

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

THE HOME PAPER

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

8 PAGES

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Out-of-the-Ordinary



STRANGER THAN FICTION

At the annual races in Liverpool, England, in 1934, a racer known as "Henri's Choice," on which the heavy betting was made, stumbled and fell, killing his rider and breaking his own neck. At first, it was decided to kill the animal, but a certain veterinarian by the name of Jerry Moulton said he could save him and he made the attempt. The horse was unconscious for two days after the accident, during which time, Moulton worked on him day and night. He set his neck in a plaster-of-paris cast and with constant care, he survived. In the course of six months, his neck was as strong as it ever was and he is now active on the track and continues to be the best money maker in English racing circles.

John Manny, Geo. Whitaker and Dave Gallacher were working among the timbered regions of the Yukon country in 1928. They had cleared away a large patch of timber when they came to an old forest giant and proceeded to saw. The saw ran as usual until it had entered to about 12 inches, when it struck some hard substance which dulled the blade. Examining the saw just they noticed something of a yellow metal substance which mystified them. They then began on another side with the same experience and finally sawed into the third. After that operation, the tree became so weak that it fell from its own weight. The cause of the trouble was revealed. Someone, at sometime, perhaps hundreds of years ago had bored a hole in the tree, carefully removing the bark before boring and then filled it with Spanish doubloons which in American money, totaled over \$3,000. After depositing the money, the bark had been cunningly cemented back in the proper place so that it continued with the natural growth of the tree in such a manner as to remain undetected by the human eye. The cutting of that tree made them over one thousand dollars each, after being redeemed into American money.

It was a case of mistaken identity that caused George Hayes of the upper east side of Manhattan to be arrested, tried and about to be sentenced for the murder of a grocery clerk—something he never did. Those who saw the murder committed, eight in number, swore that George was the man. Even the clothes he had on when arrested—even to the cap he wore and the complexion which was red-headed, freckled-faced and exactly the same weight as the murderer. He passed 60 days in prison. Every night, he would dream of going to the chair, with his head shaved—feel the guards buckle him into the hot seat and feel the awful current of electricity pass through him. Finally another

Billy Sevier

On Monday, April 13, at his home in Capitan, W. H. Sevier, pioneer of Lincoln County, passed away after an illness of about three months' duration. Mr. Sevier was born in Baltimore, Md., June 24, 1853. Came to Fort Stanton about 1879 and enlisted in Co. H Regiment of Cavalry on Nov. 16, 1880 and was discharged from said service on Nov. 15, 1885. He married Mrs. Natividad Garcia, Mar. 12, 1892 at Lincoln, where he lived until a few years ago when he sold his place and moved to Capitan. Mr. Sevier served the county in several official capacities and had many friends over the county, all of whom deeply mourn his passing.

Lincoln (Hearsay)

Several women from Lincoln and vicinity gave a supper and handkerchief shower one day last week to Misses Helen and Charlotte Rice, who have gone to Seattle, Wash., for a short visit.

Mrs. Mary Watson, R. S. S., visited our schools Wednesday and while here, gave Miss Emerson's pupils from Baca Ranch school the required tests.

Mmes. Miranda and Trujillo and Max went to Roswell Saturday to meet Mr. Trujillo, who arrived there from Santa Fe. Mr. Trujillo's school term ended Apr. 14, and expects to remain here with his family for some time before going back to his home in Rio Arriba County.

Mrs. Sara Salazar and daughter Rafaelita spent the week end here, returning Monday to Jack's Peak school where Miss Salazar is teaching.

Guillermo Salazar, Jr., and Cruz Maes have enrolled in a CCC Camp near Hot Springs.

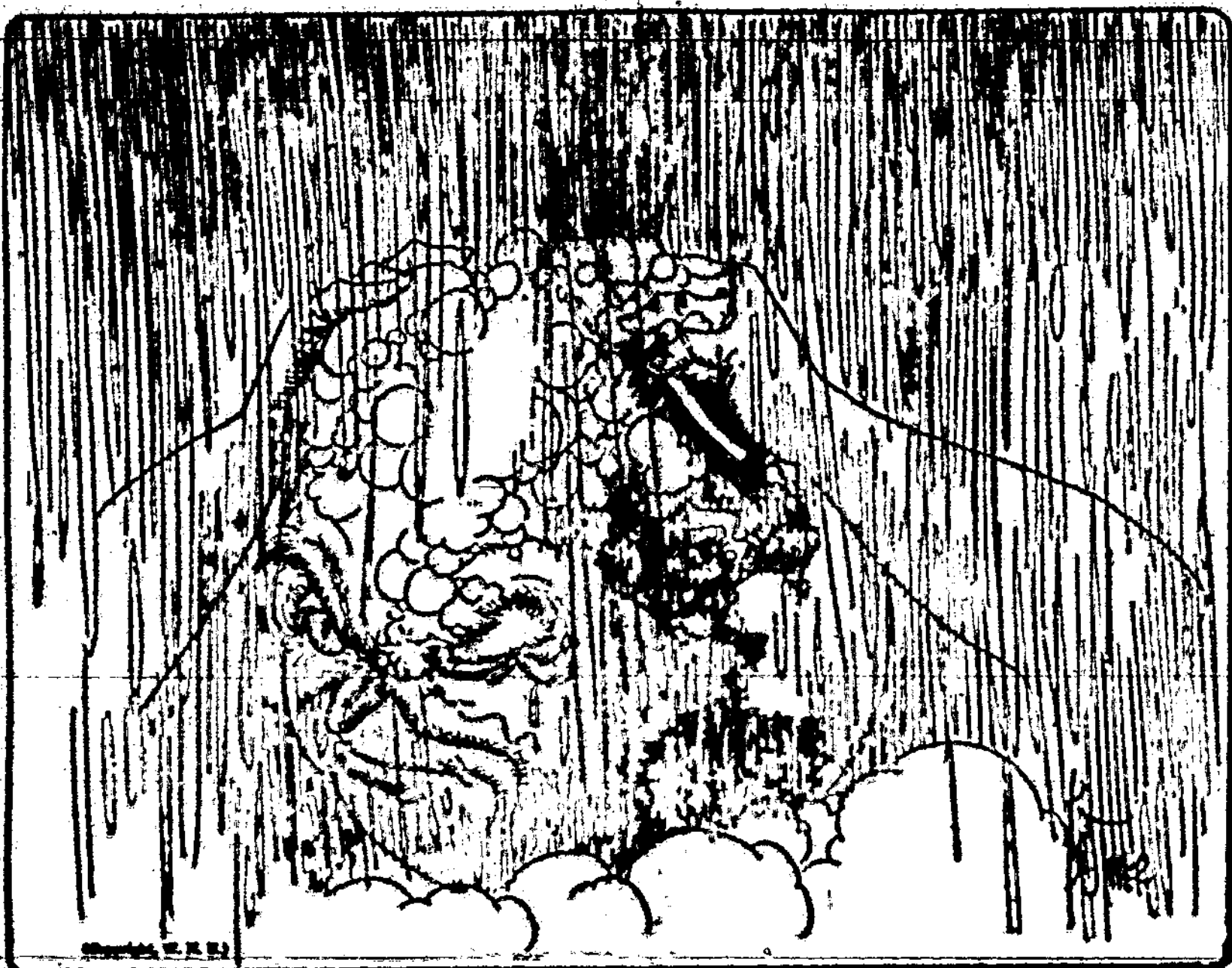
We are glad to report that Dick Parrish, manager of the Bonito Inn filling station, is up and around after a siege of flu.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sager received word from Santa Fe Wednesday to the effect that Charley Spence is improving nicely at the hospital. Attending physicians say that he will be able to sit up for short periods of time, by the latter part of the week. His brother Bill, who has a ranch near Springerville, Arizona, visited him last week.

A man was put into his cell—they looked at each other. They so closely resembled each other that they looked like twins. The incomer had confessed to the crime and George was free.

The parents of Herman J. Salz of Woodward, Okla., were married on June 13, 1893, and Herman was born on Friday, March 13, 1896. This year, he celebrated his birthday on Friday, Mar. 13. Thirteen times has he barely missed getting killed; six times in auto wrecks and seven in airplane crashes. In 1935, he went by train to Chicago and before he arrived the train was derailed. He asked how far they were from Chicago and the conductor answered: Thirteen miles. He returned from that trip by auto and broke down 13 miles from his home town. He lives at number 1313 thirteenth street, Woodward, Okla. He avows that he is not superstitious.

April Showers



WOMAN'S CLUB

The regular meeting of the club was held at the home of Mrs. Nellie Branum, Friday, Apr. 17, with about 50 members present. The club voted to have a covered dish supper served buffet style to be followed by an evening of entertainment celebrating the club's anniversary.

It was decided that the May meeting be changed to Saturday, May 16, to avoid confliction with school activities. Mrs. J. V. Taylor will be hostess.

After the business session, the following program, arranged by Mrs. Sullivan, was given: Song, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," Mrs. Don English, Miss Leslye Cooper, Muriel Burnett, Mrs. Kelley, Pianist; Piano, D. U. a t. March Militaire, Zane Harkey, A. N. Spencer; Talk on Banking, Mr. Brickley; Song, "Pray on, Brother Christian," Mrs. Don English, Miss Leslye Cooper, Messrs. Jones and Burnett, Mrs. Kelley, Pianist. Delicious refreshments of cake, coffee and tea were served by Mmes. Clouse, P. M. Johnson, J. E. Hall, Richard, Kroggel, Grey, Watson and Miss Leslye Cooper.

M. E. CHURCH

Order of Worship, Sunday Evening, 7:30 o'clock.

Prelude. Invocation sentence. "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." Singing by congregation. Apostles Creed recited by all. Prayer concluded with Lord's Prayer, Choir responding, "Bow Down Thine Ear O Lord." Lesson from Old Testament. People singing. Notices and offering. Anthem by choir, "Let all the Earth Keep Silence." Sermon, "Love the Theme of Life." Congregational singing. Prayer of benediction. Postlude, "God be With You."

Come to both services at 11 and 7:30. Our new platform has been completed. Come and see the new improvement in worship. I will preach Sunday afternoon at Ancho at 3 P. M.

—J. A. Bell, pastor.

Boy Scouts Jamboree

Scoutmaster Phil Bright left yesterday morning for the district Jamboree, at Lake Vann, near Dexter, accompanied by 12 Boy Scouts: Billy Bamberger, Jack Greer, Orlando Vigil, Bob Mackey, Bobby Shafer, Elbert Dudley, Buddy Rowden, Chas. Snow, Thos. and R. D. Truax, Preciliano Herrera, Roy Johnson.

Committeemen Roy Shafer and T. E. Kelley will assist the Scoutmaster in transporting the boys to and from the Jamboree, which covers the last three days of the week.

LYRIC THEATRE

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:45 p. m. Thursday-Friday-Saturday JACKIE COOPER IN "Dinky"

With Mary Astor, Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. With flags waving and bands playing, the screen's biggest little man wins his sergeant's stripes—and wins your heart all over again. Also Red Rider No. 14 and "Soft Drinks and Sweet Music."

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday "Let 'Em Have It"

With Richard Arlen, Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady, Bruce Cabot. An exciting story of the Department of Justice which moves along at a fast pace. Mickey Mouse and Music Land.

Matinee Sunday at 2:30. Night show at 8:00.

A Newspaper Man "Would" Find Prehistoric Bones

Floyd Rigdon and Haskell Bingham of Carlsbad were on their vacation last week and were fishin' at Elephant Butte Dam. According to the report, Mr. Rigdon, who is publisher of the Carlsbad Current - Argus, made the report of finding the jawbone and teeth of a mysterious prehistoric animal.

Commenting on the queerness of the discovery, Paul Dodge of the Tucumcari News says: "Something screwy about the above dispatch. Hot Springs must be selling a different brand than is handled around Tucumcari."

Rev. Jordan Resigns

Sunday evening at the local Baptist Church, where he has been the pastor for the past five years, Rev. L. D. Jordan will preach his farewell sermon. He will leave the first of the coming week for Belen, where after a short period of rest, he will accept a pastorate in one of the churches to which he has been invited.

During his stay among us, Rev. Jordan has accomplished much good, Church and Sunday School attendance has greatly increased and the organization on the whole, has experienced a decided revival. We wish him a full measure of success in all his future undertakings and join with his many friends in regretting his departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sandoval, formerly of Picacho, are now residents of Carrizozo, Mr. Sandoval being employed at the Southern Pacific Hotel.

Corona News

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Moore of Brownsfield, Texas, arrived Sunday to visit the Bryan Hodge family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodge made a business trip to Roswell last Tuesday.

We are very glad to know Miss Donnie Franks is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davidson and daughter were Carrizozo visitors Monday.

A large crowd attended the Senior play and dance last Saturday night.

Miss Mary Pickett Warden of Carrizozo was the guest of Miss Dorothy Yarbrow last Saturday.

Frank Hodge and daughter Bonnie Frank were in Carrizozo last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sears of Capitan were Corona visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Casey went to Denver last Saturday, returning Monday accompanied by Mr. Casey's parents.

Mart Gilmore, rancher of Engle, N. M., arrived Tuesday to visit Mrs. Stella Willingham and daughter for a few days.

L. M. Casaus and E. Bello of Clauch were business visitors here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carsley Baker returned Tuesday night from a business trip to Liberal, Kan.

Carol Berryman left Tuesday morning for Eunice, N. M.

W. T. Pruitt enjoyed a visit last week from his brother and son from California.

Mr. and Mrs. John DeGrafteried were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Brown.

Miss Pearl Davis has as her guest her mother who arrived last week from Los Angeles; she will remain here several weeks.

John Messer left Monday for Raton where he will be employed for the next few months.

Miss Athol Franks came up from State College to attend the senior play and dance here Saturday night.

Oscura Items

Chas. Thornton and Gene Kimmons are painting the school-yard fence this week.

Mrs. Ware Brazel visited in Carrizozo Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snow of Carrizozo visited Mr. and Mrs. Mack Brazel Sunday.

Jessie Brazel, who is staying with the Ayers family at Three Rivers and going to school at Tularosa was with the home folks Sunday.

Harley Smith of Hutchison, Kan., is visiting his brother Vance and family this week.

Jess Huffman came in from the ranch to visit home folks Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Smith are the proud parents of a baby boy born at Carrizozo, April 22.

James Kimmons went to Alamogordo one day this week.

A. B. Helms passed through Oscura Monday.

R. E. Kent received word Wednesday that his father was very ill at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Irene Brown visited Wilma and Delpha Jo Huffman Tuesday.

Carrizozo Cobras vs. Mesquero Indians, Sunday, Apr. 26

Personals

Misses Helen Rice of Lincoln and Charlotte Rice of Fort Stanton left the first of the week for Seattle, Wash., where they will visit relatives for a short season.

Mrs. Rose Bamberger, popular clerk at the Kelley Hardware & Sport Shop, who has been ill of late, has now recovered and is back at her duties.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Blaney and Mrs. Blaney's sister Mrs. Rogers visited the Carlsbad Caverns last Sunday.

Mrs. Brack Sloan of Roswell visited her husband Stockman Sloan and Carrizozo friends the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Seldon Burks of Capitan were business visitors in town this Wednesday.

Mrs. Erva Clauch has received a letter from her father, J. R. Adams, who is now at Santa Fe in the employ of the state. Joe says he likes his position, but the only drawback is that he gets spells of home sickness.

E. M. Brickley and sister Miss Ella were here from Carlsbad last Friday for Activity Day exercises, leaving for home Saturday morning.

Mrs. Steve Bule and infant daughter returned the first of this week from a pleasant visit with relatives in Texas. They are now visiting Mrs. Bule's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter of Luna for a short time.

Mmes. Lillian Lane and Ray Sipple were visitors from White Oaks this Thursday.

Mrs. Josefa S. Vega received word this morning from her brother, C. D. Sandoval, who is now at Bingham Canyon, Utah.

To Mrs. Chas. Page—Many thanks for your recent favor.

Frank Batancourt of Fort Stanton has lost a valuable police dog. He is very anxious to have him returned; therefore, anyone locating the dog would confer a great favor on Frank by returning the dog. He answers to the name of "Sailor."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McFadin of their ranch near Gran Quivira were Carrizozo business visitors this Wednesday.

As Sunday, April 26, is the 117th anniversary of OddFellowship, the Rebekahs are planning a basket lunch to be served at OddFellows' Hall at 5 p. m., after which those who wish are invited to attend church services at the Methodist Church.

Big dance at the Country Club tomorrow night, April 25. Good music.

Sam Ward of Oscura was a business visitor in town this Thursday.

Mrs. John Rowland of the Caballo - Hot Springs vicinity, is in town visiting Carrizozo relatives and friends for a short period.

Attorney E. M. Barber of Tucumcari was here on business this Friday.

The genial Pat Murphy of the stock firm of White & Murphy near White Oaks, was here on business this Thursday.



Hugh Bradley Says

It's Vacation Time So Let Guests Run the Column

Hugh Bradley is vacationing. And so, this week his shoes are filled by Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees, Chick Meehan, Manhattan college football coach and John G. Jackson, president of the United States Golf association.

By Col. Jacob Ruppert

I GUESS I was born with a couple of silver spoons in my mouth. By that I mean that the man is twice lucky who can combine recreation with business the way I have been doing the last twenty-odd years since I bought the Yankees with Colonel Huston. And seven years later I owned the club all by myself. I never regretted either transaction.

I would do it all over again gladly. Every day I like baseball better. The game has its headaches—but its thrills, too. And what business doesn't have a headache? The winning hit in the ninth inning with the bases full leaves me as limp as a kid—and just owning a ball club has its kick, too.

Just now I've discovered a new one in the chain store system. I didn't believe in the Branch Rickey idea at first; then I realized that it was the finest system to the ball player. Tying a string to a young player and wedding him out on option doesn't give him a fair chance to make the most of his ability.

Now there are seven cities in the Yankee chain. We're developing our own players—Joe DiMaggio will probably be our last big purchase.

I like to sit back in my grandstand seat and watch the youngsters fight their way up through the different classifications to their big moment—opening day at the Yankee stadium.

No psychologist could set for a better opportunity to study character. It's a study of temperament and actions. It's mighty interesting to see how the boy reacts to his opening. Some of them keep hustling all the time. Others let well enough alone.

The hardest thing is to change a laxy youngster into a hustler of the Ty Cobb type. It's really seldom done. Ball playing is a natural gift like being an actor, a lawyer or a great singer. There is always the man who immediately steps in the front.

My first love was horse racing—but it doesn't wear as well as baseball. The thrill in a horse race lasts only a couple of minutes. A ball game lasts two hours.

But baseball is a game for sunshine. That's why I'm against night baseball for the big leagues. It will never come to stay. The fan likes his seat in the sun.

I think some of the club owners raised the cry of "Wolf!" too quickly. Baseball is a business and it felt the depression the same as any other business. Now the people have become accustomed to the depression, have adjusted themselves to it—and baseball picked up last year.

Yankees of '27 Were Best Club Ever

I've been asked if I ever expect to get another Babe Ruth. If I said so it would be in the nature of a baseball bromide. About all I can do is hope. That's one of the charms of the game—you never know what you may dig up. My best ball club was the Yanks of 1927. It was the best club ever put together. It could come through any time.

But don't make the mistake of belittling my present Yankees. Gehrig and Gomez are sure to have better years, and the operation on Crossett's knee was successful. Raife and Sal Kirk are improved players and Roy Johnson shapes up well for the outfield. I wouldn't swap my pitching staff for any in the league.

Naturally the Tigers are the team to beat. They have come through twice in a row. The Red Sox still need pitchers, but are pretty powerful looking otherwise. I always fear the Indians.

Well, it's still a great game—the game we all love, player and fan and owner alike. If I could develop another Ruth in my chain store I want to say that it would make up for all the losses you have to take in the minors. It would make up for them financially and in the pride of achievement.

But there's no kick in winning all the time. I don't even know that I want my Yankees to be 100 per cent perfect.

By Chick Meehan DOING a guest column for Hugh Bradley is a cheerful reminder of the pleasant visits we had every Saturday night during the football season.

At the end of last season the football interest of the country was concentrated on the Southwest and many people have wondered how that came about. The only explanation that I can give is that football, with its interest and wild enthusiasm, has reached fever heat in different territories throughout the United States at different times. Texas was the latest.



Back in the old days when football was getting its foothold as a national game—the Big Three—dominated the East to such an extent that when All-American teams were picked at the end of the season eight of the eleven would be members of the Big Three and the few selections that remained would be made mostly from the other large colleges in the East. From the East the enthusiasm spread to the Midwest and reached such glowing heights that the Western conference, composed of the Big Ten institutions in the Midwest, was formed.

This was a fine move for football, as well as the individual colleges, since each college in the Midwest was anxious to outdo the others and the conference served as a check on every member of the group. From the Midwest, football moved into the Missouri valley, and I believe the game in the Missouri valley, over a long period of years, has progressed on a more even keel than in any section in the United States.

The South came along next, with John Heisman's Georgia Tech Golden Tornado—leading the parade. Every southern institution has had great teams at one time or another ever since, and in my opinion, southern football always will be of the first grade, because the preliminary tripping season comes in February. All the Dixie coaches take advantage of six or eight weeks of practice, with the result that their teams are the best ball handlers in the country.

Following the South, the wild wave of enthusiasm brought great football teams to the west coast. A man named Henderson, who coached Southern California, and has since been forgotten, did more to stimulate interest in the sport on the coast than any of the famous men that have succeeded him.

Southwest Is Now Football Stronghold

Now we come to the Southwest. When S. M. U. and Louisiana State, which is considered a southwestern team, although it is in the Southern conference, stepped out and showed the way, it didn't take long for Texas Christian, Texas U., and Texas A. and M. to fall in line. This is the sizzling hotbed of football of the nation today and, with the Texas Centennial going on this year, it should be even hotter.

Incidentally, Manhattan, the college that always meets a team on its rise, will be down there to play Texas A. and M. in the closing game of our schedule, after which, if conscious, I will be able to tell you much more about football in the Southwest.

By John G. Jackson

Cities throughout the country are becoming aware of the fact that many of the prominent competitors of today are drawn from the ranks of public links golfers and are hastening to complete bigger and better public courses—such as the one at Bethpage State park in Farmingdale, L. I., where the national championship is to be played. Not only are the courses being improved—and they can stand it—but the accommodations for the players, taking the form of more commodious clubhouses, are also being bettered.

This development of public links golf is bound, in an extremely short time, to react to the benefit of private clubs and the game of golf itself. Youngsters, now unable to stand the tariff of private club membership, are getting a sound grounding in the game, one that will stand them in good stead when they can afford to join a club.

The growth of public links is merely another indication that the game is ever growing, never static. It is improving and developing from year to year, with promising youngsters continually popping up into the headlines to serve us a spur to other youths.

Golf Attendance Ruled by Talent

We have found, in the past, that golf attendance is ruled more by the caliber of the competition than by the location of the tournament. As the outstanding example of that principle, I can best refer to the case of Bobby Jones. When Bobby was in his prime, he could jam the galleries and make the marshals' work a nightmare no matter where he was playing. There's no one today, in either pro or amateur ranks, comparable to him as a drawing card.

The average golfer probably does not realize just how much tournament receipts mean to golf and the United States Golf association. In proof I offer figures from a recent report of the executive committee, which show that over a period of nine years a net disbursement of \$6 per cent of the dues paid by member clubs was devoted to the work of the greens section.

Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB



Hello, Everybody!

"Snapping Doom"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

MAKE room for Pete Gill of New York City. Pete is today's Distinguished Adventurer, and since there's always room for one more in the Adventurers' Club, we won't have any trouble finding a seat for him. Pete is a ship steward—not a steward on a big ocean liner, but the sort of one who has charge of the feeding of the crew on a tramp steamer. That kind of a steward goes a heck of a lot of places and sees a heck of a lot of things. And usually, he has a heck of a lot of things happen to him, too.

Well, sir, Pete is no exception to that rule. He's had plenty of things happen to him. But the most hair-raising of them all was that adventure in Australia. In the spring of 1922 His ship sailed out of San Francisco in May, and its first stop was at a port that went by the peculiar name of Rockhampton Ment Works.

It was just a canning factory dock, about four miles from the town of Rockhampton on the northeast coast of Australia. Rockhampton itself was only a small town. The whole doggone region wasn't very thickly populated. Between the town and the meat works there was a strip of desert that wasn't inhabited at all.

It was Pete's first trip to Australia and he wanted to see the place, so he decided to take a walk to Rockhampton. Before he left he arranged to meet some of his shipmates in town at a pub run by a man named Jack Oak. He started out about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. And as he left a longshoreman warned him: "Watch out for dingoes. This part of the country is full of them."

Ever Hear of Dingoes? They're Wild Dogs Pete had heard of dingoes—the wild dogs of Australia—but he had never thought there'd be any that near the coast. He didn't take the longshoreman's warning any too seriously, but he did cut himself a good stout stick to defend himself with, just in case some of those wild pooches did come along.

Pete walked for about two miles without seeing a sign of any wild animal. He had covered half his journey by then, and he was beginning to think that longshoreman's story was just a lot of horse feathers. Then suddenly he heard a sharp yelp behind him and whirled about. There, not a hundred feet away from him were six dingoes, their heads down, foam dripping from their jaws, making for him at full speed.

Pete knew better than to try to run from a pack of dogs. That was just what they wanted. A dog is most dangerous when pursuing a fleeing quarry. He stood in his tracks and faced the oncoming beasts, thanking his lucky stars that he had stopped to cut the stick, which he now held poised, ready to swing at the first dingo that came at him. "In a few seconds," Pete says, "they were on me. I swung the stick and beat the first one off. I had barely time to whip the stick up again when another jumped. I knocked that one down. Then the dogs drew off a bit and began to circle around me."

That was what Pete had been afraid of. Once they began lunging at him from all sides, he would not be able to defend himself. He'd have given anything at that moment for a tree—a wall—a rock—anything he could get his back



The Snarling Devils Were Lunging at Him From All Sides.

up against. Anything that would keep those snarling, snapping devils out in front of him, where he could hold them off. But on that flat, sandy stretch of Australian desert there was no shelter for miles.

Odds Against Him Were Six to One.

Behind him a third dog growled and closed in. Pete turned to beat him off, and as he did so another leaped at his throat. If that dog had made it the battle would have been all over—but somehow he managed to get his stick between him and the animal. A fifth dog jumped and tore the sleeve off Pete's coat. For ten minutes Pete fought on. He didn't get off unscathed, either. That dog that had taken his coat sleeve had taken a little flesh along with it. His trousers were in shreds, and blood was streaming from his fingers, legs and arms. "I was pretty weak from swinging," he says, "and from the loss of blood, although by that time I had almost beaten one of the dingoes to death, they were still coming at me."

Courage Plus a Big Stick Saved Him.

Then the battle began to turn in Pete's favor. Two of the dingoes ran away. Another was laid out on the sand, half dead from the beating Pete had given it. He made another vicious swing and laid out another dog, but the remaining two still kept coming. By that time courage began to come creeping back into Pete's body. He began to feel that maybe he could handle these two remaining dogs after all. And then over the top of a sand dune came a man—a native of the country. He raised a rifle and there was a sharp crack. The last two dogs turned and ran, and in another minute Pete was being half carried toward the town of Rockhampton.

The Australian took Pete to Jack Oak's pub, and they put a couple of stiff drinks of brandy into him and tied up his wounds. After that, Pete felt better again. Jack Oak drove him back to his ship in his car, and the ship's doctor did the rest. But here's the joke of the whole business. "If I had only known enough to light a match," says Pete, "I'd have been all right, because the dingoes don't like fire and won't go anywhere near it."

—WNU service.

Tobacco Used as Remedy for Cholera in France

During the cholera epidemic in France in 1831 the use of tobacco was said to induce immunity. To ward off illness while the great plague of 1908 was in progress in London everyone was urged to smoke. Small children were compelled to take tobacco. At Eton classes were instructed to pause and light up at frequent intervals. writes Charles Smutny in the Chicago Tribune.

Who first brought the plant to Europe is not established, nor is it certain who smoked the first pipeful. Jean Nicot, whose name remains today in nicotine, sent tobacco seeds to France about 1560. Within five years Sir John Hawkins returned to England with tobacco. Most of Europe and parts of Africa and Asia had the weed by the opening of the seventeenth century. Snuff was preferred in France for many years. The "drinking of tobacco," as smoking was termed in England, became common

and later fashionable through the example of Sir Walter Raleigh. Every schoolboy knows the legend of the drenching of Sir Walter Raleigh by his valet. This faithful fellow, for the first time seeing smoke issuing from the mouth and nostrils of his master, believed him to be afflicted and promptly emptied a bowl of water, ale, or beer over Sir Walter. The beverage changes as do the characters in the anecdote. Slightly varied versions are given for Richard Tarleton and others. Another Sir Walter Raleigh yarn involves a wager with Queen Elizabeth. He bet that he could weigh tobacco smoke. First he weighed a pipeful of tobacco, then smoked it and subtracted the weight of the ashes.

The Kalmucks The Kalmucks are a nomadic Mongol race of fearless horsemen and soldiers. Boddhi is religion, who inhabit parts of China, Siberia and Russia. Although of small stature, for centuries they have been noted as fierce warriors.

USEFUL BEES



How an Expert Handles Bees.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. THERE are some 800,000 bees in the United States, producing about 100,000 tons of marketable honey annually. And yet the bee is not a native.

There were no bees in North America when the Spanish explorers arrived. Settlers coming in later expeditions brought them, and at first the Indians called them the "white man's fly." Since then they have followed man in his migration and settlement of every part of the United States and Canada.

Until recently these insects' chief usefulness to man was their production of honey and beeswax—no mean service, since for centuries honey was virtually the only available sweet. But now, as pollinating agents, they perform a far more important duty.

In the pioneer stages of American agriculture, bumblebees and other native pollinating insects that fed upon nectar and pollen were plentiful everywhere. But the planting of vast areas which once were forests, prairies, and swamps with fields of grain, orchards, and gardens upset the delicate balance of nature.

Widespread cultivation of single plants in huge acreages brought about an abnormal condition of insect population. Injurious species, afforded an enormous food supply, prospered and multiplied until now serious insect pests menace almost every important crop.

Insecticides must be used to protect farm-crops, particularly fruits. Unfortunately, these materials kill not only harmful but beneficial insects. The toll includes honeybees and other wild bees, as well as the efficient bumblebees—all the insects that carry pollen from one blossom to another.

Plants Need Pollination.

Even yet we scarcely realize the dependence of many plants upon insects to effect pollination. The cutting of wood lots and the clean cultivation of our fields have added to the difficulty of survival of our useful insects, with the result that more and more dependence has to be placed upon the honeybee, the only pollinating insect that can be propagated and controlled.

Some plants bear only male flowers, which produce pollen but no fruit, and female flowers in the same species occur on a separate plant. To set fruit, pollen from the male plant must be carried to the female flower.

Some plants simultaneously bear both male and female flowers, but still require cross-pollination to set fruit. Then there is a third class in which both sexes occur in the same blossom. Some of these plants can set fruit with their own pollen. But in many plants pollen from another is necessary to set a full crop of fruit or seed.

Although the honeybee is by no means domesticated, it is easily controlled. Consequently, millions already are being moved from one section of the country to another and placed in orchards and on farms. Bee men in the South even offer for sale a pollination package, a wire cage filled with bees.

The grower distributes the requisite number throughout his orchards, opens the cages, and leaves the rest to the bees. Hundreds of full colonies are rented to orchardists during the peak of the blooming period. The bee has also largely replaced the camel's hair brush in pollinating cucumbers under glass.

Were it not for the work of the honeybee, most of our apple, pear, plum, and cherry orchards would bear poor crops, the growing of certain forage crops would be unprofitable, and the variety and quantity of our vegetables would be materially reduced.

Found in Nearly All Countries.

Honey and beeswax are produced over a wider geographical range than any other agricultural crop. There is scarcely a country in which honeybees are not kept. They inhabit the Tropics and Temperate zones, they are found in the deserts; on the mountains, in the plains, and in swamps, and as far north as Alaska.

Scattered over the world are several distinct races, such as the Italian, Carniolan, Caucasian, and Cyprian. All races, everywhere, react in almost the same manner. A skillful beekeeper can succeed in Australia as well as in Ohio, provided he keeps an eye to the weather and studies the local flora.

If honeybees are properly handled, there is no more danger in caring for them than in raising chickens. However, the belief that bees learn to know their master and will not sting him is without foundation.

During the active season the average life of a bee is six weeks. The first

two weeks are lived almost exclusively within the hive, but thereafter the bees pass most of the daylight hours in the fields when the weather is good, in search of pollen and nectar. Since the beekeeper rarely opens the hive more than once a week, there is little opportunity for the bees to become acquainted with their owner.

Some persons are so constituted that one sting may prove highly dangerous to them and require immediate medical attention, but these cases are rare. During the active season, a normal colony contains one queen, a fully developed female; thousands of unproductive worker bees, which are females only partly developed; and several hundred drones, or male bees. The queen is endowed with great powers of reproduction, since she can even produce male progeny without mating, but she cannot produce female bees, workers or queens, without going through the marriage ceremony. Thus, the mated drone is indispensable to the completion of the immortal cycle of the honeybee.

Queen's Wedding Flight.

Upon the wedding flight of the queen depends the subsequent development of the colony. On a bright spring day the virgin queen emerges from the hive and soars away to seek a mate from among the hundreds of drones cruising about in the warm sunshine. Blissfully, perhaps, the throne is seeking an encounter that will cost him his life, but insure the perpetuation of his race.

A moment after mating the drone dies and the newly mated queen at once becomes a widow. But this one mating enables the queen for the rest of her life, three or four years, to perform her maternal duties.

A few days after returning to the hive, she begins egg laying, slowly at first; but at the height of her career she may lay as many as 1,500 eggs a day and maintain this rate for days at a time.

She lays two kinds of eggs. One kind is unfertilized and hatches into a drone, or male bee. Mating has no influence upon this part of her family. Her sons are not the sons of her mate or husband, and are consequently fatherless, but they can claim a grandfather.

The other type of egg is fertilized by the queen with a male cell, of which she retains an almost unlimited number in a special organ of her body. The fertilized egg hatches into a female bee, usually a worker.

Thus both workers, or neuter bees, and queens come from the same kind of egg. Yet the two show marked differences. The queen has the function of reproduction; the worker bee has not. The queen bee possesses teeth on her mandibles, or jaws; the worker bee has smooth jaws. The worker bee has pollen baskets; the queen lacks them. The worker bee has a straight, barbed, untractable sting; the queen has a curved, smooth sting. The worker bee loses its life after stinging, but the queen does not.

A worker bee takes 21 days to develop from the egg to the adult, while a queen, who is much larger, requires only 15 or 16 days. The colony itself has the power of determining whether a fertilized egg shall develop into a queen or a worker bee.

Raising a New Queen.

During its normal existence, only one queen is necessary to maintain the population of a colony. Unlike the worker bee, who lives but six weeks, the queen may live two, three, or more years, but eventually she also becomes old and decrepit. Then a new queen must be raised to carry on the life of the colony.

The raising of a new queen is entrusted to the worker bees. An egg of a newly hatched larva less than three days old is selected. The cell in which the larva is deposited is broken down and enlarged and the helms apparent is given special care and attention from this time on. For the first three days worker and drone larvae are fed royal jelly, a milky white secretion from the glands in the heads of worker bees. After the third day a coarser food, such as nectar and pollen, is given them. The queen larvae, however, are fed royal jelly exclusively throughout the larval stage, which lasts five and a half days.

The difference in diet during the two and a half days, therefore, determines whether the larva will develop into a bee that cannot reproduce but possess all other maternal instincts, or one that has the function of reproduction but lacks all maternal instincts, for the queen becomes virtually an egg-laying machine.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FLETCHER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, © Western Newspaper-Union.

**Lesson for April 19
GOD, THE FORGIVING FATHER**

LESSON TEXT—Luke 15:11-24.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Psalm 103:13.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Boy's Good Father.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Welcome Home.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What is God Like?
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God's Forgiving Love.

The center of interest in this parable is not the prodigal nor his brother, but the "certain man who had two sons." In this parable, in a most picturesque and dramatic manner, the history of man is portrayed from his fall to his reconciliation with God. The whole orbit of revelation is swept as it pertains to a sinning race and a pardoning God. He who fails to see the heart of our Father God will miss the purpose of the parable. It should be understood and taught not as a piece of far-off ancient history, but as a portrayal of modern conditions.

I. The Son's Insubordination (v. 12). There is every indication that this was a happy home, but a devil entered it and stirred up discontent in the heart of the younger son. He became tired of the restraints of home. His desire for freedom moved him willfully to choose to leave home to throw off the constraints of a father's rule. Sin is the desire to be free from the restraints of rightful authority, and is selfish indulgence. It starts out with wrong thoughts about God.

II. The Son's Departure (v. 13). Having made the fatal decision, he went posthaste to the enjoyment of his cherished vision. He, therefore, got his goods in portable shape and withdrew from his father's presence. Adam and Eve, after they had sinned, hid themselves. The son could not stand the presence of his father, so he hastened away. When the sinner casts off allegiance to God, he takes all that he has with him.

III. The Son's Degradation (vv. 13, 14). He had his good time while his money lasted, but the end came quickly. Indications are that his course was soon run. From plenty in his father's house to destitution in the far country was a short journey. The sinner comes to realize the "famine" when the very powers which ministered to his pleasure are burned out.

IV. The Son's Degradation (vv. 15, 16). His friends lasted only while he had money. When his money was all gone he was driven to hire out to a citizen to feed swine. It was indeed a change from a son in his father's house to feeding swine in a far country. It is ever so that those who will not serve God are made slaves to the Devil (Rom. 6:16). This vividly portrays the story of many men and women about us, and is a picture of the inevitable consequences of sin.

V. The Son's Restoration (vv. 17-24). 1. He "came to himself" (v. 17). When he reflected a bit he was made conscious that though he had wronged his father and ruined himself, yet he was a son of his father. In the days of his sinning he was beside himself. The sinner continues in sin because he is insane. The world calls the sinner who leaves off his evil ways crazy, but in reality he has just become sane. If sinners could be induced to think seriously of their condition, it would be easy to get them to turn from their sins.

2. His resolution (v. 18). His reflection ripened into resolution. The picture of his home, where even the hired servants had a superabundance, moved him to make a decision to leave the far country and go home.

3. His confession (vv. 18, 19). He acknowledged that his sin was against heaven and his father, that he had forfeited his rights to be called a son, and begged to be given a place as a hired servant.

4. His action (v. 20). Resolution will not avail unless accompanied with action. When the confession is genuine, action will follow.

5. His reception by his father (vv. 20-24). The father had not forgotten his son. No doubt during these years he longed for the son's return. He must often have looked for him, for he beheld him when he was a great way off. So anxious was he for him that he ran to meet him and fell upon his neck and kissed him. So glad was the father that he even did not hear the son's confession through, but ordered the tokens of honor to be placed upon him, receiving him back into a son's position. Then the feast was made, expressive of the joy of his heart. God is love; Jesus came to reveal God. This parable lays bare God's heart.

A Good Heart

A good heart, a tender disposition, a charity that mends the day, a modesty that blushes at its own excellence, an impulse toward something more divine than mammon; such are the accomplishments that preserve beauty forever young.—Lord Lytton.

Virtues

Great souls are not those which have fewer passions and more virtue than common ones, but those which have greater aims.—La Rochefoucauld.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—In the last few weeks in Washington, we have heard little about any governmental affairs except taxes. Every one charged with responsibility for maintenance of government credit or the maintenance of the supply of cash to carry on the era of spending is talking about taxes. It is in truth the predominant subject, overshadowing even the lobby investigation headed by Senator Black, Alabama Democrat, with that committee's record of obtaining private telegrams by subterfuge.

It really is not startling that everyone should be talking about taxes because, however you examine the question of government at this time, your analysis must inevitably lead back to the question of the source of funds. And how could it be otherwise? We have a national debt \$5,000,000,000 larger than it has ever been before, and still going higher; we have seven or nine or eleven million people unemployed—depending on the source of your information on this point—and we are confronted with declarations from President Roosevelt and his advisers that more must be spent. It seems perfectly obvious, therefore, that saner minds should be examining the whole economic structure of the nation to determine from whence the money is to come.

Congress is in the midst of working out a new tax bill. The house of representatives, where revenue legislation must originate, according to the Constitution which is still operative, is up to its neck with the tax problem. It is trying to work out a tax bill that will carry out the White House orders to take more money from corporations by levies on surpluses along with some minor schemes of taxation designed to increase the total somewhat.

During the time the house ways and means committee was trying to formulate a tax program on the basis of the President's tax message, there was a perfect deluge of tax discussion hereabouts. I think it may be said in this connection, also, that the house ways and means committee did a rather ridiculous thing as a preliminary to presentation of a tax bill to the house. It actually began hearings on tax legislation without a tax bill in legislative language having been drafted. As far as I can learn, it was the first time that witnesses were called in and asked to testify as to the efficacy of proposed tax legislation when there was actually no language in legislative form about which those witnesses could testify, either for or against. All the committee had before it was a so-called "committee report," a statement of its views as to what ought to be done and it was almost pitiful to witness individuals who are expert on taxation attempting to catch on to some will-o'-the-wisp and say that it was sound or unsound. Yet, that was what Chairman Doughton, Democrat, North Carolina, and his committee asked them to do.

Perhaps I ought to explain for the benefit of those not acquainted with tax legislation that there is nothing so important in a tax bill as the exact language. There are few places in law where the use of a particular word or the placing of a particular comma makes so much difference. In tax law, the dotting of an i and the crossing of a t are, indeed, important.

One benefit has accrued from this situation, however, and I hope, as I believe everyone else does, that it will result in a tax bill generally more acceptable than has been proposed thus far. The maelstrom of discussion that has arisen from the house ways and means committee hearings has made a good many people "tax conscious." Being "tax conscious" at this time, a good many men capable of thinking straight have begun to offer suggestions.

I have been receiving some of them myself and one that has come to me has impressed me so much that I am going to use the substance of it in this column. It comes to me from Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, widely known business executive and banker of Chicago. Mr. Wheeler has been recognized for a quarter of a century as a man who is given to looking rather far into the future and for his ability to analyze problems, circumstances and conditions on a long-term basis rather than on urgency of current requirements.

"Since the consideration of the corporate surplus tax act began," Mr. Wheeler wrote me, "I have watched the proceedings closely for some alternative proposal that would produce a substantial tax revenue and yet tend to strengthen the program of the administration to assure continuing business recovery, create definite added employment in industries still down, and lower production costs and prices to the ultimate consumer.

"No one denies that increased federal revenue by taxation is imperative, but it may be open to argument whether this can best be produced by

the direct route of tax levies to cover full requirement or by beginning with a plan that will produce a large proportion of the requirements and permit the use of the remainder to accomplish the results first above stated.

"The proposal is very simple, quite capable of being written into legislative provisions; it would carry a clear guarantee of useful results and reach the final full requirements of the government by progressively increasing taxable profits.

"I propose that whatever per cent of undistributed profits may be determined upon as the tax base, permission shall be given for a draw-back or retention of say 20, 25 or 33 1/3 per cent on condition that this amount shall be used for capital expenditure to improve and cheapen production and distribution facilities.

"The draw-back may be by repayment to the taxpayer upon voucher evidence that the amount has been actually expended or by credit upon the second year's tax levy.

"Corporations will not fail to use this remainder and perhaps even add to it out of their available corporate resources.

"Permanent goods industries will at once be stimulated by the knowledge that purchases will be made to an aggregate of the draw-back, and stimulation of employment must result in most needed quarters.

"The universality of this improvement, in production and distribution facilities will create the competitive conditions that will compel savings to be passed on to consumers, but if any corporation tries to hold the added profits they will be taxed away in the following years.

"Living standards may be raised by making more commodities come within the range of prices the public will pay.

"Increased tax rates on income or earnings leads to the struggle to avoid payment by every device that can be developed. It may be that this plan of draw-back would distinctly modify this tendency.

It is the first time that I have heard from any source the suggestion that the tax law should be made an instrument to encourage business recovery and promote employment. All of the objections heretofore have been directed at the character of the proposal and have not included constructive thoughts which could be used as a new base. Mr. Wheeler's plan may not be complete. It may not represent an answer to the tax needs in their entirety, but it must be said in its favor that it suggests an approach to the necessary answer and embodies therein a plan of action which will not kill the goose that lays the golden egg. In other words, it has been proved too many times to require discussion that higher tax rates reduce the incentive and the chief opposition to the administration proposal is just that. It takes away the incentive of the corporations to make more money which would be available for taxation. The Wheeler proposal, therefore, offers an incentive to corporations to proceed with plans of expanding their operation and thereby increase the number of workers on their pay rolls.

I repeat that I do not know whether the Wheeler program is the complete answer but the fact that a man of his status in the country's business life is giving consideration to the tax problem on a long-term basis leads certainly to two conclusions. These conclusions are, first, that the country is nearing the limits of what might be called reasonable taxation and, second, that a very great majority of our people believe some consideration should be given to the need for an end to government spending.

If taxation has reached the point where an overexpanded federal government requires so much money that it must take away the backlogs, the reserves of business, then it is quite apparent that a shrinkage in this structure called government must begin. If it does not, one could reasonably say that government credit is endangered, or will be if the spending continues much longer.

We have been using up our resources actually in billions for the construction of many different types of things from which no earnings accrue. Then, in addition, I think no one can deny but that there has been wide-spread waste of these funds. It is a splendid thing to have excellent parks, fine public buildings, beautiful roads and reforested forests, etc., but they have to be paid for out of taxpayers' money. Moreover, there is no profit available from any such investments that can be taxed. That money is gone, dead. It is fine to have those things if we can afford them, but beauty of the countryside won't fill empty stomachs.

Wheeler's Suggestion

Nearing Tax Limit

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All Around the House

Footstools placed under the table will prove a source of great comfort to short people at meal times.

If your floors are worn and will not hold wax, try touching up the worn places with white shellac and then wax. The floors will be much improved by this treatment.

If the pan in which chocolate is melted is lightly buttered, it will pour more easily.

When making uncooked frostings with powdered sugar, add a little more sugar than recipe calls for. Sugar is likely to absorb moisture if left uncovered.

Tomatoes will keep for three or four days in a mechanical refrigerator if placed stems down in a shallow pan.

Tiny patties filled with chicken, crabmeat or lobster salad, served with afternoon tea, are appreciated by those who do not care for sweets.

Grated orange rind and two teaspoonfuls of orange juice added to fudge while cooking gives it a delicious flavor.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Parental Love
Parental love misguided can be a yoke on youth.

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The itching, burning pads give you instant relief from painful bunions; stop shoe pressure, chafing and shield the sore spot. Sold at all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

RUBBER ROADS

Experimental stretches of rubber highway laid in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, have worn well for three months, according to a report from Singapore, in the rubber plantations. Here and there, it was necessary to refix the edges with bitumen.

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"For thirty years I had chronic constipation. Sometimes I did not go for four or five days. I also had awful gas bloating, headache and pain in the back. Adierika helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want and never feel better. I sleep soundly all night and enjoy life."—Mrs. Mabel Schott.

If you are suffering from constipation, sleeplessness, sour stomach, and gas bloating, there is quick relief for you in Adierika. Many report action in 30 minutes after taking just one dose. Adierika gives complete action, cleaning your bowel tract where ordinary laxatives do not even reach.

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Mrs. Ines Liddle of 1397 W. Cedar Ave., Denver, Colo., said: "At 15 I was a worshipping girl. In womanhood I was useless and weak, suffered from functional disturbances and would have terrible pains. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was treated by normal health. I had no more periodic pains. I got more nourishment from my food, and I developed into a normal, healthy woman." All druggists.

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DOAN'S PILLS

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One set of tires will fit several implements. Tires can be changed quickly from one implement to another. Two or three sets are all you need to take care of practically all your farm implements.

See the Firestone Tire Dealer, implement dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today—and in placing your order for new equipment, be sure to specify Firestone Ground Grip Tires on your new tractor or farm implement.

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"With my tractor on Ground Grips it has about one-third more power, pulls two sixteen-inch plows in high gear under all conditions."—R. A. Wharram, Stanley, Ia.

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"Ground Grips save about one-half gallon tractor fuel per hour—show very little wear after two years."—L. R. Love, LaSalle, Colo.

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"Ground Grip Tires won't injure fields or roadbeds, or damage crops or seedlings."—Hugh G. Humphreys, New Hartford, N. Y.

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THE OUTLOOK

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

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

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NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION MEMBER



EDITORIAL COLUMN

Comments

By Lewis Burke

Cheerful. Beautiful day, ain't it? Now is the time for a bold refrain—Springtime.

While listening over the radio to the speech by the President the other night, the reception was OK; but along towards the last of his talk, something went haywire on the radio. And the well-known announcement "Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer," was brazenly quoted, very loud. Shuz, it would have to happen then. This story has a moral, "Get a new Radio." Or a new President.

Advices from El Paso today, Tuesday, are to the effect that Lewis Bright, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bright, now weighs 4 pounds and two ounces. And the nurse says "he knows her, and is awfully cute." Little Lewis is at the Hotel Dieu. He is not, and never was in an incubator as is generally supposed.

Ho, hum! We see that down in Ol' Mexico they are preparing for their favorite outdoor sport, "Playing Revolution." Call each other a vile name—and run. Call that warfare? We don't.

We were very much amused at the Easter Bunny display at the Petty Economy Grocery last week. It was a nice sight for the kiddies from 4 to 75. We're all kids, nevertheless. Some grown ups, and a few refuse to grow old.

We ask your sincere pardon if we say as a certain program on the radio, "I feel a verse coming on—"

Silent and vast,
Sun-baked it lies,
The desert about us
In a noon-day dream.

This verse is, we think, appropriate of this section of New Mexico before the afternoon's "Siesta," or nap.

The above poem isn't original, being swiped from the New Mexico Magazine. Si, Senor.

Why is it that Cowboy Songs are generally mournful in character? A sad example follows—

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will yelp o'er me
In a narrow grave—just six by three—
Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie."

We notice that Knox is leading Borah in Illinois. Just what Borah wants—some excuse to bolt the GOP.

—Advice, from the land of Perpetual Sunshine, Turquoise Sky, Romance—and Tequila.

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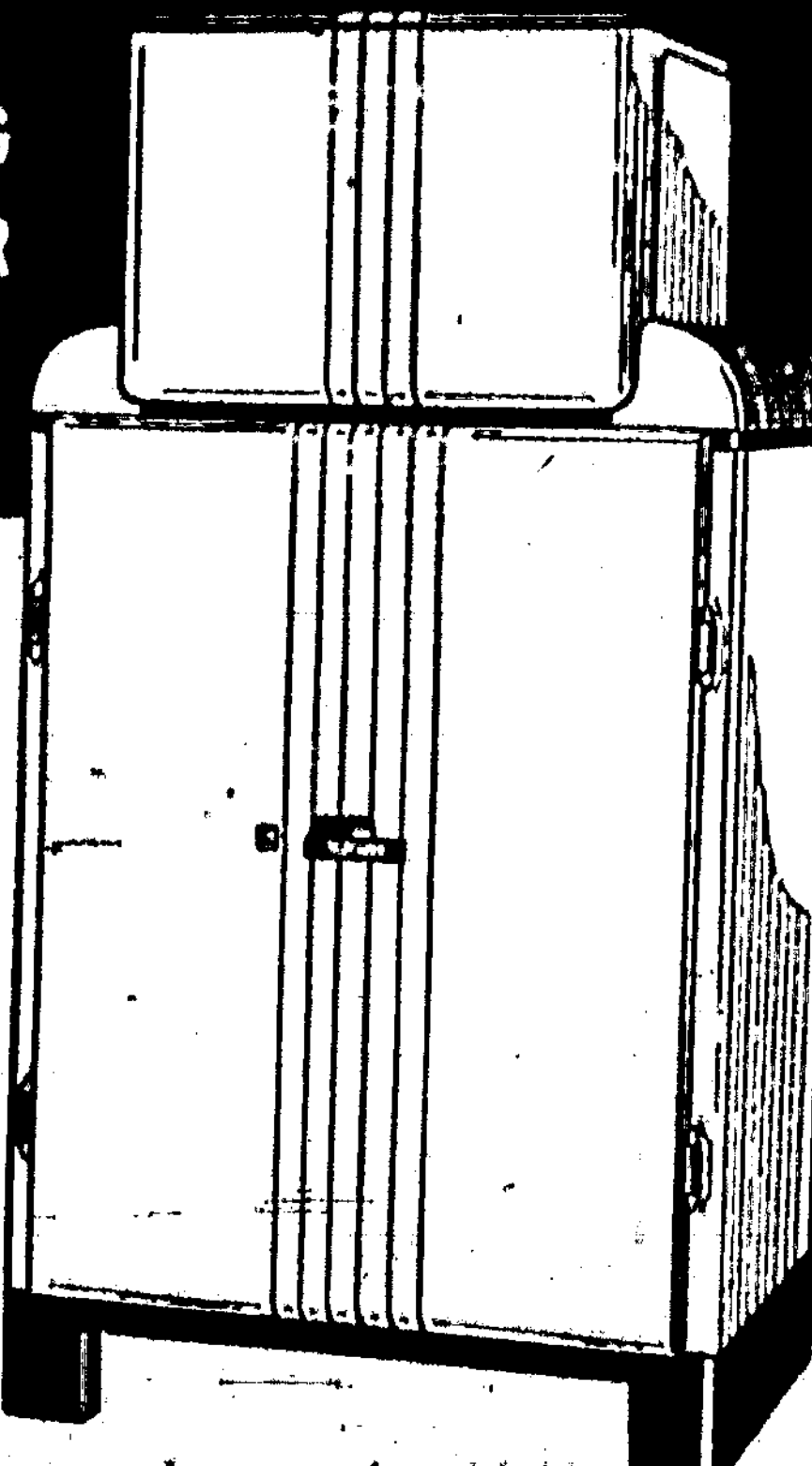


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12 THINGS YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SUPERFEX

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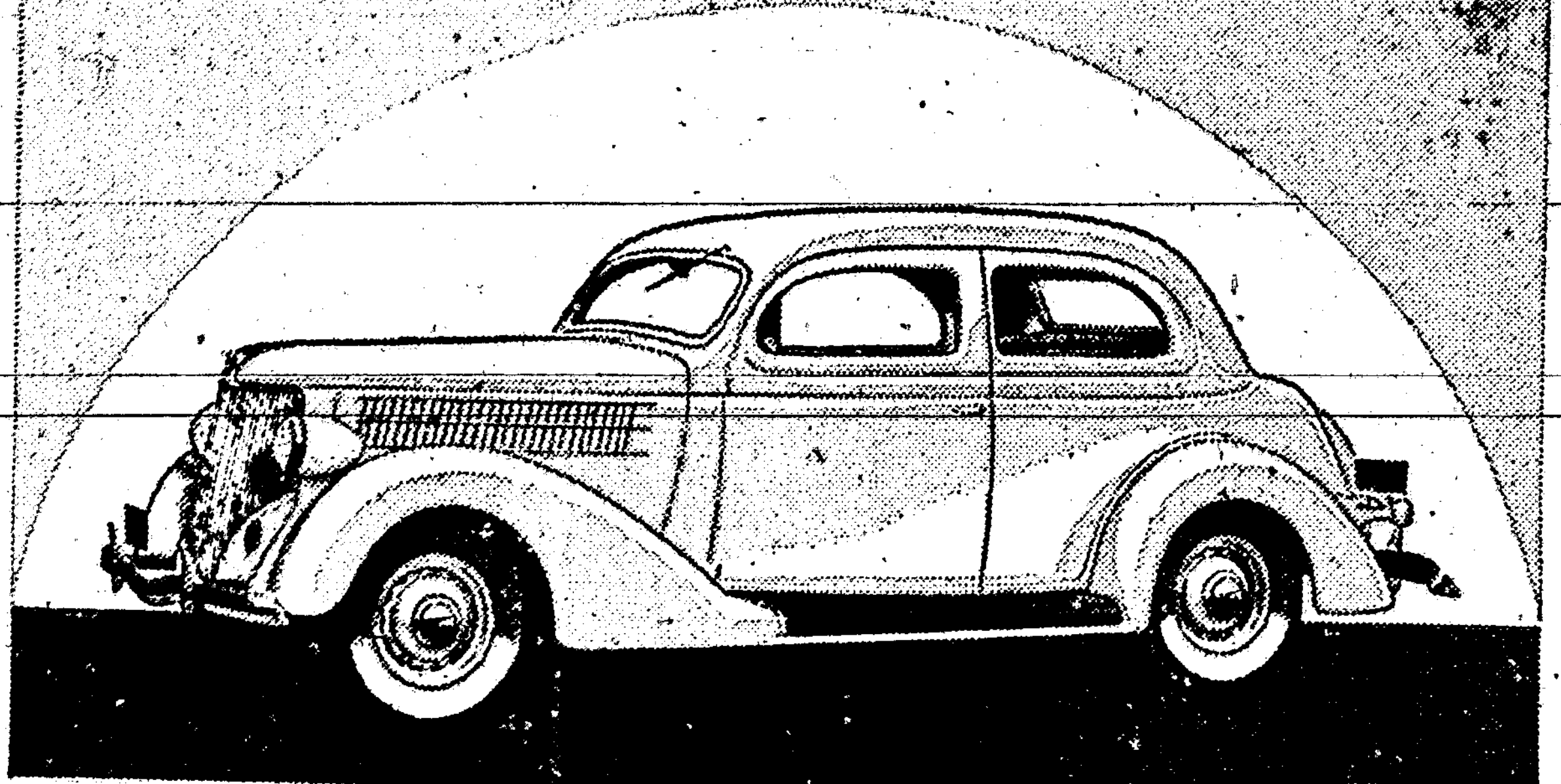
1. Permits you to buy, at one time, enough perishable provisions to last for days. Keeps dairy products in top-price condition until they can be sent to market.
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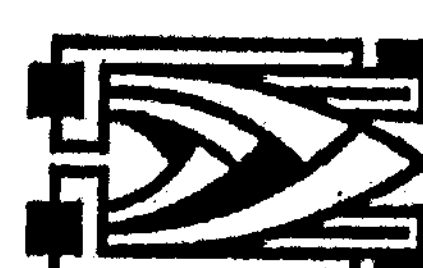
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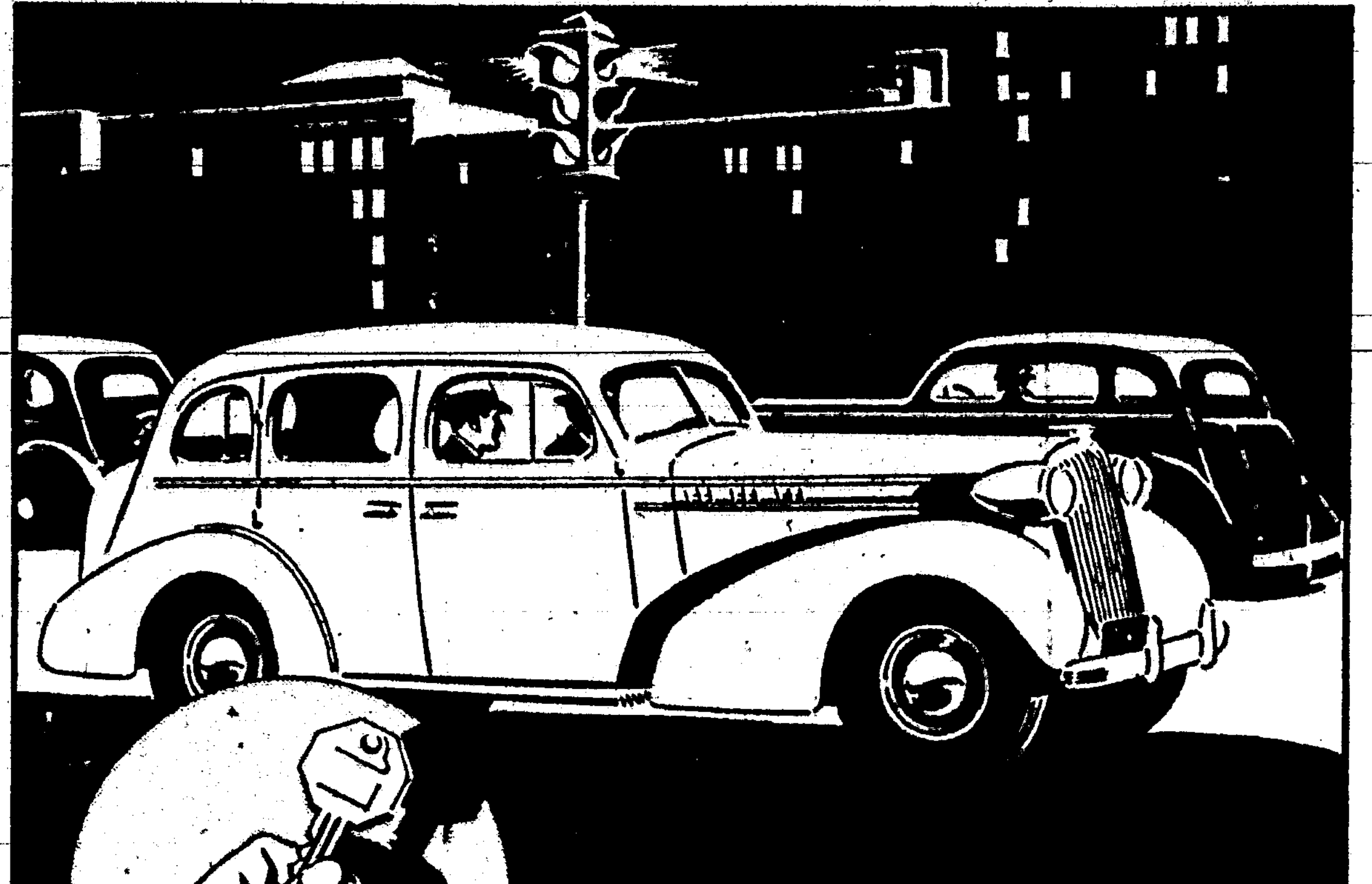
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Carrizozo — New Mexico

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CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly worthless. Lilith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the motor of the plane. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane afloat and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Garth experiences difficulties in getting his companions into line. An experience with a bear helps. Returning from a long sleep in the woods, Garth finds the party has stolen the tea and sugar he has been saving for emergencies. His makes no objection, simply pointing out that he is accustomed to a strict meat diet, and that they are hurting only themselves. The work of getting ready for the trip continues. Huxby refuses to help, and works on the mining claim.

CHAPTER V—Continued

No man of the engineer's coldly calculating character would stop at anything, when the stakes of the game meant a placer worth a million or more. Mother Nature could now be counted on to keep the spoiled hellcat in line. But the Wild would only sharpen and intensify the engineer's craft and avarice.

After eating his fill, Garth took to Huxby's bed, beside the smudge-fire. He awakened to find that the sun had taken its northern dip and was just slanting up again above the mountain crests. It had been under much longer than in June. The summer was getting well along.

Huxby had stayed on watch to keep the fire going. His net curtain's off-hand good morning with a show of civility. His cool reasoning had brought him to the realization that nothing was to be gained by upbraiding Garth.

When Miss Ramill left the toan to, Garth stooped in under the low roof and began to rub her father's knees and hips. The millionaire groaned that he had been stricken with a terrible attack of lumbago and rheumatism. It was impossible for him to move.

Indecent of the plains, Garth rolled the complainer out beside the cold baked leg of moose. The "stick" man ate more than either his daughter or Garth. Afterwards, insistent urging and the promise of an easy work-out persuaded him to get on his feet. They wandered around through the woods, with frequent pauses in the glades.

When, several hours later, they returned to camp Miss Ramill had completed one moccasin and was doggedly stitching at its mate. Huxby came down from the trough with the gold pan. Garth melted the last of the moose fat in it and fried a heaping mass of mushrooms. For salad, he shook a quantity of pleasantly acid sorrel from the bottom of his pail. With berries for dessert, the meal became a banquet. While it lasted there was a general glow of good feeling. Even Huxby spoke pleasantly to Garth.

As before, Garth turned in at the same time as Mr. Ramill. He awakened to find the first pair of moccasins slashed. The girl had met his terms.

He gave Huxby the moose bed, and started to collect fatfish stones as heavy as he could toss. When he had pitched a dozen or so upon the cache platform, he strung the smoked slices of meat on rawhide thongs. Raking aside the smudge-fire, he stood on the rack and tied all the meat close up under the cache platform.

He then climbed upon the platform and piled the stones on the tie-things where they came around the poles. That would keep waterlines or other pillars from gnawing the rawhide to let the meat fall. No four-foot creature could now get at the meat on the under side of the platform, and even ravens would have difficulty stealing much of it. To complete the job, Garth pulled off the cross poles of the smoke rack.

For breakfast, the party finished the baked leg of moose. As Garth had foreseen, his three city camp mates had developed camp appetites. Their craving for drink and tobacco had become a lesson.

At breakfast Huxby wear up the trough with the gold pan. Garth looked again for the glacier. This time the Ramill did not pant and gasp

so hard, nor did he have to stop so often to rest. The first climb had done more than strengthen his wind and flabby muscles. It had burned up the autotoxins in his system as well as sweat off many pounds of fat.

He managed to climb all the way to the lower end of the glacier. It took him less time than his part-way climb and he was far less exhausted. While he rested in a sunny nook on the rocky side of the lateral moraine, his daughter went down in front of the glacier with Garth. They came to the channel where the milky stream gushed out of a tunnel cave in the blue-white ice.

Garth pointed to a shelf of rock on the near side of the stream. He walked into the cave along the smoothly polished ledge. Lilith Ramill shuddered and glanced up fearfully at the steep over-hanging ice face that seemed about to crash down. Yet after a moment's hesitation, she followed Garth into the chilly blue shadow of the cave.

Several yards from the entrance Garth stopped before a narrow side hole that opened above a waist-high uprise in the bedrock. He reached in and picked up a bundled white skin. Out in the sun he opened the skin and showed a piece of frozen meat.

"How's that for cold storage?" he said. "Killed a young mountain-sheep on my way out, last month. Thought I'd test the glacier. Looks as if it's a safe meat house. No chance of spoiling, and not even a wolf has ventured inside."

Miss Ramill said nothing. She saw no reason to consider the cave of the slightest interest. There was, however, the meat. She suggested that if it was not spoiled, it would make a change from the moose meat. This proved true. Down at camp the young mutton was first thawed in cold water, then stewed in the gold pan.

The deermeat had been made by Ramill without aid. There was no need to support much less back-pack him. He had really begun to get a start in training. To Garth this was all the more reason for pushing the millionaire so much the harder.

In the week that followed, he alternated more climbs with trips around into the muskeg swamps. He led his sweating, swearing charge over niggerhead grass, where the heavy-bodied city man had to jump nimbly from one bit tussock to another or take a tumble.

Miss Ramill tagged along on these grueling hikes. She also made another climb up the gulch. Garth coaxed in the cave the hundred pounds of smoked moose meat he had brought up on his pack-board. He then led on up the glacier, halfway from its foot to the top of the pass. That gave the three climbers some real ice work. Coming back, Garth knocked three brace of foot hens from spruce limbs with a stick.

The half dozen grouse made a pleasant change. But even with a pair of salmon berries for dessert they proved a scant meal for the four meat-eaters. The last leg of moose had already been baked and eaten, the tongues broiled, and the second muffle stewed. The remainder of the smoked meat would not last long. So far, Garth had not interfered with Huxby's all-day panning out of the platinum alloy. He had not even asked to look at the take of precious metal. Food was a different matter. Instead of shooting another moose, he called upon Huxby to join in a caribou hunt.

A band of the big animals had drifted along the tundra terrace over towards the glacier. Garth counted fifteen. He waited until the band came within seventy-five yards. He then let drive, shooting rapidly yet with careful aim. One after another dropped, each with a bullet through the head. The stupid beasts stared in the direction of the sharp reports. But they could see nothing. The sixth went down before the nine survivors wheeled and clattered off in panic-stricken flight.

The flaying was well under way when Huxby and Miss Ramill came hastening along the tundra ahead of Mr. Ramill. The girl eyed the clean delicious-looking white fat on the first flayed body. "That looks good, Alan! Vivian, you can go back to your mining. Dad and I will help here."

Her father called out a panting suggestion for Huxby to wait and carry down a load of meat.

"No need," Garth said. "Don't stop. Huxby. Most of this venison is going on ice. None will be allowed to spoil."

The engineer did not linger. He had looked none too well pleased over the girl's familiar use of Garth's first name. Along with his displeasure about this, there could be no doubt of his eagerness to get back to the platinum panning. Each successive day he had shown himself still keener to continue the sampling of the placer.

When Garth slashed the flaying of the caribou, he started to dress out the bodies. Greatly to his astonishment, at the cutting up of the second caribou, she took the belt-ax and began to help. Mother Nature had cracked the polished shell of artificiality in which the pampered heiress had been con-

cased. The girl's few days in the Wild had awakened primitive instincts ground deep into the nature of woman during the remote past of mankind. Down through countless ages her prehistoric ancestresses had learned the bitter lesson that, in the wild, days of plenty are certain to be followed by days of famine. The cave man hunted the meat; the cave woman hoarded what she could of it against the time of want. Otherwise her children starved.

So, upon reflection, Garth's amazement passed. He had managed to cover it, even at the first, when Lilith Ramill took the belt-ax in her slender hand and severed the neck-bone of the caribou with a single blow.

Her father was the one who stared. He sat watching the girl's quick, eager wielding of the hand-ax, his mouth slack, almost agape. Garth could only surmise how she had always been coddled and pampered. Her father knew it. He knew how, since her childhood, she had been wrapped about with silken luxury, waited upon by attentive servants, petted and spoiled.

The millionaire had been born on a farm. He could recall seeing his mother help butcher sheep and hogs. But she was a farmer's wife. Lilith would not have known how to prepare a spring chicken for the pan. And now she was cutting up caribou.

Aside from an occasional word of direction, Garth said nothing. When he finished dressing out the fifth carcass, he handed his knife to his eager helper, packed a load of meat, and carried it to the ice cave.

Down in the gulch bottom he chose a porous stone that would hold perhaps three quarts. In the bowl he coiled a wick of twisted dry caribou



She Followed Garth Into the Chilly Blue Shadow of the Cave.

moss, piled in caribou fat, and lighted the wick. When the fat melted, the wick burned with a strong steady flame. Caribou ribs furnished a grating on which to broil steaks. The fat meat was deliciously tender, its flavor between venison and beef.

When even Mr. Ramill could eat no more, Garth carried the stone lamp into the ice cave. Upon his return, he had Mr. Ramill and Lilith look close at the caribou skins.

"You see they are hair, not fur. But every hair is hollow. Nothing is warmer than a caribou parka. In fact, the winter coat is too warm to be worn. That is why I killed six now, instead of one. You have never wintered in the North."

Mr. Ramill tensed as if provoked. "Wintered? You can't mean to infer you expect to stay on here. We have your promise to take us out."

Garth turned to meet the intent gaze of the girl's blue eyes. They looked as cold as the blue ice of the glacier tunnel. None the less, they had greatly changed since he had first seen them, over on the Mackenzie. They no longer showed a trace of their former cynical friendliness. The girl might be as hard as ever, but she was no longer bored or envious. For another thing, she had begun to lose her excessive thinness.

He answered her father: "You have my promise—more's the pity. A winter in the Eskimo would be a wonderful experience for Miss Ramill. However, she will of course prefer to go back to jams and cocktails, to paint powder and lipstick."

"She said: 'And rid of you!'"

"To be sure. That above all else," he agreed. "So how could I deprive you of that pleasure, or fail to give your father and your fiancée another chance to bink me out of my place?"

"I agreed to get you back to the Mackenzie. When we reach the old post, we part company. You and Huxby will then be free to go as far as you can."

"But in that case—No, you can't make me swallow it. I know you're not such a fool as to risk losing that placer."

Garth laughed outright.

"What'd you take me for? Your brand of gold-digger? Gad, that's the nubbin of it all. It's the reason you men like you and Huxby lose out. You worship the golden calf. Yet what value is there to riches other than what you get from them? Can you think of a more enjoyable game than playing draw poker, with our lives in the jackpot, and Fortune dealing us the cards of chance?"

"What's the catch?" inquired Miss Ramill, with a sudden upwelling of her sophisticated cynicism. "Lives in the jackpot—that means nothing. It's your placer that's in the pot. What stakes do you consider we have in to balance it?"

"That would be telling," he teased. "You'll know if I win. If I lose, it will not matter to any of you what you've risked. The show-down may come sooner than I expected. Your father is already in fairly good shape. We'll start the trip out as soon as these caribou skins have been tanned."

CHAPTER VI

Hell in the Muskeg.

Garth sat beside the camp fire, sewing new moccasins for himself. Nearby, the millionaire dealer in mines and his fastidious daughter scraped the raw sides of the six caribou skins and rubbed them with the tanning mixture of fat, liver and brains. Garth had told them they could either tan the skins, or wait for him to do it. Until the tanning had been finished, the trip out would not begin.

Mr. Ramill was so keen to start back for civilization that he went at the disagreeable task with energy and determination. Lilith not only worked as vigorously as her father, she showed a real interest in the tanning.

Huxby took no part in this preparation of the skins. When he came down to the camp from the platinum placer, the sight of his fiancée's doing such squaw work struck him speechless. He stared in blank amazement. When at last he found his voice, he started to threaten Garth:

"You've gone a bit too far, you roughneck. Stand up, or I'll kick you up. I am going to—"

The girl broke in, with cool scorn: "Fune off, old dear. You're set on static. It's not interference we want. Dad and I are giving this performance under our own direction. You see, it's a bargain. Alan agrees to start our trip out just as soon as these skins are all tanned."

The mining engineer drew back. "So soon as that? My dear girl, if he's going to rush us off, I don't see how I can spare any time here in camp. I haven't yet sampled all the area of the placer."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Manure Most Important in Aiding Plant Growth

The chemist's analysis of a short ton—2,000 pounds—of well rotted barnyard manure reveals that it is made up of 1,600 pounds of water and 600 pounds of dry matter. This 600 pounds of dry matter contains approximately ten pounds of nitrogen, five of phosphoric acid, 18 of potash, eight of lime and five of sulphur—a total of 41 pounds of chemicals—plus 459 pounds of organic matter, or "humus." In addition, asserts an authority in the New York Times, it contains a supply of certain bacteria and other microscopic organisms which are essential in effecting changes in the soil—the "breaking down" of chemical compounds existing in the soil into simpler and more soluble forms.

In other words, manure is so valuable in gardening because it provides, combined in this one substance, three distinct soil aids; first, small amounts of the main plant food elements (nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash) and also of lime (not a food element but a "digestion accelerator" in the plant's diet); second, a supply of humus or organic matter which helps to change any uncongenial, unresponsive soil into moisture-holding, friable, productive loam; and, thirdly, an active, thriving population of bacteria beneficial to plant feeding and plant growth.

Pressed wood, especially the compressed grade, has almost unlimited uses in home improvement and decoration. One woman used it effectively to replace the bottom of a piano bench that had fallen out long ago; and now the music is no longer scattered in window sills and on chairs. This same material was used to cover the unsightly top of a general utility table. Made entirely of wood and being warp-proof and moisture-resistant, pressed wood is sturdy; it yields easily to the saw and does not chip or crack under pressure of nails or screws.

U. S. Public Health Service The United States Public Health Service official seal bears the date of its origin, 1796, when it was known as the Marine Hospital Service. The present name was authorized by congress in 1906.

Swagger Knitted Coat for Spring or Summer That Is Done in Simple Stitch



She's mistress of all she surveys—and you're certain to be, too, if you elect this swagger knitted coat for easy making and all-round wear this spring and summer. So easy to knit in a simple loose stitch, with stockinette stitch for the contrasting border.

The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

The Completion Test
In this test ten incomplete statements are made. Each one can be completed by adding one of the four suggestions given. Underline the correct one.

1. The Rhine river flows into the—
—Bay of Biscay, Atlantic ocean, North sea, Baltic sea.
2. "Tale of Two Cities" was written by—
—Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, William Shakespeare.
3. The Michigan football team is called the—
—Hawkeyes, Boiler-makers, Wolverines, Gophers.
4. Sappho was a famous—
—Italian painter, Greek poet, Latin historian, Roman orator.
5. Charleston is the capital of—
—North Carolina, West Virginia, South Carolina, Massachusetts.
6. The zloty is a coin of—
—Germany, Russia, Poland, Slam.
7. Donald Budge is associated with—
—boxing, baseball, tennis, six-day bicycle racing.
8. The fifteenth President of the United States was—
—James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, James Buchanan.
9. Prospero was a character in—
—"King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "Hamlet."
10. Colgate university is located in—
—Hanover, N. H., Hamilton, N. Y., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Clinton, N. Y.

Answers

1. North Sea.
2. Charles Dickens.
3. Wolverines.
4. Greek poet.
5. West Virginia.
6. Poland.
7. Tennis.
8. James Buchanan.
9. "The Tempest."
10. Hamilton, N. Y.

Smiles

A Family Affair

Ella—Where does she get her good looks?
Bella—From her dad.
Ella—Why, I've seen him—he's not so handsome.
Bella—No, he's a druggist.

Dumb Male

Boss—Great Scott, Mose, how you come to be all bunged up like this? I thought you were one of the best mule-tenders in the business.
Mose—So I is, boss, but we done got in a mule last night what didn't know my reputation.

True, But—

Trainer (encouraging his man)—
What you've got to do is to stick to it and go for 'em, and you'll come through with a fine color.
Boxer (doubtfully)—Yes! But they'll be at half-mast—Royal Arcanum Balliett.



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SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
STEADIES THE NERVES

der, you'll find Germantown wool knits up very fast.

In pattern 5534 you will find complete instructions for making the swagger coat shown in sizes 16-18 and 38-40; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 250 West Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Woman Buying Ham Asks Butcher to "Burger" It

He was just a country butcher, but he deals with a lot of city slickers and he must be alert to see to it they put nothing over on him. He was discussing the suggestion that many of the customers who come to him are so dumb that he could sell them tripe for porterhouse steak. As an example he explained that a woman came into his shop and asked for a pound of ham. "This he cut, and then to his surprise the customer said, "Now please burger it."

The butcher did not grasp the request immediately, and then it dawned upon him that the buyer wanted meat for a hamburger steak. Trying to explain the makings used for a hamburger, the woman became very indignant, saying she knew what she wanted.

Not willing to accept his explanation, he did the next best thing and ran the slice of ham through the chopper, wrapped it up, and the customer went away in contentment. Her subsequent visits to the store were friendly and the subject was never mentioned.—New York Sun.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

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

Hospitals in Canada

There are 893 hospitals in Canada with a total bed capacity of 87,465 beds, according to a bulletin from the Canadian National railways. Of these hospitals, 448 maintain their own x-ray departments, 324 their own clinical laboratories and 218 their own physical therapy departments. Nurses in training number 9,434, says the writer.

KEEP YOUR EYES
MURINE
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

WHERE TO ORDER
By BILL, The Bargain Hunter

LADIES!
For an overnight facial cream in this climate our Triple Cream is unsurpassed. Send for samples to MADAME LAUREE COSMETICS, 418 16th St., Denver, Colorado.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED—sure, harmless treatment, secret or openly. Particulars in plain envelopes. DENVER, THE LAUREE LABORATORIES, 348 Empire Bldg., Denver.

WHY PAY MORE?
Buy Wm. Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. 10¢ per pack. Buy 100 for promotion. MAILING MANAGER CO., 400 17th St., Denver.

ARTIFICIAL EYES mailed you from largest stock in world. Write Denver Optical Company, 527 Quincy Bldg., Denver, Colo.

WHY PAY MORE?
Buy Wm. Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. 10¢ per pack. Buy 100 for promotion. MAILING MANAGER CO., 400 17th St., Denver.

WNU—M 16—36

TIMES DO CHANGE

"Hiram writing from school that they are putting in an electric switch."
"There's no end of them new-fangled ideas. The birch rod was good enough in my day."
An Old Decision
"Why don't you show your wife who's master of the house?"
"She knows."

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
STEADIES THE NERVES

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

WITHOUT being in the least selfish, there are some ways in which a person should consider himself or herself first. This would seem on the face of it to be practically impossible, but on further consideration, the truth of the statement becomes apparent. Time to do the work of your particular job, is one of these items of unselfish consideration of yourself first. Those who have definite hours of work or business hours that are specific, do not have this consideration come into their problems. It is settled by the firm or person who engages them.



Often to insure no deviations from the prescribed hours, time clocks have to be punched. But even when no such mechanical timekeeper enters into the case, the fact that keeping strictly to opening and closing periods, is essential to a task makes those engaged in it realize that failure to conform to regulations may cost them their jobs.

Keep Faith With Time.

It is when you are master of your own time, as is the case with homemakers, artists, many professional persons, and those in various forms of business, that keeping faith with time frequently has to bear the brunt of seeming selfishness. Everyone who has been over-persuaded to let a task of importance remain undone in order to fill in a table of bridge, or do some other interesting thing to gratify and satisfy an importuning friend, knows it would have not been selfish to refuse, however it might have appeared.

It is fortunate for a homemaker, that so much of her work is flexible, that she does not have to be as adamant in apportioning her time as do those who are in the business world that is business for themselves whether at home, at a studio, or in rooms taken in the hopes of seclusion from interruption.

Another matter in which an assertion of over-consideration of yourself may be claimed wrongfully, is when you refuse to tax your strength beyond the limits of good health by keeping late hours. Pleasures within reason are a necessity of health and should not be neglected. But when a person finds that continued late hours make a difference in efficiency the next day, curtailing the length of them, or cutting down on the frequency of such evenings, is most certainly legitimate. You must "keep fit" or eventually lose out in your work. It is imperative to think of yourself first in this matter, but it is not selfish to do so.

Home Management. Scientific housekeeping can be carried to such an extent that it conflicts with home comforts. This is nothing new, although minute budgeting enters into the complications now as it did not do in bygone days. Or if it did it was under the name of good management, not cold inexorable figures. In good management was included the manipulation of funds on hand to include such things as were of significance at the time with an eye to further manipulations when other pressing items of cost loomed up. In budgeting, there is the original schedule to be followed, come what will. So for home comfort a mixture of modified budgeting and old-time good management is a combination to be recommended.

Apart from things monetary, a feature that is better today than in the past is the relaxing of the bi-yearly house cleaning. Vacuum cleaners and modern improvements in home equipment enter into this equation. It is not necessary to have rooms torn up as they were when carpets were taken up, and furniture left in disarray for days while the entire house was scoured and scrubbed preparatory to putting down the beaten carpets and restoring the rooms to order. The next generation may not know anything about these discomfiting experiences.

Satisfying Experience

However, there was a satisfaction in the knowledge that everything in the whole house was in "apple pie order," according to reports of the older generation. Greater still must have been the appreciation that this particular household cataclysm was done for six months at least. It was a period especially dreaded by the men of the house, who were robbed of their comforts during the episode.

While we are freeing ourselves from these things, we can have others intrude the home to interfere with comfort. If there is one thing that a home means it is sanctuary, where mental and bodily comforts combine to give it the right atmosphere.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Blue for Doors, Shutters. "Old Masters Blue"—a deep, rich blue that is most effective for shutters and doors—can be mixed on a white base by adding Prussian Blue, chrome green and drop black. To this, more white may be added if less intensity is desired.

COTTAGE CHEESE VERSATILE DISH

Care Should Be Used in Way It Is Prepared.

By EDITH M. BARBER

COTTAGE cheese, also known as pot cheese, is perhaps the oldest type of cheese known to man. It is probably one of the first "made" foods and was discovered before man lived in a house and before he knew cooking utensils. While cottage cheese may be made of sweet or sour milk, what we get today is usually made from sweet milk. The curd is solidified by means of rennin, and then the whey is drained from it. Cream is often added to the cheese before it is sold. While cottage cheese is used particularly as an accessory to the main course of the meal or to the dessert, it has a number of uses in combination with various other foods.

Care must be given in using cottage cheese in any cooked dish that the temperature be kept low or the time of cooking short. In the recipe for soufflé, for instance, the temperature is high, but the time of cooking is comparatively short. With the scrambled eggs both time and temperature are low. Cottage cheese combines well with fruit, fresh, stewed or canned. It is particularly good with berries. You will like it as a filling for pancakes, either plain or Russian, which, after rolling around the cheese are served with strawberry or raspberry jam. You will find it delicious.

Scrambled Eggs With Cottage Cheese.

4 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon scraped onion
1 jar cottage cheese
4 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs until foamy. Add seasonings and onion and beat (the cheese into the mixture. Melt butter in heavy frying pan, add egg and cheese mixture and stir well. Shake over a hot fire until set. Lift firm edges and let liquid run underneath. When done serve on a hot platter.

Spanish Soufflé.

2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 eggs
1½ cups tomato pulp
2 jars cottage cheese
1 tablespoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon salt

Melt butter, add flour and when well blended add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Let cook one minute. Remove from fire and beat in one egg yolk at a time. Add tomato pulp, cottage cheese, onion juice and salt. Mix well. Beat eggwhites until stiff and fold into cheese mixture. Pour into a well-greased baking dish and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahrenheit), twenty to twenty-five minutes, until set.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

½ pound cottage cheese
2 tablespoons minced onion
1 tablespoon minced pimento

Mix the onion and pimento with the cheese and season. Press into small bowl and set in refrigerator to chill. When ready to serve salad, turn cheese out on small platter and arrange lettuce or romaine around it. Pass French or spicy dressing.

Quick Coffee Cake.

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
2 tablespoons butter

Cream the butter and add the sugar and well-beaten egg. Sift the baking powder with the flour and salt. Add to the first mixture, alternating with the milk. Pour mixture into two greased pie pans, sprinkle with mixed sugar, flour and butter which has been worked together with fingers and bake thirty minutes in moderately hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Boiled Frosting.

2 cups sugar
½ cup water
3 egg whites

Boil the sugar and water until when tested it will hang from the spoon by a long thread (238 degrees Fahrenheit). Pour it over the beaten whites. Beat well and place the bowl in hot water. Beat until fluffy.

Supreme Sandwiches.

Whole wheat bread
Butter
Cottage cheese
Plum jelly or grape jelly
Nuts

Butter bread before slicing from loaf and spread liberally with cottage cheese. Cover this with tart jelly and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cover with another slice of bread and cut into triangular halves or fancy shapes.

Dressing for Green Salads.

Livers of 2 chickens, hulled
Yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ cup olive oil
Chopped parsley
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Mash and mix to a paste the chicken livers and yolks. Add seasoning, pour in olive oil drop by drop, stirring in the same direction until the consistency of thin mayonnaise. Mix with salad and chopped parsley.

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Smart Shirred Sleeves Have a Piquant Charm



Pattern No. 1846-B
Lovely shirred sleeves finished off with wide contrasting cuffs and a jaunty neckline—are enchanting features of this dress. Carry it out in a becoming polka dot of crepe, silk, lawn, or a smooth rayon. By the way it's very easily made because the dress is all one piece with two pleats and stitchings in the front skirt, and a flattering blouse that's trimmed with square buttons. It's accented at the waist with either a self-fabric or purchased belt.

Barbara Bell—Pattern No. 1846-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 14 (32) requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material plus ¾ yard for contrasting neck band and cuffs.

The Barbara Bell Pattern Book featuring spring designs is ready. Send fifteen cents today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 307 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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Man Lives in Hole 16 Years

After Quarrel With Wife

Seventy-year-old George Carpenter died in the hole which he bored in a colliery refuse dump at Writhlington, England, 16 years ago, following a quarrel with his wife. Carpenter's burrow was about six feet wide and four feet deep. It was kept warm by the heat of the dump, which burns all the time through spontaneous combustion. The man obtained food by bartering coal picked from the refuse.

Emperor of Iran Permits Women to Doff Their Veils

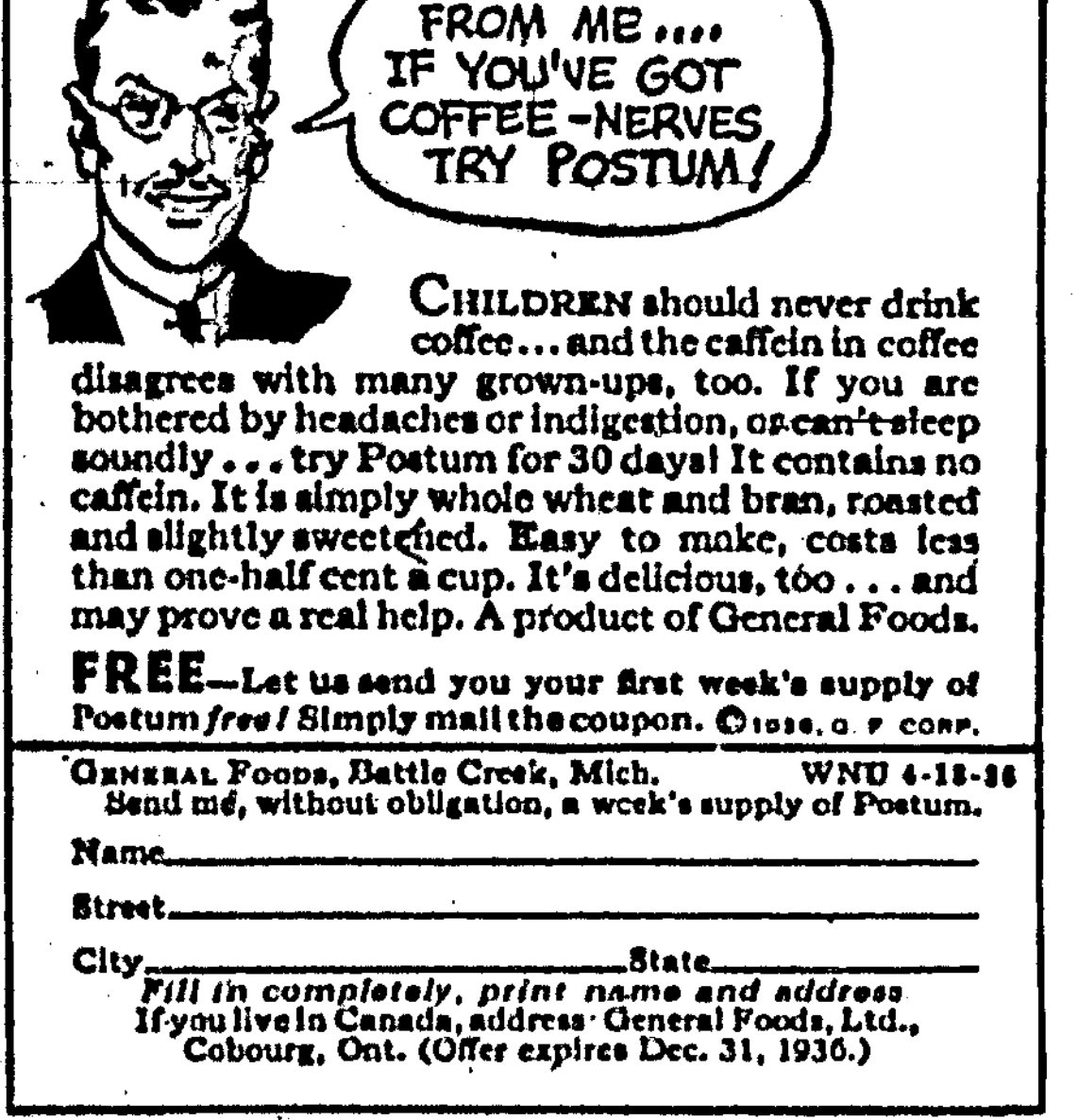
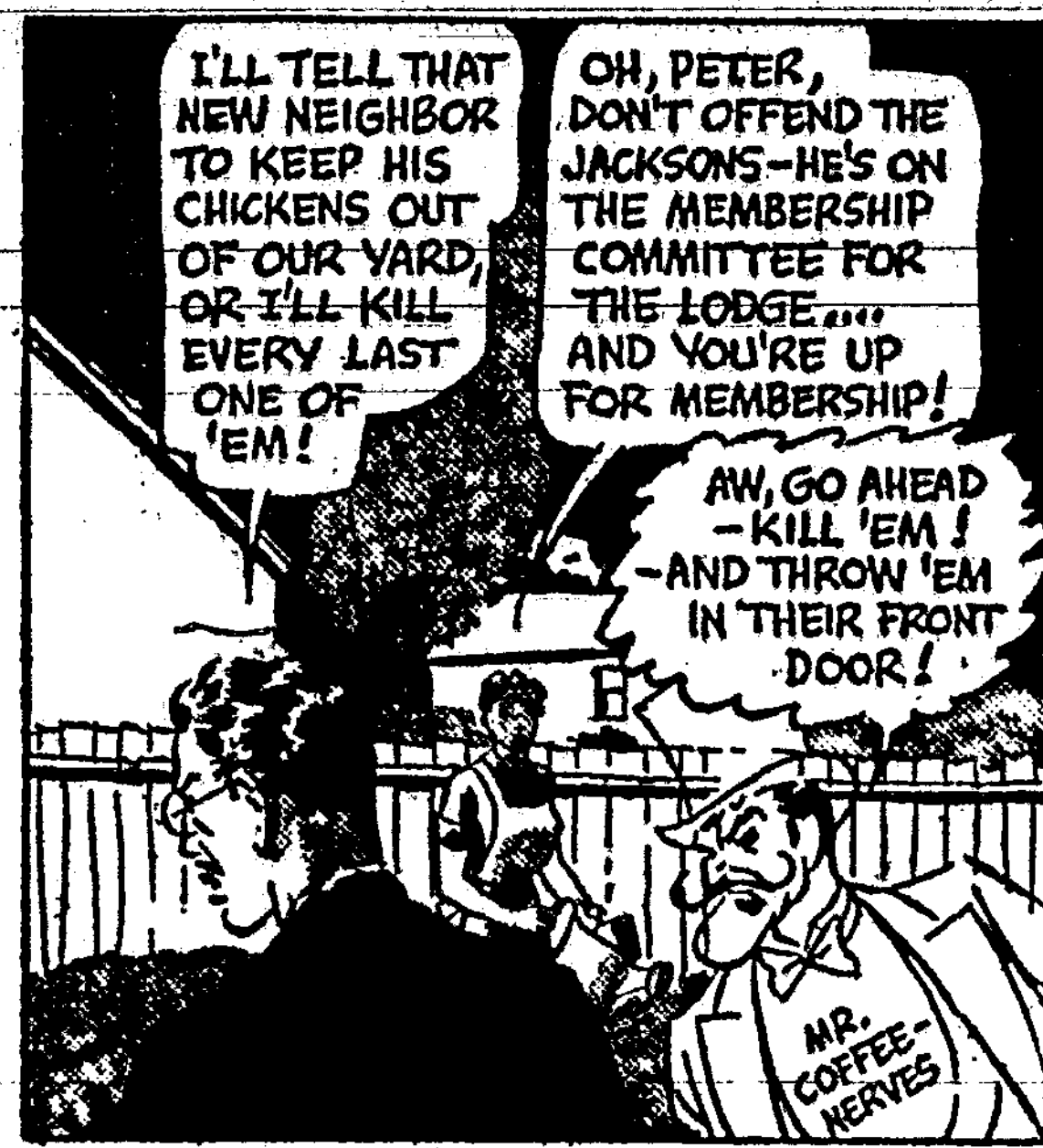
Reza Shah Fahlavi, emperor of Iran, finally has assented to the proposal that women be allowed to unveil. They are not required to do

so, but no hindrance may be placed in the way of those who wish to discard the age-old custom of their land. This innovation marks the end of the seclusion of Iran women, and undoubtedly will be hailed as the beginning of a new era in the lives of these women.

LONG SENTENCE

"Ulysses" by James Joyce, is believed to contain the longest sentence ever written in any novel since the introduction of punctuation. It is composed of more than 12,000 words, says Collier's.

PETER JOINS THE LODGE



MELVIN PURVIS AMERICA'S NO. 1 G-MAN

THE SPLIT WIRE OR HOW MELVIN PURVIS CAPTURED THE M-MAJUS TRAIN ROBBERS

MELVIN PURVIS, formerly America's ace G-Man, who directed the capture of Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, and others. Mr. Purvis reveals here the methods used in capturing criminals. Names and places have been changed. In today's story Mr. Purvis tells of the hunt for the "McManus Train Robbers." The G-Men received a "tip-off" that the gang had headquarters near a small Wisconsin town. Purvis had just located the gang's hide-out, and had sent wires calling the G-Men, when...

WHY THE GANGSTERS WERE SPLIT BY MELVIN PURVIS: Wires: Melvin Purvis had sent two wires; by different telegraph companies—and had sent alternate letters from his message in each wire. The two telegrams looked like this:

HYLCTDCAUHNOTE TEIHMNTETNGUUS
AEOAEMMNSAGUME HWT3EATNOIHPRI

Which, when decoded by the "alternate letter" method, read: HAVELOCATEDMCMANUS HANGOUTMEETMETHS MENAYENTONIGHTPURVIS

STICK 'EM UP THERE, MCMANUS! THAT HOLD-UP OF THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE DIDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD AFTER ALL!

WELL, PAUL AND JOAN, WE ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE GANG... AND NOW LETS ENJOY A GOOD HEARTY BOWL OF POST TOASTIES—IT'S JUST WHAT A G-MAN NEEDS, YOU KNOW!

I'M GLAD YOU TOLD US ABOUT POST TOASTIES, MR. PURVIS, BECAUSE THEY TASTE SO GOOD!

JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MEN!

BOYS AND GIRLS! I'LL SEND YOU FREE THIS REGULATION SIZE JUNIOR G-MAN BADGE... ENROLL YOU ON THE SECRET ROLL OF MY JUNIOR G-MEN... AND SEND YOU A BIG EXCITING BOOK THAT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT CLUES, SECRET CODES, INVISIBLE WRITING, SELF-DEFENSE... OTHER 'INSIDE' INFORMATION THAT ONLY G-MEN KNOW... READ BELOW HOW TO JOIN AND GET THESE AND MY OTHER FREE PRIZES!

HEN'S the swiftest breakfast treat you ever tasted," says Melvin Purvis—"a big bowlful of Post Toasties!"

And you'll agree with him! For Post Toasties are made from the tender, sweet little hearts of the corn, where most of the flavor is. And each golden flake is toasted double crisp so it will keep its crunchy goodness longer in milk or cream. Get Post Toasties now—

the Better Corn Flakes! And join the Junior G-Man Corps—Melvin Purvis wants you as a member!

TO JOIN: send coupon (at right) with 2 Post Toasties box-tops to Melvin Purvis. He'll send official Junior G-Man badge, Instruction Manual, and catalog of FREE PRIZES. Here are my 2 Post Toasties box-tops, Boy () Girl ()

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1936 AND IS GOOD ONLY IN U.S.A.



TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

The cowboy dance given by the Country Club last Saturday night, was, as usual, well attended. Manager Whitaker is to be commended on his activity in giving entertainments of various kinds at the club, all of which have proven highly successful. The next dance will be held tomorrow (Saturday) night and will be an Easter dance. You are cordially invited.

WANTED—100 head of cattle and 1000 goats on shares. For particulars write Box 191, Carrizozo, N. M., or call at this office.

Benny C. Sanchez of San Patricio, who is working on the road project northeast of town, made this office a friendly visit Monday. Mr. Sanchez said that Francisco Sais, who lives with his father, Simon Sanchez, at Arabela, is cutting a third set of teeth at the age of 110. Quite out of the ordinary.

FOR SALE—Two work horses. Weight about 1000 lbs. each. Robt Stewart, Coyote. 2t

Gunter C. Kroggel of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company, was a business visitor at Albuquerque this week.

WANTED—Small herds Hereford Cattle, Work horses. Give name and price.—Box 11, Carrizozo, N. M.

C. E. Degner and Waldemar M. Ervin, E. M., were in Roswell Tuesday and Wednesday on business.

FOR SALE—Treated Tarpaulin. 31 feet and 6 inches long by 13 feet wide.—Inquire at the Outlook Office. FG

Big Easter Dance at the Community Hall tomorrow night, April 11. Benefit of the St. Rita School. Music by Prof. Ayalos of Tularosa.

In our office mail the first of the week, we received a letter from Alvin Hightower, now residing at Oakland, California, in which he wishes to be remembered to his Carrizozo friends. Alvin is conducting a barber shop in Oakland and his brother Bill is one of his barbers. Alvin and Bill are sons of Mrs. R. E. P. Warden. Their sister Maudie is there on a visit with her brothers.

Herbert Smith and L. S. Drake of Ruidoso were here on some business Saturday and while in town, they made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thornton were visitors from Oscura Wednesday.

LOST—One wheel and tire for Model A Ford. If you find it, please leave word at O. T. Newton's filling station.—Andy Rutledge, Carrizozo. 2t

Program of Events

Third Annual Lincoln County Activity Day, April 17

TRACK—FIELD

OFFICIALS—Referee, Hubert Detloff; Starter, Phil Bright; Clerks of Course, Miss Stover, Mrs. Sammons; Timers, Karl Cunningham, A. M. Freeman, H. C. Hall; Judges, Heister, Carl Craig, Lewis Cummins; Inspectors, R. V. Traylor, Herbert Traylor, W. C. Rockwell.

TRACK EVENT

8:30 Mile Run. 8:50—100 yard dash. 9:10—230 Low Hurdle. 9:30—440 yd. dash. 9:50—380 yard Run. 10:00—230 yd. dash. 10:30—125 yd. High Hurdle. 10:50—890 yd. Relay.

FIELD EVENT

8:30—Pole Vault. 9:00—Broad Jump. 9:30—High Jump. 10:00—Discus Throw. 10:30—Shot Put.

:WE CARRY IN STOCK:

Distemper Vaccine for Horses Seed Corn
Pinkeye " " Cattle Alfalfa Seed
Vaccine Syringes Oats Seed
Blackleg Vaccine Garden Seeds
Dehorner Rakes—Hoes
Used Fire Brick—Cheap

Ranchers' and Miners' Supplies

Dairy Feeds, Etc.

**Our Prices Are Reasonable
Mail orders filled promptly**

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Capitan, N. M.

Quality-Economy-Service

**Fine Foods Are An Investment
IN GOOD HEALTH!**

We carry only quality merchandise and sell it at the most economical price in keeping with good business.

**Fresh Meats - Fish - Oysters
Surebest Bread - Hostess Cakes
Tasty - Wholesome - Foods**

**ECONOMY Cash Grocery
& Meat Market**

PHONE 62

J. F. PETTY, Prop.

**BURNETT'S
Cash Grocery & Market**

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



Our Aim is to please YOU in every sense of the term.

Give us a call and be convinced of our rare values in table luxuries.

W. L. Burnett, Proprietor

CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.

Sales  Service

Before you buy ANY Car at ANY Price, drive the 1936 FORD V-8.

**Expert Mechanical Work
At Greatly Reduced Prices**

Gasoline, Kerosene

Lubricating Oil and Greases

Unfair Competition

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Picture a store-keeper, a dairy-farmer, or a small manufacturer who through years of industry has established a moderately successful business. Out of its returns he supports his family, and pays wages, taxes, insurance and all the other costs that such enterprise entails.

Then into his community enters a competitor. This rival is more fortunately situated. He doesn't have to worry about making a living, or meeting tax bills, or showing a favorable balance at the end of the year. A rich uncle takes care of all that for him.

How long could the store-keeper, or dairy-farmer, or manufacturer continue to meet such competition?

That, in effect, is the question raised by an official report recently submitted at Washington by the Committee on Government Competition with Private Enterprise.

It reaches the conclusion that, except in such fields as national defense, research, conservation and the like, Federal competition is "wholly destructive."

What attention will official Washington give this significant report? That is difficult to say.

For years, citizens who have seen their own taxes used to underwrite competition against them have protested against those methods—without success.

For years, they have pointed out that government competes against private enterprise in more than 200 lines—including certain agricultural products, construction materials, harness, textiles, clothing, printing and a host of others.

For years they have pointed out what the Committee now emphasizes in its report. Namely:

"That government expenditures will be reduced and revenue increased if the Federal Government withdraws from competition with private enterprise except under the conditions specified."

"That under normal economic conditions government competition with private enterprise . . . contributes to the development of a socialized industry."

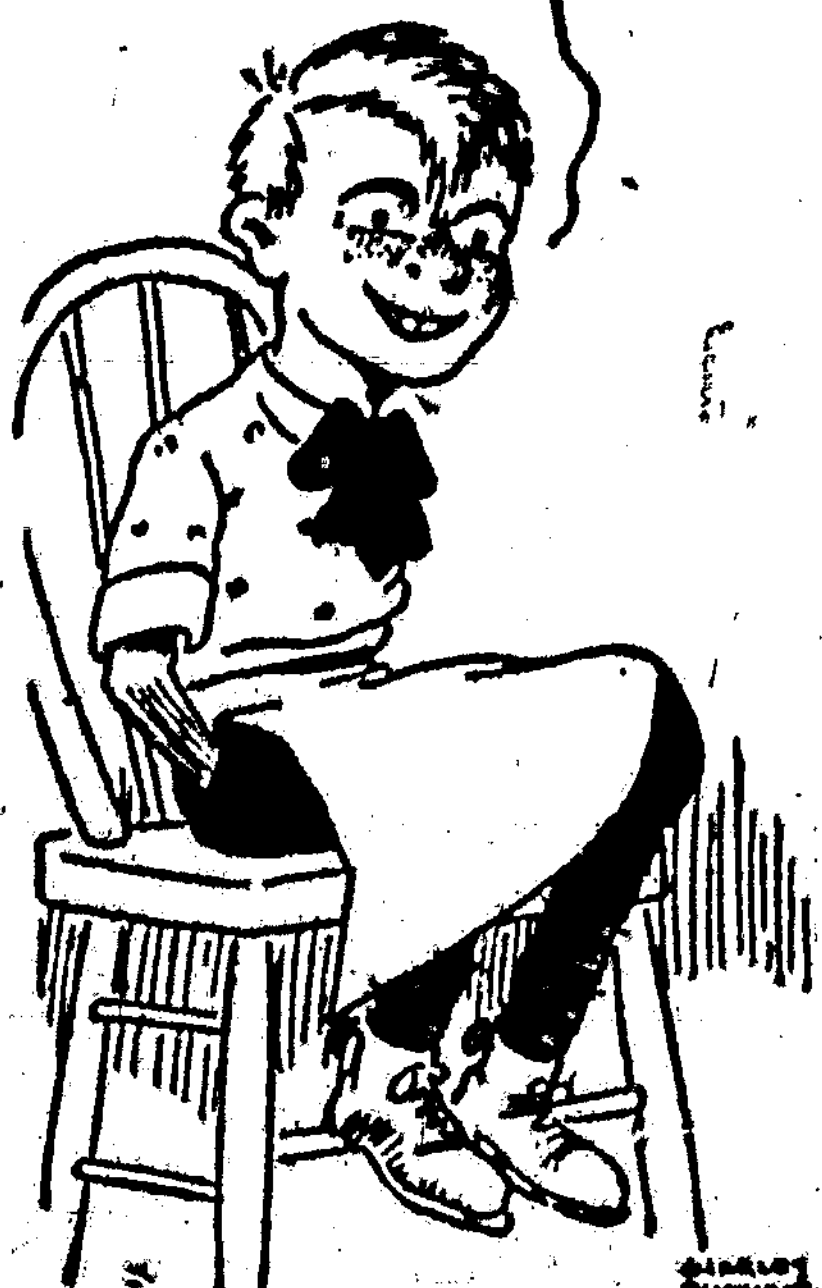
"That a revival of private industry will permit the return of labor to its normal occupations, will hasten the return to American standards of efficiency and maintain the dignity of labor which has made the American working man the nation's greatest single influence for the advancement of democratic ideals."

Protests of the nation's workers and taxpayers against Bureaucracy's unfair competition have gone unheeded. Will an official report fare any better in protecting them in their constitutional right to earn a living? Let's hope so.

In the words of the report itself, "The government's true function is to protect and promote the economic activities of its citizens—not to supplant them."

MICKIE SAYS

IF YOU'VE GOTTA FRIEND SOMEWHERE WHO USTA LIVE HERE, WHY DONCHA SEND 'EM THE PAPER PER A YEAR? NOTHIN' 'EM KIN DO WILL PLEASE 'EM MORE!



Just Lift Your Receiver

The Mountain States Telegraph & Telephone Company has spent several thousand dollars in changing its system from the old magneto, to the common battery. In order to attract the attention of the operator, all you have to do is to lift the receiver off the hook. This same system is used in all the large cities of the United States.

Mr. R. O. Brady, representative of the company is here and will be glad to explain the new system and its operation. We are now able to give any service to meet your demands. Just call the office, Mr. Brady or Mr. McQuillen or any of our employees will give you the desired information service charge, etc. Call and inspect our office.

Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, George T. McQuillen, Manager.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS
"Where Value Has a Meaning"

**Be Sure They're
BROWN
BILTS**

And you'll be sure of having the smartest, freshest fashions—the most stirring, hard-to-beat values in town. To appreciate the variety and vastness of our collection, you must see them for yourself. So, come in and bring the family, and choose your Spring and Easter Footwear now while our Stock is Fresh and Complete.

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The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

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Building Material

Sash—Doors—Lumber
Lime—Glass—Pipe
Bolts—Pipe Fittings
Bath Room Sets
Corrugated Roofing
Rope—Paint—Windmills—Well cylinders

Baling wire—Tool Steel—Three-ply wall Board
95c Cement 95c
\$1.25 Cedar Shingles \$1.25
Eaves trough—Ridge Roll—Barbed Wire—Smooth wire—Stock tanks, Etc.
Poultry Netting

WESTERN LUMBER CO.

Phone 39 — Carrizozo, N. M.

"Get A Load Of This"

Said Phil Bright, as we were consummating a large business deal whereby a dime changed hands

Sheep Men, Attention!

If you make any money it is because you sell your lambs and wool for more than your cost of operation. We can reduce that cost. It will pay you to investigate our Quantity Prices.

Saturday and Monday Specials!

Large Bars P. & G. or Crystal White Soap, 6 for 25c
Mother's Oats 25c Brooms 25c
Folger's Coffee 30c 8 oz. Extract 17c
1 lb. Cans Del Monte Asparagus 25c

JEFF HERRON.

Grain - Bran - Stock Salt