

Diamond Dust



By Joe Chavez

	Won	Lost
Carrizozo	4	4
Cobras	7	5

Local baseball fans enjoyed a game replete with good ball playing, thrills and a round of merry laughter at the local park last Sunday, when Manager Bigelow's Cardinals made it two straight over the Alamogordo Sluggers. The opponents drew first blood with a couple of scores, which lead they didn't relinquish until the fourth inning. Up until that time, it looked like our boys were in for another defeat, but they snapped out of it and began to get a good range with their sticks; tying the score and forging ahead, never to trail behind again for the remainder of the game. The final score was 12 to 6 when it should have been 12 and 2, but our boys exercised pity on the Sluggers and eased up on them at the close of the fracas, making them a present of four scores. Taking the Cardinals collectively, all played a good game, but those deserving the gems for the victory are Barrels, Garrison, Simpson, Chavez, Chambers and Doty. Simpson had fine control on the ball and with few exceptions during the game, he had the darkies swinging at the atmosphere. Chavez made a good battery mate for Simpson and handled his delivery nicely. Barrels, Doty and Garrison were the big guns with the willow, Doty accounting for several runs and Garrison having the longest hit of the afternoon. A lighter man would have circled the paths twice on the drive, but Garry did not wish to exert himself and only made third. Barrels, aside from hitting a homerun, fielded the shortstop position beautifully. Chambers pulled the pitcher out of a bad rut by making a wonderful running catch with his gloved hand. The Sluggers' first baseman and right fielder kept the fans in a roar of laughter with their many antics in a colored man style.

Having had no specific details about the Cobras-Stanton game, other than that the Cobras lost decisively to Stanton by the score of 7 to 3, the writer begs to be excused at this time and hopes no one feels "hoit."—Later: We understand the Cobras were leading 3 to 0 at the end of the 7th, but the Conservationists got to Andy Luevas, and coupled with a few errors, they put seven runs across the plate in two innings to clinch the game. The Cobras go to Vaughn Sunday and the Red Birds play Corona at Corona.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bell were here from their ranch home in the Jicarrilla mountains Wednesday, attending to some business and returning home in the afternoon.

Personals

Mrs. Catherine Bilbo and children were here last Saturday from Jicarrilla.

Mrs. Magruder of Tucumcari, mother of Mrs. Don English, is visiting at the home of her daughter this week.

Mrs. Ladema Joyce, daughters Lala and Marion and grandson Joe Roy Devine returned Saturday from Lawrence and Kansas City, Kansas, where they visited relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. Bryan Casier of Tucumcari is here this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson of Tucumcari, formerly Miss Herndon Reilly, was here last week visiting her mother, Mrs. Nellie Reilly, sister, Mrs. Will Ed Harris and aunt, Mrs. Beulah Gokey.

Carlos Vigil visited his mother and other relatives at Vaughn for a few days this week.

W. W. Smith of White Oaks returned the latter part of last week from California, where he spent about a month in the interest of the mining industry with which he is connected. During his absence, Mr. Smith visited San Francisco, Los Angeles and other important points of interest in the Golden State.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebb K. Jones of Altus, Okla., returned home the latter part of last week, after a short but pleasant visit with their sisters, Miss Grace Jones and Mrs. R. R. Sale and relatives and friends here.

Cashier A. E. Huntsinger of the Citizens' State Bank was a Vaughn visitor several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Johnson are now residing at Cuba, N. M., where Eddie is employed by the State Highway Department.

Mesdames Annie Ramey and Laramie of Lincoln were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ramey several days last week.

Mrs. M. G. Peckham and daughter Vernon Ruth returned Tuesday from a pleasant visit at the home of Mrs. Peckham's sister Mrs. Ratcliffe in Albuquerque. On their return, they were accompanied by Mrs. Peckham's niece, Miss Betty Ratcliffe, who will visit for several weeks as a guest of her cousin Vernon Ruth.

The Past Matrons' Club of the O.E.S. met at the home of Mrs. R. R. Sale Tuesday afternoon with a good attendance.

Melvin Grossmiller was here for about ten days from Superior, Ariz., visiting his father Gus Grossmiller at the pumping station at Coyote. Melvin is connected with the Arizona-Edison Electric Co. He left last Sunday so as to be on hand to attend to his duties Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. R.P. Hickey and Clayton Hust were visitors in town this Thursday, attending to business.

J. L. Merchant of Capitan was a business visitor in town last Saturday. J. L. is spoken of as the Republican candidate for County Commissioner of District No. 3.

WHO, ME?



Oren M. Downing

Oren M. Downing, employee of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for the past 22 years, and agent at Corona for about 10 years, died July 17, at St. Mary's Hospital, Tucson, Arizona. Mr. Downing was born at Bloomfield, Iowa, May 2, 1871, at which place he married Elsie May Turpin, Nov. 26, 1898, five children being born of this union. Surviving relatives include his wife, two sons, Don of Modesto, Calif. and Oren L. of Nara Viss, N.M., three daughters, Mmes. Paul Long, Corona; Leo Smith, Albuquerque; Walter Gage, Richmond, Calif., eight grandchildren and one brother, Elmer of Arkansas City, Kansas.

Services were held at the First Baptist Church, Corona, Monday, July 20, the Rev. Henshaw of the Christian Church of Albuquerque officiating. Burial was made in the local cemetery, active pallbearers being A. J. Atkinson, Frank DuBois, Glenn Greer, Archie Perkins, Claude Cusey, Wilbur Dishman and Aubrey Thompson. Rev. Rolls' male quartette, with Mrs. Rolls at the piano, sang three beautiful selections. Amid a profusion of floral pieces from family and friends, a lovely wreath from the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, of which he had long been a member, was noticeable.

Mr. Downing moved to the RR Agency at Curtis, Ariz., Jan. 16, for the benefit of his health, but Corona remained his home. His high ideals and quiet personality had endeared him to many friends. He will be greatly missed, and the sorrowing family have the deepest sympathy of the entire community.—Contributed.

Sosteno Aldaz, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ysabel Aldaz of Lincoln, passed away at Fort Stanton Wednesday after an operation for tonsillitis. His parents, sisters and brother have the sympathy of their many friends over the county.

Prof. F. E. Meeks of Fort Stanton pays this office a visit when he comes to Carrizozo in the interest of vocal music. Mr. Meeks has a singing class in most towns in the county.

Clayton Hust

Under the head of political announcements this week, appears the name of Clayton Hust, who is seeking the nomination for the office of County Clerk, subject to the deliberations of the coming Republican County Convention.

Mr. Hust was born, reared and received the major portion of his education in this County, kept himself duly registered, and although being away at different times, he has always been in nearby towns, always returning here to vote. He is an expert clerical man, young, active and energetic. Mr. Hust has lately been managing a cafe in Ruidoso, but has disposed of his interests in order to give more time to his candidacy. His name will be presented to the Convention, and if nominated and elected, he will give the office his undivided attention and make an excellent County Clerk.

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF SUIT

In The District Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

C. W. Van Sickle, Plaintiff,

vs.

Peter Keck, Defendant.

No. 4374.

To Peter Keck, and to any and all persons to whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that there is now pending in the above entitled Court, a suit wherein C. W. Van Sickle is plaintiff and Peter Keck is defendant, the general object of which action is to adjudicate the interest of the said C. W. Van Sickle in the following described lands, or to establish and impose a lien upon said lands, which lands are located in Lincoln County, New Mexico, and particularly described as follows:

Lots 16, 18 and 17 in Block 1 of Ruidoso Springs, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Dated at Las Cruces, New Mexico, this 31st day of March, 1936.

(Sgd) J. B. Newell,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

J24-A14 Las Cruces, New Mexico

The big Clearance Sale of Ziegler Bros. Store continues with unabated interest. People of Carrizozo and vicinity are taking advantage of the many bargains being offered by this reliable house. You will find that there are no seconds and cheap trashy goods on sale. Step in and convince yourselves. Mr. S. H. Copy is managing the sale for the firm.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 8:00 p. m.

Friday-Saturday

George O'Brien in—

"THUNDER MOUNTAIN"

A Zane Gray story of Mines and Outlaws. Also "Wings Over MOUNT EVEREST," the highest mountain in the world, over five miles high.

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

"DEVIL DOGS of the AIR"

Featuring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Margaret Lindsay. A story of the Marine flying corps ace with lots of action. Also "Mr. and Mrs. Melody" and "A Country Mouse."

Matinee Sunday at 2:30.

Night show at 8:00.

IN THE THIRD JUDICIAL

District Court of the State of New Mexico Within and for Lincoln County.

William Clark, Plaintiff

vs.

Clarence O. Martin Impleaded

with the following named defendant

against whom substituted service is

hereby sought to be obtained, to-wit:

Clarence O. Martin, Defendant.

No. 4356 Civil.

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF SUIT

The State of New Mexico To the above

named defendant, Greeting:

You are hereby notified that the

above named plaintiff has filed in the

above named Court in the above named

and numbered cause of action his

complaint against you.

That the general object of said

action is to obtain a judgment on a certain

promissory note and to foreclose a

mortgage deed given by you on lot 1,

Block 7, Dockery's Addition to the

town of Capitan, Lincoln County, New

Mexico and to have said property sold

to satisfy said judgment.

You are further notified that unless

you enter your appearance on or before

the 6th day of September, 1936,

judgment will be rendered against you

in said cause by default.

The name and address of plaintiff's

attorney is John E. Hall, Carrizozo,

New Mexico.

Witness my hand and seal of said

Court this 23rd day of July, 1936.

(D. C. Seal) Ernest Key,

J24-A14 Clerk.

Chevrolet Open Air Show Car

Starting with the early hours

of Tuesday morning, Carrizozo

people were startled with loud-

sounding music from a large and

well equipped Chevrolet open air

show car, which went over town

many times playing the latest

song hits and classical selections

in order to please all music-lovers.

The car was fully 30 feet

in length and was managed by

W. W. Carpenter, one of the

principal advertisers of the Chevrolet

Motor Co. The show car

was mounted on a 1½ ton Chevrolet

truck chassis with special

body. About 7:30, the car was

stationed next to Ziegler's Store

and after entertaining the crowd

with many more pleasant melodies, the merits of the Chevrolet

car were illustrated on the screen. The mode of travel in the early days offered a fitting contrast to the latest models of the Chevrolet car now being sold by that renowned company.

There are but three of these cars now operating over the country and Carrizozo should be proud of the visit from the fact that the car visits but one town out of every ten on the route. In view of that fact, it can be readily seen that the City Garage heads the list in this section of the southwest in Chevrolet sales.

Fireman Roy Skinner, so we understand, is in the Southern Pacific Hospital at San Francisco,

Out-of-the-Ordinary



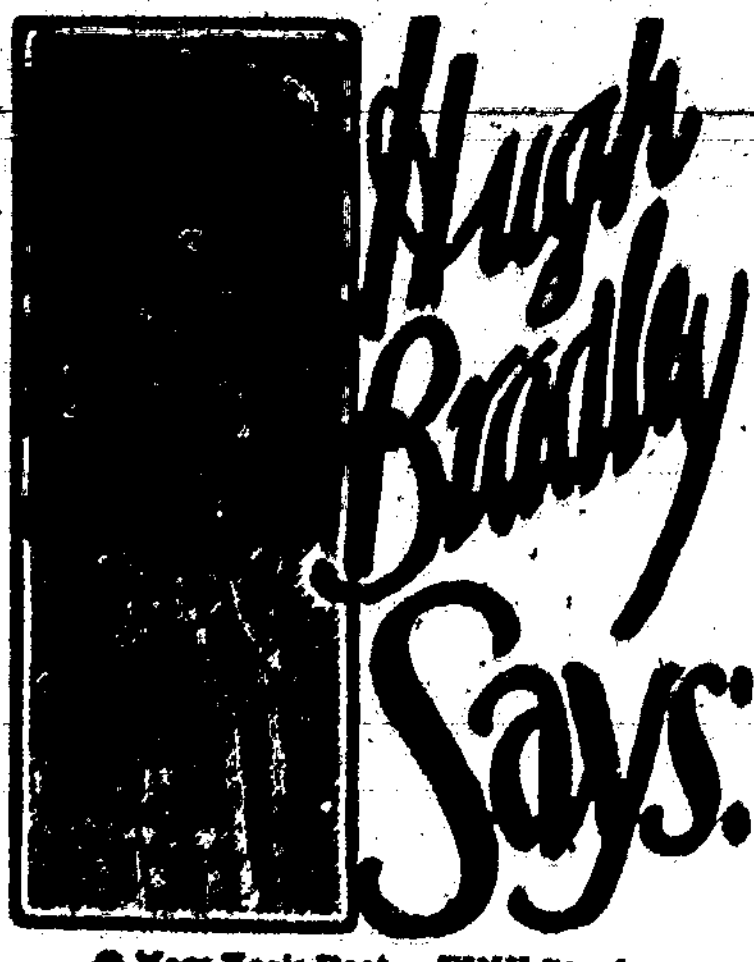
STRANGER THAN FICTION

An iron bridge over the Ochonia river at Kutsa, Poland, was dismantled and stolen under the very eyes of the Kutsa police who had the idea that the thieves had been sent to repair the bridge, which belonged to a private corporation. After the truth leaked out, search was made for the thieves, but neither of them nor any part of the bridge could be found.

An unruly cat, chased by a dog, was the cause of the death of a woman and injuries to several others one evening two weeks ago at Dallas. In trying to get away from the dog, the cat jumped into a passing car. The driver, in trying to throw it out, lost his bearings. The car swerved and crashed into a car ahead of him, causing a smash-up. Mrs. Carroll was killed and three other occupants suffered broken bones and other bruises. The cat escaped with losing but one of its nine lives.

One of the most out-of-the-ordinary wagers in political history was made last week in Pittsburgh, Pa. The way the bet was made in the presence of witnesses, follows: If Roosevelt is elected, Mr. Crane is to shave half his head and keep it shaved for the four years after-election. Failing to do that, he will forfeit \$1,000.00. On the other hand, if Landon is elected, Mr. Hooley is to smear his hair every morning with fresh limburger cheese, until Landon's term of office expires. Both parties are unmarried, and it is a cinch that there will be no happy homes nor wedding bells for either of them for the next four years after the coming election. Failure in each case loses \$1,000 for him, who wavers from the agreement.

F. S. Hopkins, editor of the St. Paul, Kansas, Journal had offices directly across from the Exchange Bank and had often wished that if the bank should be robbed, it would happen when he was at his desk at the front window where it was located, so he could have a front seat to the story. Well, on July 7, as he sat at his typewriter, he looked across the street and saw a man sitting in a car. Shortly, another came from the bank with a grip in his hand, jumped in the car and it moved away, but the sight was common and it failed to interest him. He had just finished an article and walked to the door to get some fresh air and stretch out. Just then, there was an uproar—officers appeared on the scene, the bandits had robbed the bank of over \$3,000 and were roaring down the street without firing a shot. The bank had been robbed right under his nose, but he had "muffed" the story. The police gave the robbers a hot chase, but they escaped. Hopkins frowned and said: "Well I'll be damned, I'm always an hour late and a dollar short."—Thank you and good night.



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Walker and Bartell Have Own Opinions of Squawks, Hexes

IT IS long past midnight at the sign of the Toy Bulldog. The boys who have been cutting up old touches get around to the twin subjects of squawks and alibis. Since this is a prize fight crowd the debate is loud and long. Mickey Walker, who has been listening quietly, now grins and saunters over to the table.

"Maybe there's a time and place for everything," suggests the squat little man who used to ask nothing of giants save that they keep on swinging. "For instance, did I ever tell you about the time I fought Dundee?" He grins again at the memory of the night.

"Well, anyhow, Joe smacks me so hard over one eye that I lose the duke and have to go to the hospital."

"Naturally I'm weighing in with some man-sized beefing because it hurts plenty. All the while, too, I hear a guy on the next table sort of growling, but I don't figure he's got any cause to be sore at me and so I don't pay much attention to him. Instead I just lay there and every time the Doc pulls one on the next row I let out another yelp."

"All of a sudden the guy on the next table bounces up so's they've got to stop operations on him."

"Say you," he says to me. "You know what I'm in here for. Well somebody bounced a bottle off my cone and I've been stretched out here for almost an hour while they've been digging glassware outta my dandruff. That's what they've been doing. Here I was out for a bit of fun and wasn't harming nobody."

"—an' you," he says. "Getting hit is your racket, ain't it. An' you got paid 10 G's for tonight, didn't you? Well, then, what right've you got to squawk?"

It is almost time for a double-header to start. Adolfo Luque stands in front of the Giants' dugout shaking an excited finger at Dick Bartell.

"You oughta dono it," he says. "You—"

"Yeah," says the shortstop. "But I didn't have time. I was—"

"It makes no difference," the veteran coach abandons such feeble medium as a long finger and spreads both arms in eloquent gesture. "How we gonna win. How we—"

"Well, I got warmed up anyhow, didn't I?" Bartell's life is built on the theory that a good attack is the best defense. So he plainly is out of his element now. Nevertheless he tries gamely to cover up.

"You warm up! Huh!" Luque spatters feebly with the English idiom for a moment, relieves himself with rippling Spanish phrases and then returns to the language by which he may be understood. "Three weeks you warm up with me, hey? Three weeks you get hits. You warm up with me today. No. Well, then how you expect to—"

He shrugs his shoulders that speak volumes. Then sinks down on the bench overcome by the futility of it all. He becomes as silent as he had been loquacious.

Bartell is not a superstitious lad. He knows that a bat is of considerable more assistance than a rabbit's foot when you are up there cutting for base hits. So he grins at this notion.

The first game starts. Magliana pop up from nowhere to snare hard-hit line drives. The Giants lose that one. The second game starts. A sturdy little fellow continues to slap line drives that should be good for extra bases. They continue to be caught. The Giants lose that one.

When old man Luque comes down the clubhouse steps the next afternoon a blond little fellow is waiting there, ball and glove in hand.

"Hey, Adolf, catch," he calls. "I've been waiting here 10 minutes. How do you expect me to get warmed—"

That afternoon Dick Bartell gets his base hit and the Giants win.

ROWING people, who hate longer and longer even than light managers, have topped the Hatfields and McCoys again. This time the feud is between the Cornell and Navy coaches. Incidentally, the National League again heads the baseball squabbling list with the Frankie Frisch-Umpire Babe Pinelli vendetta. Ralph Mondt, brother of the famous Toots, succeeds Rudy Dusek as matchmaker for Jack Curley's wrestlers. Unless Andy Kerr does something about his guards, Colgate may have football trouble next fall. Mad John Loon, who goes in for statistics when not promoting fights or playing the Aqueduct end book, reports that Schmeling's right hand landed on Louis 57 times.

Lou Little still limps as the result of the illness that has troubled him for several seasons, but his physicians report he will be in top shape before Columbia takes to the gridiron in September. Sam Rosoff, the eminent contractor, makes more noise than any six fans at a prize fight. Gabby Hartnett, who usually hits better than any of them, is the only Cub who does not use a Billy Herman model bat. Mrs. Ken Smith, wife of the very good baseball writer, now is emoting for the Players' Guild of Manhattan. Rated numerous stars in the role of a murderess last night. Jimmy Walker will do the foreword to the book about Jim Braddock now being penned by Lud, the Hudson Dispatch sports ace.

Van Mungo is willing, but very few Dodgers pass the time of day with the moody fireballer. The boys just cannot forget his rude remarks during the recent one-man strike. Howard Braddock is having his tonsils removed—because he wants to grow up and be a heavyweight champion, too. St. Louis's fairest flowers say that Joe Medwick is a swell singer and that you should hear him croon about "Minnie-the-Moocher." Pete Reilly, who for the first time in numerous years is not managing the world's featherweight champion, still has some claim to fame. He held Joe Jacobs's cigar during the fight. Does any one know why the State Amen Commission permits Pedro Montañez to go chasing welterweights when there are so many capable boys of his own size begging for a crack at his big gates?

Jim Braddock Is Pep Martin's Hero

Jim Braddock is Pepper Martin's sports hero. An autographed picture of the heavyweight champion adorns the Iron Man's St. Louis locker.

Matty Geis, Princeton track coach, tabs Lou Burns as the future star miler. Says the Manhattan sophomore will move up next year to succeed Bon-athon, Cunningham, Venzko and Mang-an, all of whom will hang up their shoes after the Berlin finale.

Billy McCarney, the celebrated light manager, changes to a different colored bow tie three times a day. Casey Stengel slapped the first home run ever achieved at Ebbets Field. That was during an exhibition game with the Yankees, who had Hal Chase at second base and Frank Chance at first, in the spring of 1913.

If you wish to believe the rumormongers, the Dodgers have been sold to Cap Huston for delivery in the fall. Also a local group of celebrated citizens are determined to form a stock company and purchase the Giants.

Those fight weighing-in pictures you see so often in the papers are never the McCoy. That is because the boys must doff their panties for the real scales test.

Cornell will beat several good football teams this fall, but the Big Red eleven will not be quite as nifty as the experts have been suggesting. The athletes are very young and will need a season or two to become accustomed to the big-time grind.

The Giants have the smallest representation of any major league club in the Association of Professional Ballplayers, for unfortunate old-timers. Yet the dues are only \$10 a year.

Ed Kelleher, who did a very good basketball coaching job at Fordham, now is being touted to succeed Buck Freeman at St. John's, where he was head man 18 years ago. Joe Reddy, who won the quarter at the first rejuvenation of the Olympic Games at Paris in 1893, returned to Princeton this spring for the forty-fifth reunion of his class. He was one of the men who had an audience with the King of Greece, which resulted in the first official renewal of the Games at Athens in 1893.

Frankie Frisch holds the shortest clubhouse meetings of any manager. They usually last just one-half minute flat—or just long enough for Frankie to yelp, "Go out and beat those bums!"

The Junie Freys have ordered a small Frey. Mike Jacobs did the best of his many good jobs in handling the crowd at the Stadium the other night.

WHAT FOODS TO BAR FROM DIET

Consider Those Affected by Certain Articles.

By EDITH M. BARBER
AT THE present moment, general rules for good nutrition are well established for the normal person. Every once in a while, however, you find a personal idiosyncrasy for one or more foods which demands that they be excluded temporarily or permanently from the diet.

There are a number of persons who are what is known as sensitive to certain foods and when they take them, even in small amounts, allergic conditions may be developed. The symptoms are hives, and nasal disturbances which are not unlike hay fever which is also caused by sensitiveness, in this case, to pollen. A number of children are born with a sensitivity to such foods as eggs, whole grains and wheat and sometimes to beans and peas. There is an occasional reaction to milk. These conditions can be overcome in general by giving minute quantities at first and gradually increasing the amounts. It is quite common to find that strawberries and shellfish cause reactions. Sometimes this fact will be undiscovered until it shows after a nervous strain or disease. Often skin tests will show what food has suddenly become responsible for hives or a chronic cold. Usually the sensitivity clears up after other conditions are improved.

If there is a chronic condition which has been found impossible to correct, foods which are responsible must be replaced by others which will provide the same type of nourishment. If one member of the family is allergic, the meals for the family should be planned as far as possible with this consideration in mind.

Egg and Rice Muffins.
(Without Wheat, Eggs or Milk.)
½ cup rice flour
½ cup rice flour
½ cup rice flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup water

1 tablespoon vegetable shortening, melted.
Sift dry ingredients together. Add water and melted shortening and beat thoroughly. Pour into muffin tins, greased with a vegetable shortening and bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees Fahrenheit, 25 minutes.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

BLANKETS, both heavy and light weight, are needed in mountain resorts, the former especially in northern camps, and in some shore places, where occupants come early in the season and remain late. Woolen blankets are warmest, although now cotton ones are given a wool-like texture. However, the wool is warmest because this is the inherent nature of the material. For blankets of less warmth, cotton ones are especially well-adapted to summer needs. A homemaker who sees that a summer place is suitably and inexpensively furnished, saves the old blankets from the winter home for the summer place. The weight of partially worn ones is good for this use.

A homemaker who enjoys knitting or crocheting can make beautiful warm and light-weight covers with crocheted hook or knitting needles. These blankets or throws, as they are also called, are rapidly worked with very large needles and heavy wool yarn (the weight of German-town worsted), three-ply. Plain



The knit or crocheted blanket is light weight and warm and may be used on bed for a throw. (A) Note binding about blanket.

Eggless Mayonnaise.

¼ cup evaporated milk
¼ teaspoon granulated gelatin, soaked in one teaspoon cold water
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
Few grains cayenne
1 cup vegetable or olive oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar

Scald milk in the top of a double boiler. Add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour into a bowl and chill until very cold. Add seasoning and oil, drop by drop, until the mixture thickens a little. Mix lemon juice and vinegar together and add alternately with the oil, one teaspoon at a time. Beat thoroughly after each addition. When mixing set the bowl in a pan of ice water.

Jellied Meat Loaf.
1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup cooked salad dressing
1½ cups cooked meat, ground
½ cup chopped celery
½ green pepper, chopped
Seasoning to taste
Sliced egg

Soak the gelatin in cold water, dissolve in hot salad dressing. As the mixture begins to thicken add the meat, celery, green pepper and seasoning to taste. Turn into a mold, chill until firm. Remove from mold, garnish with shirred egg, and serve with sour cream dressing.

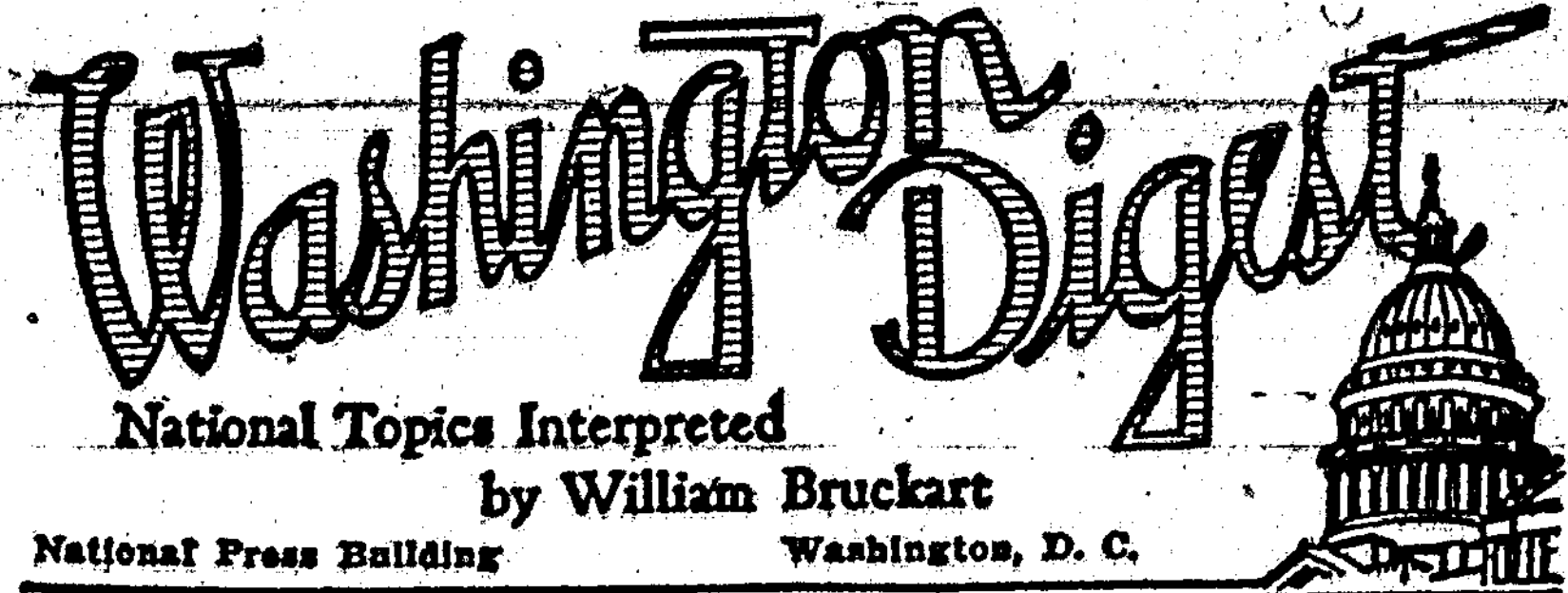
Sardine Toast.
1 can sardines
¼ cup minced olives
1 hard-cooked egg
1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Blend the ingredients thoroughly and spread on slices of bread toasted on one side.

Deviled Ham and Egg Canape.
Butter
Deviled ham
White bread
Hard-cooked egg
Seasoning

Crease the butter and ham together. Cut the bread into rounds a quarter of an inch thick, and spread with the mixture. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Season the yolks with salt, pepper, onion juice and enough salad oil to blend to a paste. Chip the egg whites and season. Place the yolks in the center of the canapes and sprinkle with whites around the edge. Allow one egg for each two canapes.

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Two Platforms

Washington.—As the full meaning of the platforms of the two major party conventions sinks in, certain very definite conclusions cannot be avoided. In each instance, the two old political organizations have moved into virgin territory, entirely new fields.

In the case of the Republicans, their Cleveland convention completely reorganized their party leadership and placed the responsibility in the hands of younger men, casting onto the ash heap along with the old guard leaders, many of the old time conservative ideas.

In the case of the Democrats, their Philadelphia convention virtually created a new party. They went further toward the radical side than they have ever gone before. In no spirit of criticism, it must be said that the Philadelphia convention really gave birth to a New Deal party, as such. The one thing they kept was the Democratic label.

The theme song of the Republican platform was molded out of the fabric that is part and parcel of the younger generation as distinguished from the attitude given birth and promoted and protected by the Penroses, the Lodges, the Smoots and others of that texture. This is to say that the Republican convention, for the first time in many years, has moved its campaign pronouncements out onto something approximating a moral plan, or at least the evidence is they have attempted to do so.

The Democrats, having had ten days between the Republican convention and their own in which to study the Republican document and improve upon it, went considerably beyond their opponents in the language they used. They have made an appeal to the voters of the nation that surely will attract many thousands of voters to the support of Mr. Roosevelt.

On the other hand, the Philadelphia convention proceeded to cast aside many traditions, many principles, which old line Democrats, who love the Jeffersonian theory, regard as their political bible, and they may antagonize that segment of the old party by so doing.

To state the proposition in another way, many observers and political analysts hold that while the Democratic platform contains fewer contradictions than does the Republican pronouncement and that, on the whole, it is a much better written platform, they have leaned so far to the radical side that they are leaving conservative Democrats and old guard Republicans only one place to go—to the Republican candidate. This develops because, in the first instance, the old guard Republicans obviously cannot embrace a Democratic platform which they regard as too liberal and they have no choice but the Republicans. The conservative Democrats will have the choice to make. They can go to the New Deal party or they can remain as old line Democrats and swallow their pride of party affiliation long enough to support the Republican, Governor Landon.

One may look back over the doings at Philadelphia and recognize that the meeting was a thoroughly controlled affair in Washington. That

was natural because the party in power obviously has all of the important federal offices filled with its own men. The convention included among its delegates about 64 per cent of federal office holders-delegates.

That explains better than any way I know how the 104-year-old two-thirds rule was so easily abrogated. That rule has been a sore spot in conventions for years. It has many times been the direct cause of bitter convention battles and has bred scores of bitter personal animosities. It was none the less interesting, however, to see the Philadelphia delegates toss out principles of the Democratic party with such utter abandon.

I am convinced that the Democrats have not seen the end of the two-thirds rule yet. There is every indication that it will arise again when the next quadrennial meeting is held. There are plenty of Democrats who believe that the requirement of a vote of two-thirds of all delegates shall be recorded for the man selected as the party's Presidential nominee is a protective measure. But when the convention voted out the two-thirds rule, it took the Democratic party out of the hands of the South.

It seems to me that the Southerners cannot be blamed for desiring to maintain that two-thirds rule. This is their position: through all of the recent elections, the Democratic nominee has begun his campaign with the assurance that 11, 12 or 13 states in the South would give him their electoral vote. He could concentrate, therefore, on the North and the West. The old line southerners have held that since they always supplied from

100 to 140 electoral votes upon which the Democratic nominee could build, they ought to have something to say about his nomination, about the type of man selected. The two-thirds rule gave them a veto power and they have used it many times.

Now, unless the old line Democrats again gain control of the party, the South will no longer be able to sit as the umpire in deciding the type of character of the man who will bear their party label in campaigns.

The question may arise in many minds as to how the rule came to be discarded so easily. Earlier in this report to you, I mentioned that 64 per cent of the delegates to Philadelphia were federal office holders or party leaders selected by the Roosevelt patronage dispensers. The presence of those office holders and party leaders who have been bound to the Roosevelt administration in one way or another constitutes the answer. There were enough of them in the southern delegations to constitute a balance of power on close votes in state delegation caucuses. Hence we witnessed a good many southern states voting to abrogate the two-thirds rule over protests of some of their own numbers.

There is another circumstance about the Philadelphia convention that I believe warrants mention. It

Quote
Jefferson may have gone unnoticed generally but just 160 years after Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, the Philadelphia convention of the Democratic party copied from the immortal Declaration the famous phrase: "We hold these truths to be self-evident."

It was a bold move on the part of the New Dealers to lift that Jeffersonian expression and to place it among the many new theories and new ideals which they advance under the banner of what was the Jeffersonian party. Some observers point out that this action may invite comparison between the political ideals of Thomas Jefferson and Franklin D. Roosevelt because surely there is much more in the Declaration of Independence than the simple expression that certain truths are self-evident.

In these days when the world, as well as the American nation, is sorely troubled and disturbed, those

Talk
About Peace Americans who are convinced that isolation may ruin our country, can find little satisfaction either in the Democratic or Republican platforms. This may not seem important until one looks back over the last two decades. Examination of what has happened in that time is sufficient to demonstrate the significance of this isolationist trend by both major political parties.

The Republican plank on foreign affairs has little to say and what it says is chiefly negative. The plank drafted by the Roosevelt administration and adopted by the Philadelphia convention is as nebulous as the milky way. Each platform talks about peace but it is decidedly doubtful that either platform has offered a genuine way to obtain or maintain peace.

It was only natural that the Republicans should restate their opposition to the League of Nations. It was likewise only natural that the Democratic plank on foreign affairs should be full of glittering generalities because it is yet to be remembered that the late Woodrow Wilson has countless followers in the New Deal party who hold the conviction that the League of Nations, with American support, would solve most world problems. It is obvious, therefore, that the Democrats could not commit the party either to League adherence or non-adherence.

Except for the party split over the old Wilsonian policies whose ideals stood as a ghost in the background in the Philadelphia convention, one might have expected more definite declarations from the Philadelphia conclave. For example, the Roosevelt administration has sponsored reciprocal trade agreements. It has broadened American foreign policy in many other ways but some leader in the group that drafted the 1936 platform was smart enough to realize that a declaration on internationalism that was too strong would have brought about a vicious outburst at Philadelphia. In consequence, almost nothing of a tangible character was forthcoming.

Therefore, in summing up, I think it must be concluded that both platforms have been drawn to appeal to Americans as isolationists. Likewise, it occurs to me that the interpretation of their promises—and plans and foreign policies by the two contending candidates will be the more interesting as the campaigns proceed.

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Synthetic Gentleman

By Channing Pollock

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WNU Service.
SYNOPSIS

The Duke, a pleasant, likable youth of twenty-three, jobless and broke, enters an unoccupied summer home in Southampton, seeking shelter from a terrific rain storm. He makes himself at home. Six years ago his father had died in China, leaving the lad, Barry Gilbert, to fight his way back to the States. He did not recollect ever having had a mother. Dying at the bedside, he is startled by the arrival of a butler, Willetta; a chauffeur, Evans; a cook and a maid. He learns that the son of the owner of the house, Jack Ridder, whom the servants had never seen, is expected. He decides to bluff it out. His supposed parents have left for Germany. Next morning he is given a letter for his "mother." He opens it and finds a message from the real Jack, saying he could not come, and returning a hundred-dollar bill. The boy's father had pensioned him into obscurity. Barry pockets the money, intending to return it later. He orders Evans to take him to Montauk, intending to disappear there.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Twin Bays Golf Club," replied the gentleman, "its only about three miles up this road."
"Well," the Duke suggested, "if you're in a hurry, why don't you let me take you there? Then Evans and I can come back, and have another try at this. If Evans can't do anything, I'll send a mechanic from the village."
"That's very kind of you, but I've a better idea. You say you're hungry, too. Why don't you lunch with us, and leave your man to do the rest?"
"Swell!" said the Duke. "Evans, drive us to the Twin Bays Golf Club, and then come back to this job."
"You know what to do, Bates," he continued to his man. "Come on; let's get in!"
Barry turned round to look for the girl in the green dress. She was whispering to Evans, the other side of the stalled car.

As they strolled up the road:
"You're Mr. Ridder, aren't you?" the girl asked.
And before Barry could reply, she went on: "Your man told me. I thought I recognized the car."
"John Ridder's son!" exclaimed the white-haired gentleman. "Well, I am surprised! So you've made it up with your father, have you? You must have heard him speak of me. I'm Judge Hamblidge."
For a moment, Barry considered disclaiming his bogus identity. But what was the use? He could see Evans' listening ears through the half-open window between them and the driver's seat, and he wanted to get to Montauk Point.
"Not Judge Curtis Hamblidge?" he said, omitting to add that he had seen the name in yesterday's newspaper.
"The same," replied the Judge.
"Your father and I are—well, we've known each other since he came down to Southampton, three years ago. This is my daughter, Patricia. Pat, for short; though it takes courage to call her that."
He laughed.
Patricia looked straight ahead.
"Where is your father?"
"On his way to Bad Nauheim."
"That heart of his, eh? Always told him it would cut up again some day." He leaned forward, and wound up the window behind Evans' ears.
"Well, I'm glad you two got together at last. It's been killing your mother. She spoke to me about it—privately. Pat and I are the only people in Southampton who know that John Ridder's got a son. He wouldn't mention it, and wouldn't let anyone else mention it. I tried. I couldn't act that way to a boy of mine, I said; 'no matter what he did. Flat on his uppers, somewhere in Florida, and you in a big empty house on Long Island.' I suppose you're going to spend the season here, now."
"I don't know—yet," answered the Duke.
"Well, I would. This is your chance. Make good, and the old man'll be ashamed of himself when he comes back. Haven't got a job, anywhere, have you?"
"I'll bet he daunces wonderfully," said the girl.
She had been taking him in, out of the corner of her eye, and now she paid him this compliment with a quiet scorn that was as subtle as her perfume.

"I had a job a few months ago," observed the Duke.
"What happened?"—with a disarming smile. "Did they want you to work?"
"You're being very rude, my dear," the Judge admonished. "The truth is that Patricia's rather fed-up on our young men. And she's heard a few pretty wild stories about you."
They had reached the club now.
"Get Judge Hamblidge's car running," the Duke instructed Evans, "and then you and Bates get something to eat, and bring both cars back here."
"Not later than two o'clock," said the Judge.
A moment afterward, he was writing "John Clarke Ridder, Jr., in the guest-book."
"You've got me all wrong," Barry told the girl in the green dress. "I'm not exactly a rich man's son."
"No!" said the girl. "That's nice!" She was rude, and extremely beautiful. "Hard-boiled," thought the

Duke. "There's one lady I'd like to tame."
Together, they strolled through the wide Colonial foyer of the club, and into its white and deserted dining room.
"Early yet," commented the Judge. "Southampton doesn't get going before the end of June. Pleasant club, though. We're opening our house next week. Just ran down today to have the water turned on, and all that sort of thing. How's your place? Still got Willetta?"
"Yes."
"Good servant, Willetta. Your father lays him off all winter, and goes to live in a hotel, but Willetta comes back every spring. How about a little salmon salad, Mr. Ridder?"
"Salmon salad—with mayonnaise, please."
He smiled, remembering yesterday's hot-dog at Huntington.
"Rather a coincidence, meeting you here," he said. "I'd just seen your name in The Globe."
The Judge's brow clouded.
"Yes. Your father's newspaper. They say I'm a Tammany Judge, robbing the people."
"It's always easy to work up excitement about the under-dog," Patricia cut in. "As though it really mattered what happened to the under-dog."
"You don't like rich men's sons," the Duke remarked, "and you don't like under-dogs. Just whom do you like, Miss Hamblidge?"
"People who make their way."
"Can't you feel sorry for people who don't?"
"Not very," she admitted, frankly. "Nobody does. Most of us pretend to. I don't know why. They're merely the brake on civilization. They don't count. Civilization does."
"The hard-boiled mixer!"
"I suppose you'll be keeping bachelor's hall most of the summer," suggested the Judge. "The Nauehm treatment is eight weeks, I believe. Well, you'll have to make yourself at home with us. I'm a widower, and away a good part of the time, so you and Patricia can fight things out on the tennis court." He glanced at his watch. "We'll be down for good the first of next week. How about dining with us Thursday?"
"Please do," smiled the girl.
"I should be delighted," said the Duke.
"At eight? Don't dress. We wear flannels most of the time out here."
"Flannels it is," said the Duke.
Purring softly, as though nothing had ever been wrong with its vitals, the Judge's car drew up to the steps.
"Until Thursday, then, and thank you for the lift. I'm mighty glad to have met John Ridder's boy."
"I'm glad, too," added Patricia, giving him her hand. "Maybe I'll learn to like rich men's sons."
"Or under-dogs."
"That sounds a little more improbable," said the girl.
They drove away.
Evans' humor seemed to have improved with luncheon.
"Montauk Point?" he asked, holding open the car door.
"No," the Duke answered. "I've changed my mind about Montauk Point. Some other day. I think we'll go home now."

CHAPTER II

Well, of all the mad resolutions! "I'm going to wind up in prison," reflected the Duke. "And, as a good many wiser men have done, on account of a girl."
"A girl of a girl, at that!" He grinned at that.
Where was he going to get flannels? Or even a clean shirt? How could he hope to get away with this for a whole week? "Let's think it out quietly. Papa and Mama are safe in Bad Nauheim. Probably for a couple of months. The real John Ridder isn't coming to Southampton."
"Stop at the railway station," he instructed the chauffeur. "I've got to see about my bag."
But, oddly enough, the bag hadn't arrived.
"A big tan-leather suit case?" echoed the baggage-master. "You're going to have a hard time locating it, unless you can find your check."
"Must have dropped it from my pocket when I pulled out my railway ticket on the train," His Grace told Willetta at dinner. Willetta had been very apologetic about sending the master away for lunch. "It's cook, sir. She's new, and, what with the kitchen all upside down—"
"Don't worry," interrupted the Duke. "I had a capital time. But what are we going to do about clothes, Willetta?"
"Well," the butler responded, "there's your father's tailor, sir, Crowell, on Fifty-first street, just east of the Avenue. You could start an account there, sir. And Mr. Ridder Senior gets his haberdashery at Bartlett's, and his shoes at Kennedy's."
"All that takes time," Barry objected, "and I'm going out to dinner next Thursday. And Thursday's five days off. I haven't a shirt to my back, Willetta, or anything else but my father's purple pyjamas."
Willetta's face brightened.
"If you can wear those, sir, I don't see why you can't wear Mr. Ridder's linen—in an emergency, sir. There's a whole high-boy full of it in your closet, sir. And he's got a dozen summer suits in that cedar chest."
"Flannels, too?"
"Oh, plenty of flannels," answered

Willetta. "And golf trousers. They're sure to fit."
Both men smiled.
Wonderful what a smile would do. His own broad grin undoubtedly explained the friendliness of the butler, and he himself had fallen victim to the same upturning of a pair of carnal lips. He had resented Patricia Hamblidge wholeheartedly until she smiled. He still resented her, but he knew exactly how many days it was to Thursday.
The case against Evans was that he never smiled.
"What's the matter with Evans?" asked the Duke, using his fork on a morsel of sweetbread sous cloche.
"Matter, sir?"
"He seems morose," said the Duke. "The fact is, Evans' wife is very ill, sir."
"In Patchogue?"
"Yes, sir. We left her there. That's what made us late last night."
"Go on."
"That's about all, sir. Mrs. Evans has been ill some time. It's a kind of anemia, sir. Evans didn't want to leave her. When he found he was coming out here—only yesterday, sir—he asked Mr. Ridder if he could bring Mrs. Evans. There's quite a big room over the garage. And Mr. Ridder said, 'No.' He's—well, he's firm, Mr. Ridder is. I guess you know that, sir. And then Evans decided to put her up in the village for a few days. But she was taken bad at Patchogue, sir, and we had to leave her at a hotel. Evans was a good deal upset. They've only been married a few months."
"I see," said the Duke.
He thought about the matter all through dinner.

As he was quitting the table, "Willetta," he said, "I think you'd better tell Evans to go back to Patchogue, and get his wife. Tonight, if she's fit to travel. Or tomorrow morning. My father won't know anything about it, and it seems a pity to waste that room over the garage."
"Yes, sir," said Willetta. "Thank you, sir. Anything else I can do for you, sir?"
He went on thinking about it before the fire.
"Houses without people, and people without houses."
Funny world!
"If I belonged here—" the Duke repeated to himself.
"The trouble with people like my father," he ruminated, "and Pat, is that they don't know what it is not to have enough. They've never known, or they've forgotten. We must've experienced things to have any feeling about them. If you see a man shot, you're horrified. But if you read about fifty thousand men killed in battle, it doesn't mean much to you."
"My father—"
And, suddenly, he realized that, when he said "My father," he was thinking of John Clarke Ridder.

For the twentieth time since the beginning of this astonishing adventure, his mouth spread itself into that broad grin.
"If I stayed here a month," he reflected, "I'd be calling the old man 'Dad.' Already, I'm calling the girl 'Pat.' Making myself at home—that's what I am. Better clear out after dinner next Thursday. Or after breakfast Friday. I'm simply ruining my appetite for baked beans!"
Willetta interrupted his meditations. "Evans would like to know if you'd see him, sir."
"Of course. Tell him to come up."
He had an embarrassing ten minutes with the chauffeur—embarrassing, but very heart-warming. The surly Evans was transformed. Barry never had seen anyone else so grateful. "You must have thought I was pretty grouchy this morning, sir, but I was worried sick. I kept thinking how the missis looked when I left her last night. I didn't dare quit, on her account. If it'd been just me, I'd've starved to be with her."
"There's likely to be an awful row when my father gets home," warned the Duke.
"We can clear out before then," Evans hesitated. "The missis ought to be all right in a few weeks. It's wonderful, this sea air."
"When do you want to go for her?"
"I telephoned from the village, and the doctor thinks she'd be all right to make the trip in the morning, sir."
"Tell you what we'll do," said the Duke. "I've got to go to town to get some clothes and things. I'll ride with you to Patchogue, and take the train there. You can bring Mrs. Evans home, and I'll take another train out from New York."
Evans tried to speak, but without success.

"That's all now. You can figure what train I get from Patchogue, and tell Willetta. Good night."
At the door, Evans turned.
"I'll get square with you for this some day," he said, and gulped hard, and left the room.
"Gosh," mused the Duke; "I'd stay a month, if I thought I could do a few more things like that."
Mr. Crowell was most obliging, though a bit suspicious at first. John Clarke Ridder Senior's blue summer suit clung to his bogus son almost comically, and John Clarke Ridder Senior's shirt was choking him. "You made these togs for my father," the Duke remarked, "and I put 'em on this morning because I've just come up from Florida, and lost my baggage on route. I've got to have a suit by next Thursday. Can it be done?"
"I'm afraid not."
"Can you make a pair of flannel trousers for them?"
"I think so."
"Go to it," said the Duke.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

JUST one more bit of information about that New York vacation of Robert Taylor's. His popularity with the fans was so great and took the home office so by surprise (they'd known he was popular, but hadn't expected that the fans would storm his hotel in such numbers) that bodyguards were engaged for him.

Anyone getting off the elevators at his floor was questioned. No one was allowed to go to his suite without a lot of to-do. The sad result of that was that friends whom he'd urged to come to see him, naming the time, found it practically impossible to get in to see him; in fact, one old friend was about to be turned away, but when she asked only that he be told that she'd been there, and he was, young Robert came rushing out and dragged her in.

He was practically exhausted by all the furore. But he kept his head through it all.

Herbert Marshall has turned farmer; he's bought a forty-acre place in southern California, and optimistically thinks he's going to rest there till he has to go to work in "Portrait of a Rebel" with Katherine Hepburn. But—his supervising the building of a house. And all of us who've ever owned a farm know what a menace it can be. You begin planting, and cultivating, and first thing you know, that farm is the only important interest in your life except for your family. There's no rest on a farm!

Gloria Swanson seems to have hit bottom so far as her career is concerned. But you never can tell about her; she has a way of bouncing back when people say she's through. Off the screen (and she's been off it a long time, since that last picture of hers turned out so badly) she looks young and pretty, and no doubt she'll be landing a good role first thing anybody knows. At least she's not reached the place where she's appearing in "Hollywood Boulevard," the picture that's to show us the old-timers way back to the time of Maurice Costello.

Of course it was a foregone conclusion that somebody would leap to the front with a picture based on the veterans' receiving their bonus money. Metro grabbed the idea for Wallace Beery, and had camera men planted all over the place shooting bits that could be woven in as local color.

You'll want to see W. C. Fields in "Poppy"; he makes it a grand picture. Rochelle Hudson and Robert Cromwell take care of the love story, but Fields is so delightful that most of us wouldn't care if the authors had omitted everything but his scenes.

If you girls have ever thought that you'd like to dance in a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, glance at this list of qualifications: RKO's dance director, Hermes Pan, will test all applicants by them before he selects the twenty-five girls who will work in "I Won't Dance."
A girl must be a whirlwind tap dancer—Fred Astaire who can do every step in a tap routine; she must be not more than five feet, five inches tall, not less than five feet, two. She must have a perfect figure and a face which photographs well. She must have personality that gets over to audiences, and must be able to average 99 per cent in a physical examination—so that she can stand ten-hour days of rehearsals without cracking. Oh yes—applicants who are brunettes will be given the preference, other things being equal, and if they aren't they'll have to wear wig.

ODDS AND ENDS... Greta Garbo has startled Hollywood by buying a new car, a big one at that... She's being pegged to make a picture in England... Gena Raymond gave the John Mack Brown a ten-year-old car when they celebrated their tin wedding anniversary... Margaret Churchill and George O'Brien are starting out for a vacation... Maybe the stage will grab her again... Charlie Chaplin was in an automobile accident the other day—not serious, fortunately... Donald Woods may appear in that Buffalo Bill picture, playing the hero as a young man... Private Number is one of the pictures you won't want to miss... And if you want to see colored pictures at their best, drop in at "Dancing Pirate."
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Luxurious Peacock Motif

The Peacock's regal beauty—worthy of your finest linens—inspired this beautiful design, and is sure to inspire you with the desire to embroider his splendid image in cross stitch. You can, you know, for the pattern's a very easy one, despite its rich effect.



Pattern 1164

Wool, silk or cotton floss in realistic bluish-greens and warm browns, or one color only if you prefer, will make a handsome scarf, pillow, chair set or refreshment cloth.
Pattern 1164 comes to you with a transfer pattern of two peacocks 12 1/4 by 14 1/2 inches and four motifs 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.
Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 83 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ad uaguem. (L.) To the finger-nail; to a nicety.
Au di alteram partem (L.) Hear the other side.
Chapeaux bas! (F.) Hats off!
De novo. (L.) From the beginning; anew.
Errare humanum est. (L.) To err is human.
Fervet opus. (L.) The work glows (i. e., goes on actively).
Homme d'esprit. (F.) Man of intellect; wit.
Id est. (L.) That is; (abbreviated i. e.)
Jeunesse doree. (F.) Gilded youth; wealthy young men.
Malgre nous. (F.) In spite of us.
Lusus naturae. (L.) A freak of nature.
Noblesse oblige. (F.) Nobility compels.

Household Questions

Cut out old canes in raspberry bushes when they are through bearing fruit. These canes will never bear fruit again.
A pinch of baking soda added to the water in which a fowl is cooked will make it more tender.
Oil or oily substances should never be used on waxed floors. They soften the wax, sink into wood and eventually darken it.
A cup of peanut butter mixed with half a cup of mayonnaise and one finely chopped raw onion makes a good sandwich spread.

Cloths saturated with polishing liquids if stored away in a closet often cause spontaneous combustion. Keep these cloths in a covered tin container.
Lingerie must be tinted occasionally to preserve its dainty appearance. A faded blue garment will tint a delicate orchid with the aid of a pink dye, a pale yellow will shade into a delicate green if dipped in blue dye and a pink dye will change the yellow to a shell pink. Be sure to use small quantities of the dye for these pastel shades.
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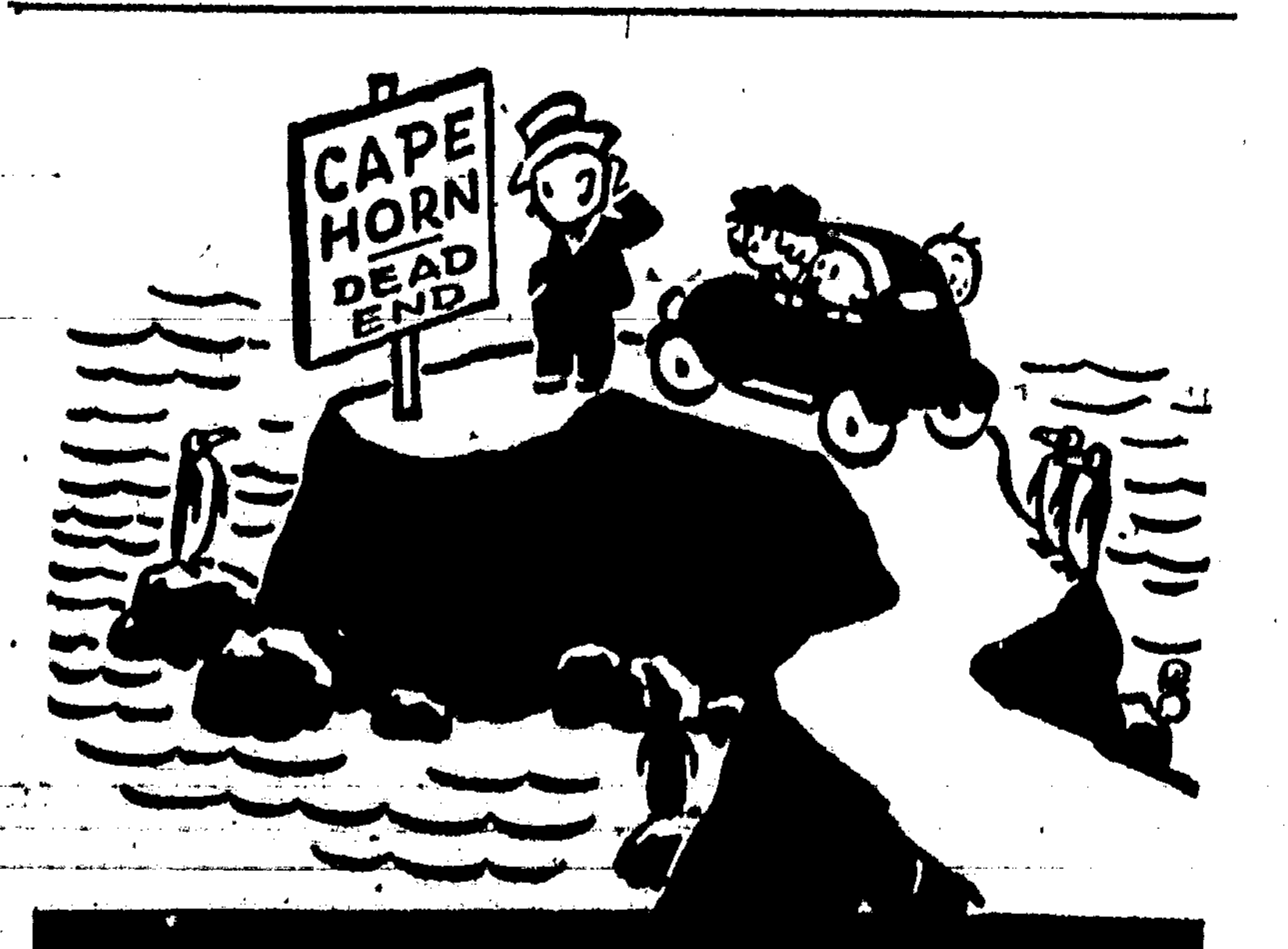
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THE OUTLOOK

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

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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.

Faith, Hope and Charity
"Phooey!"

In the President's speech of acceptance, he talks of faith, hope and charity, when his faith is only in the enormous dollar sign, a symbol of what he is dealing out to his political brigadiers.

He talks of hope when he has doomed millions of his fellow citizens to the legion of misery and political slavery.

He speaks of charity when he is using billions of the taxpayers' money to enlist an army of pay-rollers and sand-baggers who revealed themselves as delegates to the 'feed-baggers' Convention at Philadelphia.

People who have heard speeches by Clyde Tingley, say that they were surprised to learn that President Roosevelt was a candidate for the governorship of New Mexico.

Congressman Dempsey is quite an actor; we look for him to do the 'split' with the Democrats this fall — and cause the head that wears the crown to pass many restless nights between now and the November election.

Early in the days of the Democratic administration, when from every angle came plaudits for the New Deal, the President said among other things, that he didn't expect to make a home run every time he came to bat. We can now recall that instead of making home runs, he has fanned out very often, got struck many times by the pitcher, hit many foul tips, and when he did hit the ball, he never reached first base.

He has cussed with the umpire, quarreled with the club organization in general — and has done everything except to "take a walk." But he will leave that until the fall election.

You perhaps have noticed a bunch of pigs feeding at a trough — if you have, you've also noticed that the big ones will nose out the little ones in order to get the 'lion's share' of the food.

Here in a nut shell is a rough illustration of how the New Deal is working: The big fellow, the one who already has enough, has been allowed to nose the little fellow out and gobble up all the 'goodie' out of the feed trough.

NOTICE

To Dog Owners within the City Limits of Carrizozo: You are requested to buy your dog tags before July 20. **LAST NOTICE!**
Sam Farmer,
Day Marshal.



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Political Announcements

For County Treasurer

I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination for the office of County Treasurer subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.
Morgan Lovelace.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.
George W. Messer.

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Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
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Methodist Church

Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

Church School at 10 a. m.
Phil Bright, Supt.
Sunday Evening Services 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.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico. In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Carmelita T. Guebara, Deceased. No. 387.

To Amado Guebara, Samuel Guebara, Salomon Guebara, and Beatrice G. Current, and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Amado Guebara, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Carmelita T. Guebara, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court his final report and account as such Executor, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 7th day of September, 1936, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., as the hour and day for hearing of objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Amado Guebara as Executor, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of her said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein, and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and postoffice address of the Agent for the Executor is Elerdo Chavez, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Witness the Honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 18th day of July, A. D. 1936.

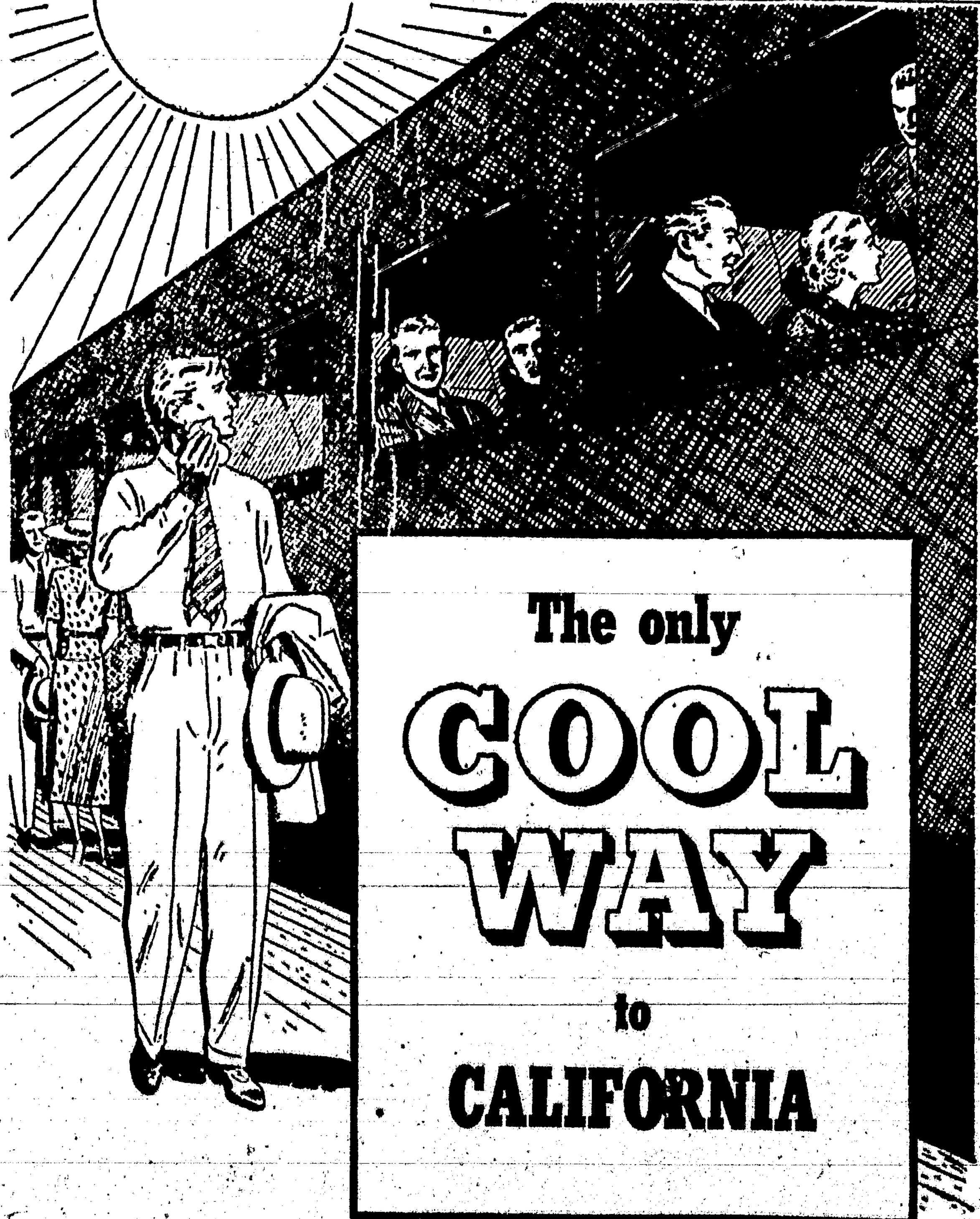
(Seal) Ernest Key, Clerk.

Sell your Furs at home. Ziegler Bros. will pay you as much as any eastern house.

ORLANDO VIGIL—Agent for the Albuquerque Journal, 15c per week, delivered to your door by carrier. 2c

Friendship Greeting Cards

for Birthdays
We have a varied assortment of Birthday Greetings with friendship sentiments. Burke's Outlook Art & Gift Shop.



The only
COOL WAY
to
CALIFORNIA

Why suffer from heat when you travel? All Southern Pacific trains from here to California and the East are now completely air-conditioned—delightfully cool and clean. You enjoy this exclusive luxury of train travel even at our lowest fares. Examples:

	Roundtrip	Roundtrip
	TO LOS ANGELES	TO SAN FRANCISCO
COACH	\$29.76	\$40.00
TOURIST	34.55	51.70
FIRST CLASS	46.90	64.75

Coach fares are good in air-conditioned coaches and chair cars. Tourist fares are good in air-conditioned tourist sleeping cars, plus small berth charge. First class fares are good in air-conditioned standard Pullmans, plus Pullman charge.

Southern Pacific
C. P. HUPPERTZ, AGENT PHONE 57

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 50 — Carrizozo, N. M.

Get a Cash Producing Education

Attend A Nationally Known School. Motto: "A Position for Every Graduate." A school with a business atmosphere, teaching the Famous Byrne Systems, in half the time and cost required elsewhere—evidence: Fifty thousand Byrne-trained students. Spare time work for board. Sign and mail for literature describing our 16 business training courses. Prepare at Byrne for a good position in from three to four months.

Name _____ Address _____

BYRNE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
DALLAS, TEXAS



Keep in touch with business opportunities, with friends and neighbors—by Telephone

You can have one for a few cents a day

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

EL PASO - ARIZONA Motor Truck Line

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

General Trucking Service

Mining Location Blanks

Lode or Placer

Carrizozo Outlook Office

Roswell-Carrizozo Stage & Truck Lines

Phone 16 — George Harkness, Mgr.

Excelsior Cleaners and Dyers of Roswell

(Licensed Sanitone Cleaner)

Work Guaranteed and Insured. We Pick Up and Deliver.

Our Truck is Here Every Monday & Thursday.

Raymond Buckner, Agent

You're happier **★** WITH STANDARD

First of all, you're happier in knowing that your car is better off with Standard Gasoline Unsurpassed.

And you're lots happier with Standard Oil Motoring Services—originated by Standard—developed by Standard—every one of them designed to relieve you of work and care—and increase your motoring enjoyment.

Let your Standard Service Man—wherever you go—show you why Standard customers so often are permanent customers—why you, also, will be happier with Standard. Prove it for yourself!



STANDARD GASOLINE is UNSURPASSED in starting, acceleration, mileage, power, and anti-knock

STANDARD STATIONS, INC. — AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTORS — STANDARD OIL DEALERS

This Week's Thought

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Patronize Home Merchants

WESTERN LUMBER CO.



Building Material

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

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

WESTERN LUMBER CO.
Phone 39 — Carrizozo, N. M.

CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.

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

Expert Mechanical Work At Greatly Reduced Prices

Gasoline, Kerosene
Lubricating Oil and Greases

Cold Drinks Ice Cream



Novelties
Magazines
Candies
Cigars of All Kinds
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

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

SAFETY---

You cannot stop payment on a ten dollar bill, but everyone knows that you can stop payment on a hot check. You can send checks safely through the mail—not so currency. You can shop without carrying the cash with you, and at the same time your check will serve as a receipt for purchases. For Safety's Sake, have a checking account.

Lincoln County Agency
Citizens State Bank of Vaughn
Carrizozo, New Mexico
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

PROFESSIONS

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Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Lutz Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
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Residence Phone 33
Carrizozo — New Mexico

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— Lutz Building —
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Entries made of all Legal Transactions.

ALBERT MORGAN
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Old Rolland Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

Landon and Son



Gov. Alf M. Landon frolics with his son, John Cobb, 3. "Fay-as-you-go," says the Republican nominee, "then your children won't bear the burden of your mistakes."

These Good Old Days
Once upon a time people used to fall in love. Those were the days when love was a mystery and a miracle, and not a biological urge, as it is called nowadays.—Yeman's Home Computer.

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, Sec'y.

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

REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially Invited.

Ina Mayer, W. M.
Ula Mayer, Sec'y

COALOHA KIBUKAH LODGE
NUMBER 15
I.O.O.F.

Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Clesta Prior, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo — New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 30, I.O.O.F.

Carrizozo, New Mexico,
Tom Cook
Noble Grand
W.J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.
Regular meetings every Tuesday 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

Native New Mexico Scenes

in oil. Reasonably priced
Burke's Gift Shop.

Keeps a Child's Heart
The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Morgan.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Six months, in advance \$1.00
One year, in advance \$2.00

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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.

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.

Faith, Hope and Charity "Phooey!"

In the President's speech of acceptance, he talks of faith, hope and charity, when his faith is only in the enormous dollar sign, a symbol of what he is dealing out to his political brigadiers.

He talks of hope when he has doomed millions of his fellow citizens to the legion of misery and political slavery.

He speaks of charity when he is using billions of the taxpayers' money to enlist an army of pay-rollers and sand-baggers who revealed themselves as delegates to the 'feed-baggers' Convention at Philadelphia.

People who have heard speeches by Clyde Tingley, say that they were surprised to learn that President Roosevelt was a candidate for the governorship of New Mexico.

Congressman Dempsey is quite an actor; we look for him to do the 'split' with the Democrats this fall—and cause the head that wears the crown to pass many restless nights between now and the November election.

Early in the days of the Democratic administration, when from every angle came plaudits for the New Deal, the President said among other things, that he didn't expect to make a home run every time he came to bat. We can now recall that instead of making home runs, he has fanned out very often, got struck many times by the pitcher, hit many foul tips, and when he did hit the ball, he never reached first base.

He has cussed with the umpire, quarreled with the club organization in general—and has done everything except to "take a walk." But he will leave that until the fall election.

You perhaps have noticed a bunch of pigs feeding at a trough—if you have, you've also noticed that the big ones will "nose out" the little ones in order to get the 'lion's share' of the food.

Here in a nut shell is a rough illustration of how the New Deal is working: The big fellow, the one who already has enough, has been allowed to nose the little fellow out and gobble up all the 'goodies' out of the feed trough.

NOTICE

To Dog Owners within the City Limits of Carrizozo: You are requested to buy your dog tags before July 20.

LAST NOTICE!

Sam Farmer, Day Marshal.



This is the GREATEST TRUCK YEAR IN ALL CHEVROLET HISTORY

Truck buyers prefer Chevrolets because they're outstanding in **PULLING POWER, OPERATING ECONOMY, LOW PRICE**

CHEVROLET Thoughtful buyers of trucks and commercial cars are displaying overwhelming preference for Chevrolets. . . They are giving Chevrolet the greatest truck year in all Chevrolet history; and they are recommending Chevrolets to all their friends. . . Because they know that Chevrolet trucks have the greatest pulling power in the entire low-price range . . . because they know that Chevrolet trucks are the most economical for all-round duty . . . and because they know that these big, powerful Chevrolets sell in the lowest price range. . . Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today . . . ask for a thorough demonstration . . . and then choose Chevrolets—the world's *thriftest high-powered trucks!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • NEW FULL-TRIMMED DE LUXE CAB • NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE ON 1½-TON MODELS

\$360 AND UP. List price of the half-ton chassis as Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice.

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

CHEVROLET TRUCKS CITY GARAGE V. Reil, Prop. Carrizozo, N. M.

Political Announcements

For County Treasurer

I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination for the office of County Treasurer subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.
Morgan Lovelace.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.
George W. Messer.

Chic Assortment of Millinery

Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

Santa Rita Church

Rev. Fr. Salvatoro, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 7:30 a. m.
Evening Services at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

St. Paul's Church (Episcopal)

Rev. L. E. Fates, Vicar

Methodist Church

Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

Church School at 10 a. m.
Phil Bright, Supt.
Sunday Evening Services at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday
Captan—1st and 2nd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
10 a. m., Mrs. Beckwell, Supt.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Carmelita T. Guebara, Deceased, No. 387.

To Amado Guebara, Samuel Guebara, Salomon Guebara, and Beatrice G. Current, and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

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The name and postoffice address of the Agent for the Executor is Elerdo Chavez, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

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(Seal) Ernest Key, Clerk.

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TOURIST	24.00	51.75
FIRST CLASS	46.00	64.75

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Southern Pacific
C. F. HUPPERTZ, AGENT PHONE 57

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 50 — Carrizozo, N. M.

Get a Cash Producing Education

Attend A Nationally Known School. Motto: "A Position for Every Graduate." A school with a business atmosphere, teaching the Famous Byrne Systems, in half the time and cost required elsewhere—evidence: Fifty thousand Byrne-trained students. Spare time work for board. Sign and mail for literature describing our 16 business training courses. Prepare at Byrne for a good position in from three to four months.

Name _____ Address _____

BYRNE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
DALLAS, TEXAS



Keep in touch with business opportunities, with friends and neighbors—by Telephone

You can have one for a few cents a day

For Sale

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

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

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Building Material

Sash—Doors—Lumber
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Corrugated Roofing.
Rope—Paint—Wind-
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Expert Mechanical Work At Greatly Reduced Prices

Gasoline, Kerosene

Lubricating Oil and Greases

LODGES

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A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1936
First Saturday of Each Month



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

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First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially In-
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Ina Mayer, W. M.
Ula Mayer, Sec'y



COALORA REBEKAH LODGE
NUMBER 15
I.O.O.F.

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
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—
Leslye
Cooper

Recorder—Margaret Shafer.
Mother Advisor—Mrs. J. M.
Shelton.

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Native New Mexico Scenes

In oil. Reasonably priced
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Keeps a Child's Heart
The great man is he who does not
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Cold Drinks Ice Cream



Novelties
Magazines
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Cigars of All Kinds
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Gov. Alf H. Landon frolics with his son, John Cobb, 3. "Pay-as-you-go," says the Republican newspaper, "then your children won't bear the burden of your mistakes."

These Good Old Days
Once upon a time people used to fall in love. Those were the days when love was a mystery and a miracle, and not a biological urge, as it is called nowadays.—Woman's Home Companion.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Death Ship"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

GET ready for action. Here comes Distinguished Adventurer Hobart N. Deane of New York city, and he's bringing with him a tale so packed with thrills that well—I didn't know whether I was coming or going when I read it, and I'm betting you won't either.

It took place on a ship called the S. S. Barstow, a gasoline tanker, anchored at Fort McHenry, just outside of Baltimore, Md. You could go through all the harbors of the world looking for that boat today, and never find a trace of her.

She just ain't any more. By the time Hebe Deane got through adventuring with her, there wasn't enough left of her to pick your teeth with. That's the story.

It was February, 1918, along toward the close of the World war. Hebe and his shipmate Al were in the merchant marine in those days, and the Barstow was the ship they were working on at the moment.

Hobey's Adventure Starts With a Boom!

Hobey's adventure started with a big BOOM! Yes, I mean that literally. Six or seven sailors were sitting in the mess room about three o'clock one cold February day, when suddenly there came the sound of a loud explosion. Along with it came a shock that seemed to lift Hobey right out of his clothing. He jumped to his feet and ran to the deck, with the rest of the gang right on his heels.

"We arrived on deck," says Hobey, "in time to see a big gas ventiler from the forward tank land like a rocket in a heap of barreled oil that was piled up on the deck, ashore. At the same time, a sheet of flame several hundred feet high shot out of our forward tank. Thousands of gallons of naphtha were ablaze."

Down on the dock, some of the crew were casting off the ropes. A tug came alongside and began to haul the Barstow out into the bay. About a third of the way out, the tug's captain decided it was too risky for him to stick around any longer, and beat a retreat without taking the trouble to ask the men aboard the Barstow if they wouldn't like a ride back to shore.

Two Heroes Sacrifice—Their Lives Courageously.

"There were about twenty of us aboard," says Hobey, "and from all appearances we were in a swell way to be blown to chop suey. We



The Exhausted Men Finally Reached the Tug.

were about to get in when it occurred to us what might happen if the ship drifted in close to land and went up.

"The boatswain and his stereokeep, two heroes if I ever saw any, went forward and released the anchor. But on the way back there was another explosion and they were blown to bits. The magazines where we kept the ammunition for our anti-submarine gun had started to go up, and it had taken the boatswain and the stereokeep along with it."

After that, the ship got too hot for comfort. Shells meant for submarines were whizzing from that burning magazine in all directions. The crew made a run for the lifeboat—and just as they reached it, it fell overboard and blew it to splinters. "Believe it or not," says Hobey, "but neither Al nor I were touched by the flying debris. By this time the whole fore and midships were a mass of flame."

Al and Hobey Leave the Floating Bomb.

"It was raining molten metal, chunks of iron and steel and pieces of timber. Al and I and a deck boy made our way back to the stern and, after a conference, decided to jump. We hadn't much time to lose. Even then the ship seemed to be swelling beneath our feet like a giant bomb."

Hobey couldn't swim a stroke, but Al told him to jump, and he'd bring him to shore. The deck boy hesitated until Al assured him he'd be right behind. Then he dove into the icy water. "Al and I waited for him to come to the surface," says Hobey, "but the seconds became minutes, and he didn't show up."

"We never saw him again, and I have never felt so desolate in all my life. But life is sweet, and I realized that no matter how slim my chances were, they were better in the water than on the Barstow. The nearest life preserver was below deck, and by this time, burnt to a crisp, I had to depend on Al."

Tug's Skipper Gambles to Help in Rescue.

Well, sir, Hobey took the plunge. The shock of the cold water numbed him, and he thought he'd never come up. "I didn't much care, either," he says. "But I hit the surface at last, and Al had a hold of me before I knew it. I grabbed his shoulder with one hand and paddled with the other, and we set out for a tug that was lying a thousand yards away."

"It seemed we were moving at a snail's pace. We got some distance away from the ship, but I could see the February water wasn't doing Al any good. He was fagged out. My heart and lungs felt as if they were in a steel vise. I was done. All I wanted to do was let go and rest."

Hobey was right. Al was fagged. He stopped swimming and began to tread water—abouted to the tug for help. The tug's skipper knew it was dangerous to go any nearer to the burning vessel, but he took a chance. "They came at a good clip," says Hobey, "but it seemed forever before a couple of husky seamen got hold of us and lifted us up onto the deck."

Hobey says he'd like to end his story by saying both he and Al got pneumonia. But they didn't even have a cold the next day. The Barstow, though, didn't do so well. She burned to the water's edge.

—WNU Service.

Hypnotism Long in Use

for Medical Treatments

Psychologists in universities, while investigating the mechanism of the human mind, often employ hypnosis to bring to the surface its hidden workings, while physicians have legitimately used it many times in making cures of certain kinds of cases—such as drug addiction or alcoholism.

Hypnotism is not a mysterious force flashed over hundreds of miles by the power of some dark hypnotic eye, writes Prof. A. H. Estabrook in the Scientific American. A hypnotized person is much like one who walks in his sleep. If you can find such a person and start a conversation without waking him, you are in

touch with the sub-conscious mind of one who is already hypnotized. The unconscious mind is in control of the body. In the hypnotic trance, however, the unconscious is also in touch with an operator. This accounts for the curious results obtained, for the unconscious is very open to suggestion and has a remarkable power over the entire body.

Apples, Pears, on Spurs
Most apples and pears are borne on spurs. Spurs are merely shoots which have slowed down in growth. They may grow a very small fraction of an inch year after year, producing only a few small leaves and bearing leaf buds each year.

In Southern California



Oil Derrick's Form Background for Tomato Patch.

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

TALK with priests at the old missions and they will tell you that pioneer padres trained Indians to do the first irrigation work in Southern California. Some of their old ditches still exist.

You can tell by where these missions stand what good judges of land the priests were. They never built a church on poor soil.

Local farming owes these padres a great debt. They not only brought the first cattle and horses, but they experimented with seeds to see what would grow best in California.

They planted the first oranges and grapes. Lemons, figs, and olives they brought, too, and wheat, destined to become a tremendous crop. Almost feudal in aspect were these mission farms. Indians were trained as farmers, cowboys, carpenters, saddle makers, and weavers. They made things not only for the use of priests and themselves, but for Spanish soldiers as well.

Cattle became the mainstay of life, with beef the chief food; hides made leather for saddles, harness, and shoes, and even served as money. Early sea traders from New England called them "California bank notes."

Sheep, too, were raised; and Indians made blankets and cloth for suits from the wool. They raised some hogs also, mostly for lard to make soap.

Missions served as stock farms from which private owners could borrow enough breeding animals to build up their own herds. Horses of a tough, speedy type, with a strain of Arabian from those brought to Mexico by conquistadores, thrived there, multiplying so fast that in time wild herds became a nuisance. Men used to drive them into the sea to drown them.

Cattle often ran wild over the open range. In self-defense travelers sometimes had to shoot savage bulls. At slaughtering time, vaqueros rode down the thundering herds, slew what they wanted, and left carcasses to be skinned by butchers who followed. Melted tallow was packed in hides and transported to sailing vessels along the coast. This trade dwindled after gold was found.

The inflowing of population made an end to the great droves of cattle," wrote Dana in 1850, on his second trip to California.

Old Ranches Cut Up.

Today this once huge industry, which kept the shoe and leather trades of New England supplied, is a dim tradition. In museums you see old ox carts and horse gear, massive hand-made furniture and pioneer weapons.

Santa Barbara stages a fiesta each season, in which modern beaux and belles dress in pioneer Spanish costumes, ride horses with Spanish saddles, sing Spanish ballads, and dance fandangos to early Spanish music.

But the modern spectacle is more splendid than the original hard, frugal life of toll ever was.

Practically all old ranches are cut up now. One or two, like the Santa Margarita and the Tejon, remain; but overseers make their rounds in motor cars. In fields where grunting oxen once pulled wooden plows, you hear now the staccato voice of gas tractors.

Among long-tailed, squawking macaws and tinkling bells in the Mission Inn garden at Riverside stands an old, old orange tree. It is one of two navel seedlings sent here from Brazil, by way of Washington, in 1873. Both lived and are ancestors now of countless trees whose fruit reaches not only the most obscure nooks of the United States, but goes to forty-odd ports overseas, even into Alaska by dog-sled delivery.

What a colossal feat of distribution!

Think of 100,000 overloads a year, cars riding an average of 2,000 miles each. Fantasticly, you visualize this endless orange flight as a universe of tiny yellow planets flying forever out of California, and into space! Orange picking never stops. Navels move from December to May and Valencia's the rest of the year. With oranges so numerous and grapefruit, picked, packed and shipped from some part of California every day in the year. Europe alone takes upward of a million boxes, and Canadians drink orange juice even as we do.

To move and sell such incredible cargoes, more than 15,000 growers form the Fruit Exchange. Their salesmen are posted in 35 central markets, here and abroad. Their brand stamped on fruit is known around the world. They even own their own timber lands and sawmills, where millions of crates are made

for packing fruit. By-products, like orange and lemon oils, citric acid and citrus pectin, are made and sold by this organization.

Ships that carry its fruit abroad are vast floating refrigerators, for they must pass through the Panama canal and other tropic waters.

Frost is fought with oil-burning orchard heaters, while millions are spent on sprays and fumigation.

Value of Co-operation.

Individual growers, competing, could not have obtained such methodical, world-wide distribution of oranges now graded, inspected, and sold by the Exchange. It is conspicuous among all man's co-operative efforts. Common interests unite its members, both in business and social affairs.

One visit to an annual orange festival, with all its music, drama, pageantry, and carnival spirit, shows what a role this fruit plays in California life.

More than any other one force, it was the lure of life in a sunny California orange grove which started easterners migrating here in the 1890's—and it still brings them.

From its trees, since the Exchange started its records in 1894, have been picked and sold nearly \$2,000,000,000 worth of citrus fruit—or more than the value of all gold mined since its discovery in 1848!

The Bible story of the miraculous gourd vine that grew in one day to make shade for Jonah is hardly more astonishing than the rise of the western vegetable trade. It is an exciting page in the annals of our national farm life. New food habits, the call for more green things, is one cause. Advent of the ficer car, overcoming California's former disadvantage of remoteness from eastern markets, is another.

Due to geographic barriers, as late as 1900 this trade was a mere trickle. Now, with refrigeration, standard packing, and advertising, more than 100,000 carloads of garden truck, largely grown in California, ride east every year.

Busy Imperial Valley.
Imperial valley, that below-the-sea "Hothouse of America" once called the Salton Sink, grows more cantaloupes, honeydews, and casahuate than any area its size in the world. Its large-scale operations are indeed "industrialized farming."

Terrific heat, dust, and the frantic picking, packing, loading, and icing of more than 6,000,000 crates of melons in a few weeks turn this valley, from May to June, into an inferno of nervous haste.

Only Mexicans and Japanese seem able to work in the sun-scorched fields; some say that only they can tell just when a melon should be picked, or when a mule will surely drop from being overheated if driven another rod. Yet 60,000 residents endure this climate!

Frost-free regions along the San Diego coast send their share of tomatoes, celery, and other green foods. Los Angeles county was the pioneer garden spot; there first grew that lettuce now called "Iceberg head," an Italian strain introduced through Vilmorin, famous seedman of Paris.

Electricity for Everything.

You marvel at miles of power lines carried on steel towers. Hardly a country home is without electricity. Farmers throw a switch and machines cook food, heat water, milk cows, sterilize milk, and separate the cream. Electric power hatches eggs and warms the coops. Long, deep summers call for much pumping, and electric irrigation pumps run almost continuously from April to September.

Walnuts, formerly dried in the sun, are dehydrated now by acceptability. To make seeds germinate faster, cables laid in the soil are heated by this power.

With electricity oranges are colored and precooled for shipment. Motors hum in myriad industries. In busy oil fields, shops, and harbor sheds, bright lights turn night into day. With electricity men drill for oil, pump it when natural flow subsides, and refine it. The same source heats enormous furnaces and anneals ovens.

In California electricity spurred imagination long before the rest of the world appreciated its versatility. The reason is that California, when most of the present electric systems started in the 1890's, had no native fuel except wood. Coal, transported from far places, was costly; but in the mountains was abundant water power. The market for electric light was small in pioneer times, and few industries had then started; but the farmer was there, and entrepreneurs taught him to use power for irrigation as early as 1893. Now power lines cover the state's map like a web.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for July 19

SOCIAL SERVICE IN THE EARLY CHURCH

LESSON TEXT—Acts 4:32-35; II Corinthians 8:1-9.
GOLDEN TEXT—He said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts 20:35.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How Jesus' Friends Shared.

JUNIOR TOPIC—When Christians See Others in Need.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Christians Sharing With Others.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christians and Social Service.

Social service in the early Church was a by-product of the gospel and not the gospel itself. Those who are saved by the gospel will show their concern for their fellows, especially those who are fellow members of the body of Christ.

1. Characteristics of the Primitive Church (Acts 4:31-35).

1. It was a praying church (v. 31). The early Christians for every want and need betook themselves to God in prayer. Their faith caused them to go to the living God, believing that their needs would be supplied.

2. The Spirit-filled church (v. 31). When they prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were gathered together and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

3. It was a church which had great boldness in preaching the Word of God (v. 31). The ministers of the Spirit-filled church will not offer an apology for the Bible, but will preach it.

4. It was a united church (v. 32). They were all of one heart and soul.

5. It was a generous church (v. 32). They held nothing back from those who had need. The needs were supplied from a common fund. This was not Communism any more than when the church today helps from a common fund those who have need.

6. The ministers had a powerful testimony (v. 33).

7. It was a church whose members possessed unblemished character (v. 33). Great grace was upon them all.

8. Generous Act of Barnabas (Acts 4:36, 37).

He sold a piece of land and turned over all the proceeds to be used for those in need. It is not said that Barnabas sold all the land he had. His act, therefore, cannot in any real sense be used as a precedent for a community of goods in the church.

9. Stephen the Deacon (Acts 6:1-6).

As soon as the church had relief from external troubles, difficulties arose within. Up to this time it would seem that the problems of the church were in the hands of the apostles. A congregational meeting was called, and the church instructed to select seven men of good reputation and Spirit-filled, to administer the temporalities, giving the apostles time for prayer and the ministry of God's Word.

Among the seven deacons thus chosen, Stephen had first place. While engaged in his duties as a deacon, he sprang into the light as an eloquent and powerful preacher.

10. The Good Deeds of Dorcas (Acts 9:36-43).

Dorcas was a practical Christian woman. She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did, not what she talked of doing. Her death was a real loss. If all professing Christian women would use their needles as Dorcas did, there would be more real testimony for Christ.

11. Christian Stewardship (II Cor. 8:1-9).

1. Examples of true Christian benevolence (vv. 1-8). The liberality of these Macedonian churches exhibits practically every principle and motive entering into Christian giving.

a. The source of true giving (v. 1). It is said to be the grace of God.

b. They gave from the depths of their poverty (v. 2).

c. Their willingness surpassed their ability (v. 3).

d. They were insistent on being allowed the privilege of giving (v. 4).

e. They first gave themselves to the Lord (v. 5).

2. Emulation of Macedonian benevolence urged (vv. 6-15).

a. Not as a command (v. 6). Acceptable giving must be spontaneous.

b. As proof of the sincerity of love (v. 8). Sincere love is benevolent action toward the object loved.

c. As the completion and harmony of Christian character (v. 7).

d. The self-sacrificing example of Christ (v. 9).

e. The true principle upon which gifts are acceptable to God (vv. 10-12). The motive of the giver determines the value of the gift.

f. Every Christian should give something (vv. 13-15).

Philosophy of Bacon.

"While a little philosophy leads away from religion, much philosophy leads back to it." The man who said this was not an outsider, but a philosopher of the philosophers—Francis Bacon—the one, indeed, on whose inductive philosophy all the sciences of our modern world is built.

Waste of Life.

The true waste of life consists in the love we have not given, the service we have not rendered, the sacrifices from which we have drawn back.

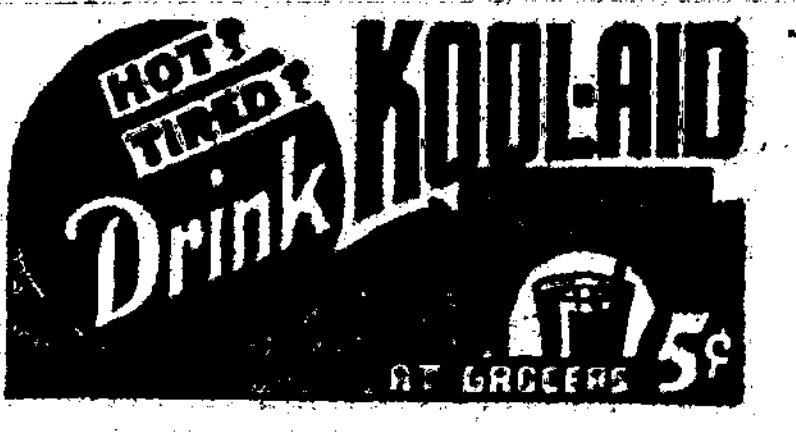
Smiles

Yes, Tell Us
He—My father weighed only four pounds when he was born.
She—Mercy me! Did he live?

Even There
"Can I trust him?"
"Why, he's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton."

Perhaps Both in Error
"I always speak well of Smith."
"He doesn't speak well of you."
"Well, maybe we are both mistaken."

Desperate Measure
She—The doctor has forbidden me to cook.
He—Why, are you ill?
She—No, my husband is.



The Cost Is High
An indiscretion a day and perpetually there is the devil to pay.



Sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's kills them—red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now. 25c, 50c and 60c at your drugist's.



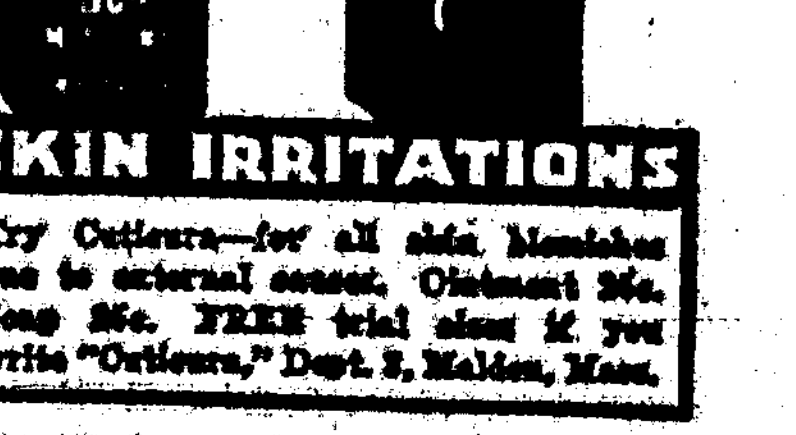
SLEEP SOUNDLY
Lack of exercise and injudicious eating make stomachic acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would sleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



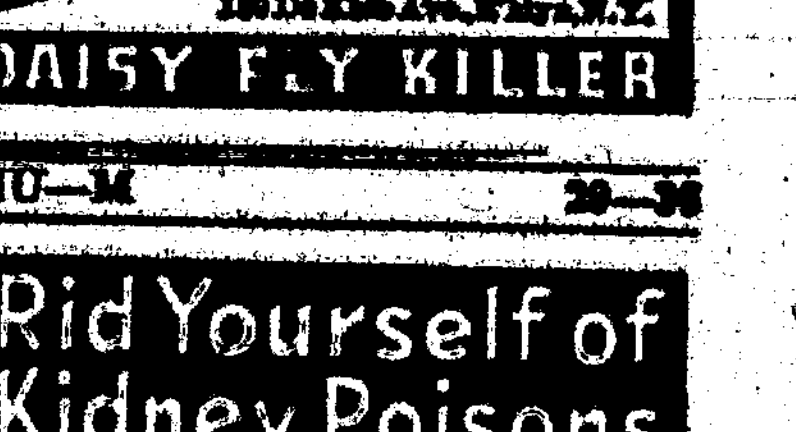
TAKE MILKNEASIAS
Milkesia, the original milk of magnesia in water form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each water equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. This, creamy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.



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Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons
DO you suffer burning, stinging or too frequent urinary discharges; headache, dizziness, loss of energy; leg pain, swelling and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—lost all morning and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder poisons stream waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended by the best doctors. You can get the genuine time-tested Doan's of any drug store.



Keeping Up With Science

Stone Age Secrets Are Revealed by Musty Flint Dagger

Neolithic Men Kept Cows, Sheep and Horses

BERLIN. — Scientists poring over weapons in modern "crime laboratories" are able to extract many secrets that the layman, and certainly not the criminal himself, would ever imagine possible. But a group of German museum workers have "mined" a single weapon for information never before obtained about the way of people in northwestern Europe ten or fifteen thousand years ago.

The weapon is a flint dagger about eight inches long, dating from the earlier part of the New Stone age. It was found during the digging of a ditch through a moor in northern Germany. There is nothing remarkable about the weapon itself.

Scientists Turn Scientists

Exceedingly remarkable, however, is the fact that this dagger was still in its leather sheath, with a long leather carrying strap still wrapped around it, just as the owner left or perhaps lost it, those many centuries ago. Also, part of the wooden handle was still in place, and between the wood and the stone a layer of cloth which had been inserted to improve the grip of the wood on the stone.

A group of scientists immediately went to work, each identifying some special part of the find. The leather of the sheath was sheepskin; an outer sheath decorated with shallow cuts in a sewed spruce-needle pattern, and an inner lining of softer sheepskin. The carrying strap was of cowhide.

Study of Cloth

The cloth fragment proved to be highly interesting. The warp was almost wholly decayed, through the action of the acid water. A tiny fragment, unidentifiable by ordinary methods, proved to be linen when subjected to a new type ultra-violet analysis. The wool was a mixture of sheep wool, goat wool, horsehair and cowhair.

Adding all these fragments together, it was possible to conclude that the people of this region, very early in the New Stone age, were herdsmen keeping sheep, goats, horses and cattle.

Children's Fear of Darkness Is Removed by Novel Training

NEW YORK. — The horrible fear that many little children suffer from when they must enter an unfamiliar dark room can, in many cases, be overcome by a method of training worked out by Dr. Francis B. Holmes of the Child Development Institute, Teachers college, Columbia university, here. The scheme worked out by Doctor Holmes was one which enlisted the active co-operation of the child in "doing something himself about the terrifying situation."

Learns by Play

In the case of the dark room fear, this is what was done to remove it in a group of nursery school children:

While the child was playing a game with the experimenter, the ball was rolled into the dark room and the child was sent in after it. When he refused to go into the dark room alone, the adult would go with him. At the same time the adult would encourage the child and tell him how to feel his way and how to search for the phosphorescent, glowing pendant which had been attached to the end of the long light pull-cord. When the light had been found, the child was allowed to pull it on, but then was encouraged to pull it off again and watch its dim glow in the dark and note its position as related to other objects.

Helium Suggested as Preventative of "Bends"

WASHINGTON. — Helium, now used to lift men into the air, may find a new use in treating those who go underground or under the sea and who, working under compressed air, contract caisson disease, it appears from recent investigations on helium's solubility in the blood, reported by Dr. J. A. Hawkins and C. W. Shilling of the experimental diving unit at the United States navy yard here.

The "bends," an excruciatingly painful malady which affects workers who are exposed to air at high pressure, is caused by the blood's taking up a great deal of nitrogen from the air.

Britain Will Help Citizens to Combat Poison Gas Attacks

Every English Home May Be Gas-Proof Dugout

GAS-ATTACK by air, the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse of modern war, is at last disturbing Great Britain, whose people hitherto have displayed characteristic native phlegm in the face of feverish preparations in continental cities for civilian protection during possible air raids. Every Englishman's house, traditionally his castle, may now have to become his gas-proof dugout.

Detailed suggestions for rendering rooms in ordinary dwellings gas-proof have been drawn up by a trained professional, C. E. Bower, who is styled Air Raid Precautions Officer to the Commissary of No. 1 District, St. John Ambulance Brigade.

To get his directions widest possible publicity, with graphic pictures of important details which might be overlooked if given only in print, they have been published in the Illustrated London News. An official booklet is announced for publication shortly, by the home office.

How to Fight Gas.

The ordinary English urban or suburban villa presents a rather difficult problem. Its one floor, at ground level, lies within the expected "zone of saturation," if a gas raid comes. It has no basement, and there are numerous openings through which gas might enter—notably the open fireplaces which are features of almost every room in an ordinary English house.

Yet the problem can be solved, Mr. Bower declares. Select one or more rooms, enough to give each occupant 20 square feet of floor space, with a ceiling height of about nine feet. Putty all window joints, paste paper on the inside of the windows, and board up the outside. Finally, fasten a wet blanket inside the window. Do the same for the doors, and seal up the fireplace, and all other openings.

See that the room is always provisioned with food and water, and furnished with folding camp beds and bedding in addition to necessary chairs and tables. Have fire extinguishers and a first-aid kit available. Provide means for passing the time—books, radio, phonograph, playing cards.

Ancient Syrian God Found on Euphrates

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The calm, bearded face of an ancient Syrian god—Hadad the Thundercr— and an elaborate temple built for his worship, have been discovered in ruins of Dura on the Euphrates.

Yale scientists, pronouncing latest buildings uncovered at Dura "sensational finds," said that the temple of Hadad contains a high altar built like a miniature Tower of Babel. The high altar, standing within a court, is about 17 feet square and 16 feet tall, and is approached by a flight of steps. An altar of burnt offerings in the principal sanctuary and the throne of the high-priest before it have been preserved through the centuries.

Hadad was a god of storms, whose name is familiar to Bible students because three kings in the Bible had names in which this heathen god's name formed a part. The discoveries at Dura include the headquarters of the governor or duke of the Euphrates frontier in Roman empire days. The vast complex of the building included offices, barracks for body-guard, and living quarters with elaborately painted walls and ceilings.

In one guard room, the archaeologists have found on the wall the opening lines of Virgil's Aeneid scrawled by a Roman soldier. A living-room has yielded a magnificent oval brooch of gold four inches across, ornamented in filigree and set with garnets and emeralds. The palace of the hereditary mayors of the city, also revealed, contains over 40 rooms and two great courtyards.

Odor of New Cut Wood May Be Made Perfume

LONDON.—Perfumes of a rustic tang, bearing such rural names as "Odor of Earth," "New-Cut Wood," or perhaps going across the Channel into "Terre sillonnee," are made a possibility by the discovery of special micro-organisms that are responsible for the characteristic scents of fresh-plowed fields in spring, of earth after strong rain in summer, or of freshly felled trees. The micro-organisms were discovered by Dr. A. Rastriek, working at the Rothamsted Experimental station at Harpenden.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Safety in Reducing Weight
A YOUNG woman weighing 150 pounds consulted a physician as to the best method of getting rid of twenty pounds. At first glance she appeared to be well, as do most stout individuals, but there was a lack of color in the face and the eyes had a "tired" appearance.

Further, the physician noted that the excess weight on her body was about the hips, abdomen and shoulders, and that her hands, wrists, feet and ankles were small and slender. This showed that her overweight was mostly due to a lack of juice from the small pituitary gland lying at the base of the brain.

As was his custom, the physician began to make a routine examination and found that the temperature was below normal and the haemoglobin was only 60 per cent instead of 85 to 95 as in normal healthy women. He stopped the examination and advised the patient to see her family physician and get

"built up" physically before he began any weight reduction treatment. She admitted that she had eaten meat only once and eggs only once during the previous two months.

The point, of course, is that while reducing overweight is wise from a health standpoint, the patient should be thoroughly overhauled by his or her family physician before weight reduction begins.

Planning the Campaign
Dr. W. A. L. Styles in an article, "The Campaign Against Corpulence," Hygeia Magazine, says:

"In the ambition to shed weight, men and women have never paused to consider the advisability of misdirected endeavor. As a consequence death has been the end result of numerous treatments for obesity (overweight). Before launching an anti-fat offensive, every prospective patient should undergo a thorough physical examination at the hands of a reputable physician.

"Merely because discretion (or common sense) has not been combined with determination (and many of our fat friends are determined in their wish to lose weight) failure crowns many efforts to regain normal weight. The reducing of weight should come second to improvement in physical condition as a goal in the campaign against corpulence."

The two outstanding suggestions in Doctor Styles' article are (a) to eat nothing between meals and (b) to leave the table while still hungry. These two suggestions are not only simple but quite safe, and safety whilst reducing should never be forgotten.

Physicians now have so many overweight patients seeking a safe method of reducing weight that they outline diets which will maintain strength and yet reduce weight if faithfully followed. "Proper diet to which is added exercise suited to individual needs brings dividends in the form of health; whereas wrong diet and faulty exercise, particularly when aggravated by faulty treatment by medicine—epson salts, thyroid or pituitary extract in the wrong type of cases—may wreck health and bring on premature death."

So widespread is the desire to reduce weight that all sorts of short cuts are being tried often with disastrous results. The 18-day diet, the use of pituitary and thyroid extracts in non-suitable cases, the use of the new drug dinitrophenol, using large doses of epsom salts or proprietary medicines containing epsom salts are all responsible for many cases of chronic illness and also many deaths.

Fighting Noise
When London, New York and Paris decide that measures must be taken to make these large cities less noisy, there must be some reason for it.

Everyone recognizes that there must be some street noises as foods and other supplies must be moved from place to place, automobiles must transport people for business or pleasure, street cars and buses are likewise needed, factories must manufacture necessities, and various other noises are really "necessary" noises.

However, everyone must recognize also that while all the above are necessary noises, the amount or degree of noise now created is not necessary; that a large percentage of it is really unnecessary.

Noise, whether we realize it or not, causes us to tighten or tense the whole body; it is one of nature's old, old ways of preparing our muscles to attack or resist an enemy. This tenseness tires us just as if we were attacking or resisting an enemy. And much of the noise is unnecessary.

Other cities, large and small, are investigating the noise situation, not to learn its effects upon the population because that is unfortunately only too well understood, but with the definite purpose of getting rid of unnecessary noise.

Matron's Dress With Vestee



Pattern No. 1907-B

This dress designed with soft capelet sleeves and a contrasting vestee is one of those perennial styles. It is always a pleasure to show by popular request. They're so universally becoming to larger and more mature women, and so adaptable to conventional occasions.

The model shown is a clever street frock which takes into consideration the fitting problem encountered by many women whose tastes incline toward conservative rather than complicated dressmaking. The lines are studied to give slenderness without sacrificing a trim and neat appearance, exemplified in the beautiful pointed up bodice, especially graceful and smart. Sheer cotton, prints and chiffons are delightful for town or country.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1907-B is available for sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Modest Grain

A farmer went with his son into the wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest.

"See, father," said the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang down their heads as if they were ashamed can't be good for much, I'm sure."

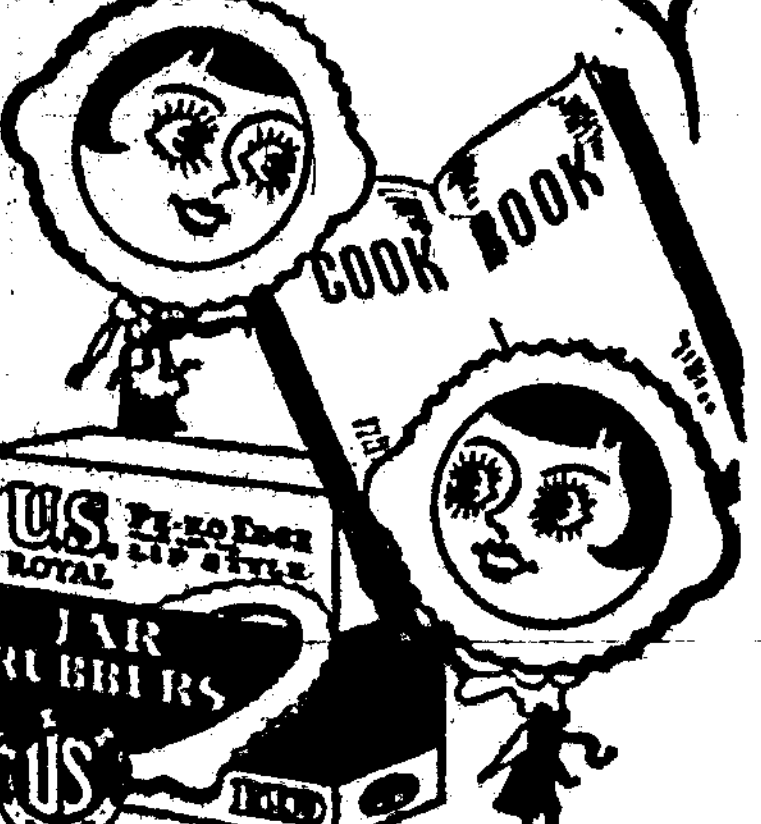
"The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said: "Look here, my child. This stalk that stood up so straight is light-headed and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."

Key to Man

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own.—Emerson.

WE: WHAT'S THE BEST RECIPE FOR SUCCESSFUL HOME CANNING? HERE IT IS...

USE NOTHING BUT U. S. ROYAL PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. THEY SEAL FLAVOR IN TIGHT, AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE THEM EASY TO APPLY; EASY TO REMOVE.



PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

PIMPLES from surface conditions need not be endured. Make your skin clearer and smoother with soothing Resinol.

"I WOULDN'T RISK MY LIFE ON ANY OTHER TIRE"

Says Louis Meyer—
Only three time winner
Indianapolis Race 28 33 36

EQUIP YOUR CAR WITH Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES for Greater Safety!

THERE is a reason why Louis Meyer won the 500-mile Indianapolis race this year—and why he is the only man ever to win this gruelling race three times. He always used Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, and never experienced the trouble of any kind.

Louis Meyer knows tire construction. He also knows that to drive for 500 consecutive miles over this hot brick track, negotiating the dangerous curves 800 times at the record-breaking average speed of 109 miles an hour, requires tires of super-strength and greatest blowout protection, as a blowout on any one of the dangerous curves would likely mean instant death. By the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process every cord in the tires on Louis Meyer's car was soaked and coated with liquid rubber, thereby preventing internal friction and heat. This is the secret of the extra strength and reserve safety built into Firestone Tires.

You of course will not drive 109 miles per hour, but at today's higher speeds you do need tires that will give you greatest blowout protection and will stop your car up to 25% quicker. Take no chances! Let your Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Dealer equip your car with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, the safest tires built. It costs so little to protect lives worth so much!

THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	\$ 8.66
4.75-19	9.10
5.25-18	10.85
5.50-17	11.90
6.00-16	13.25
6.00-17 H. D.	15.90
6.00-19 H. D.	16.90
6.50-17 H. D.	18.40
7.00-17 H. D.	21.30

FOR TRUCKS	PRICE
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32x6 Truck Type	18.41
32x6 H. D.	22.22

Standard Size Prices Approximately Low

BATTERIES

Greater Starting Power—Long Life—
\$6.25 EXCHANGE

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58¢

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THE LEADER IN THE LOW PRICE FIELD

New tire safety at low prices.

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Hi-Fi Radio—Waterproof—Six tube radio gives eight tube performance.
\$37.95

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Auto Polish (1 qt.)—50¢
Cleaner—25¢
Sponges—10¢
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Screen in most closed windows—
69¢

STANDARD TYPE

SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	\$ 7.75
4.75-19	8.20
5.50-17	10.70
6.00-20H.	12.55

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TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

Our old friend Bert Pfingsten was the announcer for the rodeo at Fort Stanton on the 4th and let us tell you, the radio birds have nothing on Bert when it comes to throwing the voice in the air. Every once in a while he would crack a nice, juicy joke over the "mike" and kept the big crowd in the best of spirits.

FOR SALE—Wagon and 10-barrel wagon water tank; four horse fresno; wood saw and 300 cedar posts.—J. L. McDonald, Ancho, N. M. 2t-pd

Louis Lafone and Louis, Jr., were here from Pasadena, Calif., to spend the 4th with old Lincoln County friends. While here, they were guests of the Benigno Gallegos and Gregorio Pino families and Florencio Vega.

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.

NOTICE

To Dog Owners within the City Limits of Carrizozo: You are requested to buy your dog tags before July 20.

LAST NOTICE!

Sam Farmer, Day Marshal.

Granyille Richardson and Fernin Pacheco were business visitors from Arabela Tuesday.

Theodore Kartzenis, proprietor of the U & I Cafe, is remodeling the old Star Cafe stand next door to the Western Union and will move his business there as soon as things are re-arranged.

Daniel Lueras arrived from Lafayette, Colo., and is visiting with the Ben C. Sanchez, Lupe and Andres Lueras families. He and Leo Sanchez attended the 4th of July dance at Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sears of Capitan were attendants at the Carrizozo Woman's Club Barbecue held at the J. V. Taylor ranch Tuesday of this week.

LOST—Bill-fold containing about \$15.00, poll tax receipt, automobile license and two large checks made out to Conway G. Craig, Corpus Christi, Texas. Return to Hunt Hobbs, Capitan, N. M., for reward.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance P. Smith of Oscura attended the Carrizozo Woman's Club Benefit Barbecue at the Taylor Ranch Tuesday night.

Ben Graisen was a business visitor from Capitan Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McFadin of the Monte Prieto ranch near the Gran Quivira had as their guests for a short period, Mrs. C. F. Williams and brother Will B. Williams, nephew Finley Diviny of Graford, Tex.

Carrizozo Lodge No. 30, I. O. O. F., held a big meeting Tuesday night at which the Initiatory Degree was conferred and officers for the ensuing term of six months were installed, after which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. At the next meeting, July 14, the First Degree of Odd Fellowship will be conferred and on Wednesday, July 15, the new home of the lodge will be dedicated. The Rebekahs will join the Odd Fellows in the event.

I will preach at Capitan Sunday morning and in Carrizozo Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

—J. A. Bell.

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J. F. PETTY, Prop.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 8:00 p. m.

**Friday-Saturday—
"THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN"**
Featuring Lionel Barrymore and Maurine O'Sullivan. A story of a Civil War veteran and his hound dog. A dramatic tale of the Ozark mountains. Comedy. "Top Flat."

**Sunday-Monday-Tuesday—
"WIFE VS. SECRETARY"**
Featuring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy. The story of a happy wife who couldn't understand how any woman could be jealous... until she met her husband's secretary. Also "Water Sports" and "The Old Plantation."
Matinee Sunday at 2:30.
Night show at 8:00.

**Wednesday-Thursday
"THE GALLANT DEFENDER"**
Featuring Chas. Starrett and Joan Berry.

Memorial Service

On the 2nd day of July, our Rev. Pastor Father Salvatoro conducted a beautiful memorial service in our church for the repose of our beloved daughter, Josephine Torres, who died on the 29th day of May. The church was packed with friends and relatives. After mass we went to the cemetery to bless the grave and prayers offered once more for her and for all who rest in the Capitan cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Torres, Capitan, N. M.

Big Balls at Bob's Hall tomorrow night, July 11. Set Chavez and his Compadres will make the music. Everybody welcome!

**Lincoln
(Hearsay)**

The people of this community mourn the passing of Mrs. Ramona Salazar, who died at Carrizozo Monday morning after an operation. Mrs. Salazar was 44 years of age and leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, two daughters, Celia and Dominga, her mother, Mrs. Lorenza Miranda and one brother, E. H. Miranda.

Mr. and Mrs. Jose M. Torres and children were here from Hagerman to spend the 4th with the Enrique Maes family. Mrs. Torres is a sister to Mrs. Maes.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Fresquez and Manuel Miranda of Roswell spent the 4th with the E. H. Miranda family.

Mrs. Valeria Gonzales, daughter Ramona and son Pedro of Alamogordo spent two days as guests of Mrs. Roberta Romero.

Maggie and Susie Maes visited their home folks during the week-end.

Guillermo Salazar and Cruz Maes returned to the 80's Camp at Cuchillo, N. M., after a three days' vacation spent with their parents.

"Kevinsator Leads," others follow.

Repairs are being made on the roof of the Town Trustees' building by Riley McPherson. The postoffice is sporting a brand new skylight this week, the work being done by Treax. The force will now get their daily sun bath, especially Roy Harman.

"Kevinsator Leads," others follow.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Hello, Hello, Hello! What a Wonderful Word Hal—lol! Thus goes the comparatively new song given over radio-station WHO at Des Moines, Iowa, by Gene & Glenn, at 8:45 p. m., thrice weekly.

Something we didn't know before — President Roosevelt pronounces his name "Roosevelt" (as in apoke); while the late Theodore pronounced the name Roosevelt as in 'moon.'

We almost forgot to make our usual inquiry — Is everybody happy? Note—One would think we haven't a care in the world, but you're sadly mistaken. Si, Amigo.

A local man says he almost had a job last week; the boss answered NO when asked if he needed help. Just think, if he'd said YES, I'd have had employment, mused the fellow.

The New Mexico moon shone forth in all its splendor the first of the week. It was truly a beautiful sight to see the full moon rising o'er the mountains, so calm and serene.

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden . . ."

An out of town man writes—
"Please send me a few copies of the paper which had the obituary and verses about the death of my child a few weeks ago. Also publish the enclosed clipping about my niece's marriage. And I wish you would mention in your local columns, if it doesn't cost anything, that I have a few horses for sale. Send me a couple of extra copies of the paper this week, providing there are no charges. As my subscription is soon to expire, stop my paper. Times are too hard to waste money on a newspaper, as I have my new car to pay for."

What do you think we should do with this bird in question? You're right. He ought to be made a present of a shiny, beautiful electric chair.

Col. J. V. Taylor remarked to the writer that his prophecy about rainfall on July 4th was dead wrong. We saw J. V. at the Woman's Club Benefit Barbecue Tuesday evening at the Taylor Ranch near Oscura. Of course, if you'll promise not to tell a single soul, Mrs. Taylor proved to be a charming and gracious hostess. The Committee in charge of the Barbecue, etc., handled the affairs as though it was all in an evening's work. Verily, we say unto you, if you want a thing done Right, the Woman's Club of Carrizozo will do the trick for you — the Club unites in one accord, as usual.

Amigos Santiago (Jim) Farley and Senator Hatch of New Mexico both say the Democratic election is 'in the bag' while William Randolph Hearst and National Chairman John Hamilton predict the election of Landon and Knox. May the best ticket win — tis only about 15 weeks till election.

So Adios — from the Land of Dreams, Conquistadores and Chilly Nights.

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