we have been called together again from all over the world. . . . by Mr. King."

He paused. The silence was so complete that men could be heard breathing.

"Every man knows his job and what is expected of him," Awami went on. "Every man knows also what is coming to him if he fails. You have enjoyed success in the past. You have all been made rich by the man you serve. If you are all poor again tonight, this is your own concern. Another chance is being given to you. And this time the share-out will be enormous."

As he paused again, an excited murmur rose.

"Enormous," he repeated. "I need not tell you what the folly of one man may mean to all of us. Failure is always paid for here in one way, and in one way only. But failure tomorrow would certainly mean death for every man concerned. We shall sail at four o'clock in the afternoon; every man jack of us with a noose around his neck—and so every man will watch his neighbor. And a short whiff, say I, to my backs!"

A great roar, like that of a pack of wolves suddenly aroused, greeted his last words. Awami waved his hand, and went out, sped by a hoarse cheer. Doctor Oestler followed.

Kid Brown stumbled across the room to the drunken Macles' side. "Is it an English ship, mate?" he whispered.

The Scotsman's bleary eyes fixed themselves upon him. There was an interval, and then "L. Ken it is, I've worked out at the position—an' this will be the old Wallaroo, thirteen thousand tons, out fro' London to Brisbane."

Awami Pasha sat behind a large writing table. Kid Brown, battle-scarred, stood before him.

"Am I to regard this interview, Brown," said the Egyptian, "as a piece of private blackmail?"

Kid Brown took a step forward. The Egyptian's hand dropped below the table.

"Listen!" said Brown. "I've been your bodyguard for three years, and I've done well out of it. There's been some bloody dirty work, though I say so, but I've done it! The German steamer was a bit 'ot; but I never liked Germans. The nigger trade don't worry me. The American yacht was fair game. Capitalists and their fancy dreams ought all to go the same way. But this 'ere English liner—I don't want to go tomorrow. . . ."

"Your share?"

"Keep it! Leave me out."

Awami Pasha was thinking. "This man has been talking to Macles. He must come tomorrow. Otherwise he will be dangerous. Macles must come also—but for the last time."

"It is in orders that you join us, Brown," he said coldly. "Therefore, I have no choice but to refer your protest to—"

Kid Brown sprang forward and grasped the outstretched hand.

"I'll go!" he whispered hoarsely.

Awami drew his hand away. "It is the cargo we want, not the ship," he said. "And now that you have come to your senses, a word of warning: Mac is being watched by Mr. King!"

There is no more desperate character than that of a religious man gone wrong. And James Malcolm Macles, ex-chief engineer of a famous liner, was a deeply religious man whom an irreligious woman had driven down to hell.

In drink he was a devil incarnate. And he wanted to pray for strength to remain sober long enough to save his poor soul from this last black sin. But never a word would come. . . .

As the motorboat swung into the reef-sheltered harbor, the truth leaped at last to Dawson Haig's brain. . . . A suspicion, which for weeks past, lingered; perhaps since that day when the existence of the former Marquis Yu'an Hee See had thrust itself upon his attention—had clamored for recognition, at last drove home. . . .

Drug smuggler—slave-dealer—receiver of stolen property—yes! but at last the whole scope of this devil's activities presented itself like a revelation. . . .

The American yacht, a year ago! And less than a year earlier, the big German freighter with a cargo insured for a quarter of a million! Both had vanished, leaving never a survivor, somewhere in the Red sea. There had been talk about a shifting shoal; an official survey had been made.

Yu'an Hee See was a pirate—a modern "private"—holding strictly to the motto of that ghastly trade, "Dead men tell no tales."

This was the man, with his dummie organization, in whose power Eileen lay!

His body was icily cold but his brain raced like an engine. He clenched his fists. What should he do? What could he do? Where did his duty lie? He had deliberately snapped the link between himself and official support.

He was alone—alone against an organized group of absolutely callous scoundrels—operating under the orders of the most evil man that ever came out of Asia. The whole ghastly conspiracy became an open book; all his past knowledge of the group, clues which had led nowhere—suspicions at which the chief had laughed. . . .

This last astounding recognition had brought everything into order. His futile journey to Singapore with its nearly fatal termination—how near he had been then to the truth! And what bloodshed and sorrow he might have averted had he not failed. Now—was he to fail again?—with all the facts at last in his hands?

Eileen! Eileen he could not think about and remain sane. Turning to the taciturn negro who accompanied him, he asked, "Do we go far?"

He fully appreciated the position of Joseph in the scheme of things. Joseph was a nominee of the old villain, Mohammed, at Port Said. He had been given a chance to prove himself. Therefore, he was about to be received by—whom?

Surely not by the man who laughed! No. Yu'an Hee See was too cunning for that. He would be met by some chief of staff.

A horrible idea flashed through his mind—Polodos! The Greek unmistakably was a man with an excellent brain; a man of culture. And it was Polodos who had taken charge in Limehouse during the critical hours which preceded the sailing of the Wallaroo.

He remembered how he had cudgeled his brains for an explanation of where the leakage had occurred between Scotland Yard and Sydney. It was painfully clear now. The consignments of drugs—a minor matter—had been removed, because at the last moment this greater scheme had suggested itself to the master mind!

"There," the negro replied, and pointed ahead on the right, a long-high wall began. Beyond it, where the negro pointed, he saw twinkling lights.

These massive gates heavily reinforced with scroiled ironwork, opened onto a courtyard. A big negro in uniform stepped forward and a quick interchange of remarks, meaningless to the listener, took place between Haig's guide and the guardian of the gate.

He was ushered into a carpeted and well-furnished room. The guide disappeared. But the man in uniform stood before him. "Chief engaged," he said, in his thick negro voice. "Some one see you presently. Have a drink?"

"Thanks," said Haig drily. "Have you got a whiskey and soda?"

could hope for? . . . to get in touch with Eileen, and then? To get away again and bring help.

What was the worst danger in sight? . . . That one of the Hee-See group should recognize him.

The negro returned carrying a tray, upon which was a bottle of whiskey, a siphon of soda water, and a cut-glass tumbler. He placed this upon a low table before Haig, grinned again, and withdrew.

Haig mixed himself a stiff drink, took a sip, and wondered.

What action was to be looked for from a modern and highly efficient private when, in his own headquarters, he found himself confronted, unexpectedly, by a detective inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department?

At that moment entered a bull-necked deep-chested man; wearing a gaily-colored pull-over, gray flannel trousers, and gymnasium shoes. His low skull was closely cropped, and his face bore the scars of battle.

"My G—d!" Haig thought. "I had overlooked him!" This was the man to whom he had spoken outside the Restaurant Suleiman Bey in Paris! But the little street had been badly lighted, and Haig had worn those tinted glasses which later characterized "Mr. Smith."

No glimmer of recognition showed itself upon the man's brutal face.

"Hello, mate!" was his greeting. He glanced at a slip of paper he held in one large, muscular hand. "You're Joseph Tsata. Got your letter?"

"Here it is."

"I'm the Kid," the other replied.

"You speak good English for an Armenian."

"I've lived in England," Haig explained.

The Kid whistled shrilly, and the negro appeared at once. "Another glass," he directed, lighted a cigarette, and thoughtfully regarded the new arrival.

"You look pretty useful," he conceded. "The Chief's engaged in 'is 'airem—so you get your orders from me. I'm first lieutenant—see?"

The negro returning with a glass, the Kid half filled it with whiskey, to which he added a dash of soda water. "You're the garden watchdog," he went on. "See?"

"I don't think I do," Haig confessed. "Well, what you got to do is to patrol the gardens, specially the 'airem garden, and watch the you-nicks."

"Eunuchs!"

"Yes, Joseph, you-nicks. They ain't like you an' me. They can be bought over. See, mate? If you pipe a cat in the garden—shoot it. Don't shoot a you-nick or a monkey or a parrot, or you're for it. But anything else that moves—shoot. Now I'll interduce you to your new pal—name of the Jackal—and show you round. . . ."

To Eileen every day in that lacquered room was a week of suffering, although Celeste showed a maternal solicitude for the girl's comfort. With a glance of her eloquent eyes and a shrug, Celeste had conveyed the news that they were spied upon, and Eileen became aware that the scroll-work ventilators were really hidden spy holes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for August 25

BARNABAS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 4:36, 37; 11:19-30. GOLDEN TEXT—He was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.—Acts 11:24.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Barnabas' Love Gift. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Friendly Barnabas. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Barnabas' Used His Possessions.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—In Partnership With God.

The explanatory title given by the lesson committee, "Barnabas (A Consecrated Man of Means)," is not entirely satisfactory, as it emphasizes only one of his many excellent qualities.

I. Barnabas the Man (Acts 4:36). His original name was Joseph. When he became a Christian he was by the apostles renamed Barnabas, which doubtless signifies the change from the old life to the new. This was a common custom, e. g., Simon to Peter and Saul to Paul. The name means "son of prophecy" or "son of exhortation and consolation." This shows not only the nature and spirit of Barnabas but indicates that he possessed a gift of hortatory preaching.

II. Barnabas the Philanthropist (Acts 4:37). So fully had the divine love permeated the very being of Barnabas, that, seeing the need of his fellow believers, he sold his property and brought the money and laid it at the apostles' feet. He was in no sense obliged to do this as there was no such binding law of a community of goods in the early Church. Private ownership of property was recognized (Acts 5:4).

III. Barnabas the Christian Statesman (Acts 9:26-30; 11:19-30). I. Rejected Saul (9:26, 27). After Saul's conversion he came to Jerusalem and tried to join himself to the disciples, but they were afraid of him. Barnabas saw that Saul was really a converted man. Being a good man he could see there was good in Saul. To be able to judge personality is the first mark of a Christian statesman.

2. Sent to Antioch (Acts 11:22-24). Violent persecutions of the Church sent many disciples to the regions about the Mediterranean sea. As they went they preached the gospel and churches were established. The most conspicuous of these was at Antioch, the capital of Syria, becoming the most important center in the spread of Christianity. Everything went well as long as the gospel was preached to the Jews only, but certain of these disciples deliberately preached Christ among the Greeks. They announced to them that God had become incarnated in a man, that that man, after a ministry of love and grace, had died a sacrificial death on the cross, and that salvation was now offered to all who would accept him.

Tidings having reached the ears of the Jerusalem Church that a great work of grace was expressing itself through the Greeks who were preaching the Lord Jesus Christ at Antioch, Barnabas was sent to look after it. Barnabas was a good man and full of the Holy Spirit and faith. He, therefore, had spiritual discernment and broad sympathy. Those who have grace in themselves will be able to see grace in others. He exhorted them and urged them forward in their work.

3. Goes after Saul (11:25, 26). The work at Antioch so prospered that help was needed; therefore, Barnabas went after Saul. Barnabas thus introduced Saul to his great work as the apostle to the Gentiles. The gifts of both of these men were needed on that field. Different temperaments when brought into harmony by God's grace are needed in the church.

4. Disciples called Christians first in Antioch (v. 20). After a year of teaching by Paul and Barnabas the name "Christian" was given to the disciples. Observe that the name was associated with the teaching. Paul taught the vital oneness of the believer with Christ; therefore, it was natural that the disciples should be called Christians. The notion that the name "Christian" was given in derision has no factual basis.

IV. Barnabas the Dispenser of Alma (vv. 27-30). Because of the oneness of Christians with Christ and with one another, the distress of the brethren at Jerusalem must be relieved by the gifts of believers at Antioch. The Spirit of God, through Agabus, made known the coming dearth which was to prevail throughout all the world. The disciples were therefore moved, according to their ability, to send relief unto the brethren in Judea. These gifts had a powerful effect in removing the suspicions of the brethren at Jerusalem.

A Strong Will If we have aged of a strong will in order to do good, it is more necessary still for us in order not to do evil; from which it often results that the most modest life is that where the force of will is most exercised.—Count Moltke.

Life One life in word or act opens the door to a thousand. Truth is the musician's chord, to cross which is to break the spell and turn all to darkness.—O. E. Marston.

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

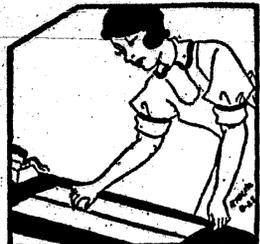
Matt Kearney, young American living in London, says good-bye to his sister Eileen, on board the Wallaroo, which is conveying £2,000,000 in gold to Australia. Inspector Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, very much in love with Eileen, and who has been following her, is also on board. While there Kearney picks up a notebook, Yu'an Hee See, whom Haig has long been seeking as the leader of international thieves, is at Jo Lung's. Discovering the loss of his notebook, he sends two men after Haig and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked it up. Haig is found murdered, Haig is puzzled over a cryptic note in the book. While he is pondering it, a radio message enters, sizes the book, and escapes. At the Marcellin the inspector hears the Wallaroo disguised. From radio messages he deduces he realized many an hour ago members of Yu'an's gang and have recognized him. A Chinaman tries to throw Haig overboard but goes over himself. At Port Said Haig is turned into a "bat of feathers." Eileen disappears. Haig escapes the trap, and checks Joseph, one of the plotters. Eileen, disguised, remains watchful in Yu'an's headquarters. Haig takes Joseph's papers, and reports Eileen's kidnapping to the British consul. Yu'an and Awami Pasha, his lieutenant, intend to capture or sink the Wallaroo. Using Joseph's credentials, Haig makes his way to Kenah.

Cracking of Oil The cracking of oil is said to have been discovered by a refinery workman who day-dreamed on the job and let the still get too hot and built up too much pressure. How this careless person escaped being blasted into the next world is not told by the legend. As a matter of fact, the first successful cracking process was patented by Doctor Burton of Standard Oil about 1912. Cracking consists of heating the heavier fractions of oil under high pressure.

SUCH IS LIFE—No Peace for Pop!



Housewife's Idea Box



**A Time Saver**  
Fold your towels into thirds lengthwise. You will find this a great help. When you slip them over the rods in your bathroom, you will not have to refold them. It seems also, that the towels fold easier and straighter when first folded lengthwise. Try it the next time.

**THE HOUSEWIFE**  
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Hudson River Port Holds Celebration

Once Second in Importance to New York City.

Washington, Hudson, N. Y., once a famous whaling base and second port in the state, recently celebrated its sesquicentennial.

"Despite a long sea-going tradition, the city of Hudson is no seaport," says the National Geographic society. "It lies 120 miles inland, between the Catskills and the Berkshires, on the east shore of the Hudson river. The site was chosen by an adventurous group of Quakers from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, who sailed their ships up the river in 1783, bringing families, supplies, and even portable houses with them. Two years later their settlement was incorporated as a city, the third city in the Empire state, preceded only by Albany and New York."

"Sturdy vessels from Hudson shipyards pushed their bows through distant seas. Rich cargoes of sperm oil and whalebone from the South Pacific; seal oil, furs, and hides from the Falkland Islands and Antarctic waters; rum, molasses, and sugar from the West Indies, were unloaded at the city docks. Thrifty farming communities for miles around brought their produce to Hudson warehouses. At one time an average of 35 ships a day cleared the harbor.

**Steam Succeeds Sails.**

"By the middle of the last century whaling and sealing had declined, steam was succeeding sail, and freight cars were carrying Hudson valley produce to New York markets. Hudson's industries still are profitable though perhaps less romantic. They include the manufacture of cement, ice tools, ginger ale, power presses, and knitted goods.

"At the little village of Kinderhook,

just north of Hudson, is the stately old home of Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the United States. Washington Irving used to visit at Kinderhook, and it was there that he knew the schoolmaster who is Ichabod Crane in the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' The mythical Rip Van Winkle lived just across the river in Catskill village. It was high in the wooded Catskill mountains that Rip found the ghostly crew of the Half Moon, playing at ninepins. Echoes from their game roll over the river in every thunderstorm. The new \$3,000,000 bridge from Hudson to Catskill, which was dedicated during the sesquicentennial celebrations, is named for Rip Van Winkle.

"The wild Hudson river scenery seems to have awed both superstitious Indians and stolid Netherlanders, and inspired all sorts of weird river legends. Wicked goblins haunt the highlands, and there is a spectre ship that sails the river against wind and tide, sure warning of a bad storm.

"To river captains of colonial days the Hudson was measured by 'reaches'—Seymaker's reach, Fisher's reach, Clover reach. There were 14 reaches between New York and Albany. The first Dutch settlements were at river landings where boats could anchor. Hudson then was known as Claverack Landing, from the Dutch name for Clover reach.

**Historic Boats Pass.**

"A long procession of historic boats has passed through Clover reach; Henry Hudson's Half Moon, searching a passage to China, high-popped Dutch traders loaded with fortunes in beaver pelts, yachts of wealthy patrons bringing Old world luxuries to New Netherlands, swift English frigates and outwaded pirate ships.

"White-winged passenger sloops, carrying enormous sails, made the trip from New York to Albany in seven days. Then Fulton's Clermont broke all speed records. With sails set fore and aft, and black wood smoke pouring from its high funnel, the clumsy little steamer moved up the Hudson at five miles an hour. 'Safety barges,' towed by steam, but secure from exploding engines, suddenly became popular. In 1825, heralded by booming cannon, the first string of Erie canal boats floated down the river past the green hills of Hudson."

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?  
by LEONARD A. BARRETT

The dictionary gives two distinctly different definitions for the word neighbor. "One who dwells near another." "One who lives on friendly terms with another." These definitions suggest divergent philosophies of life. It is clearly evident that the answer to the question, who is my neighbor? cannot be given in terms of geographical limitations. The man who lives next door may or may not be my neighbor. The mere fact that his house is next to mine does not necessarily make him my neighbor. I may not even know his name and nothing about his family. He may be a complete stranger just as much as though he lived in a foreign land. The answer to the question cannot be made in terms of social or racial distinctions.

What is true of individuals is also true of communities and nations. England has frequently referred to the United States as her neighbor and vice versa. When we accept the answer, "One with whom we have friendly relations," we find a possible solution for many of the problems confronting us in our present changing social order. When neighbors are friendly to-

Paying for Parking



Oklahoma City, Okla., is the first city in America to charge its citizens a fee for parking on the streets. The photograph shows one of the new parking meters which are being installed as rapidly as possible in the downtown section. They are placed at 20-foot intervals along the curb and a motorist upon parking drops 5 cents in the meter which entitles him to park for the length of time designated upon the meter. This time varies in different zones. The meters are actuated by clockwork mechanism.

gether they understand one another. Much of the confusion and difficulty today is due to misunderstanding. In a recent biography of Herbert Hoover reference is made to his frequent use of the transatlantic telephone. The writer remarks—aside that if the telephone could have been used instead of communicating with foreign powers by means of written messages, the last great war would not have occurred.

This answer to the question suggests one way out of our social and economic ills. Our difficulty today is that we lack confidence. We are not willing to trust one another. One nation is suspicious of another. They are not on "friendly terms." They are not neighbors. Until they become such we can have no hope for international peace, compacts and courts notwithstanding. Labor disputes are settled on a basis of mutual understanding, so should it be with all disagreements whether between individuals, communities or nations. Long ago Walter Scott wrote "The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other."

No party or individual can live happily or successfully alone. What occurs in Europe vitally affects America. What happens to my neighbor affects me. Who is my neighbor? The one with whom there is a mutual understanding provocative of peace and good will.

© Western Newspaper Union.

The Household  
By Lydia Lee Baron Walker

KEEPING cool in these hot days is not an easy thing to accomplish either by adults who have work to do, or by children engrossed in their play, which is active a good part of the time. There are certain things that aid in fulfilling the need, and at the same time are so simple that they can be done by anyone. And there are other ways which can be followed when one's tasks are adaptable, or after they have been finished. For instance, keeping in the shade out of doors where the air is circulating is not feasible all the time, but it is a pleasant method when work is through, or when tasks can be done under these circumstances. Shelling peas, stringing beans, and preparing some foods can be done under these comfortable conditions. Sitting in a room where light is well shaded, and the atmosphere is as cool as possible permits sewing to be done in the best environment available. Occasional cooling baths are wonderfully refreshing also and may be sufficiently invigorating to speed work up afterwards.

Apart from these ways, there are little things which lower the effects of the hot temperature. Dousing the face in cold water is reviving, and as it takes but a few moments, it interferes not at all, or but slightly, with work that must be done. Most persons find wetting the wrists with cold water or the back of the neck and under the ears lessens the heat appreciably. Which method is most effective depends upon the person. Some persons find nothing quite so reviving as cold water under and around the ears while others prefer it on the wrists or neck.

**Inactivity Not Enough**

Inactivity keeps the blood from circulating vigorously and is a great aid to keeping cool. If, during this period, however, the person keeps the mind working all the time with the thought of how hot he or she is, the inactivity does not prove the help desired. One should let the mind dwell on pleasant things, not disturbing ones, since pleasant thoughts keep the mind placid, while the other ferments it.

There is no use combating the fact that the mental attitude influences the hot or cool physical feeling. Persons are said to be in a heated argument, or a white heat of rage, or cool as a cucumber, etc., and the terms are not figurative but literal. So keep a good rein on the thoughts and see that they follow your guidance into refreshing lines of reflection, if you would keep cool.

**Children on the Beach**

In summer the desire of little folk to dabble in the water can be permitted to the good of their health when they are at the seashore. It is seldom that they will venture too far into the ocean, for the rim of the sea satisfies very little children. However, some older person has to be on guard lest the youngsters stumble and fall.

So while dabbling in the brink of the water on seashore, lake, or river, is recommended both for health and pleasure of children, let it be under protection. The youngsters should not be made to feel fear, as this robs the sport of its joy, but they should have enough supervision on the beach to insure safety.

It is when children get beyond the age of such watchfulness on the part of adults, when they have reached an age of self-reliance that makes them feel perfectly competent to look after themselves, whether they are sufficiently able or not, that they must be impressed with the necessity of carefulness when they go swimming. The pleasure of swimming is increased by companionship. So also is the safety of it. So encourage the children to go bathing in groups. This can be done without any idea being conveyed that safety as well as enjoyment is considered.

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**Beautiful Formal Gown**

Intricate cutting and expert handling of the gleaming and mat surfaces of shell pink crepe satin combine to make a formal gown of rare beauty. The knotted effect at the back of the waist accentuates the graceful lines of the skirt.

**Preparation of Wood**

Close-grained woods, such as cherry, birch, white wood or maple, require an undercoat, or primer, to fill the pores of the wood before applying the final finish. This prevents the final coats from sinking in and disappearing in spots.

**Signed by Phillies**

Fritz Lucas, who has been playing sensational ball in the outfield for semi-pro clubs, has been signed up by President Jerry Nugent of the Philadelphia National league club.



**Honest Men Check Dimes and Nickels**

St. Joseph, Mo.—Superintendent Fred E. Henderson of the St. Joseph Street Railway system can be just as honest as a Spokane (Wash.) resident, who paid for a trolley ride in St. Joseph 30 years late.

The man wrote Henderson enclosing a dime in conscience-payment. Henderson answered, enclosed five cents. Explained the superintendent: "The fare in 1905 was only a nickel."

AMAZE A MINUTE SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD

**SNAKES ARE SLOW!**  
SNAKES DO NOT TRAVEL AT GREAT SPEEDS, THE DELUSION BEING CAUSED BY FRIGHT. EVEN THE FAMED BLUE RACER NEVER MOVES FASTER THAN 2 1/2 MILES PER HOUR.

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SWEET PEAS COME FROM SICILY. SEEDS BEING FIRST SENT TO ENGLAND IN 1695.

**BIRD PICTURE IN FLIGHT—**  
PICTURES OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT ARE BEING TAKEN FROM AIRPLANES TO STUDY MIGRATING ROUTES AND FORMATIONS.

WNU Service.

Seeing Ireland From Top of a Horse



Here is Miss Glad O'Brien of South Bend, Ind., with the trusty nag on which she is spending her summer seeing Ireland. The young lady was born in the Emerald Isle and was brought to America by her parents when she was three years old.

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Coleman Mantles are always fresh; guaranteed quality. Dealers everywhere recommend them. The name "Coleman" stamped on the mantle protects you against substitutes. Send 10¢ in stamps or coin to cover postage and handling. You'll get two sample Coleman mantles promptly. Send today.

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Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended by men the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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

**PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD**

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

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Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon. News columns close Thursday night. If you do not receive your paper regularly, please notify the Publisher. Advertising rates on application.

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NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION



EDITORIAL COLUMN

A lot of people seem to think that amnesia is a new disease. Shucks, when we were young all the boys of our town were afflicted with it every time the grand jury went into session.

Some kinds of machines don't save labor, they make more. For example: the machine that puts the pins in the new shirts.

The courts have decided that the tomato is a fruit and not a vegetable. But it doesn't make any difference if one hits you.

One thing which always seemed to infer sanity and balance in the horse and buggy days was the good old-fashioned horse laugh.

Here is a suggestion for a New Deal campaign slogan next year: don't change alphabets in the middle of the soup.

If Prof. Tugwell likes to move people around so well why not buy him a couple of merry-go-rounds?

We never knew of a dictator yet who didn't take himself too seriously.

We don't know anything about Danzig but it sounds like a town that would have a lot of night clubs.

No bank has to look around for a good cashier. It is the bad ones it has to look around for.

Pretty soon it'll be news when one man in the public eye publicly tells another man in the public eye that he's telling the truth, instead of calling him a liar.

When the Constitution makers set the age limit for United States senators at thirty years, they assumed that the people would fix the other necessary qualifications.

**Park Benefit**



**Cobras**

vs.

**Fort Stanton**  
Sunday, Aug. 25

**THE SAME COUNTRY**

By ROBERT V. FLEMING  
Vice President, American Bankers Association

There is a growing appreciation, both on the part of the people and the Government, of the earnest and sincere efforts being made by bankers to aid in recovery. It is desirable that we seize no opportunity to foster public understanding of the bankers' problems. We are living in an age of complex and spate economic conditions. Our affairs are closely inter-related not only within the confines of our town borders but extend to other countries throughout the world.

**The Greatest Difficulty**  
I think the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in America today is due to our impatience with the progress we are making towards recovery. We must realize that while the Government can help by directing some measures for relief and recovery, we must help ourselves by doing our share to give impetus to the Government's efforts. We have the same country and basically the same business, factories and people we had prior to the depression, and business initiative must step forward if real recovery is to be achieved.

The theory we often hear expressed that banks create business activity is wrong. Banking can only make a supplementary contribution to business activity. Bankers have the facilities and the desire to extend credit, but business must initiate activity by seeking the credit which is readily available to all worthy borrowers. Let it be said for business, however, that business men are as eager as bankers to contribute towards recovery. I think some of the trouble lies in the fact that too many legislative measures have been proposed for reform which leave an uncertainty in the minds of business leaders as to their eventual outcome and effect. Consequently, they hesitate to expand until the probable effects of such legislation are known.

**MAKING IT HARDER FOR BANK ROBBERS**

Mechanical Devices That Impede the Work of Bandits Described by Bankers Association Official

The impediments which the hard working bank robber now meets in plying his trade among small as well as large banks are described by James M. Baum, Deputy Manager American Bankers Association in charge of its Protective Department, in an article in "Banking" published by his organization.

"Protective equipment will minimize if not prevent loss," Mr. Baum says, "such as the silent automatic type of alarm, approved tear gas systems, several styles of bandit resisting enclosures and timelocks, or safes equipped with timelock, which can be set for intervals of a few minutes.

"The silent automatic alarms operate in the beginning of a holdup and through actions carried out by the bank employees in obedience to the bandit's own commands. They are adaptable to the smaller banks which continue to be the easiest targets for bank robbery.

**Tear Gas Systems**

"Tear gas systems have their advantages as self-contained protective units where outside aid is inconvenient or too remote from the bank to be effective. One objection to the use of tear gas in preventing holdup is the need of pressing a lever or button to discharge it. Although this necessary action seems too much to expect of the victims in a crisis where their lives are in jeopardy, the fact remains that tear gas systems have defeated bank robbery. Its deterrent value is also important.

"Different styles of bandit resisting enclosures are available. The lock manufacturers also produce timelocks which can be set to open at intervals of five minutes or longer. These locks are especially adapted for attachment to small safes or chests for safeguarding surplus funds while the bank is open for business."

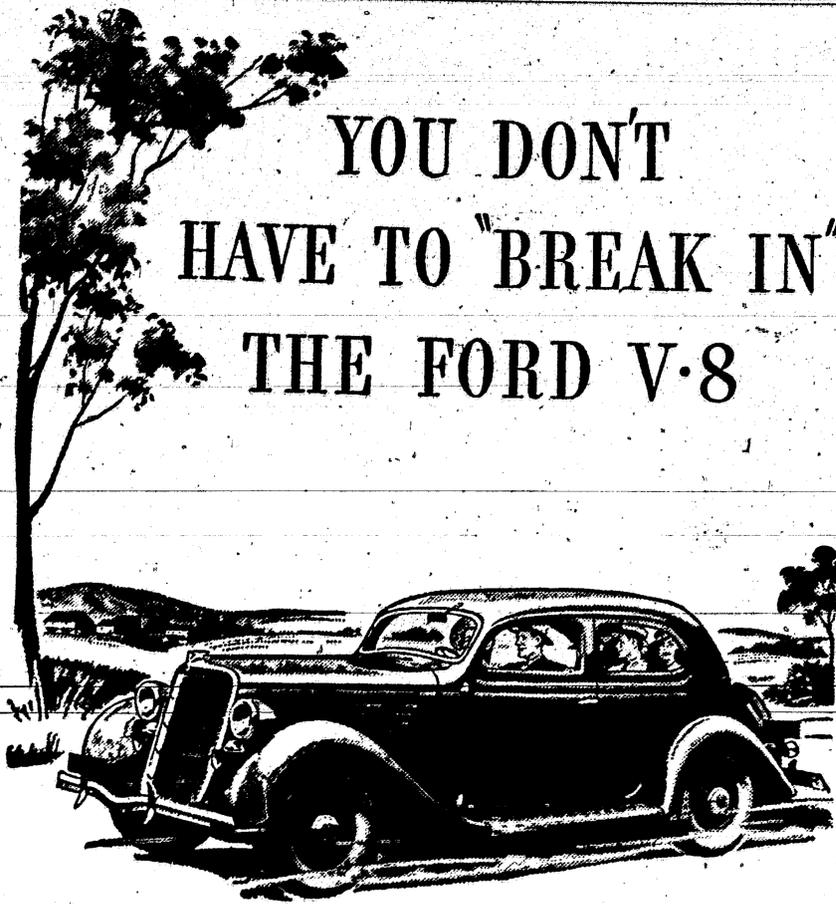
**Stock of Central Banks Usually Privately Owned**

Of all the central banks at present existing there are only four whose stock is owned by the government. The newest central bank is that of Canada, which opened its doors only a few months ago after a most exhaustive study had been made of the experience of all nations with the result that the stock of the Bank of Canada is privately owned.

**Agriculture and Industry**

Returns for the first quarter of 1935 for industrial corporations publishing quarterly reports show net profits 21 per cent more than for the same in 1934. The total turn value of all important crops, exclusive of livestock, rose in 1934 to \$4,722,422,000, as compared with \$4,112,268,000 in the previous year and \$2,522,197,000 in 1932.

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**You can drive it 50 miles an hour the day you buy it**

THE FORD V-8 is ready for normal driving when you buy it. There is no tedious period of breaking-in for 500 or 1000 miles. You can drive it up to 50 miles an hour the first day. And after the first hundred miles you can drive it as fast as you desire.

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**FORD V-8**

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The ABC Model 18-G Farm Washer saves clothing, saves expenses, and is economical to operate.

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Sunday Mass at 8 a. m.  
Evening Service at 7 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited.

**St. Paul's Church**

(Episcopal)  
Rev. L. E. Patee, Vicar

**Baptist Church**

L. D. Jordan, Pastor.  
Reid Dudley, S. S. Supt.  
Sunday School at 10 a. m. every Sunday.  
Preaching Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Sunday in each month.

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

O. T. Keathley has re-opened the ZoZo Boot Shop and is ready to give his patrons the best of service. Mr. Keathley specializes in cowboy boots, saddles and delicate, ladies' shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Side entrance to the old Rolland Building.—Adv.

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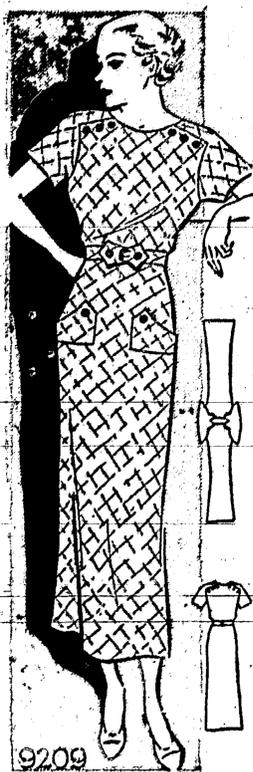
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Smiles

QUEENS AT PLAY

Cousin Emily—Mrs. Spriggs went to Eleanor's the other night and found a famous sleuth there. So for her next evening she got an even more famous man. Isn't that like Mrs. Spriggs?

Cousin Kate—Exactly! Always wanting to trump her partner's act. —Sydney Bulletin.

Inconsistent Mummy. Visitor—But aren't you too small to stay up so late? Joan—Mummy says so, but in the morning she tells me I'm too big to lie in bed.

Looking to Future. "No, Henry, I don't think a man-cariat should marry a dentist." "And why not?" "If we fought it would be tooth and nail."

Publicity Profit. "Do you think good plays win literary prizes?" "Not necessarily," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but good manners often do."

Why the Kids Laughed. Willie not only was chewing gum which was against the rules but he had his feet out in the aisle. "Willie," the teacher thundered, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Words Failed Her. "and then he said I was 'in-conic!'" "Laconic! What does that mean?" "I don't know—but I slapped his face. Just to be on the safe side!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Taking No Chances. Tommy—When will the world come to an end, Ma? Mother—Nobody knows. Tommy—Well, hadn't I better play safe and finish all this candy now?

Literal Obedience. Her Father—Look here, young man, didn't I tell you never to enter my gate again? Her Boy Friend—Yes, sir. I didn't come through the gate. I jumped over the fence.

Long Walk. "Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months." Bachelor Friend—Really? He must be awfully tired. —Amos Magazine.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, featuring the brand name and 'THE PERFECT GUM' slogan.

Scraps of Humor



A BRAVE MAN

"Papa, when you see a cow, ain't you afraid?" "Of course not, Evelyn." "When you see a great big worm, ain't you afraid?" "No, of course not." "When you see a horrid, monstrous bumble bee, ain't you afraid?" "No, certainly not!" "Ain't you afraid when it thunders and lightning?" "No, no, you silly child." "Geo, Pop, ain't you afraid of nothing in this world 'ceptin' Mamma?"

PLOWED UNDER



"The new stenographer's hair is a decided blond, isn't it?" "Yes; though I noticed a slight inclination around the roots."

Without Delay

The slight-of-hand performance was not going very well. "Can any lady or gentleman lend me an egg?" asked the conjurer, coming down to the footlights. "If we'd 'ad one," shouted a man in the audience, "you'd 'ave 'ad it before this!"

Human Life

"We never call people out to be shot at sunrise as they do in some parts of Europe." "No," said Senator Borah. "The worst we do is to let 'em take their chances at a grade crossing."—Washington Star.

A New Name New

Mrs. Cassidy—My husband calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Jarner—So did mine—until he took one and started to spade up the garden and it broke in two. —Pathfinder Magazine.

THE LOW DOWN



Editor—I can't use your poem, but you might leave your address. Foot—if you don't take the poem I shan't have any address.

More Effective. Father—Did you tell Cyril I'll cut him out of my will if he married that girl? Wise Mother—No; I did better than that—I told the girl—Stray Stories Magazine.

A Real Salesman. "Are you sure," asked the woman, "that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?" "Positive, ma'am," answered the florist. "If it doesn't, bring it right back."

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Golden Phantoms

FASCINATING TALES OF LOST MINES

By E. L. Watson

\$100,000 IN GOLD

1840—what a date in history it was!—Especially for the West. '49 west of the Mississippi was a year that marked the real beginning of things. People coming and going. High hopes ebbing and flowing. Fortunes made and lost. Gold wasted, thrown away, and stolen. Murder, robbery. That was what '49 meant to the West.

There are stories enough to fill a library about the gold of '49 alone. People went mad over it. The golden phantom was at its most alluring, and men followed it crazily, unwaveringly, determined to gain its promised riches if they had to kill those who got in their way. The West was overrun with bandits who hungred and thirsted for gold.

That year, in Sacramento, California, there was a band of eight men who planned to enrich themselves at the cost of others. They went about it in rather haphazard fashion, however. Gold dust may be packed in sacks, gold bars are heavy but precious, but gold money clinks, and slides, and takes up extra space—and it was gold money that the thieving octet stole. One hundred thousand dollars in golden coin came into their greedy hands. Divided by eight, this would leave each with a small fortune, as computed in those days. And then, there was always the possibility that something might happen to remove one or more of the number.

The guilty eight headed east with their spoil. Across the Rockies, out toward the plains, they hurried. Six of them fell along the way, killed by soldiers who had tracked them. The surviving pair hurried ahead, anxious, desperate.

But they could not escape with their burden of gold. It must be hidden somewhere in safety, marked so that they would not lose the location, and left. It would wait for them to come back to it.

So the two, hastily inscribing a false date on three stones, buried the gold in a gulch, marked the spot by the dated stones, and vanished into the East.

More than thirty years later, a man stepped at a sheep camp near the present town of Clifford, in eastern Colorado. He was, he told the herder, looking for the treasure which he had buried in '48. For weeks he had stayed in the neighborhood, searching for that fortune to come searching for in vain. At last he went back East, defeated, but before he left he told the sheepman of the three dated rocks, with their false inscriptions "1847." Somewhere these three rocks still lay, and within their triangle a faint golden phantom hovered, guarding the stolen hoard hidden so long ago.

James Will, the owner of the sheep, would have been more than human if he had not succumbed to the lure of that phantom. Others, to whom he confided the story, hunted also. But no such dated rocks could be found. At last, only a few years ago, a man named Elkins discovered one of the stones. His find caused scores of persons to flock to the place, digging where it seemed likely the treasure had been hidden. But nothing came to light except roots and rocks, disintegrated eagerly, thrown down angrily, by disappointed treasure hunters.

Then late in November, 1934, a second stone was found. T. C. Hutton of Clifford discovered it—a flat rock bearing the inscription "D. Grover and Joseph Fox Lawe—Aug. 8, 1847." And the hunt was on again.

It may be presumed that Grover and Lawe were the fugitives who buried the gold, although why they should thus perpetuate their guilty names is not clear.

So far, no one has succeeded in finding the treasure. Will the third stone be discovered some day in the future, and will another generation of eager gold-seekers dig over the ground?

Perhaps—and yet it may have happened, also, that the man who came back in the '30's to search for the cache found it—and did not tell. He may have moved it, come back later, and taken it away—or even (and this is possible) found that his surviving partner in crime had already been on the scene.

It is possible, too, that the stranger might have been "pooding" the sheep-herder. He could have been looking for something entirely different from hidden, stolen gold, and he could easily have inscribed that peculiar date on the rocks at that time. Why? Well, why do men enjoy playing practical jokes?

Still, no one could convince the people of Clifford that his story was other than the purest truth. The golden phantom is one ghostly figure that is delightfully easy to believe in. And maybe it is all true—maybe some one will dig up that pleasant sure of one hundred thousand dollars in gold coin some day—who knows?

The English Setter. The English Setter is a larger breed of the spaniel group. It is a sporting dog and is taught to crouch down when marking game. Instead of standing like a Pointer, it is a handsome animal with a wavy, silk coat, while the tail carries a fringe of long, straight hair.

Better Potatoes Scientists' Aim

New Varieties Now on Trial; Much Work Is Ahead for Experimenters.

By Prof. E. V. Hardenburg, New York State College of Agriculture, WNU Service.

Very few new varieties of potatoes have been developed during the past forty years. This might seem to indicate that the public is satisfied with what we have. But it is not true. Varieties of potatoes are needed that will not turn black after cooking; that will resist such diseases as scab, leaf-roll, late blight, and yellow-dwarf; that will resist leaf hoppers; and that will better tolerate heat and drought. Much as the potato breeder has done, his job has just begun.

For more than 20 years the United States Department of Agriculture has been developing thousands of potato seedlings at its breeding stations. Attention centers especially on improvement in the shape of the tuber, the color and the texture of the skin, shallowness of eyes, cooking quality, and resistance to virus diseases.

Three of the most promising varieties have been named and are now on trial with many growers in a few potato states. In order of their introduction, these varieties are: the Katahdin, a handsome, shallow-eyed, glossy white-skinned potato; the Chipewake, promising early variety, white-skinned and shallow-eyed, that may compete with Irish Cobbler; and the Golden potato, medium in season, white-skinned, yellow-fleshed. Other seedlings will be named and introduced this year, but several years may pass before they become generally available.

Live Stock Losses Are Heavier in Summer Time

Two suggestions for reducing livestock shipping losses are advanced by C. W. Hammans, extension specialist in marketing for the Ohio State university.

He suggests the use of sand as a bedding material for truck and carload shipments during the hot, summer months, and trucking to market at such times that the live stock will arrive during the early morning hours. The sand, well wet down, helps to avoid overheating and losses.

Shipping losses during a year are estimated to amount to as much as \$30,000,000, Hammans says. Losses from death and crippling at four Ohio markets reached \$162,000 during a season when accurate count was kept.

Greatest losses are with hogs. During summer months one hog in 200 is dead upon arrival at the stock yards. Of the \$162,000 loss reported in the survey, \$187,000 were in hogs. The remainder was the result of losses of cattle, sheep, and calves.

Crossbreeding Animals

Crossbreeding is the mating of purebred animals of different breeds of the same species. Crossbred animals are usually larger and more vigorous than either parent. Their hereditary material, however, is so complex, that there is no certainty as to what results will come from mating them. Except to produce market animals, crossbreeding should be used only by the highly skilled breeder, and it is not practicable in his case unless he has an opportunity to place the progeny on the market for breeding purposes. American practice in livestock breeding does not encourage the development of new breeds except in the case of pet stock. Therefore the practical man, as a rule, will leave this matter to the experimentalists.—Missouri Farmer.

Barnyard Brevities

Germany is buying many draft horses from Belgium.

Onions are expected to constitute Egypt's second best money crop this year.

Bees yield about 100,000 tons of marketable honey annually in the United States.

Oklahoma in 1934 produced the poorest corn and cotton crops in her entire history.

Despite national reduction in all livestock in 1934, horses and sheep increased in Oklahoma.

To save work horses from heat prostrations in hot weather, give them water every hour and all the salt they want.

A survey disclosed farmers of the South Plains region of Texas had invested \$1,000,000 in tractors in a six-month period.

The Irish Free State has organized a "hiring squad," which will lease property of farmers who do not pay their land annuities.

Apple trees are attacked by 176 kinds of insect pests; oak trees by 300 kinds.

The screw worm, notorious pest of the Southwest, invaded Texas and southeastern states last year and killed thousands of dollars' worth of livestock.

Where a good seed cannot be established on plowable pasture areas by topdressing, plowing or diskings, followed by fertilizing and reseedings, are recommended.

WASHINGTON DIGEST

National Topics Interpreted BY WILLIAM BRUCKART NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—One of the oldest and perhaps the most constant of all complaints about the federal government at Washington has been the tendency toward bureaucratic control. Bureaucratic control, simmered down, is red tape; it is attempted management of even personal affairs by a governmental agency and it is naturally and obstinately repulsive to the average American. It was a condition thoroughly to be criticized in Mr. Hoover's administration when there were boards, bureaus, and commissions everywhere. It is even worse now, I believe, with all of the New Deal's alphabetic soup agencies scattered hither and yon in execution of various New Deal experiments and theories.

All of this constitutes a prelude to what appears to me to be a most flagrant attempt by bureaucrats to manage private affairs. I refer to an order issued the other day by the federal communications commission under which it has asserted a jurisdiction which I cannot believe congress ever intended it should have. Further, the asserted jurisdiction which the commission is seeking to exercise goes far beyond anything which might be made the basis of complaint solely because it is bureaucratic. It has reached into the field of commercial enterprise in a manner which, without a doubt, will have the effect of covering invention and experiment in industry with a destructive frost bite.—If the commission is allowed to get away with it.

The facts involved are these: The American Telephone and Telegraph company, which is spending millions of dollars annually in scientific research to improve our system of communications such as the telephone, the telegraph, and the radio, lately has perfected what is technically known as the coaxial cable. This cable is revolutionary. It holds the possibility of transmission of 240 telephonic conversations simultaneously over a single pair of wires. It is not commercially complete in all its phases. Like every organization of sound judgment, the A. T. & T. wants to iron out weaknesses and imperfections through a period of experimental operation.

Here is where the federal communications commission enters the picture. As a courtesy, purely, the A. T. & T. submitted its plan for experimentation to the communications agency, saying as it did so that the commission did not have jurisdiction but that in the development of such a revolutionary invention the commission was advising the commission of its plans and suggested that if the commission thought it had jurisdiction it could issue an experimental license covering the work.

In all of this it is to be remembered that the communications commission has jurisdiction over rates, regulations, and practices of the wire, telephone and radio companies. It seems that some bright young men in the communications commission immediately conceived the idea of having that group take jurisdiction when legal authorities tell me there is nothing in the law giving them that authority. The story I get around the commission lobbies is that the A. T. & T. would not have objected to having the commission exercise what it believed its right to be in granting a license for the experiment but when the order emerged from the secret chamber of the commission, it carried in it a provision which said that the commission could withdraw its approval and nullify the permission granted on 10 days' notice as it saw fit.

Suffice to say that this provision together with several other technical phrases of the circumstances was enough to arouse the ire of the business men concerned. They are not only disgusted. They are downright sore. It is one of those things that politicians, undertrained in science, attempt to do that cause practical people to lose faith in their government.

If it were simply a fight between the A. T. & T. and the commission that is involved, the situation would hold no interest at all for me as a Washington writer. But, as I said above, it goes much further. I am told that some officials of the A. T. & T. are so dissatisfied with the attitude of the commission in this instance that they are ready, even anxious, to withdraw their application and decline to proceed with this experiment which ultimately is going to mean enormous changes in telephone and telegraphic contact between cities located great distances apart. The A. T. & T. engineers have been working on this problem some six or seven years. They proposed to build 100 miles of cable by connecting New York and Philadelphia. It had very little of the commercial in it. They wanted to try out transmission of television images for broadcast by radio. They wanted to perfect further the transmission of photographs by wire and they were desirous as well of

determining whether they had discovered all of the potentialities of the new invention. All of the expenses—some six hundred thousand dollars—was to be paid from surplus funds of the corporation.

It takes me stretch of the imagination to realize that if the A. T. & T. backed away from the program it has laid out and refused to spend more money in perfecting its invention and declined to attempt to put it into commercial use for the benefit of the country as a whole, the country, that is you and I, would suffer. We would be denied advantages developed by science and made available virtually as a national benefit.

I do not know what the end will be. It is not at a stage wherein a forecast is possible. But the principle of the commission's action, whether it be put forward under Democratic or Republican administration, remains exactly the same. It should not be tolerated and if the communications commission persists in its efforts to expand its control, its usefulness certainly is at an end. Hitherto, the communications commission has had a very satisfactory relationship with business. I have heard dozens of executives from communications corporations say they were willing to forgive and generally overlook ignorance piled up in the commission by political appointments in several spots. They wanted to cooperate but it is the opinion of more than just myself among Washington observers that this sort of thing does not contribute to good government.

Duck hunters will have only 30 days for shooting this fall in accordance with the most rigid regulations in the history of American game hunting.

This is the result of a determination by the federal government under an act of congress to give migratory wild fowl an opportunity to increase in numbers. In explaining the government's action which was made the subject of a proclamation by President Roosevelt, J. N. (Oling) Darling, chief of the biological survey and an internationally known ornithologist, declared that unless the shooting of ducks and other wild fowl is restricted it is only a question of time until none of them remain.

It is assumed that hunters will be interested first in the period during which they may shoot ducks, geese, brant, or jacksnipe. The season will open in northern states October 23 and will close November 10. In the southern states the season will run from November 20 to December 10.

For the information of hunters, there is set out below the states included in the northern area where hunting may be done between October 23 and November 10:

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, Oregon, and Nevada.

The southern states listed and in which hunting may occur from November to December 10 follow:

New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

Regulations issued by the biological survey, according to Mr. Darling, are based on the necessity of having a net annual increase of migratory birds left over at the end of each shooting season until the present depleted population of waterfowl is restored to something like normal. This year's rigid restrictions, he explained, follow a period of approximately thirty-five years during which the kill of wild fowl has exceeded the increase from breeding.

To give an idea of how thoroughly the wild fowl are to be protected, the new regulations prohibit shooting over what is known as baited water or land—that is, land or water on which feed has been scattered as an inducement for the birds to stop their flight. Another thing ruled out in this effort to protect the water fowl is the live decoy. This has always been the most effective method for luring wild fowl from the air. None will be allowed hereafter.

The regulations restrict shooting to the hours between 7 a. m. and 4 p. m., a course taken in order to permit birds in flight an opportunity to feed without being subjected to pot shots. Automatic and repeating shot guns will be restricted to a limit of three shells for their chambers and no shot guns larger than a No. 10 gauge will be permitted. Mr. Darling who has gained a reputation as an enthusiast for game conservation, relinquished his work as a cartoonist in order to carry out his ideals. It has taken him some months to work out a program but he feels his efforts have been worth while. © Western Newspaper Union.

# Oriental Drape and Classic Pleat

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



SEEKING a new fashion thrill? Here it is and a rather startling one when it comes to "something different." It's the draped silhouette either of Hindu or classic Greek influence. Look for it this fall; for draped fulness is on the way. As a matter of fact it has already arrived.

For quite some time Paris designers have been giving these draped effects a good try-out in evening wraps and gowns. When Schiaparelli and Alix and others first displayed gowns that either went bare or were daringly draped a la Hindustan and when artificial pleatings went classic Greek and the sari and the thram headscarf made their dramatic appearance, they created no end of excitement in fashion's domain. The venture went over with such overwhelming success style creators were led to adopt the idea of drapes and pleats as a workable formula in the designing of the new fall and winter modes.

The oriental influence which is being so dramatically exploited this season is shown in the costumes to the right in the picture. The front fulness which is a characteristic feature of the newer fashions is achieved through both shirring and draping. As the season progresses the importance of front fulness will become increasingly apparent. The new softly styled frocks, the now separate skirts and the new coats all emphasize this trend. In harmony with this idea of front fulness comes the vogue of draped bodices. The most important feature of these smartly draped bodices is that their technique involves the use of gathers and fulness that seems to radiate from the shoulder line.

It is also significant that this stunning gown is made of chiffon, for the formal afternoon gown of filmy black is proving a favorite among best dressed women. The square rhinestone buttons add sparkle to the costume. The hat of quilted silk is very unusual—suggests Egyptian inspiration.

The other gown is likewise made of black silk chiffon. The waist-depth jacket is done in all-over exquisitely fine accordion pleating. The blouse and the softly tied and pleated sash are of bright vermillion silk chiffon. The classic arrangement of this sash obviously suggests Grecian influence. The Greek trends are reflected in every realm of fashion, ranging from evening gowns to beach costumes. Beach wraps are so designed as to fall over the shoulder in classic cascade pleats. Then there are the lovely white chiffon evening gowns that are all-over pleated and go trailing in grace with pleated capelike scarfs which fall over the shoulder in most picturesque fashion.

One outcome of Greek influence is the vogue which calls for flat-heeled Grecian sandals. The smartest Parisiennes are wearing them fashioned of gilt leather. Picture a gown of Greek inspiration made of white crepe. The sculptured classic look is accented with a handsome gold cord with tassels about the waist. Gilt leather Greek sandals add the final touch.

The Hindu turban which the lady to the left in the illustration is wearing is noteworthy in that advance millinery showings are placing particular stress on the importance of Hindu-draped turbans for immediate wear with one's midsummer frocks. These charming turbans and berets are made either of black or white crepe or chiffon. As you see in the picture the thin fabric is twisted and shirred in interesting fashion. A new look is achieved this season for berets and turbans of Oriental inspiration in that they are worn, in some instances, back off the forehead.

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# HAVING NONE OF HER OWN

By **RUTH H. MYERS**  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Service.

MANY a woman is a mother though she has no child. Marbeth could have managed a dozen and loved it; it was an inefficient waste of good maternity that she was a seamstress and unmarried with only the children of her customers to contact.

The last time she sewed for the young Pendells, the baby had come and was three weeks old.

Marbeth and the maid, each prompted by the urge of vicarious motherhood, fought over him disgracefully. This time he was fourteen months old. He had developed clear blue eyes, yellow curls on his head and a pleased, wondering acceptance of all that was done for him.

"They called him Georgie."

Among his toys was a large old gray elephant that Mr. Pendell's mother had just sent on, writing that when he was a baby Georgie's father had loved this kind of beasts and that all baby boys generally seemed to enjoy him.

Claire Pendell saw no reason to question either statement.

"By the looks of it, Georgie's great-grandfather might have owned it," she told Marbeth, regarding the aged king of beasts with scant hospitality. "But when Pen unwrapped it, it seemed to stir up something tribal in him. He war-whooped 'Georgie, it's Jum-Jum!' And presented it to the son as if it were an enemy scalp. And now just try to get it away from him."

Marbeth laughed but she could see why Georgie or any little boy hugged him that way.

He was a benevolent old fellow, if threadbare.

His ears were large, flat and floppy; his silly tail was either tasseled or frayed; his trunk moved with the correct unjointedness of that always endearing appendage; his faded blanket was still plinkishly red and edged with tarnished gold braid.

Marbeth's quick eyes, trained to visualize new garments for old, lit at the possibilities she saw in a renovated Jum-Jum.

For the present, however, she would say nothing.

It would be her surprise and her own gift to Georgie the adorable.

She lived so far across the city that when she sewed for her patrons on the North side, she brought her little suitcase and stayed nights until she had them all sewed up.

It was mauldoining now to remember that 16 miles away—and a double fare each way—the prelapsal scrap of red flannel and remnant of orange soubrette braid that would serve for a new howdah lay awaiting some such useful service in the piece bag hanging on her bedroom closet door.

Claire Pendell knew only that Marbeth had urgent business that called her home that first night.

However, she was back at work promptly in the morning and she said nothing about the long walk she had taken to save another cartage over to a certain store called the Bon Ton open evenings, where she could get the exact weight and color of thick, elephant-gray fannel she desired.

Nor about how she had planned to place Jum-Jum under his front legs and save 17 cents on another half yard of goods.

Mrs. Pendell was delighted with the idea of having the elephant recovered. That was good.

It paid these days to keep on the right side of even such old patrons as the Pendell family in all its branches, and even though primarily this gift of love was all for Georgie.

"I'll work on him after hours, evenings, so it won't be time-out that you're paying for."

"Nonsense! When you insist on paying for all the material?" Georgie's mother patted Marbeth's shoulder.

"We'll start him right now. Bring him to mother, Georgie."

And before Marbeth could warn her, Mrs. Pendell had picked up one of the razor blades Marbeth used for ripping and slashed off Jum-Jum's left ear with it.

How a mother could be so stupid, thought Marbeth.

Georgie screamed. Of protest. Of astonishment. Of sheer horror.

"Georgie!" His mother could not understand what was wrong.

He put one arm around Jum-Jum and held out the other piteously for the amputated ear. "No-no-no-mama!" His screams increased in volume. Beads of perspiration appeared under his tawny curls.

His mother pulled Jum-Jum as firmly from the other side. "Georgie! Georgie! No, no! Let mother have him. Why, what's the matter with you, Georgie?"

"It's the ear," said Marbeth's voice above the tumult.

"Jum-Jum's ear. He thinks you're hurting Jum-Jum."

"How silly! I'm not hurting him, Georgie. Marbeth's going to make him a new coat. Stop crying! At once!"

She shook Jum-Jum violently and that shook Georgie so that he toppled over and sat down hard on the sewing room floor where he screamed louder than ever.

Claire Pendell's one idea was to have peace from those screams.

She jerked Georgie up sharply by one arm and spanked him as he stood catching his breath for a fresh start.

"Why, you're terrible, Georgie! I never saw him act so."

And over Marbeth's protests she snatched the baby up and carried him across to the nursery, closing the door with finality.

The screams and choking gasps did not diminish in the slightest, nor Georgie's sobbing "No-no-no-mama!"

It was 3 a. m. and Marbeth by the dressing table lamp was just finishing Jum-Jum's fringed tail.

Distressed at the futile clash of wills across the hall she had at last basted Jum-Jum's ear back in place and at the risk of Mrs. Pendell's disapproval carried the elephant in to Georgie.

As she expected, the baby stopped crying at once and received Jum-Jum with open arms.

But Mrs. Pendell demurred.

"I hate to let him get the upper hand—so young."

Still, it was a relief to have him quiet.

"He's just a baby," Marbeth said. "It's really better to work around them when they're so little."

After his dinner Georgie had gone to sleep with Jum-Jum still in his arms.

"But Marbeth's going to make him that new coat tomorrow," his mother warned him, "and you mustn't cry."

Marbeth had seen Georgie's hold on the elephant tighten; but that was all right. She knew there would be no more scenes tomorrow.

For at midnight when the house was quiet and Georgie in a sound sleep, Marbeth stole into the nursery and cautiously drew the elephant out of the baby's relaxed arms.

Back in her own room hurriedly and competently she laid the old pieces for a pattern on the new cloth, cut them out and, since she dared not use the sewing machine, set herself to the long, tedious task of back stitching and felling the seams by hand.

The clock downstairs chimed three.

But Jum-Jum was done at last and a smart, swank beast he was!

Still benign, still benevolent, but with a well tailored elephant-gray hide, firm legs (Marbeth had reinforced them with skewers) and a gorgeous, ornate, red and orange howdah blanket where ladies might ride.

She crept down the hall back into the nursery and seated Jum-Jum on his haunches atop a fold of blanket with the tip of his new trunk touching Georgie's outspread palm.

His pleased cry of surprise awakened Marbeth in the morning out of her heavy first slumber.

She heard him with a satisfaction that was followed by a sharp twinge of something like jealousy.

For it was his mother he was calling—"Ma-ma! Jum-Jum! Jum-Jum!"

# OLD AND NEW PATCHWORK QUILTS



Patchwork quilt making is still in the limelight and the old patterns seem to be most in demand.

Here are the names of the blocks shown above. Most of them are very old designs—"Log Cabin"—"Rare Old Tulp"—"Polsettle"—"Pineapple"—"Butterfly"—"Pussy in the Corner"—"Pin Wheel"—"Sunbonnet Babies."

When making the next quilt, watch the seams, one seam sewed wrong ruins the whole block. Here are a few suggestions for making perfect quilts. Press all material before cutting. Use plotting paper for patterns, thus avoiding pinning. Cut each piece exactly like pattern. Match all edges perfectly when sewing together. Lay the patches and blocks out for best color combinations before sewing together.

Patchwork Quilt Book No. 21 contains 37 old and new quilt designs with illustrations, instructions and cutting charts for the patches. The above 10 quilts are included. Send 50c to our quilt 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.

ters, so nearly of an age, have probably been compared all their lives. The dark one, with her spiritual beauty, has become accustomed to people turning from her to her sister. I had done it, too. It was not for the reason she thought, but there it was. She is far the prettier to me, but all her life she will have an inferiority about her looks—if I know my signs.

I hope her mother tells her how lovely she is, and that she has something beside beauty, too—charm and personality. If I see her again—and I hope I will—I shall make up for my error.—Olive Roberts Barton in the New York World-Telegram.

**Crows Foresee Crash**

That crows have a foreboding of disaster was shown recently in Ogmore Vale, Wales. For 80 years crows have built their nests in the branches of a lofty oak 200 years old. Without warning they all moved to another tree. A week later their old home tottered in a breeze and fell. After the crash the crows cawed triumphantly.

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For Perfect BAKING RESULTS

Look for the Best

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What's the answer? BEST REFUSE SUBSTITUTES KILLS 10,000 TESTS

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Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough, Pimply Skin? Use **CUTICURA**

Anoint the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off after a short time with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for several minutes. Pimples, rashes and other distressing eruptions are quickly soothed and a condition established which conduces to healing.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c.

# MIDSEASON COAT

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



A swagger coat of uncompromising simplicity in your favorite pastel shade is the thing to wear right now over that summer frock you love best. The model pictured is developed in a new novelty woolen that combines the appearance of chinchilla with the softness of polo cloth.

See Shell for Hat Clips

The latest clips for hats and dresses are painted seashells.

# MODERN VOGUE IN SCENT APPLICATION

A delightful new vogue in scent application—one particularly effective and appropriate with sleeveless and backless summer frocks and beach wear—is the one sponsored by a famous old French perfume house. Perfume, according to them, should not be applied to the clothing or handkerchief, or in little dabs behind the ears (as most American women apply it), but should be applied directly to the skin, spread over it in lavish quantities. Applied in this way, scent becomes an intrinsic part of the personality, being modified differently by the different textures of each skin, and so acquiring a warmer and richer, as well as an individual, fragrance.

A lovely and refreshing preparation known as "skin perfume," which should serve a double purpose in the sticky summer months (since it is cooling and stimulating as well as fragrant) is produced by this French house. The skin perfume comes, incidentally, in the fresh and delicate scent of lilac, unprecedentedly popular this year both as spring and summer shade and as floral perfume.

Another new note in scent fashion widely advocated this summer is the combination of perfume and dusting powder in the same scent to give one a single, individual fragrance. These combined perfume and dusting powder packages are ideal for summer use, from the viewpoint of comfort as well as charm.

**Beauty Hint**

An astringent lotion with a powder base makes an excellent foundation for make-up during warm weather. It may also be used to cleanse the face several times during the day before applying powder.

# London Smart Set Dances

in "The Morgue" Resort

"The Morgue" is the name of London's popular night club, says a United Press correspondent.

In an atmosphere of coffins, tombstones, skulls, ghouls and "things that go bump" in the night, the smart folk dance until the small hours of the morning.

The correct thing for visitors to do is to toast the skulls and compose a humorous epitaph for one of the tombstones.

On the ground floor of the club is a pleasantly lit room called "Seventh Heaven," with the usual tiny dance floor and bored jazz bands that can be seen in any night club anywhere. In the dark corner is a dimly lit staircase that leads down to "The Morgue."

As the timid visitor descends he is greeted with a wall from some hidden siren that would put any self-respecting ghost to shame.

On every wall of the long eerie room are painted graves and tombstones, each one headed "R. I. P." Doggerel proclaims the merits or demerits of "the old toper" alleged to be buried beneath.

Ruins of churches, with bats flying from the walls, and gruesome pictures of bodies torn from their graves and lying naked on stone slabs—the work of one of the younger and modern school of artists, it is said—form the "mural" decoration.

A score of black coffins with imitation brass handles and fittings painted on their sides are the tables at which the guests sit. A massive mausoleum hung with wreaths of evergreen is at the far end. It bears a plate to the effect that some aged Londoner "who had once refused a drink" lies buried below.

And on a square of polished floor, beneath imitation cobwebs and grinning skulls, society dances until dawn to music relayed from "Seventh Heaven."

# Vitality of Plant Life

The vitality of plant life is shown by a fig tree standing in a jungle grow over a military park near the ancient city of Muralidabad, India. A giant cannon—17 feet in length, 5 feet in circumference and eight tons in weight—is horizontally imbedded in its trunk, several feet from the ground. Apparently, writes Grace Hatfield, Santa Barbara, Calif., in Collier's Weekly, the tree met the gun when growing up and decided to take it along.

# Young Quail Are Active

The quail is one of the few birds that run as soon as hatched. He can make short flights when he is a week old. The down on the chicks disappears when they are about twelve weeks old, and until then it is almost impossible to determine their sex. From the beginning they demonstrate the independent ways which make them one of the most sought-after game birds in the country.

**Smokers!**

Try one! It makes the next smoke taste better

**CONSTANT SMOKER**

Most men that smoke a lot have what we call "fuzzy tongues" and don't know it! Smoking stops the flow of saliva in the mouth and you get too much acid in your system. Makes you feel sluggish and lousy. The best way to lick the acids and still keep smoking is by taking MILNESIA wafers twice a day. Your mouth will always feel clean and fresh and you always have your usual pep.

MILNESIA Wafers neutralize the excess acids that cause indigestion, heartburn and sick headaches. Each Wafer is a full adult dose, children—one-quarter to one-half. Pleasant to take. Recommended by thousands of physicians—At All Good Druggists.

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**TOWN HAPPENINGS**

**WHO? WHEN? WHY?**

Mrs. M. R. Hendrix was a visitor from the Ancho country last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Juan Osorio, son Frutoso and Miss Cecilia Vidaurri left Sunday for California to visit relatives for several weeks.

Howard C. Carmody of the Lincoln Gold Placers was a business visitor from Jicarilla Tuesday.

**BORN**—To Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Beltran, Wednesday, Aug. 7, a boy. Mother and son are doing nicely.

**WANTED**—To buy a pair of second-hand harness, if reasonably priced. Cash or trade.—Gregorio Pino, Carrizozo, N. M.

Prospero Gonzales was a business visitor here from Glencoe last Friday, leaving for home in the afternoon.

**LOST**—Between the Coffee Shop and Harvey's Camp, a bunch of keys in folder.—Finder address A. E. Brown, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Vega, the children, Joe, Leandro and Frank Vega, Frank, Jr., Leo Sanchez, Antonio Navarro and Joe Chavez were Tularosa visitors last Sunday, Mrs. Vega remaining at Tularosa while the boys went on to Alamogordo to witness the game between the Trojans and the Cobras.

James A. Marshall and Miss Burleen Strawbridge, both of Ancho, were married at the Baptist Church Tuesday morning. Rev. L. D. Jordan tied the nuptial knot.

C. C. Merchant of Capitan was a business visitor the first of the week. While here, he made this office a friendly call.

L. A. Whitaker has returned from San Diego, where he took in the Exposition. He is dividing his time between here and his cottage at Eagle Creek.

**FOR SALE**—Four milch cows, three mares and one horse.—Apply to J. H. Kimmons, Oscura, or this office. A23

Frank Hodge of Corona was a Carrizozo visitor last Friday.

Sheriff A. S. McCamant was in Corona on business last Sunday.

**FOR RENT**—4 room house unfurnished.—See (Shorty) Newton at old Harris Garage.

Jess Weaver of Corona was in town on business last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hendren were here from Fort Stanton yesterday, visiting with Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kelley.

Harry G. Norman was here last week from Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, where he has been in the employ of a mining company for several years. Harry is bookkeeper for the industry and also has charge of the athletics, such as baseball, football, basketball, etc.

**Harris—Chambers**

At the home of the bride at Killeen, Texas, on July 29, Frank Chambers and Miss Ovetta Harris were united in marriage with Rev. Greenshaw of Nolansville performing the ceremony. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Havens of Killeen and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chambers of Dallas. He has been in the employ of the City Garage here for the past two years. They will make their home in Carrizozo amid the best wishes of their many friends both here and at their former homes in Texas.

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**ANCHO ITEMS**

E. H. Hendricks has accepted a position at the CCC Camp in Carrizozo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame spent the week-end on the Ruidoso.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Erwin and Mrs. E. H. Hendricks were Carrizozo visitors last week.

Mrs. B. W. Wilson and son Charles have returned from a very pleasant visit to points in Arizona and California.

Miss Florinda Chavez of Jack's Peak is now employed in Carrizozo.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Texas are visiting their son Allen here.

Ancho is very glad to have Mrs. Belknap home again.

New water pipes are being laid for the Ancho school.

Mrs. Martin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Berryhill at Gallup for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Levene Snodgrass and Mr. and Mrs. Berry Miller are planning a trip to Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Barnhill and Archie Barnhill left Monday for their home in Oklahoma after spending a very delightful summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Kilmer of Ancho.

The people of the community met and built the walls of the Mountain View Church last week. The people contemplate holding a short meeting in the building in the near future.

L. P. Hall and family were in Carrizozo Monday, Mr. Hall attending a County Board meeting. From Carrizozo they went on to Hondo to visit Mr. and Mrs. Leo Joiner and to get some fruit.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wilson went to Hondo Tuesday to see about some fruit.

**Cunningly Planned Jail Break**

Between the hours of 2 and 5 Wednesday morning, a successful jail break was made at the local county jail. At 1:39, Detective Hodges of the Southern Pacific brought in a prisoner from Ruidoso and at that time, everything was all right and the prisoners all in their cells.

The break was made in this manner. A heavy screen was on the outside of the north window. Inside was the heavy bars which offered the protection to the inside window. The job was one from the outside and they first sawed the screen and followed by sawing one of the bars and pulling it out, which, afforded room for the escape.

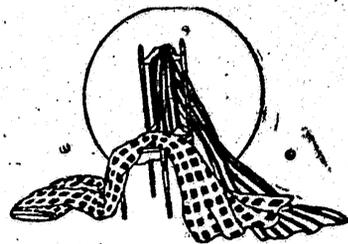
The names of the escaped prisoners are Cruz Perez, who had been in prison on a charge of horse stealing and Luther Hanny on a charge of stealing 290 pounds of copper wire from a mine at White Oaks. The lowest of a penitentiary sentence for Perez would have been from one year to 18 months and for Hanny, from 2 to 2½ years.

Sheriff McCamant and Deputy Davidson have been on the hunt for the fugitives since their escape and officials from adjoining counties have also been notified and no doubt they will soon be located.

Statement of Dance by Los Rancheros for Park, Aug. 7, '35.

Receipts	\$18 50
Expense:	
100 tickets, 150	
hand bills	\$2.75
Lights	2.00
Net to Park	8.75
<b>Total</b>	<b>15.50</b>

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