

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

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Diamond Dust



By Joe Chavez

	Won	Lost
Carrizozo	2	4
Cobras	6	4

Wishing all a Grand and Glorious Fourth of July!

—MASSACRE NO. 2—

Last Sunday was banner day for the Fort Stanton Soil Conservationists, and they walked away with their game against the Cobras on the east side diamond, by socking the apple fast and furious and fielding the same at a merry clip. Peralta was given the assignment in the pitcher's box for Carrizozo and he proved to be a relish for the Stanton Murderers' Row. They batted him to all corners of the lot and by the time Andy Lueras arrived on the scene and assumed the role as relief hurler, the catastrophe had gone beyond repair. True enough, the Cobras were handicapped in more than one way. Three of the regulars were absent from the lineup and Captain Marquez had to shift his players and patch up the gaps as best he could. But nevertheless, the Stanton boys, with Salas pitching a fine brand of baseball, were masters of the turmoil and had our Cobras outbatted, outfielded and outclassed. Manuel Chavez, star centerfielder of the Cobras, lined out one of Salas' offerings and went in home standing up. It was a terrific blow and had it not been for the ball hitting the side of a house, it would have found its repose in the pit of the round-house.

The Cobras anticipate the following line-up for the 4th of July game at Stanton:

Gallegos	C
Lueras	C-P
Gonzales	P
L. St. John	1B
Marquez	2B
Sally Ortiz	3B
Chino	SS
A. Lopez	RF
Chavez	CF
T. Lopez	LF

A keen line-up, boys. We're with you and let's bring the honors of the day back to Carrizozo!

Family Re-union

At the home of Mrs. Maggie Espy, Sunday, June 28, a family reunion was held in honor of Mrs. Eliza Brown, who has been ill for the past year. Eight of her children were present and two were absent. Eleven grandchildren were present and twenty-eight were absent. Four great grandchildren were present and twenty-four were absent. Dinner was served to thirty-two. Mrs. Brown is eighty-five years old. She enjoyed having her children with her.

Personals

Mrs. Ivy Birney, daughter Betty and son Bill of Houston, Texas, are visiting Mrs. Birney's mother, Mrs. C. L. Robinson of Capitan. They will visit in Colorado in August, returning to Houston on September 1.

Mrs. O. C. Fordyce of Newburg, Missouri, is here, visiting her mother, Mrs. Maggie Espy.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Marquez of Tucumcari went through here last Saturday night on their way to Los Angeles on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whittington and the children returned last week from an extended vacation trip which took them to the Grand Canyon, the Yellowstone Park and other points of interest in the northwest. They had a pleasant trip and the Conductor is again in service between here and El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rowland, daughter, Mrs. Henley and two children were here this week, returning to their home in Caballo, N. M., Wednesday.

Mrs. John Burton, daughter Adele and son Johnny came in from Roswell the latter part of last week and are visiting at the home of Mrs. Burton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. English.

Colonel Jones, Mrs. Jones, Leslye Jones, Mrs. Don English and Murel Burnett attended the singing convention at Estancia last Sunday. That was held under the auspices of the Torrance County Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Queen, son Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whitwell of Congress, Arizona, and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lee of Douglas, Arizona, are here to spend the 4th with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lemon and son Maurice. Mr. Queen is now connected with the famous Congress mine, which has been lately purchased and now working under new management. Mr. Lee is a brother to Mrs. Lemon.

Gunther Kroggel of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company has received word from Mrs. Kroggel to the effect that she has recovered from a recent spell of illness and will be home in time for the 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stokes, who had been visiting at the homes of their sons, Dewey and T. J., left Wednesday for Midland, Tex.

Mrs. Ola Jones, who is on a vacation trip to Alaska and points of interest along the Pacific coast, writes this office from Yellowstone Park, stating that she was going to stop next at Portland, Oregon, the City of Roses. County School Supt. Mrs. Jones says that her party will soon be in the land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska. Some folks have all the breaks.

Messrs. G. P. and Ben C. Hielman of Alamogosa and Crawford, Colo., respectively, are visiting their father, J. B. Hielman and sister, Mrs. Pearl Stearns in Nogal Canyon. Mrs. James Evans is also here from Chicago, she being a sister of the old gentleman. Mr. Hielman is slightly improved and here's hoping for a speedy recovery. He will be 100 years old next month.

The West Is in the Saddle



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Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 8:00 p. m.
Friday-Saturday—
"THE RETURN OF BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

This is the second of these pictures featuring Ronald Colman. A mystery and detective story chock-full of thrills. Also Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony.

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday—
"GOLD DIGGERS"

Featuring Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart. A big musical with lots of chorus girls and comedy. Also "Buddy Steps Out" and "Watch the Birdie."

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

Singing Convention

The 6th Lincoln County Singing Convention will be held at White Oaks, Sunday, July 12. Those who attend are requested to bring baskets. The public is cordially invited. Come in and join in the singing.

Woman's Club Round-Up at the Taylor Ranch

A Benefit Barbecue will be held at the above-named place July 7, at 8 p. m. Please make reservations with the committee, Mesdames J. V. Taylor, F. E. Richard, A. C. Snow, Clesta Prior and Selma Degitz.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gutknecht of Chicago are overseas on their vacation and at the present time are in Spain. They will return in the early fall. Mrs. Gutknecht is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Titworth were Carrizozo visitors Wednesday of this week; Mr. Titworth attending a meeting of the local Business Men's Club at the S. P. Hotel, while Mrs. Titworth called on her many Carrizozo friends. They left for home at Capitan that evening.

Mrs. Clara Snyder is spending a few days in El Paso this week.

Reuben Chavez, Pedro and Emiliano McKinley are here from Grants to spend the 4th.

Rain! Rain!

Rain! It fell in Carrizozo yesterday, Thursday afternoon. It was a regular downpour; the rain was local.

Mrs. Charles Young, the children and sister, Miss Stella Vaughan have returned from a visit to Texas where they visited relatives and attended the Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas.

Ziegler Brothers Store will be closed all day on the Fourth and notice is hereby given to patrons of that popular enterprise.

Sandy Venable, the old 100% baseball fan from across the Malpais, was a visitor in town this morning and while here, made the Outlook force a friendly call.

Mrs. Chas. Jordan left Wednesday for Stephenville, Tex., where she will visit her mother and other relatives, after which she will go to Dallas and attend the Texas Exposition.

Five local golfers, M. U. Finley, L. A. Whitaker, Ralph Petty, Billy Gallacher and L. P. McClintock attended the golf tournament at Clovis this week. 'Whit' came away with the only prize won by the crowd. It was a small cup with the following inscription neatly engraved on one side: "To the best sport and the lowest qualified."

Word comes from Hotel Dieu, El Paso, to the effect that Floruñco Miralez, Sr., is but slightly improved.

Mrs. Curly Jones is ill and confined in an El Paso hospital. Hopes are entertained for her early recovery.

BORN—Saturday, June 27, to Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis at the Johnson Hospital, a girl. The child has been named Quannah Belle.

BORN—Wednesday, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cox of Capitan, a boy. Name of the newcomer is Dick Allen. Stork in both cases was Dr. Robinson.

Don English had his tonsils removed at the Johnson Hospital.

Corona News

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas and daughter Laverne were in Albuquerque on business Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

Lt. D. C. Simpson and family left Monday for Silver City where Lt. Simpson was ordered for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Messer and Miss Verna Messer spent the week-end here from their home in Ruidoso.

Mrs. L. P. McClintock was a visitor from Carrizozo Wednesday.

R. A. Perkins made a business trip to Madrid Wednesday.

Miss Bennie Wayne Jones entertained Monday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Berryman, Jr., who were married recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reeder and son Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Roper spent several days in El Paso last week.

Mrs. W. S. Dishman, Miss Zelfa Dishman and Miss Minnie Bea Chappell left Tuesday for a visit with relatives and friends in Texas. They will spend several days at the Dallas Centennial Exposition before returning home.

Ezeldon Dishman and Herman McKibben left Tuesday night for Fort Bliss where they will spend the month of July in the Citizens' Military Training Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Brown and son Owen were in Albuquerque on business Saturday. They drove on to Golden for a brief visit with friends there.

Messrs. W. E. Abell and J. Boardman made a business trip to Gallup and Williams, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ardantz and son of Puerto de Luna visited friends here last week-end.

Walter Jones left Monday for Lewis Springs, Arizona, where he will be employed.

DANCES—Saturday night, July 4th—Country Club, Carrizozo; Gymnasium, Capitan; Wilson Hall, Tularosa; Mae's Hall, Lincoln; Adobe and Bingham. Welcome to either place!

Walter J. Krohne, Mrs. Krohne, daughter Imogene and son Walter, Jr., were here from the Silver Plume mine near Alto last Saturday.

Mrs. Erva Claunch, daughter Evelyn and son Jack will spend the 4th and the week-end with Mrs. Claunch's father, Joe E. Adams, in Santa Fe, where he is in the employ of the state. They will return next Monday so that Erva will be at her Beauty Parlor Tuesday morning.

Ralph, son of our old friend, Gus Grossmiller at Coyote, was here and spent about ten days with his father, leaving the latter part of last week for Phoenix, Arizona.

Owing to the regular meeting night falling on July 4, there will be no communication of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. tomorrow night.

Roy Shafer, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Sec'y.

Out-of-the-Ordinary



STRANGER THAN FICTION

Modern science has brought many valuable things to our notice, hitherto unknown on the face of the earth. The little childish poem, which runs like this: "Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are. Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky," has also had the same place in the imagination of older minds for years until science has taught us that the little stars which we once thought in childhood to be windows of heaven, are really worlds like unto this, but much larger; this earth being the baby of them all. Now we find that the "Milky Way," where the childish thought again centered as a beautiful celestial path which angels loved to tread, is composed of numberless stars or worlds, which continually explode like firecrackers. The difference between the heavenly firecracker and ours lies in the fact that when one of the worlds explodes, it may blow entirely to pieces, or only explode portions at a time. You have noticed a star that seemed to shine dull, but gazing steadily you would behold it with a new and more abundant brilliancy. That change would be caused by the explosion. With the latest lenses, Nova Herculis which appeared in December, 1934, was seen to throw off an immense cloud of star dust and this year it is doing the same thing with innumerable others, many of which will be more plainly seen with the new "big eye," the strongest telescope in the world.

Did you ever hear of a man who glorified in the downfall of the other fellow? Well, here was one. Marlon Slight of St. Joseph, Mo., was a successful business man in the saddlery hardware industry. He had many men in his employ. His business was so successful that he spent his time in search of entertainment and travel. When a certain business firm failed, he would entertain his friends and gloat over the neighbor's downfall. But things changed for Slight. Easy money came so fast, that he spent it lavishly. All at once the crash came. He lost his trade and in spite of everything he could do, he went to the wall. One morning in the late fall, two patrolmen on their way to report, found the body in a slimy gutter. That was the end of the man, who gloried in the downfall of his fellow man. That goes to show that one must deal square with the other fellow whether he wants to or not. In other words, the everlasting scales of justice, must balance. You can't get away with it.

The lone night watchman at the old Lincoln courthouse is authority that in the quiet hours of the night, queer, uncanny noises are heard in and around the old landmark. Groans, scuffles and low thudded shots can be heard,

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

—19—

Garth put his fingers to his lips for silence, and held a fuse-wrapped stick of dynamite close to his match. The miner let go of his rifle and straightened upon his feet, his hands high above his head.

The match flickered out. Garth dropped the dynamite and darted forward. He was none too quick. The slight thud of the fallen rifle had awakened Huxby. As Garth paused behind the corner of the lean-to, the engineer peered out, with his pistol thrust forward.

As Garth jumped he struck with the butt of his belt-ax. It cracked down on Huxby's wrist. The engineer's pistol dropped. With a curse, Huxby grasped at the weapon, but Garth was quicker. As he caught it up, Huxby clutched at his throat. Garth felled him with a tap of the ax butt on the temple.

Wakened by the sudden flurry, the two miners in the lean-to were grasping at the pair of rifles on which Huxby had lain. Garth whirled the pistol to cover them.

"Hands up, and get out beside your mate," he ordered. "We want only the murderer. But we'll shoot you down like dogs if you interfere."

One of the pair jerked up his hands. The other man hesitated. The miner outside called warningly: "The jig's up, Laney. The other fellow has got the drop on us too."

Laney lifted his hands and stared out after his bed-mate. Huxby was staggering up, still dazed from the blow that had felled him. Wild with desperate rage, he struck out furiously. Garth side stepped and thrust in a tripping foot.

The engineer pitched face-down on the hard-crusted snow. Before he could spring up again, Garth jumped upon his back. The blow knocked him breathless. It was then as easy matter to click Constable Dillon's handcuffs on the wrists of the murderer.

"Stop that cursing, or I'll gag you," Garth said. "There's a lady present. All right, Miss Ramill. Join us."

Huxby fell silent, to gaze like the miners at the skin-clad form that came forward out of the black shadows into the daylight. The girl still carried the constable's pistol raised ready to shoot. Huxby saw enough of her face in its border of wolverine fur to make certain Garth had not been bantering him.

"Lilith! You?"

"Yes, it's me, you cowardly sneak killer! I came after you with Alan, and he has let me catch you."

The murderer twisted around with his back to her and the fire. His head sagged forward. With a sudden return of alertness, Lilith turned her gaze away from his shadowed profile to watch the three lined-up miners.

Garth did not smile at the girl's needless caution. She had earned the right to think herself an invaluable helper. He allowed her to stand guard while he gathered up the three rifles and unloaded them.

"Right-o, Miss Ramill," Garth said. "Sit down. It's all over now but the talking."

She lowered the pistol but drew back where she could watch Huxby as well as the miners. Garth looked soberly at the men.

"If you know Kipling, you'll bear in mind that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. I dare say, though, you can safely venture to lower your hands and sit down with us."

At the welcome permission, the three dropped their arms. Two of them at once squatted on a log. Laney lingered for a surly question, before following suit.

"What's the play?"

"All we came for was to arrest Huxby. Help with the cabin plane, and there will be no mention of any shooting other than his murder of the constable. What wages did he promise you?"

"Double the usual. Told us he had to get in his assessment work before the freeze-up."

"The claim belongs to me," Garth replied. "I will pay you the double wages."

"Ugh," growled Laney. "You outplayed the d--- fourflusher. It's a deal. You're boss. We're working for you."

Garth walked back into the blackness of the spruce trees. He returned with the flourcack package, his own and Lilith's buckskin suits, and a hind-quarter of fat caribou meat. At his invitation, the men eagerly went at the frozen meat with an ax, and put the big teapot, full of snow, on the fire.

Lilith and Garth had eaten before coming down from the lean-to. They sat back on a snowdrift, and watched while the others devoured the tender broiled meat and gulped down cups of hot tea. The skin of the hind-quarter had been as tough as leather and he had eaten very rank.

her pistol to Garth, and went to put a piece of meat on a spit. When it was broiled, she took it and a cup of tea to Huxby.

He started up at her as if dumfounded, then shook his head sullenly. She put down the cup and plate beside him, and returned to Garth. At his look of cool inquiry, her eyes flashed with defiance.

"I don't care! It's not right to starve anyone."

He replied in a noncommittal tone: "You're a woman."

The murderer took up his cup of hot tea in his manacled hands and drank. He began to eat the meat.

When daylight came, Garth ordered everyone out to the cabin plane. The hard-frozen slush ice gave solid footing over the bog. It also gave a solid foundation out at the plane upon which were based the engineer's lifting operations. The ice had been chopped from around the floats, and a crib built under the inner end of each wing. By hoisting first on the outer end of one wing and then the other, the cribs had been heightened until the floats were level with the top of the ice.

A glance inside the cabin showed Garth the body of Constable Dillon lying where he had left it. Laney explained, with a jerk of a mittened thumb to Huxby:

"He first says we'd chuck the stiff under the ice. Then he says, no, to wait 'n' heave it out when we was flying over the muskegs."

"We'll wait still longer," Garth said. "That brave constable is going to receive an honorable burial. Now get to work with those sapling levers. Another pair of logs on the cribs will raise the floats high enough to roller her clear."

Garth showed the men how to skew the rollers for turning the plane. He went to shove sideways on the tail. The plane started to curve around.

A shriek from Lilith whirled Garth face about. Huxby was rushing at him, with an ax lifted high in his manacled hands. Lilith flew at the attacker as if frenzied. She sought to block his charge. He gave her his shoulder with the skill of a football player. It caught her on the chin and sent her spinning.

But the slight check allowed Garth time for a leap in under the ax before the blade could whirl down on his head. His left fist appeared to punch deep into the pit of Huxby's stomach. His right drove up under the chin of the gasping murderer. The uppercut lifted the killer off his feet and dropped him on his face, clean knocked out.

With no more than a glance at his fallen attacker, Garth sprang to help Lilith's dazed effort to sit up. "Well played," he said. "Not hurt, are you?"

"No—no—I—you—he didn't!" she cried, and burst into tears.

Garth gave her a pat on the head, and turned away, embarrassed. "No wonder you're overcome. It's been too much for a girl. We'll hop out of here at once."

He lashed the unconscious killer's wrists to his belt, tied his ankles together, and climbed into the cockpit of the plane. After replacing the breaker points, he had the men take turns spinning the propeller. The engine roared. Pulled by the whirling propeller, the plane slid forward off the log rollers.

After cutting the gun, Garth ordered two of the men to heave Huxby into the cabin. The third man he sent for the rifles. "I want the one with which he shot Constable Dillon. But you may as well bring the others—also a lot of that bear fat."

He himself went to pick up the still-weeping girl and help her to the second seat in the cockpit. He made sure of the supply of gasoline, and climbed down again to see that the men gave the bottom of the floats a thorough greasing with the bear fat.

After that, when all were aboard, and the rifles in Lilith's keeping, he started the engine. The plane at first moved slowly. The floats dragged on the rough surface of the frozen slush. But when they glided out on the streak of glare-ice, the friction became less than that of a water take-off.

Within a half mile the speed had so increased that an eddy pull on the joystick sent the plane skimming off the glassy surface. Garth banked in a long curve to the left, listening to the roar of the warmed motor. Every cylinder was hitting sweet.

He made a wide spiral over the valley for elevation, and drove out eastwards above a saddle in the jagged mountain barrier. When clear of the valley, he did not keep straight on across to the Mackenzie. He turned more to the south.

CHAPTER XII

—20—

Squaw Lilith. The cross-country flight brought the plane to the Mackenzie at the great bend below the Liard. But Garth did not come down at Fort Simpson. He flew on up the vast river to Great Slave Lake, and east across the lake to Fort Resolution.

Some time before sunset, he got the

cabin plane down at the landing of the Airways base by the mouth of the Slave river. After handing Lilith ashore, he left her standing while he went to speak to the Airways superintendent. That courteous gentleman hastened to tell the girl that his wife would be delighted if the daughter of Mr. Burton Ramill would honor their hospitality.

Garth was not invited. He turned away to meet the red-coated sergeant of police for whom he had sent Lilith did not see him again until the next morning.

Told by her hostess that Mr. Garth wished to speak with her, she made a hurried effort to adjust her borrowed dress. Though more stylish

He looked soberly past her shoulder at the amused face of her hostess. "Well, yes, I dare say you can. We're going first to Edmonton. Your father is there. I sent him a message that we are coming."

She plucked at the wolverine fringes of her parka hood. "You—you cheat!" He took her into his arms, regardless of the onlooking lady. "My girl, we are back in civilization. We are first going to be properly married."

"But these caribou suits?"

"Best of flying costumes. We're taking a two-seater. The suits will come in handy again this winter when I teach Mrs. Garth how to drive a dog team. Until that it's to be silks for my girl. I must first testify at the trial. After that we'll hop over to Victoria and take a steamer to Japan for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Alan, how—how delightful! But Japan? Why, I never dreamt a prospector like you would care to travel in the Orient. So, if—if you'd rather go back to the valley, dear—"

Her hostess could no longer keep silent.

"Prospector, Miss Ramill! Is that all you know about Mr. Garth? His father is one of the heads of the Hudson's Bay company. He himself is a member of our parliament, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, a noted explorer."

"And the winner of the gamest girl I ever knew," Garth cut in. "Come on, Squaw Lilith. You've proved yourself a mate woman. Now you're going to be my lady wife."

[THE END.]

Outlying Territories of U. S. Are Worth Millions

The outlying territories of the United States and the manner in which they were acquired are the following:

Alaska, purchased from Russia, in 1867, for \$7,200,000.

Hawaii, annexed in 1898, at the request of the people of Hawaii.

Porto Rico, ceded by Spain at the conclusion of the Spanish-American war.

Virgin Islands of the United States, consisting of the more westerly of the Virgin island group in the West Indies, the other being British. These islands were formerly known as the British West Indies, and were purchased from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000.

The Philippines, taken from Spain by the Spanish-American war, \$20,000,000 being paid in settlement.

Guam, an island of the Mariana archipelago in the Pacific, also ceded by Spain in 1898.

American Samoa, consisting of four islands of the Samoa group in the South Pacific. From 1889 to 1900 the United States, Germany and Great Britain exercised a kind of joint protectorate over Samoa. In 1900, following the overthrow of the native king, the islands were divided between this country and Germany, by agreement among the powers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

65,000-Year-Old Monster

A 65,000-year-old prehistoric monster, a relic of the days when semi-tropical waters covered most of Manitoba with their ooze, is on exhibition at the Winnipeg museum.

The skeleton of the reptile was found on the banks of the Assiniboine river near Treherne. It is 30 feet long and resembles a huge lizard. It took museum workers 18 months to assemble the bones.

He Kissed Her Red Lips and Scarlet Cheeks and Tightly Closed Eyelids.

than the one loaned to her on the steamer by the Fort Norman missionary's wife, it was not cut for her little figure. She went hesitatingly into the room where Garth waited alone for her.

Sight of him in his caribou parka brought her to a startled halt. Her eyes widened. "Oh, still in your skin suit! You—you're going back!"

"What difference does it make to you?" he asked. "You'll soon be in Edmonton—and civilization!"

She stepped suddenly close to him, her hands held out in appeal. "No!—Alan, take me back with you!"

"Back there? Don't tell me you like that squaw life. Those days in the valley and the trip out must have been a hell of torment to you—dirt, rags, mosquito dope, flies, starvation. And now ice, snow, bitter cold."

"Anything—anything just to be with you, Alan—dear!"

He put his arms about her. He kissed her red lips and scarlet cheeks and tightly closed eyelids.

"My girl," he said, "you are going with me wherever I go. Get on your parka."

Her arms were clasped tight about his neck. She lingered a moment to return his kiss. Then, her blue eyes aglow, she ran to obey him.

When she came hastening back, in her Eskimo costume, she ventured an appeal: "Can't I have a comb and brush and—soap, Alan?"

He looked soberly past her shoulder at the amused face of her hostess. "Well, yes, I dare say you can. We're going first to Edmonton. Your father is there. I sent him a message that we are coming."

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He looked soberly past her shoulder at the amused face of her hostess. "Well, yes, I dare say you can. We're going first to Edmonton. Your father is there. I sent him a message that we are coming."

She plucked at the wolverine fringes of her parka hood. "You—you cheat!" He took her into his arms, regardless of the onlooking lady. "My girl, we are back in civilization. We are first going to be properly married."

"But these caribou suits?"

"Best of flying costumes. We're taking a two-seater. The suits will come in handy again this winter when I teach Mrs. Garth how to drive a dog team. Until that it's to be silks for my girl. I must first testify at the trial. After that we'll hop over to Victoria and take a steamer to Japan for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Alan, how—how delightful! But Japan? Why, I never dreamt a prospector like you would care to travel in the Orient. So, if—if you'd rather go back to the valley, dear—"

Her hostess could no longer keep silent.

"Prospector, Miss Ramill! Is that all you know about Mr. Garth? His father is one of the heads of the Hudson's Bay company. He himself is a member of our parliament, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, a noted explorer."

"And the winner of the gamest girl I ever knew," Garth cut in. "Come on, Squaw Lilith. You've proved yourself a mate woman. Now you're going to be my lady wife."

[THE END.]

Outlying Territories of U. S. Are Worth Millions

The outlying territories of the United States and the manner in which they were acquired are the following:

Alaska, purchased from Russia, in 1867, for \$7,200,000.

Hawaii, annexed in 1898, at the request of the people of Hawaii.

Porto Rico, ceded by Spain at the conclusion of the Spanish-American war.

Virgin Islands of the United States, consisting of the more westerly of the Virgin island group in the West Indies, the other being British. These islands were formerly known as the British West Indies, and were purchased from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000.

The Philippines, taken from Spain by the Spanish-American war, \$20,000,000 being paid in settlement.

Guam, an island of the Mariana archipelago in the Pacific, also ceded by Spain in 1898.

American Samoa, consisting of four islands of the Samoa group in the South Pacific. From 1889 to 1900 the United States, Germany and Great Britain exercised a kind of joint protectorate over Samoa. In 1900, following the overthrow of the native king, the islands were divided between this country and Germany, by agreement among the powers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

65,000-Year-Old Monster

A 65,000-year-old prehistoric monster, a relic of the days when semi-tropical waters covered most of Manitoba with their ooze, is on exhibition at the Winnipeg museum.

The skeleton of the reptile was found on the banks of the Assiniboine river near Treherne. It is 30 feet long and resembles a huge lizard. It took museum workers 18 months to assemble the bones.

He Kissed Her Red Lips and Scarlet Cheeks and Tightly Closed Eyelids.

than the one loaned to her on the steamer by the Fort Norman missionary's wife, it was not cut for her little figure. She went hesitatingly into the room where Garth waited alone for her.

Sight of him in his caribou parka brought her to a startled halt. Her eyes widened. "Oh, still in your skin suit! You—you're going back!"

"What difference does it make to you?" he asked. "You'll soon be in Edmonton—and civilization!"

She stepped suddenly close to him, her hands held out in appeal. "No!—Alan, take me back with you!"

"Back there? Don't tell me you like that squaw life. Those days in the valley and the trip out must have been a hell of torment to you—dirt, rags, mosquito dope, flies, starvation. And now ice, snow, bitter cold."

"Anything—anything just to be with you, Alan—dear!"

He put his arms about her. He kissed her red lips and scarlet cheeks and tightly closed eyelids.

"My girl," he said, "you are going with me wherever I go. Get on your parka."

Her arms were clasped tight about his neck. She lingered a moment to return his kiss. Then, her blue eyes aglow, she ran to obey him.

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Floyd Gibbons



Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"The Bridge That Wasn't There"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

WELL, give a good look at this one, boys and girls, from Dr. Alexander E. Strath-Gordon of East Orange, N. J. If you ever read this yarn he is going to tell you, in a novel, you wouldn't believe it could happen. If your own brother told it to you, you'd tell him he was just plain goofy.

Doc Strath-Gordon thought he was cracked himself when he found out what had happened. And the people he told his story to thought he was crazy, too—for a while. But here are the simple facts, all checked and attested and sworn to. You can't get around the truth of the thing.

You can't say it was a dream, because a bridge is a big, heavy, solid object. If it's there, it's there, and if it ain't, it ain't. You can't dream it out of place and then back again.

All of which leads up to Doc's story. The date is August, 1900, and the place is—well—somewhere on the road between Seattle, Wash., and Duwamish Head on the other side of Elliot bay. Doc was practicing medicine in Seattle and he had received a hurry call from a patient in Duwamish Head.

Patient's Husband Thinks Doc Flew to Sick Room.

He started out in his car, and you know what those 1900 vintage automobiles were like. To make matters worse, the dirt roads of the time were wet from a week's steady rain. Parts of them were flooded. But a patient had called him, and even though he was twenty miles away, it was up to Doc to get to him if he possibly could.

The night was pitch dark. The roads were unlighted, and the flickering kerosene headlamps that rattled on the sides of Doc's horseless carriage didn't throw any light on the road at all. There were two ways to get to Duwamish Head and Doc took the shorter. It took him an hour and a half to cover that twenty miles, but when he got there, his patient's husband said: "Good gosh, but you made that trip fast. How did you manage to get here so quickly?"

Well, sir, Doc thought that was funny, but he didn't say anything then. His patient was waiting, and he was needed in the sick room. He worked over her



The Car Crossed Like an Acrobat on a Tight Rope.

for half an hour until she was out of danger, and then he went out to assure her husband that everything was all right.

Doc Hears He Crossed Bridge That Was Out.

He sat down for a few moments' rest before starting on the return trip, and again his patient's husband brought up the subject of the quickness with which he had arrived.

"How the dickens did you come here, anyway, Doctor?" he asked.

"Did you fly?"

"Why, I came by the Bay Side road, of course," said Doc.

The man looked at Doc sort of curiously. "You couldn't have," he said bluntly. "The bridge is out."

Doc thought he was joking, and tried to laugh it off. But the man insisted the bridge was being repaired—that the planking was all off and it was unpassable. He told Doc that the only available route to his house was the upper road, a 28-mile trip.

He began to urge Doc to stay all night, and at last Doc saw he was serious. Then it occurred to Doc that the man must have gone insane, or become unnerved by his wife's illness.

Daylight Reveals That Bridge Wasn't There.

Says Doc: "I decided to stay with him, partly to humor an overwrought man, and partly because I didn't think it safe to leave his sick wife alone with one in such condition. I spent the night at his house, and in the morning he brought the subject up again at breakfast. He said: 'Now Doc, let's both go down and look at that bridge before you go back to town.'"

—There was something in that fellow's manner that reminded Doc of a sane man humoring a sick one. It occurred to him then that this bird thought he was the crazy one. But he agreed to go down and look over the bridge, which was only a mile away from the house. They got into Doc's car and drove the short distance down the road. They got in sight of the bridge, and then—

"Imagine my surprise—even horror," says Doc, "when I saw that bridge in broad daylight. All that he had told me was true! There was nothing left of the bridge but the gaunt string pieces—two of them—running from one side of the river to the other."

Strath-Gordon Had Piloted Car Over Fingers of Death.

"The planking—the rails—the superstructure, all had been taken away. And yet, I had come across that bridge in the darkness of the night. I knew that I wasn't crazy. And yet, for a moment, I began to think that I was losing my mind."

"The string pieces were the answer. They were less than a foot wide, each, but they were separated by the same width as the wheels of my automobile. I had driven across them in the dark, like an acrobat on a tight wire. My heart came into my throat when I thought of what might have happened."

All the local people knew that the bridge was impassable, so no warning sign had been posted. I, not knowing this, and having crossed it so many times before, drove over it automatically. The only way I can explain the miracle is that, having a surgeon's hand, I drove with the same headiness with which I performed operations. Had I deviated an inch from the straight path over that bridge, I would have fallen into deep water—and I might not have attended my patient."

—WNU Service.

History of the Fan Is

as Old as Civilization

Ever since the vestal virgins used fans to encourage sacrificial fires, women have prized these time-honored implements of coquetry, states a writer in the Kansas City Star. Cupid, according to mythology, tore a wing from Zephyr's shoulder when he was flirting with Psyche and presented it to her to prove he was the better man.

"Helen of Troy," Euripides wrote, "knew when she suffered from summer heat how to cool her cheeks, fresh and velvety as a ripe peach, by the use of a peacock's tail arranged fan-wise." Queen Elizabeth loved fans and her subjects vied with one another in giving them to her. It is said she died 27 in her wardrobe when she died. Shakespeare demanded a wing of palat-

ed butterfly to waft over the sleeping Titania.

The history of the fan is as old as civilization. In the beginning it probably was a palm leaf or a bird wing used for winnowing grain, fanning fires or brushing flies. The first record of a fan, it is said, appears in the annals of the Chow dynasty, 1062-1101 B. C. The emperor received as tribute two magnificent tropical birds. The birds not surviving, the feathers were made into fans. Ancient sculpture shows attendant's waving fans.

Fans were first used by men, but women soon discovered their artistic possibilities and quickly appropriated them. When an emperor went to war, his fans were nailed upright on his chariot as standards. The emperor carried a fan to drive the chariot wheels lest his robes become soiled.

TALL TALES

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN and
ELMO SCOTT WATSON

The Trolling Frog Tragedy

BECAUSE he's so desperately fond of frog's legs, Albert Mackey of Detroit once owned the biggest bull frog that ever croaked a love song.

Albert landed the Gollath near Grass Lake, Mich., and it measured 28 1/2 inches and weighed precisely three pounds, four ounces.

Albert kept the giant alive simply because it spurred his appetite just to look at his pet. He named it Frenchy.

When Albert, owned Frenchy 28 days to the hour he permitted the frog a daily swim in the lake. When he gave a certain peculiar whistle, here the frog would come, plowing the water like a destroyer.

An adventurously hungry fish followed Frenchy home from his swim one day, nipping at his aft propellers and spurring Al's pet leviathan to strenuous efforts. That gave Al an idea and it wasn't long until a little harness was fitted on the frog's body. Then Al attached two short lengths of fishing line and a couple of good-sized hooks with spinners and sent Frenchy out trolling.

The very first trial, a two-pound bass struck. Al whistled and Frenchy, churning the water desperately, beached his prize. It was easy then, Frenchy learned to troll the most likely places, edges of weed beds, around lily pads and windfalls—he'd even dive into deep holes where bass lurked.

Course, nothing's permanent. Unknown to all, a fierce muskellunge inhabited Grass Lake. Al had sent Frenchy trolling when he saw the muskie dive at the frog, gulp mightily and vanish with him, not to reappear.

"I'd a-whistled him home," said Albert sadly. "But we'd put some persimmons on tea and I was testing them. Darn it all, my lips puckered on me."

And it's well known in Detroit that out of respect for his frog, Albert Mackey hasn't eaten another persimmon since that dreadful day.

Saved by a Sonnet

GRANDPAP MORGAN was a frontier publisher in Texas, but he had his most thrilling adventure before he ever reached the Lone Star state," says Frank Morgan, printer and proofreader in many a shop throughout the Middle West. This is his story of that adventure:

The wagon train which Grandpap Morgan had joined with his old Army press, his cases of type and other equipment, got safely through the Indian country until it came to the crossing of the Cimarron river. There a big war party jumped them.

For more than three hours the emigrants kept the redskins at bay. Then a whisper of fear ran among the defenders. . . their bullets were almost exhausted! As their fire slackened and died down, the savages began massing for a final charge.

Just as the emigrants were getting ready to throw down their useless rifles and draw their Bowie knives, Grandpap Morgan shouted: "Wait! Wait! . . . Quick, one of you fellows . . . help me get the type locked up in this form . . . It's all ready to print when I get to Texas, but it won't get printed anyway if the Indians kill me now. Here, men, fill your guns!"

As they rammied home the pieces of lead type, a ringing war-whoop and the drumming of swift pony hoofs on the hard prairie told of the savage charge that was coming.

"Now!" shouted Grandpap Morgan. A blast of fire from fifty rifles, and the racing ponies were jerked to a halt. A moment later the redskins, screaming with rage, were racing away in mad retreat over the hills.

Grandpap Morgan grinned. "I knew that would turn the trick," he said. "A column and a half of spring poetry . . . they just couldn't stand it!"

Ever Meet a High-Behind?

MANY a tenderfoot has protected the camp from a high-behind, but not one of them has seen this fabulous beast.

The high-behind, as all Westerners know, is equipped with a stiff tail, the end of which was fashioned like a posthole digger.

The chief delight of the high-behind was to turn on its back, balance on the tail and spin madly in circles. Of course you understand the rotary action of this indulgence-bored a hole in the ground into which the high-behind invariably disappeared.

Night duties of a tenderfoot frequently included replenishment of condensed milk cans around the camp. This was the favorite food of the high-behind. The beast opened the cans with his metal tail and after three drinks was lulled into such abiding peace that the camp was safe for the night from his attacks.

Forest Air Pure

Forest air is pure because the leaves of the trees act as a filter, catching most of the dust and bacteria that would otherwise pollute it. Moreover, a forest has a definite hygienic influence on the land around it, a fact that has been confirmed by a number of villages in India which have never been attacked during cholera epidemics in their district, due to their being surrounded by dense, protecting woods.

Who Wouldn't Be Slim and Trim in This Stunning Summer Frock?



No. 1850-B

Who isn't excited about the new wider shoulder width that tends to slenderize the waistline?

Note the unusual bodice lines, the panel extending to the hem, and kick pleats that contribute dash and ease. The natty collar is just right to take a pin, clip or posy. The frock is quickly fashioned and costs so little to make.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1850-B is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Send fifteen cents in coin for the pattern.

The Summer Pattern Book con

taining 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns is ready. Send 15 cents in coin for your copy.

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

By
LOWELL
HENDERSON

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Jumbled Sentence, True-False Test

In this test there are eight mixed-up sentences, which are either true or false. First, rearrange the sentence to read properly, and secondly, underline the letter T if the sentence expresses a true fact, or underline the letter F if the fact expressed is false.

1. was original of Connecticut states the one thirteen. T-F.
2. republic Mexico a is. T-F.
3. land States cannot Navy United seaplane over fly. T-F.
4. Lakes the Superior of Great largest is. T-F.
5. Yale in is Cambridge located University. T-F.
6. Washington the the Independence George of signer was Declaration first. T-F.
7. United two women in outnumber by the about men States million. T-F.
8. New north Francisco than far ther San York is. T-F.

Answers

1. Connecticut was one of the original thirteen states. T.
2. Mexico is a republic. T.
3. United States Navy seaplanes cannot fly over land. F.
4. Superior is the largest of the Great Lakes. T.
5. Yale University is located in Cambridge. F.
6. George Washington was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. F.
7. Men outnumber women by about two million in the United States. T.
8. San Francisco is farther north than New York. F.

Criticism Ephemeral, Works Endure, Consoles Dickens

Like many other great writers, Hans Christian Andersen could not bear adverse criticism of his work, and it was while on a visit to Gad's Hill, home of Charles Dickens, that one day Mrs. Dickens found her guest face down in the grass, bitterly weeping.

"Are any of your friends dead?" she exclaimed, seeing him holding a paper.

Andersen faltered that it was a Danish criticism, a perfectly nasty criticism of his new novel.

Dickens came now and tried to divert him by joking, but saw very soon that it was no joking matter. Then he embraced the quivering author, reminded him of his international farm, his great gifts.

"This is ordinary criticism," he said, writing something with his foot in the sand. "and this is what happens to it," rubbing it out, "but the worth of the real book endures."—Kansas City Star.

AND THE THINGS THAT MAKE HOME CANNING RIGHT ARE U.S. ROYAL PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS.

PE: IT CERTAINLY IS WORTH DOING HOME CANNING RIGHT.

NO: NOTHING ELSE CAN SEAL FLAVOR IN SO TIGHT . . . AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE IT CHILD'S PLAY TO MAKE OR BREAK THE SEAL.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
2700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Room 620

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

JEANNE GETS A CURTAIN CALL!

JEANNE, MR. BANGS, THE BIG PRODUCER, IS HERE. IF HE LIKES THE DRESS REHEARSAL, HE MAY PUT YOU ON BROADWAY!

NONSENSE! IF HE WANTED NEW TALENT, HE WOULDN'T COME TO AN AMATEUR SHOW!

AW—HE PROBABLY JUST CAME HERE TO MAKE FUN OF YOU!

STOP THAT MUSIC! —YOU MIT-WHITS! YOU'VE RUINED THE WHOLE SCENE! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU—I QUIT!

YEAH—TELL 'EM YOU COULD PUT ON A BETTER SHOW WITH DUMMIES FROM A STORE WINDOW!

YOUNG LADY, YOU WERE SPLENDID UNTIL YOU BLEW UP! I COULD USE YOU IN MY SHOW—IF YOU WEREN'T SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE!

YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO, IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION—AND COULDN'T SLEEP!

—TELL THIS OLD NUISANCE TO PIPE DOWN! HIS CHATTER WOULD GIVE ANY ONE A HEADACHE!

SOUNDS LIKE COFFEE-NERVES! WHEN ANY OF MY TROUPE FEEL THAT WAY I MAKE 'EM CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!

NONSENSE! STILL—IF YOU SAY IT MIGHT HELP—I COULD TRY IT. I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!

CURSES! POSTUM MEANS THE HOOK FOR ME!

LATER

GLAD TO HAVE YOU IN MY SHOW, JEANNE. YOU'RE DOING FINE! —AND YOU'RE THE BEST NATURED MEMBER OF THE CAST!

—WHY SHOULDN'T I BE GOOD NATURED? I'VE FEEL TOO WONDERFUL TO BE GROUCHY—SINCE I SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly . . . try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. WNU 4-27-34
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely, print name and address, use blue or black ink, address General Foods, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1934.)

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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Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

"I for one, am dedicated to the proposition that henceforth no American citizen shall ever again be put in a position where he has to sell his vote for bread"—Gov. Landon of Kansas.

'The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men'

In all walks of life, in prize fighting, politics, etc., we find that anything can happen. In the recent prize fight between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling, where bets were 10 to 1 against the German, it happened that the best sport critics were fooled to the extent that knocked all predictions into a cocked hat. No longer can it be said that men are certain of anything.

Contrary to the minds of everybody who spurned the idea an airplane crossing the Atlantic ocean, Col. Lindbergh made the trip with only a mealy bean sandwich and plenty of determination and grit.

For many years, the idea of having a highway across the pre-historic lava beds or Malpais at Carrizozo was laughed off as being a thing of impossibility and it has already been accomplished.

Nearly four years ago, one of the greatest political landlides this country has ever seen, went over with a 'bang.' But this fall may witness a complete reversal.

We may make predictions, lay plans, put up arguments that may seem to cause the undoing of the opposite party, but even then the unexpected is very liable to happen.

Schmeling began his fight with betting against him—and in a certain sense with his back against the wall—much like the Republican party is at the present time. But like the German fighter, if gameness, pluck and determination attends their efforts, what may now seem impossible, will result in victory in November.

"The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft a-glee." No man can truthfully say at this stage of the game, what will happen next November. The Democratic party, with its millions of campaign funds, is no evidence that it will be "The winner."

American manhood will revolt when it takes into consideration that this money which will be spent is to influence his vote. This money will be held back until nearing election time, but that will be the better evidence that the fund is put out to purchase votes.

If readers will ponder over the saying of Governor Alfred M. Landon in a paragraph at the head of this editorial, they will readily see the difference between selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage—and giving American free men the chance to be independent on living wages rather than to be slaves to a political party in personal servitude.

Santa Rita Church
Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 7:30 a. m.
Evening Service at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

St. Paul's Church
(Episcopal)
Rev. L. E. Patee, Vicar

Methodist Church
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor
Church School at 10 a. m.
Phil Bright, Supt.
Sunday Evening Service at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday
Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41—
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1936
First Saturday
of Each
Month
Roy Shafer, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each
month.
All Visiting Stars Cordially In-
vited.
Ina Mayer, W. M.
Ula Mayer, Sec'y

COALORA REBEKKAH
LODGE
NUMBER 15
I. O. O. F.
Meets second and fourth
Wednesdays of each month.
Clement Prior, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 80, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
Tom Cook
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.
Regular meetings every Tues-
day night.

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls
Worthy
Advisor—
Leslie
Cooper

Recorder—Margaret Shafer.
Mother Advisor—Mrs. J. M.
Shelton.
Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

In The Probate Court
State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In The Matter of The Estate of
Charles I. Joyce, Deceased.
No. 418

Notice of Appointment of
Administratrix
Notice is hereby given that the un-
derdesignated, at the regular May, 1936,
term of the Probate Court in and for
Lincoln County, New Mexico, was ap-
pointed administratrix of the estate of
Charles I. Joyce, deceased. All per-
sons having claims against said estate
are hereby notified to file the same
within the time and in the manner
required by law.
Ludema Joyce,
Postoffice Address:
J13-July 3 Carrizozo, New Mexico.

CHERRIES—Montmorency var-
iety. Large, medium sour, con-
ceded best for pies and canning. No.
One quality guaranteed. 10c per
pound f. o. b. Alamogordo. Write
M. E. MORGAN, Alamogordo.

O. T. Keathley has re-opened
the Zoro Boot Shop and is ready
to give his patrons the best of
services. Mr. Keathley special-
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Carrizozo, 25 miles per hour—
NO MORE. Cut off exhaust on
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Violators will be fined.
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All the Latest Shades
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Arriving Daily
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JUST RECEIVED—A car of
wire, metal roofing, barbed wire,
etc.—Our prices are reasonable.
The Titworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

The Growth
of Bureaucracy
By **RAYMOND PITCAIRN**
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic.

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lation of the District of Columbia, seat
of our national government, has in-
creased more than 22 per cent.
No state, or group of states, has
approached that rate of growth during
the same period. It compares with a
population increase of 3.9 per cent for
the nation as a whole.

What caused the jump? A recent
report of the Census Bureau, whose es-
timates supply the figures, attributes it
to an unprecedented peace-time influx
of Federal employees to jobs in the
scores of new bureaus and commissions
functioning during the past few years
at Washington.

These are significant facts. They in-
troduce an arresting element of novelty
in the American picture. Except during
the brief emergencies of war-time our
most striking growths heretofore have
occurred along what might be de-
scribed as our geographical and indus-
trial frontiers.

Population increased at the swiftest
pace in states where new and produc-
tive lands were being developed by
agriculture; in cities where new and
productive industries were originating
and expanding.

Inevitably such growth meant greater
opportunity for the men and women
who took part in the development;
greater wealth for the nation and its
citizens as a whole.
But an unprecedented increase of
job-holders at Washington has quite
a different meaning. It shows only a
growth of Bureaucracy. Unlike the men
and women who, by their energy and
their labors, continue to develop Amer-
ica and to bear the costs of its govern-
ment, many political job-holders pro-
duce little or nothing. They consume
instead—out of the share of all men
and women who labor in the home, on
the farm, in the factory or in business.
And the greater the number of these
who merely consume, the greater the
burden on those who produce.

Farley Fears Him



Already credited with having Jim
Farley and his New Deal spellbinders
on the defensive is young, red-headed
John D. M. Hamilton, of Topeka, Kan.,
new chairman of the Republican Na-
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campaign which won Landon the nomi-
nation unanimously.

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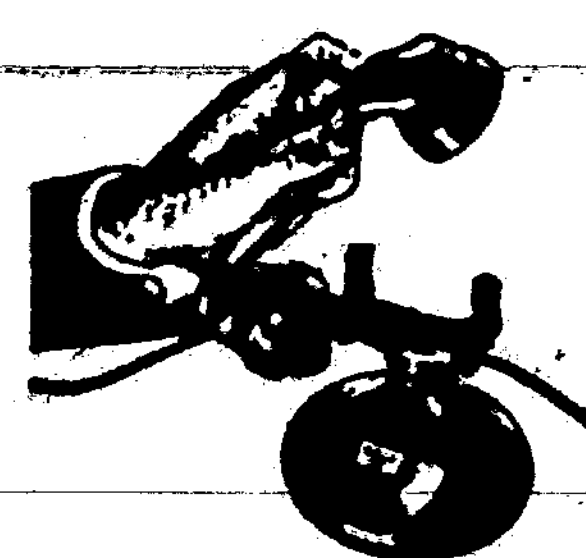

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There is also plenty of extra value in Chevrolet's SOLID STEEL one-piece TURRET TOP. It puts the safety of solid, seamless steel over your head—is smarter looking—keeps the car cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

Another feature that will be worth a great deal to you is Chevrolet's IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION GLIDING HIDE. It smooths away bumps and holes—assures perfect comfort for both front and back seat passengers—is recognized everywhere as the world's smoothest, safest ride.

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The extra value in Chevrolet cars mounts still higher when you consider the advantages of SHOCKPROOF STEERING. It eliminates steering wheel vibration, protects your hands and arms from constant shock, makes driving easier and safer than ever before.

And, finally, there is Chevrolet's HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE. Not only does this engine give the finest all-round performance, but it will also save you many dollars a year in gas, oil and maintenance. Insist on having all these modern features—buy a new Chevrolet—the only complete low-priced car!

Fourth of July Celebration at Fort Stanton


Plans are under way for another big celebration at the Fort, July 4th. The Picnic Ground is covered with plenty of good grass and is cool and shady. In order to take care of the crowd this year, we plan to put four lines of people through the barbecue stand at one time. In former years we have had only two lines. In this way we will speed up the dinner and go on with the Rodeo.

The stock for Rodeo events will be in fine shape. Those steers will buck; those cows should give milk, and we know those calves will be hard to catch. We hope that our many friends will return for another big celebration this year. This picnic would not be possible without the cooperation and help of people in surrounding communities. We appreciate your help and will try to make a big day for everyone. Baseball game after Rodeo.

—The Committee.

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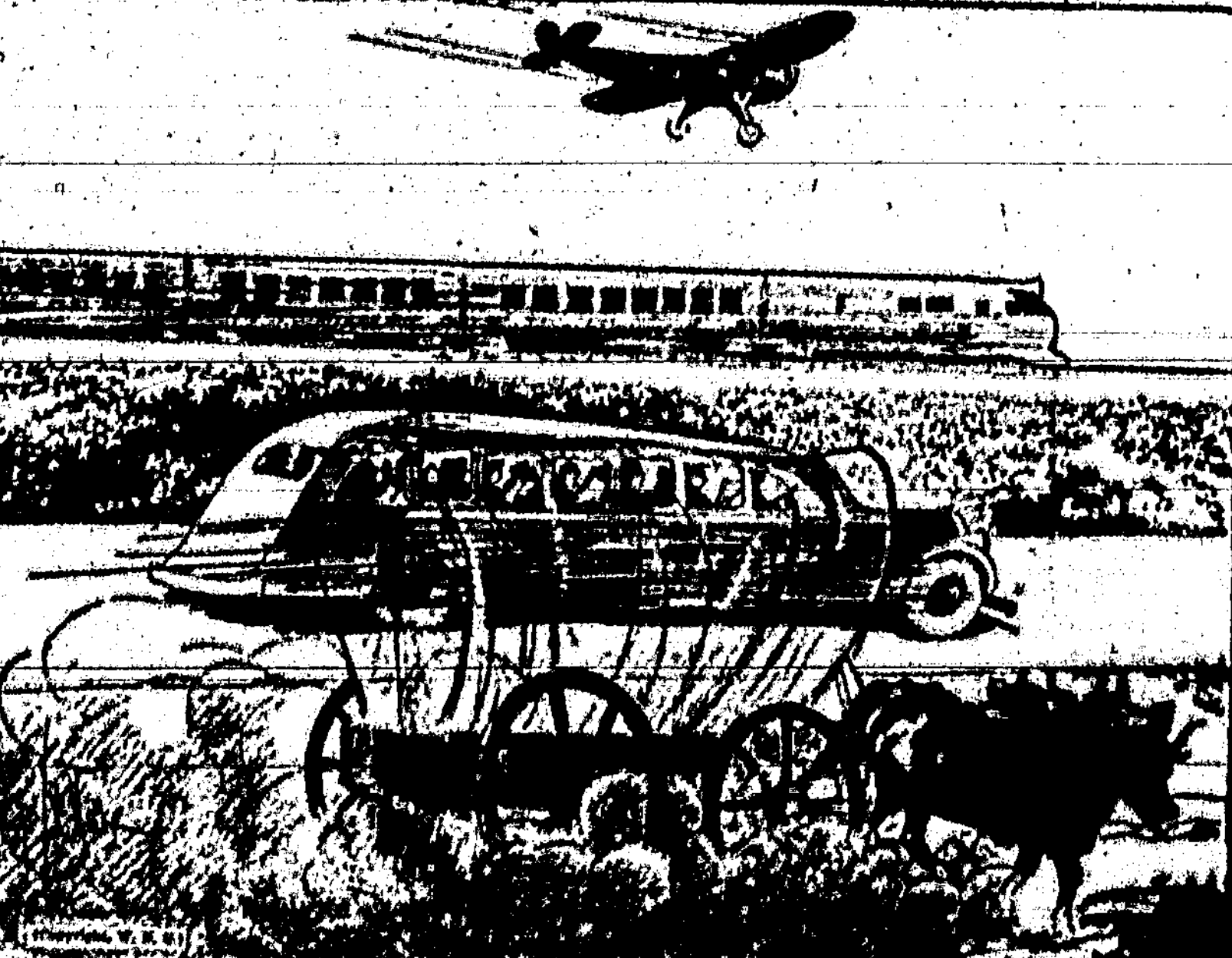
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Yesterday and Today



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

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

"I for one, am dedicated to the proposition that henceforth no American citizen shall ever again be put in a position where he has to sell his vote for bread" — Gov. Landon of Kansas.

The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men

In all walks of life, in prize fighting, politics, etc., we find that anything can happen. In the recent prize fight between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling, where bets were 10 to 1 against the German, it happened that the best sport critics were fooled to the extent that knocked all predictions into a cocked hat. No longer can it be said that men are certain of anything.

Contrary to the minds of everybody who spurned the idea of an airplane crossing the Atlantic ocean, Col. Lindbergh made the trip with only a mealy bean sandwich and plenty of determination and grit.

For many years, the idea of having a highway across the pre-historic lava beds or Malpais at Carrizozo was laughed off as being a thing of impossibility — and it has already been accomplished.

Nearly four years ago, one of the greatest political landslides this country has ever seen, went over with a bang. But this fall may witness a complete reversal.

We may make predictions, lay plans, put up arguments that may seem to cause the undoing of the opposite party, but even then the unexpected is very liable to happen.

Schmeling began his fight with betting against him — and in a certain sense with his back against the wall — much like the Republican party is at the present time. But like the German fighter, if gameness, pluck and determination attends their efforts, what may now seem impossible, will result in victory in November.

"The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft a-wee." No man can truthfully say at this stage of the game, what will happen next November. The Democratic party, with its millions of campaign funds, is no evidence that it will be "The winner."

American manhood will revolt when it takes into consideration that this money which will be spent is to influence his vote.

This money will be held back until nearing election time, but that will be the better evidence that the fund is put out to purchase votes.

If readers will ponder over the saying of Governor Alfred M. Landon in a paragraph at the head of this editorial, they will readily see the difference between selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage — and giving American free men the chance to be independent on living wages rather than to be slaves to a political party in penal servitude.

Santa Rita Church
Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 7:30 a. m.
Evening Service at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

St. Paul's Church
(Episcopal)
Rev. L. E. Patee, Vicar

Methodist Church
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor
Church School at 10 a. m.
Phil Bright, Supt.

Sunday Evening Service at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday
Capitan — 1st and 3rd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41—
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1936
First Saturday
of Each
Month

Roy Shafer, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

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ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

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month.
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vited.

Ina Mayer, W. M.
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COALORA REBEKAH
LODGE
NUMBER 15
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Meets second and fourth
Wednesdays of each month.
Clesta Prior, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 80, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
Tom Cook
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W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.

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day night.
Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls

Worthy
Advisor—
Leslye
Cooper

Recorder—Margaret Shafer.
Mother Advisor—Mrs. J. M.
Shelton.
Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico ss.
County of Lincoln)
In The Matter of The Estate of
Charles I. Joyce, Deceased.
No. 419

Notice of Appointment of
Administratrix:

Notice is hereby given that the un-
dersigned, at the regular May, 1936,
term of the Probate Court in and for
Lincoln County, New Mexico, was ap-
pointed administratrix of the estate of
Charles I. Joyce, deceased. All per-
sons having claims against said estate
are hereby notified to file the same
within the time and in the manner
required by law.

Ladama Joyce,
Postoffice Address:
J13-July 3 Carrizozo, New Mexico.

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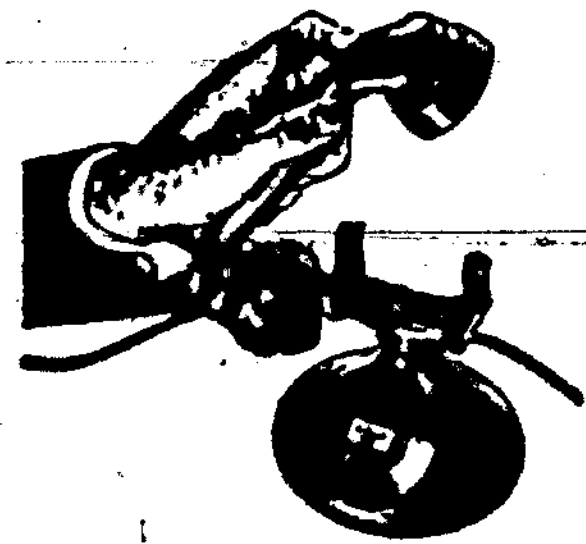
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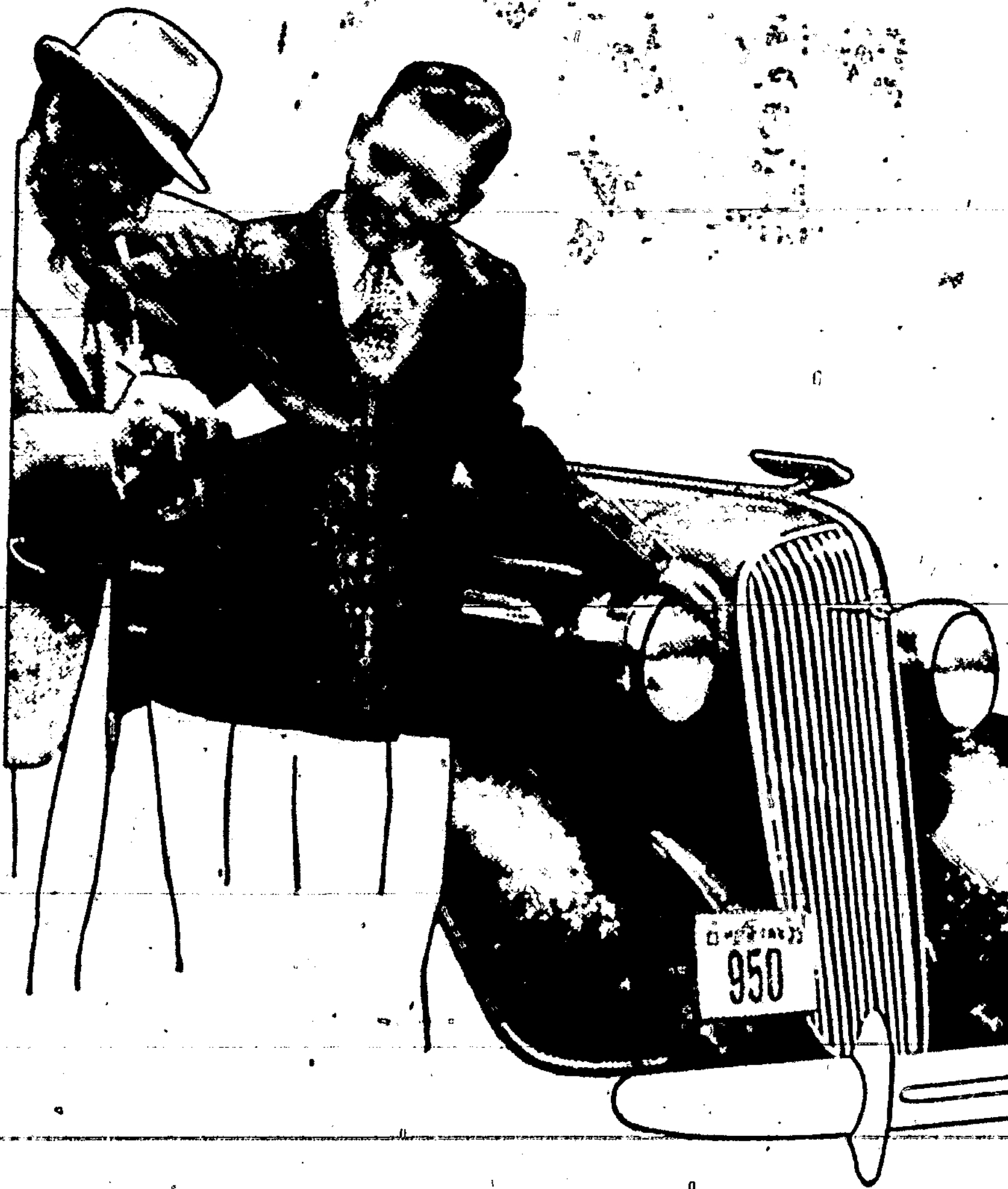
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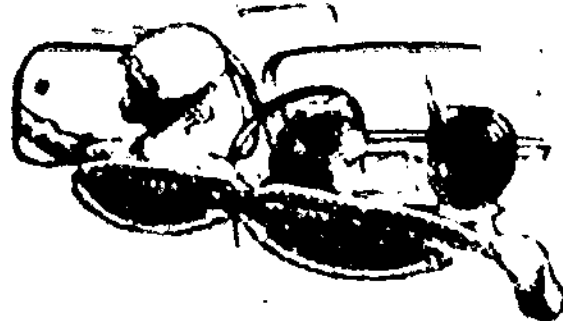
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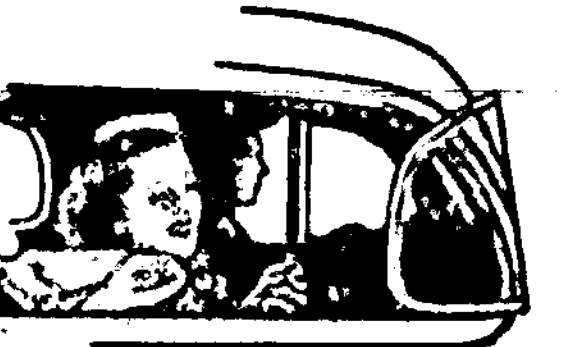
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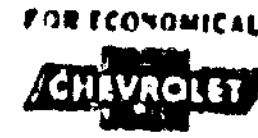
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Carrizozo, N. M.

**Fourth of July Celebration
at Fort Stanton**

Plans are under way for another big celebration at the Fort, July 4th. The Picnic Ground is covered with plenty of good grass and is cool and shady. In order to take care of the crowd this year, we plan to put four lines of people through the barbecue stand at one time. In former years we have had only two lines. In this way we will speed up the dinner and go on with the Rodeo.

The stock for Rodeo events will be in fine shape. Those steers will buck; those cows should give milk, and we know those calves will be hard to catch. We hope that our many friends will return for another big celebration this year. This picnic would not be possible without the cooperation and help of people in surrounding communities. We appreciate your help and will try to make a big day for everyone. Baseball game after Rodeo.

—The Committee.

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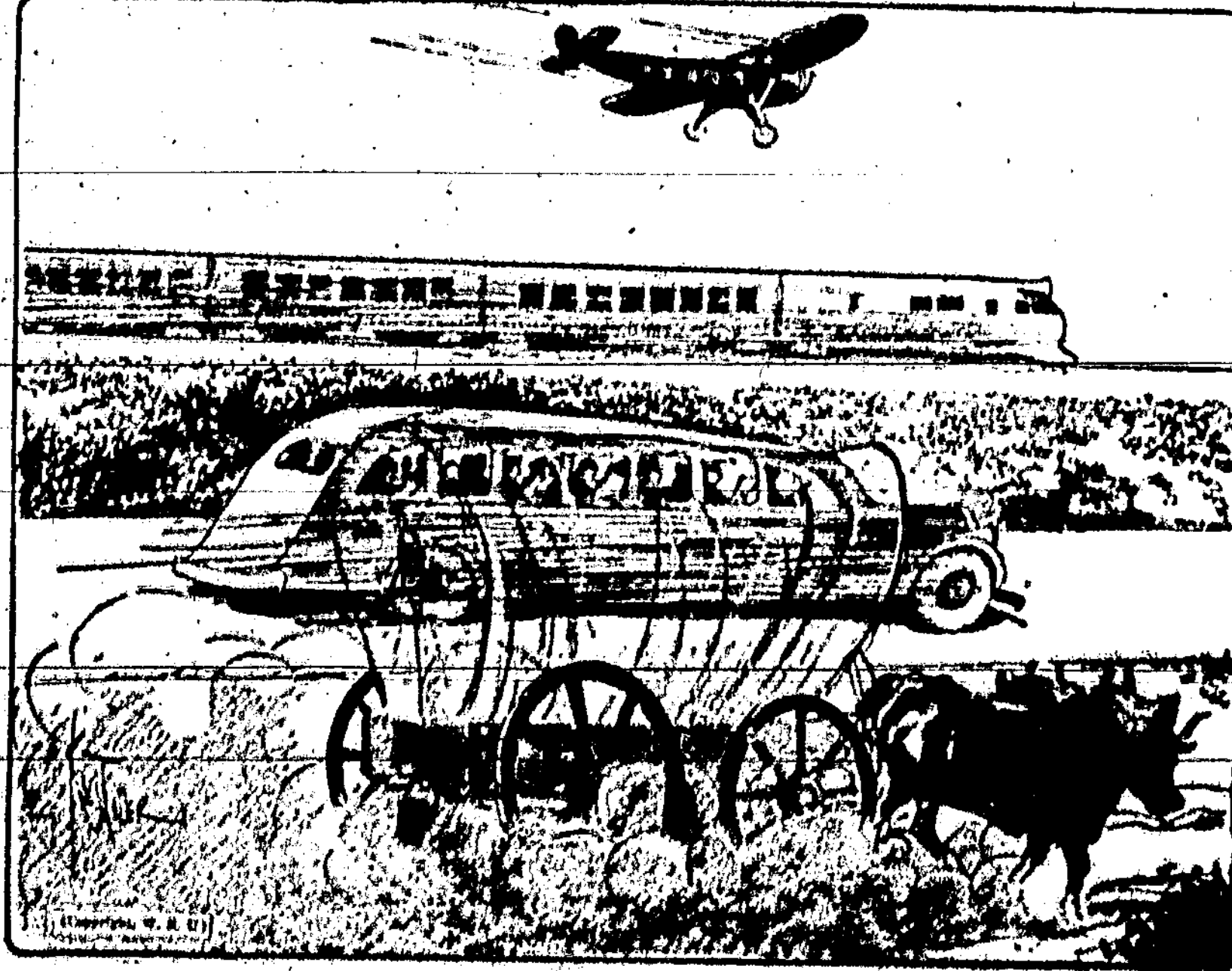
CHERRIES — Montmorency variety. Large, medium sour, conceded best for pies and canning. No. One quality guaranteed. 10¢ per pound. F. O. H. Alamogordo. Write M. E. MORGAN, Alamogordo.

This Week's Thought

**VOICE OF
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Yesterday and Today





Rhodesia

Tomb of Cecil Rhodes.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

A PIONEER country's memorials are usually natural features. Rhodesia has its Indaba tree and its Matopo hills. But the most curious spectacle extant associated with Rhodes is that deserted, craterlike pit at the Kimberley diamond mines, where he began digging the fortune which made possible his future colonizing schemes.

Picture Kimberley in the 1870s. Atop a bucket, alongside the checkerboard pattern of claims, sits a big, ruff-haired, shaggy garbed English youth, staring into vacancy. In his hand he holds a cotton grover, and the world will one day gape to put it thus since his name is Rhodes—a "Colossus."

The English doctors gave this young Cecil John Rhodes a year or so to live, but the South African climate has saved him. From death to diamonds, and from them to vast wealth, South African statesmanship, and empire-building such will be the swiftly ascending rungs during a life that will end at forty-nine years.

Meanwhile he dreams he is an incorrigible dreamer. Presently he will be making wills, based on some future, chimerical wealth, to the end of extending the British empire so vastly as to render war impossible and promote the best interests of humanity.

The two Rhodesias, of which the Northern colony is almost double the size of the Southern, contain about two and a half million Bantus and 61,000 persons of European descent. And over what an expanse are these few scattered! One might roughly compare the area of the Rhodesias with that of the thirteen states, or parts of states, lying south of Pennsylvania, east of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, eastward along the Gulf of Mexico, and north of a hypothetical line running through central Florida.

Picture the above region as being occupied by a population only one-tenth that of Atlanta, Ga.—a population wherein the Bantu and white races are proportioned at 40 to 1. Consider, along with that, a civilization only four decades old, and you have the basic elements of Rhodesia, the pioneer colony.

Land of Real Pioneers.

In Rhodesia, individual effort has developed into co-operation, crop specialization into mixed farming, and a department of agriculture, having to do with the cultural and financing sides of Rhodesian husbandry, has come into being for the benefit of the pioneers.

"Pioneer," he is noted, is strictly masculine. We have heard of the farmerette and the aviatrix, but never of the "pioneeress." Comparing the proportion of women to men in given countries, one finds that the older civilizations generally have an excess of the former over the latter, whereas the reverse is true of lands later settled, such as Canada, New Zealand, the United States, and Australia. Now, in this matter of male supremacy, the yet younger Rhodesia out tops almost all countries and exceeds the above-mentioned quartette by a "masculinity" of from four to seven times greater.

That conveys, of course, no social picture of Rhodesia, where woman is playing her full part, as always. Rather, it tells the old story—that the foot-free man strikes out for new lands and, in time, sends overseas for that "girl at home" to make the land worth living in.

And just here the governmental settlement-assistance schemes enter the picture. Somewhat similar in effect to the Homestead act that, in 1862, called American pioneers to plant their homes on free western lands, the Rhodesian assistance schemes went much further, in offering nominally free passages from England to the colony and, upon the settler's arrival, free agricultural instruction for a year.

Like the homesteader, he pledged himself to remain for three years. Unlike the homesteader, he was subject to a minimum and a maximum of available capital, and bought his land, at a dollar or so per acre, on a 24-year installment plan.

Settlers Have Good Homes.

To reach a Rhodesian settler's farmstead, you might possibly drive 20 wooded miles off the turnpike, and, if it is after nightfall, hear some stray lion gulping gutturally in the distance. Yet, once arrived, you find yourself in a true home that the man and his wife have made together. He and his native boys have built the house, planning it around a big central room with a wide hearth. She has made it bright with gay curtains, with the rugs brought from overseas, with the homestead's flowers.

And the smart furniture? Well, Rhodesia has its teak, and it is astonishing what carpentry native "boys" can achieve with the assistance of designs cut from household magazines, and the vicarious elbow grease of your constant presence.

Across the broad acres the reaped corn stands in regimented stacks. There's a farm store where the settler sells to his native "boys." For amusements, there are horseback riding, hunting, and fishing, books from public libraries, and maybe a radio set.

As for educating the regional settlers' children, a minimum of ten pupils calls for the establishment of a governmental school. Falling that number, in sparsely peopled sections, there will be an "aided farm school," with a government grant for each child.

Heading eastward from Salisbury, you soon find yourself nearing those mountains beyond which extends Portuguese territory. Completely cupped within their foothills' lofty profiles lies Umtali, eastern outpost of the Rhodesias. Nothing could reveal itself as a more charming surprise than this neat little town, tucked away on the colony's remote verge, its streets lined with tall flamboyant trees that rear their masses of scarlet blossoms against the mountain-tinged valley's vaults of overhead blue.

A 250-mile swing around a circle centering on Umtali reveals it as Rhodesia's gateway to the wild heart of things, where waterfalls plunge over precipices, and primitive forests clothe the land with silence, and nude peaks pile their shapes against the sky.

The Matopo Hills.

At times you traverse 50 miles of wild woodland that offer no more guiding features than a dry stream-bed or some cement causeway, built at low level to allow seasonal torrents to sweep across instead of under it. Brilliantly plumaged birds flash past, groups of rock perched baboons discuss family affairs. Insurance into the open, with a mission church ahead, is an experience, while the passage of some other car is a downright sensation.

Yet, though you would not have guessed it, there are often kraals near the road, and thus you get a glimpse of native corrugating, snuffmaking, hairdressing (as complicated a process as permanent waving), and listen to a fat old grandmother telling Uncle Remus stories in the original version.

Near Umtaliway you visit the Matopo hills. After a few hours' drive, the land begins heaping itself into a wide series of rocky kopjes. Here nature seems to have worked haphazard, flinging so many great boulders atop of so many pinnacles that one might well call the place the Valley of Balancing Stones.

Now you clamber up the vast, smooth slant of a massive formation and find yourself on a rocky plateau, feeling antlike beside the huge, globular boulders that are perched there over "World's View." Away stretches the tumbled kopje-heaped valley, resembling earth's beginnings, as sculptured by some supernatural Rodin, who has tanned the half-finished work aside, saying, "Make out of it what you can."

The boulders immediately encircling you are vivid with lichen, in reds, greens, and gold. A child would call this a fairy place, and dream of enchantments. Then suddenly one severe slab, imbedded over what was laid to rest in the blasted-out heart of the rock, tells you that here has been high burial.

"This Power that wrought on us and goes back to the Power again . . . Ah, power! Far better than any cathedral able does this 'View of the World.' Rhodesia's self-chosen burial place, suit with the rugged power of the man. The gnarled pinnacles are his cathedral's spires, the richly hued boulders his stained-glass windows.

Once, when Rhodes was a boy, he asked a gray-haired man why he should thus be buried planting oaks, since he would never live to see them full grown. Unforgettably for Rhodes, the veteran replied that he had the vision to see "others sitting under the trees" shade when he himself had gone. And well may Rhodes be likened to an English oak, springing by like vision from the dust now resting under the slab in the Matopo hills.

Just an Idea

It was John Ruskin who said it long ago, but it is still true that the man who looks for the crooked things will see the crooked things, and the man who looks for the straight will see the straight.

MEAT A REMEDY FOR HEADACHES

Well Rounded Diet Prevents Head Troubles.

By EDITH M. BARBER

MEAT is a remedy for headaches! That's the latest announcement. Of course, not meat by itself, but a larger amount than usual in the daily diet, with a corresponding decrease in starches and sugars. Many bodily disturbances, which are given various names, are now treated by change in diet rather than by drugs. The high meat diet has been found effective in certain cases of epilepsy. On the other hand in some cases of nephritis, which is caused by an affection of the kidneys, the amount of meat is limited. In diabetes, meat and other proteins are comparatively high, even when insulin allows a moderate amount of starches and sugars.

For the general diet the total amount of protein food usually advised is enough to provide about 10 per cent of the calories needed for the day. This gives a liberal amount to replace tissue, which is worn out by use of the muscles. While the larger amount under ordinary conditions is not harmful, an oversupply may crowd out fruits and vegetables which supply important minerals and vitamins.

Because protein foods are generally expensive, it is economical to use sugars, starches and fats to supply the energy material which is needed for the work of the body machine in keeping it running and for the extra calories, the need for which depends upon the occupation.

With a well-rounded diet, headaches will usually be unknown unless there is some special disturbance which makes them chronic. In this case, the doctor may advise the high meat content mentioned above.

Liver With Cream Sauce. Slice the liver one-third inch thick. Scale and strip off the skin on edges. Drain and cook quickly with two sliced onions in three tablespoons of butter. Pour in sweet or sour cream to cover, and let simmer ten minutes, closely covered. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Hungarian Goulash. 2 onions, minced
½ cup butter or drippings
½ pound pig's kidneys, cut into cubes
½ pound veal, cut into cubes
½ pound of beef, cut into cubes
1 green pepper, chopped
5 sprigs parsley, minced
1 cup stewed tomatoes
Hot water
4 potatoes, raw-peeled and sliced
Salt and paprika

Brown onions in fat, add kidneys and meat. Add green pepper, parsley and brown all together. Add tomatoes and cover with hot water until meat is barely covered. Cover and let simmer

40 minutes. Add a layer of potatoes over the meat. Add more water if needed. Season to taste with salt, and paprika, and let simmer without stirring for 25 minutes.

Casseroles of Beef. 2½ pounds beef, chuck or round
2 tablespoons beef drippings
1 small carrot, cut in dice
2 tablespoons flour
1 small onion, sliced
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup of tomatoes
1 bay leaf
3 cups diced potatoes
Salt and pepper and dredge meat with flour. Heat the fat in a frying pan and brown the meat in it on all sides. Place meat in casserole, add other ingredients, cover and let bake at a low temperature (300 degrees F.) about 1½ hours, keeping the casserole well covered so as not to allow the steam and juices to escape.

Meat Croquettes. 1½ cups cold chopped meat
1 cup thick white sauce
Salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
Nutmeg
1½ cups dried bread crumbs, rolled and sifted
1 egg, diluted with 2 tablespoons water
Mix the sauce with the meat, add the seasonings and spread on a plate to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again. Prepare more crumbs and egg if necessary. Fry in deep fat (350 degrees Fahrenheit) and drain on paper.

Frankfurters With Sauerkraut. ¼ pound salt pork
1 sliced onion
1 quart sauerkraut
1 grated raw potato
1 teaspoon caraway seed
Boiling water or stock
Dice salt pork and cook until brown in a frying pan. Add onion and sauerkraut and fry five minutes. Add potato, caraway seed, cover with boiling water or stock and simmer one-half hour or more.

To Brighten Windows. A spoonful of kerosene added to a pail of very hot water will make windows bright and clear. In washing windows use a small clean cloth, wring it dry and rub it over the glass, after wiping down the framework with an oiled cloth. Do the same with the next window on both sides. After that go back to the first one and wipe it dry with a large, clean cloth. No real polishing is required.

Smooth Garden Furniture. Hickory garden furniture—the sort with the bark still on it—should be coated with spar varnish to make it just as smooth as possible. In this way you can minimize the danger of snagging sheer hose and slimy fabrics.

stitch is that with two stitches a complete petal is worked, with both edges laid in the embroidery medium. Daisy is a modified buttonhole stitch, which can be worked so rapidly that even a lazy worker can accomplish much with it in a short time.

For a flower, start each top stitch in center of flower, bringing point of needle up and over the thread where the tip of the petal should come. Put the needle down to bring embroidery medium over the petal strand and hold it in place, and at the same time bring the needle up where the next stitch is to start. All stitches are similarly made. Stems, if any, are outlined. When well worked, both lazy daisy and outline stitches are good looking on the wrong side. Also they are flat, and essential for mille fleur towel ornamentation. Flowers worked in outline may have petals filled with darning stitches.

Colors and Materials. Flowers may all be in the same color, or colors may vary in different blossoms. Stems, if any, should be green. Hucknaback, damask, linen, heavy or in handkerchief weight (this last for finger towels only) are recommended materials. Embroidery medium should not be too fine. Fabric and medium should be in contrast.

Stitches. Lazy daisy stitch is popular for the embroidery although outline stitch is equally good. The advantage of daisy

stitch is that with two stitches a complete petal is worked, with both edges laid in the embroidery medium. Daisy is a modified buttonhole stitch, which can be worked so rapidly that even a lazy worker can accomplish much with it in a short time.

WASHINGTON.—Dr. Francis E. Townsend's fanciful dream for payment of pensions of \$200 per month for everyone over sixty years of age seems to have gone up in smoke, but there are developments in connection with the California doctor's unworkable scheme that merit comment. The good doctor and his half-baked idea have been skidding rapidly since the House investigating committee showed up the plan as a befuddled idea and as I once predicted, the bubble burst in a big way.

While I am inclined to believe that Dr. Townsend was honest and sincere in proposing the \$200 per month pension, it was the sort of thing that serves as an inducement for racketeers to gather. It was the old maulasses barrel for the flies in the world of racketeers. It never had a chance to go anywhere and never will, because it was fundamentally unsound. We can dismiss it then except for the two phases which ought to be vigorously condemned by right-thinking people everywhere.

The two circumstances which I hear discussed most frequently are: The tragedy, the heartaches, that obviously follow in the wake of "movements" such as the Townsend plan that cannot succeed and that draw to themselves thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of persons who believe they are going to benefit; and secondly, it seems to me that the House committee, headed by Representative Bell, of Missouri, overplayed its hand with the result that it has brought upon House committees the same public disgust and distrust as characterizes 90 per cent of the Senate investigations.

Each of these conditions is to be deplored. Each is definitely destructive. There can be no more excuse for some of the methods employed by the House committee in crucifying Dr. Townsend than for Dr. Townsend himself to wreck hearts and hopes and homes by pushing forward such a miserably impossible proposition as his \$200 per month pension program.

The House committee had within its power opportunity to do a magnificent job in exposing the racketeering that became part and parcel of the Townsend plan. It had within its hands the capacity to educate millions within the United States against following such an illusion, such a mirage, as the Townsend plan. If it had confined itself to that work, Representative Bell and his committee should receive the plaudits of the nation. But the sad story is that the committee under Mr. Bell's guidance allowed itself to become an agency of prosecution, even persecution, rather than an unbiased investigating unit, determined only to obtain the truth.

Since there never was any question that the Townsend nostrum would fall of its own weight eventually, it is difficult to understand why the committee resorted to the tactics it used. I watched some of those hearings. As the committee delved deeper into the activities of Dr. Townsend and his associates, it became infuriated. That was where it made its big mistake and it is going to be quite a long time before House committees again can have a reputation throughout the country of conducting unbiased and reasonable investigations.

Dr. Townsend was sufficiently "hard-boiled" to justify the committee's making a vigorous investigation. He was sufficiently indifferent to their offers or hints of co-operation to warrant a feeling on the committee's part that they had to "bear down." Yet, it must be said the committee went beyond all reason and I imagine that in the end it will flare back on the individuals.

Now, Dr. Townsend surely cannot blame anyone other than himself for the fact that he is faced with proceedings by the United States attorney. It will be remembered, of course, that Dr. Townsend deliberately walked out of the committee and refused to testify. That has always been held as contempt and Congress has the right to punish for contempt. In this instance, the House of Representatives elected to turn Dr. Townsend's case over to the United States attorney for punishment in court rather than to employ a House vote which might send the elderly dreamer to jail.

Further, the whole Townsend investigation has turned out to be something of a mess like the Townsend plan itself.

Thus, there is every evidence of a second type of politics in this investigation. The evidence of politics lay in the fact that the House voted the inquiry largely because many of the individual House members were afraid, they were too cowardly, to take a definite stand in their home districts against the Townsendites. True, they did not know how strong the Townsend movement was. So, as politicians always do, they dodged the is-

sue and moved to expose it through the medium of a House investigation rather than fight individually to show how ridiculous, how unsound, the plan was.

Having set up the picture showing an utterly impossible program on the part of Dr. Townsend and his associates and followers, the House politicians were confronted suddenly by Dr. Townsend's arrogance in his refusal to testify. That presented a sudden change in the scenery. To explain the dangers in this new problem, it is only necessary to say that if the House had acted promptly by voting that Dr. Townsend was in contempt and must spend some time in jail, I expect the result would have been martyrdom for Dr. Townsend. Martyrdom is always bad from a political standpoint if the opposition has the martyr.

The house, therefore, has turned over the affair to the courts and the courts, being slow moving as they always are, will not get around to prosecution of the case until it is too late to have any influence on the election. So we can see readily that Dr. Townsend is left out in the cold. He can neither use the influence that is characteristic of martyrdom nor can he say that his skirts are clear. The house has left him hanging conveniently in mid-air and it was done solely for political reasons.

There may be some more hearings on the Townsend plan during the summer but the chances are that Representative Bell will not call the committee together again for some months. Practically, the case is closed. It has undoubtedly stopped to a large measure the drain that the Townsend organization was making on the unthinking, the aged and the destitute whose quarters, dimes and nickels have financed the thing thus far. While the committee did a good job by exposing the character of the scheme, I still am doubtful that it has brought to itself or to the house of representatives any fresh confidence in our governmental structure.

The national capital, along with many other sections of the country, has been listening to the purring of "locusts."

17-Year Locusts uses the word locusts in quotation marks because they are not really locusts. They are cicadas but to the most of us they are and will remain the seventeen-year locusts.

It is said that the first colonists in America, never before having met with the insects and believing that everything of God's creation was accounted for in the Bible, concluded they were locusts and the name has stuck. In any event, they appear in great numbers at seventeen-year intervals and 1930 seems to be a banner year.

Back in 1919, trees in many sections of the country were pestered by tiny saw-like instruments which the Department of Agriculture says are part of the equipment of the female cicadas. Billions of eggs were deposited under the soft bark. A month or two later, grubs emerged on the branches and dropped unnoticed to the earth.

Then, the chronology of the life of these cicadas becomes a matter of darkness for seventeen long years. The insect in grub form burrowed itself in the soil and subsisted on the juices of roots. As far as anyone knows they did little or no harm but after sixteen years and a few months of this life, the grubs awoke this spring and out they came. They acted on instinct, of course.

Through the last several weeks these great beetle-like bugs with wings like isinglass have been humming and thrumming and leaving their empty shells attached to trees and grasses.

During that period, the males have spent their daylight hours singing. The Department of Agriculture is not quite sure why this singing has gone on because it has ascertained that all of the lady cicadas are quite deaf.

Perhaps I have devoted too much space to the story of the seventeen-year locust. Perhaps the seventeen-year locust is not important at all except to the robins and the starlings and the sparrows and the other birds which have had a feast in 1930 that almost no other bird now living has known. But I have thought about these seventeen-year locusts; a train of thoughts, in fact. They lead to this:

What will conditions be in 1983, or seventeen years hence when those humans on earth will hear again the mating song of the locusts?

Will the policies and the principles initiated by Franklin D. Roosevelt and called "the New Deal" be firmly imbedded as American traditions or will they be cast out as impractical and forgotten? Will the changes in civilization be such that people will be willing to submit to regimentation, to have their government tell them what to do and how to do it, or will this nation be a nation of individuals who insist upon the rights and the privileges which the founders of our country believed to be just and right?

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART

NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—Dr. Francis E. Townsend's fanciful dream for payment of pensions of \$200 per month for everyone over sixty years of age seems to have gone up in smoke, but there are developments in connection with the California doctor's unworkable scheme that merit comment.

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The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

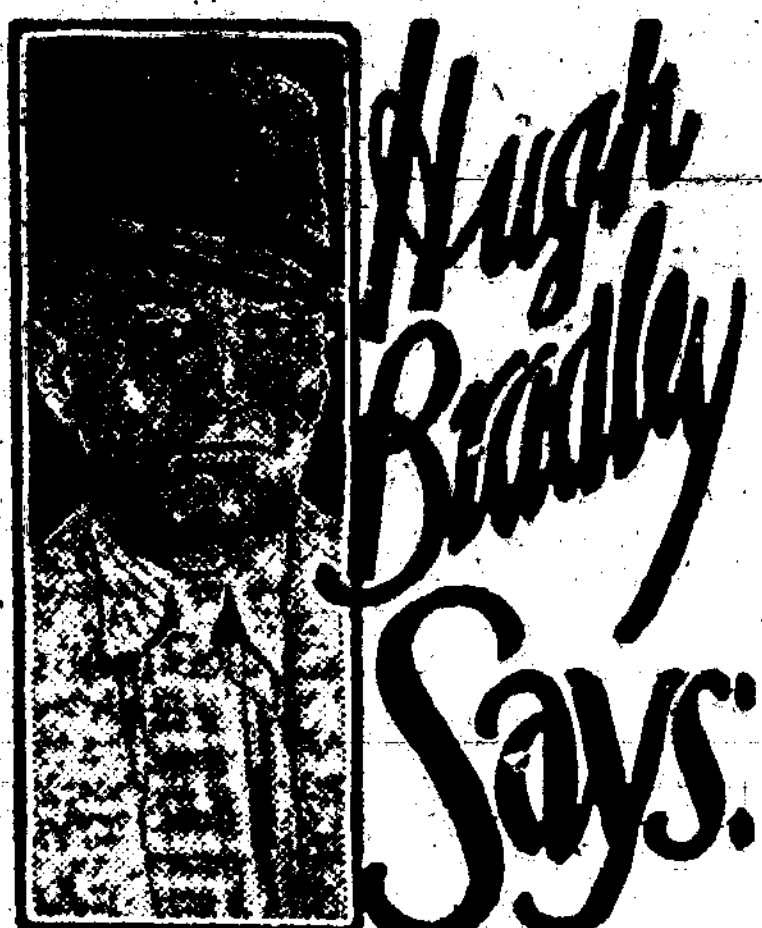
MILLE fleur guest towels and finger towels are the last word in these linen closet furnishings, which have become a modern household necessity. The words mille fleur are used as a term of description rather than one of precision, since the flowers cannot be reckoned in millions. However, the random sprinkling of the flowers over the entire surface of the towels is in accordance with the term as applied in other decorative uses.

The number of blossoms embroidered on a towel is at the discretion of the person working them. The flowers must be distributed over the towel and not be arranged as a border or in any set fashion. We may consider the surface of the towel as a green lawn with the flowers springing up here and there through the grass, the bright colors making the sward gay.

Stitches. Lazy daisy stitch is popular for the embroidery although outline stitch is equally good. The advantage of daisy



Mille Fleur Towels Have the Embroidered Blossoms Scattered Over the Entire Surface of the Material as Pictured.



Hugh Bradley Says

Ducats Bring Back Fond Memories of Ring's Old Timers

ALL day long they sit there. Old timers, most of them, they have little else to do. Occasionally they utter words of wisdom concerning this cream colored youth who glowers at them from brightly tinted posters tacked against the walls.

More often though they just sit there, these fighters, managers and promoters of another day. Probably all of them are glad that collectors are so good in this palace of the Broadway duke who deals in ducats.

There is the scrap of faded card-board which entitled a Brighton Beach visitor to see Gibbons and McFarland lead with agile lefts so many years ago. Prize-fight ballyhoo and customs were much the same then as now.

"I beg your pardon, boys, these are my seats," pleaded McCormack. The boys snarled. Ushers were summoned. The boys continued to snarl.

Recalling Bat Nelson at Dempsey-Willard Go

There are dozens of stubs which bring back memories of that great little fighting man, Terry McGovern who beat the best in his day.



A larger piece of pasteboard bears the names of Willard and Dempsey. Seldom will there be such sweltering heat as there was on that afternoon after Battling Nelson took his bath.

Cold drinks sold at such a premium that afternoon that vendors neglected what otherwise might have been a swell business opportunity. They made no effort to charge bonuses for slips from the tub of lemonade in which the once great lightweight champion had bathed.

Carefully pasted in the frame there is another bit of card-board with \$500 engraved upon it in tall numerals. This is one of the ducats from the Carpenter-Lavinsky light-heavyweight scrap at Jersey City on Tuesday, October 12, 1920.

When they met a year later the face price of each ringside pasteboard was \$50 but first row ducats were being peddled as high as \$500 each.

For hours during that eventful afternoon while millionaires and outright phenies fought for prized locations, one seat remained vacant almost within touching distance of the ring.

ARTISTS unable to visit Max Schmelling's fight camp missed a rare opportunity for entertainment and enlightenment.

The next rumor the Brooklyn baseball club will have to deny is that Frank Hague, Jersey City's mayor, will buy the joint and install Travis Jackson as manager.

Could it be true that Joe Louis' managers requested Mrs. Joe to leave camp because the Bomber was spending more time in billing and cooling than in training?

Connie Mack Is Still Wizard in Rookie Hunt

In spite of gray hairs and advancing years, Connie Mack has not lost much of his skill in picking coming young ball players.



Connie Mack

Archibald Walker, former lightweight contender, now works in the Curb Exchange Clearing house. Although it has been years since he won a bet, Jimmy Kelly, the celebrated Sullivan Street, still manages to breakfast on scrambled eggs and champagne.

Celebrated Gee Gees Wind Up in the Army

Some of our most celebrated gee gees wind up in the army. Sir Barton and Behave Yourself (both Kentucky Derby winners), Vander Pool, Audacious, Chilhovee, Single Foot, Kentucky Cardinal and Capt. Alcock are in the Remount service.

Turkmen hope for one good break out of the news that Governor Lehman refuses to be re-elected. They hint that a new governor may mean a new state racing commission or that the commission may be scrapped as was done years ago when Harry F. Sinclair was chairman.

THINGS I NEVER EXPECT TO SEE:

A New York State racing commissioner remembering (and proving) that he really is as much a servant of the muggs who exist in walkups as of the millionaires who reside in Westchester.

The Phillies winning a pennant. The owners of the Phillies, or the A's, refusing a helping of that Boston and Chicago gravy.

A Broadway columnist getting an item of sports news first. Or getting it right.

The New York State Athletic commission keeping within proper legal bounds and thus giving the public a break.

Any commission appointed to supervise sports acting as if the wishes of the people really came ahead of the orders of the politicians.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Why Fat People Stay Fat. FOR the healthy body fat is the money put by for a rainy day. A supply of it is stored in good times. Tiny drops of liquid fat are carried by the blood into the connective tissue.

On the other hand skinny people have not enough fat tissue. Their eyes lie deep in their cavities which accounts for their expression of distress.

When the tissues are firm, fibrous, taut or tight, for example on the forehead, the ridge of the nose, in the sinews (tendons) of muscles which attach the muscles to the bones, the ligaments that hold bones together at the joints, the blood cannot deposit fat.

The first point is that putting on fat is in a sense a sign of health; as the body seems able to get along or do its work with a part of the food eaten, and then stores a part of the food away for a rainy day.

However with most fat people there are no "rainy" days as a rule, in that they are always able to get enough food. This means that nature never gets a chance to use up any of its stored fat.

The second point is that "Where the tissues are firm the blood cannot deposit fat." As a matter of fact the places where fat is deposited—chest, abdomen, upper arms and thighs—were not meant to be "soft" spots.

Exercise heats the body, and hence burns up fat; it develops the muscles which thus do not allow fat to form either in or about their cells.

And the ideal exercise, when the individual is able to do it, is games.

In games there is always running, which means raising the body off the ground, hence not only developing thigh muscles and preventing fat hips and upper thighs, but is the best known means to develop heart and lungs.

Bending exercises are: Touching toes, or trying to, touch the toes with knees straight; lying on the floor and with knees straight, raising the legs to a right angle, with buttocks not raised from the floor; standing with knees straight and bending slowly from side to side, and forwards and backwards.

Walking a quarter to half a mile, and gradually increasing it to two or more miles should prevent fat formation on the thighs, and strengthen heart and lungs.

Naturally there should be no increase in the amount of food or water taken, if fat is to be removed.

Removing Thyroid Gland. The removal of the entire thyroid gland, while not considered as dangerous an operation as it was a few years ago, nevertheless has the dangers which attend any operation, injury to important nerves in the throat, lung complications, infection, bleeding, and suffocation.

Dr. G. H. Pratt, New York, in the American Journal of Surgery, reports that failures to get results from this operation are, in his opinion due to failure to remove the whole thyroid gland. Where a portion of the gland is not removed this portion, however small, grows rapidly again and the symptoms—rapid heart—return.

These Colored Mammy Tea Towels Will Bring Gayety to Your Kitchen



No "afternoons off" for this colored Mammy, for she must "wash the cups and saucers up, and put the clothes away." But you can take an afternoon off and embroider yourself a set of tea towels with these amusing Mammies, for the work goes very quickly, it's cross stitch, outline, running and single stitch.

Smiles

Blame Placed. Mrs. NoBryde—I don't want any more flour like that you gave me last week.

Naturally. Jimson—Captain, what shall I do if I get senesch?

Events Move Forward. The grand current of events runs not downward or backward. The spirit within the rapid wheels of time turning them this way and that, still moves them forward and to blessed ends.

Teacher—Why were the early days called the Dark ages? Student—Because of all the knights.

THE DEATH BATTERY OR HOW MELVIN PURVIS CAPTURED THE GARSON JAIL-BREAKERS

MELVIN PURVIS, the young lawyer who became America's ace G-Man, who directed the capture of Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, and others. Mr. Purvis reveals here methods used in capturing criminals. Names have, of course, been changed. This inside story is published as proof that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



THE ELECTROLYSIS TEST. Some of the mad Melvin Purvis brought in was placed in solution in this beaker, and then an electric current was passed through it. The copper ore in the mud was revealed when it was deposited on one of the metal plates connecting with the electric wire.

BOYS and GIRLS! JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MAN CORPS! I'll send you FREE MY OFFICIAL JUNIOR G-MAN BADGE... PUT YOUR NAME ON THE SECRET ROLL... AND SEND YOU MY BIG ENGLISH BOOK THAT TELLS ALL ABOUT CLUES, SECRET CODES, SELF DEFENSE, INVISIBLE WRITING... SECRETS EVERY JUNIOR G-MAN OUGHT TO KNOW... INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO BECOME A ROVING OPERATIVE AND EVEN CHEF OPERATIVE! ALSO MY BIG CATALOG TELLING BOYS AND GIRLS HOW TO GET OTHER FREE PRIZES! SEND THE COUPON NOW!

Post Toasties advertisement featuring a coupon and text: "Post Toasties—that's the clue to better breakfasts!" says Melvin Purvis. Includes a coupon for a Junior G-Man Corps badge and English book.

Uncle Phil Says:

Work First, Then Play. Play is an important part in the program of life, but work must be done before we can afford to play.

It is not a few faint wishes, but a lifelong struggle, that makes us valiant. Since there are so many mistakes to make, what's the use of making the same one twice?

Be Great in Little Things. If a man is not great in little things he lacks the elements of true greatness. Some people broaden as they age; others merely grow fat.

When making jam, if fruit is boiled for about ten minutes before sugar is added, less sugar will be used. When mulching perennials avoid using too heavy a mulch. The purpose of the mulch is to keep the plants cool, not warm.

KOOL-AID advertisement: THIRSTY? DRINK KOOL-AID. MAKES 10 GLASSES AT GROCERS 3¢.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

INSTRUCTION

PHOTOGRAPHY

Off to Pacific Coast and Eskimo Land

County School Supt. Mrs. Ola Jones, sons Tom and Paul and Mrs. Mary Watson, assistant to the superintendent, left yesterday morning for Portland, Ore., where the ladies will attend the National Educational Association convention, which will be in session June 27-July 2. After the convention, they will go to Seattle and sail for Seward, Alaska, on a 13-day cruise. On their return trip, they will come down the coast to San Francisco, view the big Golden Gate Bridge and then to Yosemite National Park. They are planning to be absent about six weeks.

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

John Doering is employed taking care of the yard for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler.

Reuben Chavez arrived Tuesday morning from Gallup, where he is employed and will spend a short vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saturnino Chavez, grandmother, Mrs. Petra Gonzalez, sister Bertha, brothers Manuel, Sat and Esequiel. Reuben was accompanied by Isidro McKinley, who is visiting relatives here also.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Comrey were here from their ranch near Capitan Monday.

Joe Chavez is in receipt of a card from Manuel Farmer, who, together with other Carrizozo boys, is working in the Wyoming beet fields.

C. H. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Cooper and baby were here from Fort Stanton Monday, Mr. Boyd posting his 4th of July cards over town.

Miss Rosa Padilla was here from Capitan last Saturday, to attend the dance at Baca's Hall.

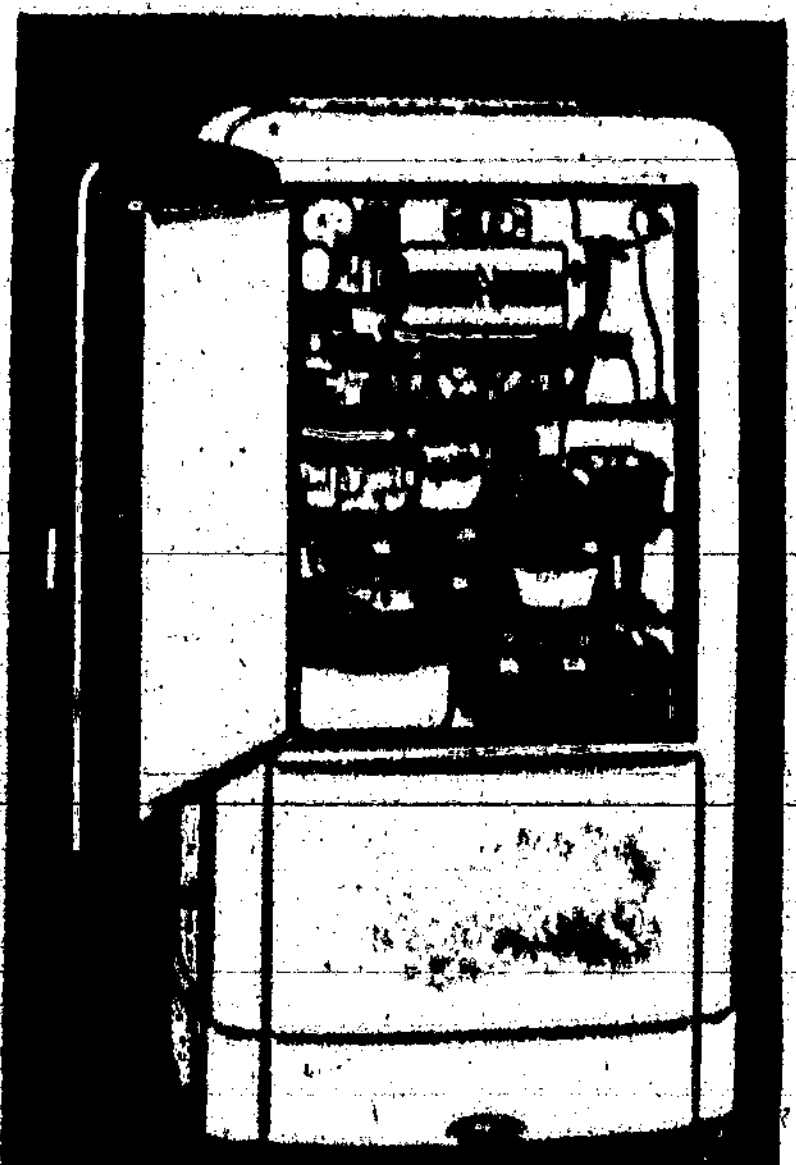
Tommy Cook made a business trip to Carlsbad this Wednesday in the interest of the City Garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown of Coyote were the guests of relatives and friends at this place for several days this week.

Mmes. Beulah Gokey, Edith Crawford and Mae Brown made a trip to Roswell this Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Burks of Capitan were visitors in town on Wednesday of this week.

**IN THE NEW
KELVINATOR
refrigerator
Values have been
made Visible**



New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company
Gunter C. Kroggel, Mgr.
Phone 114—Carrizozo, N.M.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

Distemper Vaccine for Horses
Pinkeye " " Cattle Alfalfa Seed
Vaccine Syringes Field Seeds
Blackleg Vaccine Garden Seeds
Dehorners Rakes—Hoes

Poultry Feeds, Dairy Feeds, Ranchers' and Miners' Supplies
Just received a car of Barbed Wire, Nails, Fence Staples,
Poultry Netting, Iron Roofing, Etc.

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

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Titworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

**"It's The
TOPS"**

Fresh Vegetables
For All Sorts of
Salads.

I-C-E!



**Surebest Bread - Hostess Cakes
Packing House Lamb, Pork, Beef
Get your Picnic Lunch Goods at-**

**ECONOMY Cash Grocery
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Sash—Doors—Lumber
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Bolts—Pipe Fittings
Bath Room Sets
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mills—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.

**OF JULY
Celebration
Ft. Stanton
New Mexico
Free Barbecue Dinner - Rodeo
Baseball Game**



Adm., Picnic Grounds, 50c
Children under 8, FREE!
Ball Game, 25c additional
9 P. M., Dance at Capitan
Gym., Capitan, N. M.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke
(Finger Photo)

How do you do, Ladies and Gentlemen. With the Soldiers' Bonus being paid, it seems as though times should get better.

Yip, yippity yip! Ride 'em, Cowboy! Is everybody happy, huh? Keep a Lip Upper Stiff, and we shall proceed with our journalistic propensities and proclivities — whatever that means.

Now we presume Sen - yor Roosevelt and his administration will take all the credit in paying the Soldiers' Bonus. Everyone knows how bitterly opposed Mister Roosevelt was to this venture. When it was passed over his head, he made the statement that he'd wash his hands clean of the 'mess.'

A wager was made in this office between two German gentlemen, that Illinois would go Republican. The bet was a hat. The members of The Outlook force were silent witnesses to the solemn transaction. Si, senior.

A small - town wisecracker is invariably present at numerous social functions held in Carrizozo. Said bird always makes himself conspicuous by laughing at the most inopportune time. At the movie theatre, he persists in talking in a loud tone, and makes guffaws during a sad scene. What should be done with him, you ask? Boil him in oil! (Not wishing this gink any hard luck.)

One thing that's certain, says a local Democratic Amigo, that Jim Farley doesn't have to worry about anything gettin' in his hair. — Did we hear anything said about the opposition?

Useless information: How the copy for this column is composed. — The writer sits up at the case, with type - stick in hand, and blazes away. And we try to not hurt a y a single person's feelings. We haven't 'sofar'? Not hearing a reply, said discussion is taken for granted.

P. S. — The copy herewith contained is composed on a typewriter that doesn't make mistakes. Howcum, you inquire? The answer is obvious: This Scribe doesn't use a typewriter.

"I guess we're all of the same opinion regarding Sen. Borah," quoting a Citizen. "It would suit the most of us to see him come into the Democratic party, then we'd know where to place him. We all admire a true party man, be he Democrat, Republican or Socialist. But a so-called Republican acting in the Roosevelt administration such as Senator Norris isn't to be trusted by both parties. Fooey on him, say I."

An Amigo of the writer's, so used to sleeping in Pullman cars while traveling with a comic opera company, said he'd have to wire home to get something with which to pull the bed around the floor, so he could get some sleep.

"Times Have Changed and We Must Change With Them," thus runs an ultra - modern saying. A Democratic Caballero writes that he knows what he's going to do — this time. Wonder what?

So, Adios, Amigos Mios: from the Land of La Manana, Poco Tiempo, and of the Lizard and Frijole Beans.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS
"Where Value Has a Meaning"

Congratulations, Veterans!

Veterans will find here a most complete stock and assortment of Marx-Made Clothes and Men's Furnishings in the Latest Style, patterns and materials, that represents many years of dependable service in merchandising fine apparel at modest prices.

Marx-Made Suits \$22.50 Up

Freeman Shoes \$4.50 Up

Stetson Hats \$5.00 Up

A complete selection of Nationally lines of Quality Men's Furnishings.

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

**SEE
Our Circulars.
The Best
For Less!
Why
Pay More?**

JEFF HERRON.

**Fourth of July Celebration
at Fort Stanton**

Plans are under way for another big celebration at the Fort, July 4th. The Picnic Ground is covered with plenty of good grass and is cool and shady. In order to take care of the crowd this year, we plan to put four lines of people through the barbecue stand at one time. In former years we have had only two lines. In this way we will speed up the dinner and go on with the Rodeo.

The stock for Rodeo events will be in fine shape. Those steers will buck; those cows should give milk, and we know those calves will be hard to catch. We hope that our many friends will return for another big celebration this year. This picnic would not be possible without the cooperation and help of people in surrounding communities. We appreciate your help and will try to make a big day for everyone. Baseball game after Rodeo.

—The Committee.

Sam Bigger's son Bobby of Capitan shot himself in the hand last week and was brought to the Johnson Hospital, where Dr. Robinson says the wound is not dangerous and he is recovering nicely.

CHERRIES — Montmorency variety. Large, medium sour, conceded best for pies and canning. No. One quality guaranteed. 10c per pound f. o. b. Alamogordo. Write M. E. MORGAN, Alamogordo.

Loy Mitchell, expert mechanic for the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company, who has been in El Paso for two weeks on business connected with the industry, returned Tuesday.

Leo Sanchez of Jeff Herron's Store, Preciliano Pino and Sam Swan were Alamogordo visitors last Saturday.

Amigo Mio Hugh Grafton of the Angus-Capitan country, was a business visitor in town on last Saturday.

Dr. Carl Freeman has a new Buick car, purchased from the City Garage.