

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION
Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

THE HOME PAPER
Oldest Paper in Lincoln County
2 PAGES

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GARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1936

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Village Election Tues., April 7

The mass meeting for the village election was held Wednesday night with the following candidates placed in nomination: Mayor, Herman Kelt; Trustees, Frank Richard, Marshall St. John, Art Rolland, T. E. Kelley, Albert Ziegler, Wayne Richard, Shirley Phipps, Wayne Zumwalt, Calvin Carl, Frank English, Juan Martinez, Louis Adams; Clerk, Morgan Lovelace.

VOTERS—In voting for Trustees please vote only for four candidates on the ticket, other wise you will spoil your ballot and it will be thrown out.

Mrs. Garrison Entertains

Monday evening at her home, Mrs. C. O. Garrison entertained with six tables of whist. Mrs. Young won high score with the low score falling to Mrs. Thos. K. Karr. High score for gentlemen went to H. C. Hall and low to R. W. Bowlin. Refreshments were served after the games.

Notice of Special School Election

WHEREAS, Petition for the calling of an election in School Districts 12 and 16 for the purpose of voting on consolidation in said districts, has been duly presented, and found to be in accordance with law.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 7th day of April, 1936, there will be held in School Districts 12, Angus and 16, Mon Jean, County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, an election for the purpose of determining whether these districts will consolidate to form one Rural School District. School to be located at Angus.

Election will be held in respective school houses.
LINCOLN COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
By Ola C. Jones
Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. George Simpson of Corona were visitors here yesterday.

Mrs. Ed Long of Farmington arrived last evening to visit for a short time with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Dalton, sisters, Mmes. John Harkey, Wm. Norman and their families.

We are in receipt of a letter from our old friend, Joe Devine, who is now residing at Divide, Colo. Joe misses Carrizozo and sends his regards to his friends here.

Applegate's Comedians will be here next week, commencing Monday, April 6. Big tent theatre of vaudeville and music. See ad on page 8.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Moore send the glad news from El Paso that they are the proud parents of a 9 1/2 lb. baby girl born March 28. Mrs. Moore was taken to the Masonic Hospital at that place a week ago Thursday by Dr. Rathman who was called to Carrizozo to attend Dr. Johnson and care for his practice. Mrs. Moore's complications were relieved without any recourse to surgery and mother, daughter, and papa Shorty are doing nicely.

J. R. Adams left this morning for Santa Fe, to accept employment as guard in the State Prison.

Ziegler's Store Robbed

Tuesday morning shortly after 5 o'clock, a thief gained entrance to the store of Ziegler Bros. through one of the front windows and robbed the store of goods amounting to somewhere between \$50.00 and \$75.00.

Saturnino Chavez opened the store at about 5:30 and found the thief with the most expensive suitcase of the stock, well filled with goods of various kinds. The man held a gun on Sat, made him hold up his hands and opened the front door and made his escape before officers could arrive. About 6 o'clock, belated No. 3 left the depot and it is presumed that he boarded the train and got out of town.

Officers were notified in every direction to keep a watch for him, but up to the present writing, he has eluded arrest. The thief was well informed about the movements of Marshal Lutz and knew that he went off duty just after he put out the street lights, after which the robbery was committed.

Ancient Landmark Destroyed by Fire

Last Sunday night, the old Lincoln hotel, known in the early days as La Fonda, was destroyed by fire, the origin of which is unknown. In early New Mexico, the old hotel was the scene of many gatherings of notables who figured prominently in territorial affairs. Governors and other officials made it their stopping place and also other leading politicians from Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Las Vegas, Las Cruces and other places over the state.

At the old La Fonda, Billy the Kid and his associates held sway when at leisure from their trips in the mountains, sometimes on business missions and at other times on raids among their enemies. The long porch in front afforded a good view for loungers who were always on the lookout for something exciting to happen, and they were never disappointed.

The old La Fonda passed through many hands during its existence of about 70 years. For many years, it was operated by Peter Burleson, father of Mrs. Frank English of this place, but after his death in 1925, Mrs. Burleson gave up the hotel, since which time, it has been occupied by various native families.

Linen Shower

Mmes. Nellie Branum, Oscar Clouse and Miss Leslye Cooper were hostesses at a linen shower Friday afternoon, March 27, honoring Miss Louise Shelton, whose engagement to Mr. Porter Stone of Carlsbad was announced last week. The centerpiece for the dining table, which was laden with gifts, was a miniature white clothes line with the gifts attached by means of pink and white ribbons and tiny clothes pins dressed as dolls in bridal array. A tiny tub and board at one end of the table and a tiny wash bench at the other end completed the table decorations. Strips of cellophane hanging from the chandelier over the table gave a shower effect upon her arrival. Miss Shelton was escorted to the dining room with the request that she assist the hostesses in bringing in the linens before the shower. After the many lovely gifts of linen



ATTENTION, MASONS

Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., will hold a Regular Communication Saturday night, Apr. 4, for the purpose of business.

All Master Masons are cordially invited.

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

Grade School Tournament

A little team of fast, hard-fighting grade school boys from Hondo, led by Fernando Sanchez and Godfrey Herrera, defeated the Capitan boys 26 to 7 and won the big silver cup which Capitan won last year and which symbolizes the grade school champs of this county. It must be won three times for permanent possession. Tinnie school won third place by defeating Ancho 19 to 14. Schumann and Clements did a very good and impartial job of refereeing.

It is planned to have boys' and girls' teams participate next year at Carrizozo, the town chosen by the coaches of the county at the meeting preceding the tournament, in which Dick Traylor was chosen president for the coming year. Louis Rockwell was elected Sec'y-Treas. The Capitan School furnished the teams and coaches with a free lunch at noon time. Teams entered were Hondo, Capitan, Tinnie, San Patricio, Stetson, Ancho and Carrizozo.

New Mexico's Streamline Governor

The Governor has, we presume, notified all of the Democratic powers at Washington that they must be denied the privilege of seeing him until he makes a state-wide trip over New Mexico at the opening gun of the fall campaign, when if he carries out his expressed intention of several months ago, he will "run like hell," end of quotation from the streamline governor.

Elbert Brown of Caballo was a visitor here the latter part of last week.

were unwrapped and admired by all, two contest games, "Wedding of the Birds" and "Wedding of the Flowers" were played. Miss Margaret Shafer had the greatest number of correct answers and was awarded the prize, a hand embroidered linen guest towel. Refreshments of chicken salad, bread and butter sandwiches, cake, coffee and tea were served. About 35 friends and schoolmates of the bride-to-be attended.

LYRIC THEATRE

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:45 p. m. Friday and Saturday—

"The Wedding Night"

with Gary Cooper, Anna Sten, Helen Vinson and Ralph Bellamy. A romantic drama of Connecticut farmers. Good entertainment all the way through. Also "Mickey Mouse" "Silly Symphony" also "Red Rider."

Sunday, Monday-Tuesday—

"It's in the Air"

with Jack Benny, Una Merkel, Grant Mitchell and Mary Carlisle. A hi-pressure comedy with a stratosphere setting. Also, "Our Gang Follies of '36" and "Hazardous Occupations." Matinee Sunday at 2:30. Night show at 8:00.

Look out for the Boy Scouts Picture!

Tommy Zumwalt Injured

Shortly after the noon hour yesterday, Tommy Zumwalt, employed on the S. P. water works system on the Bonito, was seriously injured by a truck turning over, pinning him to the ground. Tommy was driving a truck pulling a scraper, when the scraper struck some hard substance. Before Tommy could stop the machine, the hard pull forced the front end of the truck up and it turned completely backwards, pinning the victim underneath. Employees near at hand, raised the truck and released Tommy. He was brought here as quick as possible, taken to Dr. Shaver, where he was found to have sustained a severe injury to his right side, the same being crushed, but to what extent, only an X-Ray examination can reveal. He was taken to El Paso last night and up to the time of going to press, no word has been received.

Dr. Rathman has informed this office that he has established a permanent office at the Garrard Hotel, where calls may be sent for his services.

S. B. Boston is taking the Business Census of this place.

R. E. P. "Pick" Warden, who we reported last week as being at Bingham, has changed his location to Magdalena.

Jeff Herron, proprietor of the Herron Grocery & Market, was an El Paso visitor today.

Corona News

Ralph Simpson returned Sunday to Denver where he is a Junior at the Denver "U." He was accompanied as far as Las Vegas by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simpson and by Mary Simpson.

A. J. Atkinson has returned from a week's stay in Albuquerque.

Mrs. Jack Kilpatrick is home from Albuquerque where she was a patient at St. Joseph's Hospital for several weeks. She is recuperating from a major operation.

Miss Verdine Cleghon spent the week-end with friends in Las Cruces.

Mrs. Paul Long was in El Paso on business Tuesday.

Mrs. H. Belknap left Thursday for Capitan where she will spend a couple of weeks with Mrs. Geo. Titsworth. During her absence, Mrs. McMinda will work as second trick operator for the S. P.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Shaw were over from Albuquerque Saturday and again Monday. Mrs. W. H. Thomas and daughter LaVerne spent the week-end with them and with Mr. Thomas, who is a patient in the Veterans' hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Simpson and children of Coyote were Sunday guests of the M. M. Penix family.

Alton Hillman, merchant of Flora Vista, N. M., visited friends here Sunday.

Perle Messer made a business trip to eastern New Mexico and west Texas towns last week.

Mrs. Stella Willingham and daughter Evelyn returned Monday from Hot Springs.

Howard Walker of Clovis was a guest of the W. S. Dishman family last week-end.

Brack Sloan spent Monday night with relatives in Corona.

Mrs. E. L. Jarnagin left Saturday for Shafter, Texas, where she will spend three months with her son, W. T. Tyres and family.

Mrs. Fred Lalone Passes Away in California

Mrs. Josefa S. Vega received a message from Sierra Madre, California, Wednesday morning, to the effect that her step-daughter, Mrs. Fred Lalone, had passed away in the early hours of the morning. Mrs. Lalone had been in ill health for the past two or three years.

Margarita Vega was born in the Nogal vicinity in June 21, 1884; was reared and educated in Lincoln County and also attended college in El Paso, after which she was married to Fred Lalone. They resided here until about eleven years ago, when they moved to the Golden State.

Mrs. Lalone was a loving mother, a faithful wife and a kind and loyal friend. The many friends of the family over Lincoln County are saddened at the departure of this estimable lady. She leaves her husband, seven sons, four daughters, her step-mother, six brothers, one sister and other relatives, to all of whom the sympathy of this community is extended.

P. T. A. Meeting

The last meeting of the Carrizozo P. T. A. will be held tonight at 7:30, at the High School Auditorium. Mrs. Spencer will have charge of the entertainment after the meeting.—Secretary.

Out-of-the-Ordinary



STRANGER THAN FICTION

It happened near the little town of Hibbing, Minnesota, about twelve years ago, that a certain trapper had been offered a good sum of money to trap and kill a large coyote that had destroyed a great number of chickens belonging to a poultryman. So, Ben Haskins set his traps in dead earnest. Three weeks passed when one morning he found one trap missing. He found that some animal had been caught in it and dragged it away. He followed the track for thirty days, at the end of which time, he came across the dead coyote still fastened to the trap. He had died of starvation and he had gone so long without anything to eat that his stomach was shriveled up to the size of an English walnut. The hide was dried to the bones. Haskins got his reward.

John Devers, St. Joe, Mo., in moving to Weston, gathered all of his chickens except one unruly, fighting rooster, which refused to be caught, so he told his neighbor, Sam Campton, he could have him, if he could catch him. The evening after John moved, Sam saw the old warrior groping up the alley to his customary roosting place and lumbered up to his perch. Sam sneaked up, closed the door, grabbed him by the legs and the battle began. After having his face and hands scratched and bleeding, Sam finally landed his prize. He took him home, wrung his neck and to make assurance doubly sure, he took a butcher knife and cut his throat. Leaving him to bleed, Sam went in the house, looked over the Evening News and went out with a kettle of scalding water to clean and dress him for the next day's dinner. As Sam reached down to pick him up, he sprung to his feet, ran like a coyote and crept under the front porch, gasping and as Sam decided, breathing his last. It being so dark, Sam concluded to get him the next morning. Arising earlier than usual the next morning Sam looked over to an adjoining alley and saw his rooster surrounded by a bevy of admiring hens and crowing loud enough to be heard for 2 blocks. His back was bare and bloody. His head was covered with a mass of mud and blood, but he was the fighting shiek and hero which the hens so admired. Sam looked at him and said: "Old battler, when you can survive such an ordeal as that, you may have your liberty as far as I am concerned."

Dink Myers was brought from White Oaks this morning stricken with an acute attack of lumbago. Dr. Shaver gave him treatment and he is feeling better at the present time.

Roy Shafer, manager of the Carrizozo Auto Company, was ill for several days this week.

Colorado's Story



Crude Forerunner of the Modern Ore Mill.

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

THE story of Colorado's swift development in the short space of one lifetime is crammed with romance, tragedy, and high adventure, with strokes of good fortune and ill, as are few chapters in the national chronicle.

One day the region was raw, virtually untouched by civilization. The next, almost, men were starting to make a state out of this mountain air and dusty sagebrush flats; were selling town lots at auction; issuing newspapers; building homes, churches, schools, and theaters; organizing stagecoach companies; talking politics!

The stage probably had never been better set during American history than during 1859 for a rush to new lands. The country was in the middle of a great financial depression. Tens of thousands of others were barely making livings and were restless.

Then the news of gold discoveries in the Pikes Peak country sifted back East—not the true facts, but preposterously glowing accounts. Before the winter snows had melted, long lines of travelers were in motion, converging on the frontier towns nearest the Pikes Peak country—Leavenworth, Lawrence, Nebraska City.

What a mad scramble it became, that mass march to find the rainbow's end! Over the boundless prairie west of the settlements it spread, with scarcely a break from the Missouri to the Rockies. Sturdy covered wagons, some with three yokes of oxen; light wagons drawn by horses and mules; horseback riders; men and women on foot trundling loaded packtrains; other packtrains with knapknacks; some reckless souls with nothing but the clothes they wore—all poured on toward the Promised Land. "Pikes Peak or Bust" was blazoned on many a wagon in the motley train. Some of these were to meet disappointment at the meager gold showings in river sands, and to return in a few months with only a sense of humor left, the old sign marked out and below a laconic new one: "Busted, by Gosh!"

Pikes Peak Diggings.

Before the discouraged return stampede to the East could run its course, there came news of really substantial gold discoveries in veins; then new hopes and a new and bigger gold rush. Where 10,000 had gone before, now probably 100,000 crossed the plains.

The Colorado mountains, it seemed, might be America's last frontier, and Americans turned toward them as children troop to a street parade. They overran the existing towns, built new ones, clambered into the mountains, staked claims or jumped them, dug, panned, panned, fought, organized vigilante committees and courts, and began, ineptly at first, but determinedly, to iron the rough edges of the frontier into a civilized community.

So began the Pikes Peak Diggings, a group of communities that was to spread over a great area and to become 37 years later the Centennial state.

Meanwhile, Colorado is something of an anomaly. Across it marches North America's mightiest mountain range and within it are concentrated Uncle Sam's greatest group of lofty peaks. Among these mountains, also some of the country's major rivers. Yet at no point does range or stream mark Colorado's boundaries. Its straight lines of meridians and parallels, burbling all natural geographic features, actually bear a queer relationship to Greenland, England, and the Equator than they do to the Rocky mountains or the Colorado River.

The eastern two-fifths of the state is a plains country, a continuation of the gently undulating and—always rather dry prairies of western Kansas and Nebraska.

Approach from the west and you find that Utah carries over into the extreme western part of Colorado as Kansas and its neighbors do on the east. Dry plains alternate with tablelands, their rocky slopes clad with scrubby bushes.

It is in the middle part of the state that you find the quintessence of Colorado—a land of foothills and sentinel peaks, tangled mountain ranges, and wide valleys.

Central Area of Colorado.

This great central area, where the earth has been thrust skyward, is the region of glittering gold in which Colorado was born as a state. If you would plunge into this old Colorado of pioneer gold mining days, drive west from Denver on paved roads, over the Spanish, and up their creek for 25 miles. There, rising out in a canyon, you will find Indian Springs, famous as "the town that is three miles long and

three blocks wide." Look up to sights that will become more and more familiar as you poke about the mountains: holes torn in the hillsides with steeply sloping dumps outside, as though huge animals had dug lairs, scratching the debris out behind them. A few are mere prospect holes, where some treasure-seeker guessed wrong. Others are portals of long tunnels. There are steep-roofed mills, some abandoned, some preserved for a better day.

But push deeper into the pioneer country. Turn up Virginia canyon and over a tremendous ridge to Central City and Black Hawk, the cradle of the Colorado mining industry. Here, at the "Gregory Diggings," the first gold was dug from veins, the first crude ore-crusher was evolved, the first steam quartz-mill was erected. It was the miner's laboratory. Steam, fire, chemicals were tried in the battle to pry precious gold from worthless rock; and finally, in 1857, the first experimental smelter was set up.

Central City was a busy town in those days, vying with Denver itself until well after Colorado became a state. At one time both United States senators and the state's single member of the house of representatives hailed from this little mountain town. It has never become a ghost town, like many of the early mining camps, but at times in recent years it has seemed to have at least one foot in the grave.

Gold has been a fetish in Colorado, as it has in all other parts of the world where it might be had for the digging; but it has played a mighty part in the state's life.

Gold still the Magic Word.

Colorado has manifold interests and diverse activities now, but she hasn't deserted the old love. Talk for half an hour to any substantial Coloradoan west of the one hundred and fifth meridian and inevitably the magic word "gold" will crop into the conversation. Through a new quest, a newly discovered vein, a new process, perhaps only a new personality whose genius for management is taking hold of a seemingly worthless property and making it pay, interest in gold is continually kept alive.

Panning from the gravels and sands of streams was the earliest method of gold recovery practiced in Colorado, as it has been in most of the world's gold fields. Then, in the mountains, prospectors found the weathered veins of ore from which the golden grains had been washed, and Colorado's second chapter in gold recovery started.

The third phase came when the hard, unweathered veins were followed into the rocky hearts of the mountains. It was then that Colorado gold mining came to be a one-man possibility. Much capital was required. Companies took hold; complicated treating plants were erected, and finally the era of smelters was ushered in.

Colorado has entered the fourth stage of gold mining now, and it is a typically modern American stage. Because of more efficient organization, better machinery, and more careful management, mining companies today are able to make money from ore so low in grade that a generation ago it was of no more value for mining than the top soil of an Iowa corn farm.

Visit one of these modern gold mines in the San Juan Mountain country and you will find it to be a self-contained little mining world, with its varied activities geared smoothly together, and with a steady outturn of product that reminds one of automobiles rolling from the assembly line of a Detroit factory.

Fine Motor Highways.

As you explore Colorado's mountain region, rich alike in gold and superb scenery, you find excellent motor roads penetrating the roughest terrain. The state's mountain highway system has opened up this region of tumbled peaks only in recent years. Twenty years ago the state's "summer land" consisted almost exclusively of the foothill country and the eastern slopes of the front range.

Now, with four excellent main highways crossing the Continental divide and with a network of minor roads and trails available, increasing numbers of the holiday crowds are pushing into the back country, where the staking is better, where the highways are less crowded, and where, if one wishes to penetrate still farther, he can leave civilization itself behind and live for a time in an unspoiled wilderness.

Mountain highway building may appear simple enough to the vacationist, as he howls along "the high" over deep after deep of snowy ridges, read that lifts him practically to a lofty ridge of the Rockies.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

GOOD care of clothes will make an inferior article compare favorably with a high grade garment that does not receive the same treatment. Fortunately the cleaners' charges are nothing compared with what they were a few years ago, so when dresses and outside garments have been brushed, and cleaned, sponged and pressed at home until they need the sort of finishing that establishments give when they clean clothes, the cost is not prohibitive.

However, spots can be removed and articles kept looking smart for a long time with good home care.

The woman who puts her garments on coat hangers without laying them down first, when taking the dress or coat off, will keep her clothes looking fresh and new much longer than the woman who tosses them one side, though they may not lie long where they land. When clothes are not of the highest grades of textiles, they must much quicker than do high grade materials. So immediate hanging on coat hangers of garments of the cheaper sort is imprudent. Be careful to have arms of the hangers fit under shoulders of garments, if not the materials will fall in the wrong lines. Such slap-dash care is ineffectual.

Pressing

Frocks that need pressing oftenest are those of comparatively cheap materials, except in the case of linens that are not specially treated and non-crushable. Good ironing will do much to give an impression of excellence. This is certainly true of household linens. Iron them when they are well dampened, and press until they are dry, first on the right and then on the wrong side with a finishing polish on the right side. It is amazing what such ironing can do to cheaper linens, and even cotton and linen mixtures. When these household linens are not well dampened, or have become too dry before ironing, they will not look smooth and fresh as they should, whatever their grade.

Stitchery Terms

Some of the words of stitchery are incongruous, being amusing or surprising. They may suggest a harshness that is certainly foreign to the gentle task of needlecraft. Whipping is one of these last sort, but it is not so cruel sounding, as dashing although, in sewing, the significance is more reminiscent of nautical lashing, than chastising, in that the stitches are put around a rolled material to bind it in place regularly. Then the thread is drawn, the material is gathered, and the resemblance ceases.

The word "whipping" is also used, as in stroking, when in whipped or plain gathers, the indentations are accentuated and made to keep their places by running the needle down into the snug folds, with a caressing little whip or stroke. Fine gathers should be whipped thus.

The rolled edges of handkerchiefs are whipped when they are overcast, usually in a contrasting color for decoration as well as security. Raw edges of textiles are overcast, but the material is not rolled. Stitches are loose enough to permit the textile to remain flat and so less bulky which is important when seams of garments are overcast.

Piping and Cording

Piping has nothing to do with a pipe nor with plumbing, although a certain suggestion of a tubular pipe does pertain when fine cord is used as a filler for the narrow bias band inserted between edges of seams. Strictly speaking, the cord is requisite to piping, but when omitted the name remains, and when the covered cord is used, the term corded piping, or cording is frequently used.

The correct way to put in piping is to cut a narrow bias strip of the same material or contrasting in color, or different in both kind and color. This strip must be wide enough to fold over the cord centered in it, and allow lapping of one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch on each side. Tack the cord in place with running stitches. Lay covered cord between two right side pieces of goods with all edges together. Stitch close in cord. Turn goods back, and the seam will be corded. Well down narrow strip of material to form hem if the cord is to be an edge finish.

Tackling and basting are synonymous words signifying the temporary running of stitchery that holds materials together. Since the thread is pulled out, a cheap grade of smooth finished thread comes for it.

Dark Colors "Heavy"

"Weight" of colors should be considered when you're planning for the painting of your rooms. So that the whole combination seems to balance, remember that heavier colors are advisable for the floor, lighter colors for the ceiling, with medium colors in between the two.

MUSHROOMS FOR LENTEN MEALS

Appreciated Because of Their Meat-Like Flavor.

By EDITH M. BARBER

TIME for an article on mushrooms! Almost invariably a popular food, mushrooms are particularly appreciated for Lenten meals, because of their meat-like flavor. This flavor is so good that we buy them entirely on this account and combine them with other foods more highly endowed with nutritive value.

Color is generally a symbol of freshness, although there is one type of mushroom that is seen in the market occasionally which has a natural brownish hue. A test for freshness which applies to all mushrooms is that of texture; both caps and stems should be firm to the touch.

Mushrooms not only need, but demand a short cooking. My favorite method is to cook them in butter about five minutes. They may be seasoned and served on toast without any additions. A few tablespoons of sherry added, after they are cooked, provides a special touch of flavor. If you like you may add a little cream and a dash of nutmeg. If you want creamed mushrooms, stir into them flour in about the same quantity as the butter that was used in frying them. When this is well blended, add milk or milk and cream in the proportion of one cup to one and a half tablespoons of flour.

Cream of Mushroom Soup
1 cup canned mushrooms or two cups fresh mushrooms
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups milk and mushroom stock
½ cup cream
Salt, pepper

If canned mushrooms are used, drain them and save the stock. If fresh mushrooms are used, wash, and slice them. Cook stems in water ten to fifteen minutes to make stock. Melt the butter, add mushrooms and minced onions and cook three minutes. Stir in flour, add milk, mushroom stock and season slowly and stir until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve with crackers.

Mushrooms and Eggs
1 pound mushrooms
1 cup water
¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
1½ cups milk and mushroom stock
½ cup cream
Salt, pepper
2 hard-cooked, sliced eggs

Cut off the stems of the mushrooms and cook in water until tender. Slice the caps and cook in the butter five minutes. Add the flour and blend well. Add the milk and mushroom stock (liquid in which stems were cooked) and cream gradually and stir slowly. Let boil one minute. Season to taste, add eggs, reheat, and serve.

Mushroom Sauce
¼ pound salt pork
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 medium-sized onion, minced
1 cup fresh or canned mushrooms, finely minced
¼ cup minced parsley
¼ cup tomato paste
1 cup mushroom stock or water
Salt, pepper
Paprika
2 tablespoons sugar

Add salt pork, cut into very fine cubes, with the clove of garlic to the olive oil and fry until light brown. Remove garlic, add minced onions, mushrooms and parsley, and cook three minutes. Add tomato paste and stock or water and cook five minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika and add sugar.

Instead of tomato paste two cups of canned tomatoes may be stewed until they thicken and then pressed through a sieve.

Baked Omelet
1 cup soft crumbs
1 cup milk
6 eggs
Salt and pepper
Soak crumbs in milk five minutes. Beat eggs until light, add seasoning, the crumb-and-milk mixture. Bake in greased shallow pan in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) twenty-five minutes. Serve with jelly, creamed mushrooms or meat.

Baked Eggs
3 cups mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup milk
Salt
Pepper
Paprika
2 tablespoons chopped chives
5 eggs

Add the butter and milk to the hot mashed potatoes and season to taste. Beat well, add the chives and spread in a shallow greased baking dish. Make five hollows and in each place a raw egg. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are firm.

Stuffed Egg Salad
5 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salad oil
¼ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon sugar
Pepper
1 teaspoon salt
Paprika
2 tablespoons minced meat, fish or pickles

Put the eggs in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks, wash and add other ingredients, mixing the mustard, sugar, salt, pepper and paprika together before adding. Assemble, reheat, and serve with special attractiveness.

Laughter and Tears
God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter smokes mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears blinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness.—Lugh Heat.

Truth
Truth and reason are common to everyone, and are no more his who makes them first than his who speaks them after.—Montaigne.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for March 29

JESUS EXPLAINS THE KINGDOM

LESSON TEXT—Luke 12:16-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—Luke 13:29.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Good News to Men.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Talks About His Kingdom.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—My Part in Extending Christ's Kingdom.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Requirements for Citizenship in the Kingdom.

1. Jesus Teaching in the Synagogue (vv. 10-21).

The presence of a sorely afflicted woman called forth Jesus' sympathy and he, therefore, healed her. This action on the Sabbath day provoked severe criticism on the part of the ruler of the synagogue. Jesus quickly silenced his objections by showing that this good deed was entirely in keeping with the purpose of the Sabbath day.

1. The parable of the mustard seed (v. 13, 19).

a. Its unimportant beginnings (v. 19).

b. It begins as the least of all seeds and grows to be the greatest among herbs. The parable and humble circumstances of Jesus the King greatly perplexed the people. That twelve unlettered fishermen should be selected as his advisers was still more amazing.

2. The parable of the leavened meal (v. 21). When the scriptural significance of the meal, the woman, and the leaven is known, the interpretation is easy.

a. The meal. Meal in Scripture means something wholesome and nutritious. It was used in one of the sweetest offerings which typify Christ (Lev. 2:1-3) and was the food for the priests (Lev. 6:15-17).

b. The leaven (v. 21). In the Scriptures leaven is invariably a type of evil, as the following examples show (Exod. 12:5, Lev. 2:11; Matt. 10:5, 12; 1 Cor. 5:6-8).

c. The woman. In normal life the woman is the administrator of the home, not its head. Her responsibility is to take the bread provided by the head, prepare and distribute it to the household. In Scripture we find false doctrine being taught by a woman. Dealing with doctrine is forbidden to women (1 Tim. 2:12). In I Timothy 4:1-3 we find that apostasy will be brought in through false teaching in the ranks of God's people. The meaning of the parable, therefore, is that the true doctrine of the meal given for the nourishment of the soul will be officially corrupted by false doctrine. The children's food is thus corrupted by their mother.

11. Jesus Teaching in the Villages and Cities (vv. 22-30).

Jesus knew that he was on the way to Jerusalem to be crucified. He was, therefore, making an effort to reach every person possible with the gospel.

1. A question asked (v. 23). We do not know just why this question was asked. It may have been out of curiosity or by some Jew who prided himself on being of the elect.

2. The Lord's answer (v. 24-30). He did not answer directly, but by likening the blessing of the kingdom to a banquet hall in a palace.

a. The gate of the kingdom is strait and the way narrow. It is easy to see from his teaching, as well as from observation, that the saved are few. The fewness is not due to either Christ's unwillingness or inability to save, but the unwillingness of the sinner to come to Him.

b. The immediate duty to set forth (v. 24). Regardless of what others are doing, the personal obligation is upon everyone to strive to enter.

c. The door to be shut (v. 25). God's patience will not last forever. His mercy is to end and his judgment will follow. Love and grace sown will eventually in the manifestation of divine wrath.

d. Pleading for entrance on the ground of knowing Christ (vv. 25, 26). This plea is met by the awful command to depart, and even calling them "workers of iniquity."

e. A day of weeping and gnashing of teeth (v. 28). The very sight of the faithful ones enjoying the blessing of the kingdom, while they themselves are shut out, will be extremely awful.

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Hugh Bradley Says

Fellas From South Won't Keep Giants From Third Position

There may be no truth to the whisper that Eddie Brannick, the singing secretary, has been warned to get off the River Shannon and to concentrate upon the Syracuse in all his future vocalizing. Likewise there may be some overstatement in the report that no Giants rally henceforth can start until Horace Stoneham rears up in his presidential box and emits the rebel yell.

Yet—while I am not hinting that Brooklyn fans could do themselves a lot of good next summer by substituting "Marching Through Georgia" for their equally celebrated version of the Bronx cheer—one thing is certain.

When the Giants now speak of how they would like to meet and beat those damn Yankees they are not necessarily kidding themselves about a possible World Series. Instead they merely are speaking their native language since, right here and now, the New York club is bedding and boarding more home-grown southerners than might be found elsewhere throughout the entire length and breadth of that tourist state.

If he wished to do so Billy Terry—whose grandpappy was a Georgia colonel long before the Virginia legislature got around to conferring the same title upon the National League's leading hitter—could assemble a very fine team of athletes who were born before the Mason-Dixon line. With Gus Mancuso of the Houston, Texas, Athletics as the catcher and with Clyde Castleman of the Donelson, Tenn., Castlemans as the pitcher it would include all save two of the regulars.

Incidentally something might even be done about those two who were so unfortunate as not to obtain their early nourishment from bacon, corn-bread, hominy and turnip greens.

Even though Phoenix, Ariz., mere or less belonged to the Indians at the time when the Confederacy was trying to shake itself loose, it has displayed a very liberal inclination when interpreting other laws and rules—might let Hank Leibler into the outfield if big Jim Asbell faltered.

By the same token Dick Bartell, the unconstructed Philly who was born in California, need not necessarily have those things held against him. He is such a tireless upholder of States' (and shortstop's) rights that he might very well be admitted to the fold in case Charley English of Darlington, S. C., wished to be relieved from the unfamiliar shortstop post.

Since, all over Florida, limbs are creaking under the burdens of experts who have yielded to similar temptation, I make no such rash prediction, though. Indeed if the mighty Frank Merriwell was within the lineup—as he sometimes seemed to be during the pennant-winning campaign of 1933—I still would be beset with doubts.

Terry Is Tops; Giants Have Ambition

To achieve success a team must have excellent pitching, a powerful punch or a fairly generous combination of the two. Good reserves or—as was the case with the Tigers of 1934—such good luck that no substitutes are needed comes next in importance. Finally there are the matters of team spirit and managerial strategy.

Bill Terry is one of the best of managers. Probably no other camp contains as many happy, energetic and ambitious young men as this one. There will be more speed than was displayed last year, some good pitching and probably some better hitting, but—

Carl Hubbell still is a good pitcher, but he is not the sensation he was two years ago. Even though their ailing wings seem to be doing nicely, Hal Schumacher and Fred Fitzsimmons must continue "life" until the season is at least a month advanced.

So it is with the rest of the staff. The new comer veterans, Marberry and Coffman, can scarcely be depended upon to rise much above spot or relief duty. Howard Epler, the Giant Swarthmore collegian, is a tidy prospect but he is a year or two away from the big time. So also is twenty-year-old Clem Dreisewerd, the most impressive rookie in the camp.

There is Jackson's jumpy knee, the question as to whether Dick Bartell can overcome the flax which leaped upon him last season as it has leaped upon so many former Phillies. Terry definitely is almost through when it comes to the old knee injury that now is a disturbing hindrance.

NOT in the box score. The biggest fee ever paid an American race rider for a single race was the \$20,000 George Ellis received for doing his best with the Warm Stable's Victorian in the \$94,000 Agua Caliente Handicap of 1930. Waiters in one of Brooklyn's more celebrated restaurants are highly elated over the recent Dodger deals. It seems that some of the departed athletes were accustomed to leave nothing on the table save the plates. Although most of the fans seem to think he is of Swedish or Norwegian descent, Gene Venzke, the Penn miller, will tell you that his ancestors were Germans.

Horace Stoneham, young president of the Giants, once was a better player than Ross Youngs, one of the all-time baseball greats. That was when they both performed on a team Horace had organized on the Seventy-ninth street (Manhattan) docks. Youngs, who had been recalled from Rochester but was ineligible to play for the Giants so late in the season, functioned in mediocre fashion at second base while Horace was the team's star. So Youngs became an outfielder when he returned to the professional pastures. Curley Byrd, new president of the University of Maryland, used to be a sports writer as well as a highly competent coach of football, basketball, baseball and track.

When Primo Carnera was in Miami Mike Jacobs signed him to a contract calling for his services to be the exclusive property of the Hearst A. C. He did this without consulting manager Louis Sorel. So Sorel immediately forgot that he was mad with the Garden and now we have the Carnera-Gastanaga affair. Either the bike races are slipping or New Yorkers have quit staying up late at night. For the past year 2:30 a. m. sprints have been unable to attract more than a sprinkling of spectators. Another remarkable thing about Top Row that went unnoticed was that he recovered so well after having the "flu" last year. This complaint often ruins horses' lungs.

Jack Torrance, the shot-putting star who starts off with size 14 shoes and ends up with a size 7 1/2 hat stuck on top of a 19-inch neck, weighs 312 pounds. That is just 30 pounds less than the combined weight of his parents, his Pappy weighing 198 and his Mammy 144. Bobby Roberts, who plays such a very good center half for the Manhattan F. C. (soccer), is the son of the famous John Roberts, outfield left for the Barrow F. C. in the days when that team had all England cheering. Probably it is just as well that the country is too far away for Japan to have a big-time baseball team. Once (in Tokyo) I saw a 135-pound Jap play a swell game at shortstop, although he had to perform with his 20-pound son strapped on his back.

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New Orleans Pulls Ponies From Hialeah

Racing at Hialeah park is so poor this year that even New Orleans is luring star thoroughbreds away from the bee-eater spot. One of them, the crack colt Grog, is now pointing for the Louisiana Derby on March 20. Mullevy, the Buffalo shortstop who had several big-time tries, runs a table tennis emporium in the winter. His teammate, First Baseman Jack Smith, is a private detective. When picking an all-time, all-star Washington team the other day, Clark Griffith named Walter Johnson, p; Muddy Ruel, c; Joe Judge, 1b; Meyer, 2b; Cronin, ss; Bluege 3b; Goslin, Milan and Rice outfielders.

Eighty-five per cent of the employees at Florida racetracks must be natives of the state. The item is mentioned for the benefit of the New York State Racing commission, which wanders all over the country while selecting its helpers. Jimmy Johnston, the Garden matchmaker, is on an orange juice diet. The Crescent Hamilton A. C. soccer team, managed by Joseph J. Barrikill, president of the U. S. F. A., is a League of Nations outfit. Among the players are men from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Russia, France, South Africa and, of course, the United States.

It never will happen, but the fenders of loopholes in basketball rules, insist that a man could score seven points on one play. This is the set-up: In shooting a goal from the field a player is ganged by all five opponents. Therefore the referee awards him a free shot for each man who fouls him. Although they may be backward in some things the Chinese make it easy for you to bet on the races. All you have to do is to sit in a restaurant with a tall glass in your hand and give the wagger to the waiter.

Kiki Cuyler, who carries his own movie camera, took eight reels of films while the Reds were training in Puerto Rico. Rube Marquard, who won so many in a row for the Giants in the good old days and now peddles ducks in the pari-mutuels, says that baseball has softened up. Claims that if a pitcher can get past two or three good hitters he has easy going.

Don Meade, who was the leading jockey in Miami when he was suspended for (among other things) "unsatisfactory riding," is a cocky little fellow. He speaks in clipped accents and is no hand at all among strangers. His friends, though, dot upon him and are promising to scream from the housetop if the brass hats of racing do not open up and announce what they really have against him.

Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB Hello, Everybody!

"Death Rides the Waves" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Maritime Hunter.

DID you ever notice, boys and girls, that in all the stories you read about shipwrecks and storms at sea you never seem to hear anything about the fellows who get the worst of it? I mean the boys down-below-decks in the engine room.

Harry Helgesen of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells us about what the "black gang" is up against in a storm at sea. He ought to know, too. Harry is a licensed marine engineer in steam and Diesel.

Harry's big thrill came when he was assistant engineer on the auxiliary steam yacht Ulvira on a hard luck cruise in the Atlantic. The cruise started from Brooklyn for southern waters on February 8, 1934, but they never got very far south. The had luck started the very first day, Harry says, when the ship grounded on Roamer's shoals in the channel. The crew of amateur and professional sailors finally got her afloat again and the ship came back to port and went into dry-dock for inspection. The hull was found O. K., but they had lost a couple of days.

When the Sea Kicks Up There Really Is a Mess. The next start was made in a snow flurry and everything went fine until they got to the open sea. Once there the gulls were run up and the engines cut off. Down in the engine-room the "black gang" was getting things ship-shape. Now when an auxiliary yacht is under sail things are generally easy for the boys under decks, but just as they were about to bank the fires, Harry says, the chief mate came down and said they were in for "a bit of a blow."

And a "bit of a blow" was putting it mildly. Wham! a storm from the north slapped the Ulvira with a broadside that nearly turned her over. In a second all was busy as a beehive in the engine room. "Full steam ahead" came the order from the bridge, and Harry and his gang went into action.

Death Signs on the Ulvira's Cruise. Harry ran up on deck to get the smoke stack hoisted. The stack had been let down when the sails were run up and they needed more draft. On deck all was confusion. A boom had snapped under the strain of the gale and the sail and boom were hanging over the side and into the water like a sea anchor. And that wasn't all.

Hubert Kuechenmeister, a young Northwestern university student and amateur sailor, had been swept overboard. The huge waves breaking over the rail made rescue impossible. Death had signed on the cruise of the Ulvira! Harry got his stack up and hurried down the ladder to his station. What he had seen on deck wasn't very encouraging, but his job was below decks, and he went to it. Those engines had to get going or the boat and all on it would be lost.

The engine room by now was a mess. The boat was pitching heavily, Harry says, and the huge seas, shipped at each pitch started coming down through the bunker plates, hatches and deck houses and filling the bilges with water.

"We started the pumps," Harry writes, "but the ashes stirred up by the water kept clogging the strainers and the water kept rising. The engines were going full blast but we didn't know how long that would keep up. The boiler



The Water Kept Rising Toward the Fire.

plates started leaking from the forcing they were getting and the water in the hold was up to the engine cranks. As soon as the water reached the fires we were through."

And the water kept rising. It was swishing across the floor like it does in a ship's pool on a rough day. Anything that floated became a menace as it sailed back and forth at breakneck speed with the action of the ship. In all this dirty water full of ashes and debris, Harry and a fireman spent an hour "diving." Diving in an engine room means going under the water to free the strainer from the debris drawn in by the suction of the pumps.

How Would You Like to Dive Into Slimy Water? Just imagine diving in that slimy water wondering if you are going to be swept up against the boilers and scalded to death!

Up on deck another fight was going on against the elements as the ship reeled under the shock of the gigantic waves, but our story is below decks and below decks we stay.

The four men in the black gang fought the advancing water for 24 long hours without relief. Once the captain came down and asked if they wanted more men, but the chief engineer knew that a green-horn would only be in the way and asked for a bottle of rum instead.

The rum came down and Harry says it saved the lives of everybody on that ship. The rum gave the exhausted men new life and for the next two hours they worked like madmen. The high point of the water was only eight inches from the boilers. Another inch and it would be the boats, and the boats could never live in a sea like that.

But that extra inch never came. Instead, the four men watching the water in the ash pits suddenly set up a weak cheer. The water had stopped! The pumps were at last holding their own!

After Death's Vigil the Black Gang Got Hungry.

Well, sir, the gang realized then that they were hungry. Harry climbed perilously up the ladder to the deck to search for food. The galley was a water-logged mixture of food-stuffs and kitchen utensils that slid back and forth across the floor with every movement of the ship. The ship's cook was gone seasick. And the galley fires were long since dead.

But that black gang had to eat so Harry fished up a side of bacon and finding some eggs unbroken in the ice box he managed to snare a frying pan and carried his prizes down the ladder again.

The U. S. Coast Guard to the Rescue!

Two men braced him then as he held the frying pan over a shovel full of live coals. Harry admits it was the best meal he ever tasted in his life. He admits, though, that he has had better service. They poked the food out of the pan with their hands and had coal dust for salt and pepper—but it tasted swell. Then came the coast guard and towed the disabled yacht into Norfolk, Va., and the mid-winter, hard-luck cruise of the Ulvira was history.

©-WNY Service.

Heads Toward Locomotive Passengers lie with their heads toward the locomotive in berths on trains. This position was originated in the earlier days to eliminate drafts and soot. Notes a writer in the Kansas City Star. Many persons complain of illness if lying with their feet toward the front of the train. When patients are placed in ambulances, however, the head is toward the rear of the vehicle, which is said to be more restful.

Copenhagen, the City of Spires There are so many spires and towers in Copenhagen, Denmark, that the capital of the Danes has been called the "City of Spires." The tallest spire surmounts the city hall. The Erleskov-vike is also famous for this feature, which has a curious spiral design. Then there is the notable Round tower, originally intended as an observatory, which is ascended by a very wide spiral road, up which a horse and carriage can be easily driven.

All Around the House

To prevent dried fruits dropping to the bottom of a gelatin mold, chill fruits and add when gelatin mixture has partly congealed.

If rugs lose their stiffness after cleansing and do not lie flat on the floor, a thin coat of white shellac applied to the back of rugs will stiffen them.

Some stucco walls may be washed with soap and water, but a coat of stucco sprayed over the whole surface is much more satisfactory than washing.

Dough that has been kept in the refrigerator for several hours after it is molded should stand in a warm room for about twenty minutes before putting it into the oven.

A dash of salt improves the flavor of chocolate fudge.

Marinate fresh fruits to be used in salads as soon as they are cut or sprinkle them with lemon juice. This prevents discoloration.

Fat for deep frying is at the correct temperature when an inch cube of bread dropped into it becomes a golden brown in 60 seconds. This is for cooked mixtures.

Orange juice mixed with confectioner's sugar and a little grated orange rind makes a very soft and delicious cake frosting.

Always keep salads on ice until it is time to serve them. They lose their flavor when exposed to heat.

Discolored linoleums may be cleaned with alcohol. After cleaning allow them to dry thoroughly, then apply lacquer.

Small Can Be Great in Bettering of Humanity

When a small nation accomplishes something with its limited means, says ex-President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia in Karel Capek's "President Masaryk Tells His Story," what it achieves has an immense and exceptional value, like the widow's mite. Speaking of his country, Masaryk writes, "Our smallness as a nation does not matter; it even has its advantages; we can know each other better, we can live more intimately; we can feel more at home. But it is a great thing when a small nation among great ones does not get left behind, but takes its share in the work of bettering humanity."

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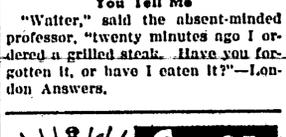
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You Tell Me "Watter," said the absent-minded professor, "twenty minutes ago I ordered a grilled steak. Have you forgotten it, or have I eaten it?"—London Answers.

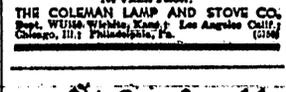
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FLAMES



He—I'd like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once. She—When you have one match, doesn't it go out?

In Reverse He—How old are you? She—Just turned twenty-four. He—Ah, I see. You mean forty two.—Pathfinder Magazine.

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

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NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION MEMBER



EDITORIAL COLUMN

The Creeping Serpent of Communism

We can hardly feature a condition in current American life as that which we Americans, whose basic creed is civil liberties, are allowing in our public schools, the preaching of a doctrine, the principle of which, is the total abolition of our civil liberties.

This doctrine is communism and if such is to succeed, it means surrendering of all principles of liberty on which our free American school is founded and gag and blind every educator in the land.

In Russia, there is no free school system. There you will never find the teachings of Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln. But you will find everything that is opposed to our cherished doctrines. You will find everything that is in opposition to freedom of schools, freedom of thought; in fact, freedom is out of the question and unknown.

Communism, if read by liberty loving people will soon present itself to the reader, much like the slimy, wriggling serpent that awaits its victim's appearance and then strikes with its venomous fangs. But taught to younger minds, it begins in a milder form, presenting itself like a ministering angel to do good in the world by relieving the oppressed and gradually grow into the more extreme forms of argument.

First it is mild, then more stern, and as it fixes its grip on the tender mind, it sinks its slimy fangs into the unprotected thought and the damage is done. This is a country of free speech, free thought and free press, but we claim that that liberty does not license a person to use that freedom only as it will uphold our cherished ideals of liberty and bless our children instead of proving to be a curse to them. To teach communism in our schools is like the traitor, who tears our flag to shreds and would burn our constitution to ashes.

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The New Mexico History and Civics examination will be held in the office of the Lincoln County School Superintendent on Saturday, March 28th, beginning at ten o'clock. The questions will be based on Bloom and Donnelly's "New Mexico History and Civics" and Vaughn's "History and Government of New Mexico." M6-27.

Election Proclamation

Official notice and call for the regular biennial Village election, for the Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, and notice of the appointment of Judges and Clerks of election.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the requirements of the statutes in such cases made and provided, the Board of Trustees of the Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, did on the 3rd day of March, 1936, appoint Maggie Chavez, W. A. Stimmel and Don English Judges of said election and Refugia Garcia and Mabel Mackey, Clerks of said election for the regular biennial election to be held in the Community Hall, Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, Tuesday, April 7, 1936, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 o'clock P. M.

And further notice is hereby given that said election is for the purpose of electing a Mayor, four Trustees and a Clerk for the incorporated Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, for the period of two years.

F. H. Johnson, Mayor.
Attest: Morgan Lovelace, Clerk.

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Sentinels of the Republic

Through successive generations the American people have continued to receive one of the richest heritages in all history.

Freedom of speech and of opportunity... the right to a decisive voice in the greatest government on earth... a national spirit of courage and self-reliance... public wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus—

These are but a few of the treasures won in the blood and the sweat of hard-working, hard-fisted pioneers and left to us as a natural birthright.

How are we preserving that heritage? What is America doing to maintain or increase for posterity the things our fathers won for us? What will this generation leave to those who follow?

Today the list seems discouraging. Its items would include:

A burden of national debt which, as this is written, exceeds \$31,000,000,000—instead of an increasing national wealth.

The threat of a new, alien philosophy of dependence and fear—instead of the spirit that sent Daniel Boone into the wilds of Kentucky and whole families over the hardships of the Oregon Trail.

A glorification of the economic goose-step—instead of the bold, free tread that could carry youth to whatever heights its strength and ability permitted.

No wonder, as it regards this prospect, youth in America feels disinherited. No wonder thousands of older citizens, remembering the opportunities of their own youth, are protesting against a philosophy which robs their sons of similar freedom. No wonder the true descendants of the American pioneer are insisting that personal liberty and personal opportunity must be preserved in this country.

Thousands of our ancestors fought and died to win for us those liberties and opportunities. Thousands more fought to preserve them. The newer generations have a right to enjoy the heritage. We cannot let them down.

In The Probate Court

Of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico.

In The Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Cosme Sedillo, Deceased, No. 412

Notice of Appointment of Executor

Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of March, 1936, the Probate Court of said County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, having duly admitted to probate the above named will, and in accordance with the terms of said will, the undersigned was duly appointed as executor of said will, and having qualified as required by law any person or persons having any claim or accounts against said decedent are hereby notified to file them or present them to said executor within the time prescribed by law.

Martin Sedillo,
Postoffice address, San Patricio, New Mexico. M6-27

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Magazines
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Cigars of All Kinds
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Majestic Recipes
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Nice Line of Ladies', Girls' and Kiddies' INDIAN BRACELETS at the Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL REPORT AND ACCOUNT

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico. In The Matter of the Estate of Thomas Jefferson Grafton, Deceased, No. 381.

To Lizzie A. Grafton, Mrs. R. G. Stewart, and Hugh Grafton, of Capitán, New Mexico and Mrs. Emma S. Baird, Sanger, California, 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 the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Lizzie A. Grafton, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Jefferson Grafton, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Administratrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of May, 1936, at the hour of 4 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 Lizzie A. Grafton as such Administratrix, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his 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 attorney for the Administratrix is Watts & Hanny, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Witness the honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 16th day of March, 1936.

(Seal) Ernest Key, Clerk.
By Frances R. Campbell, Deputy.



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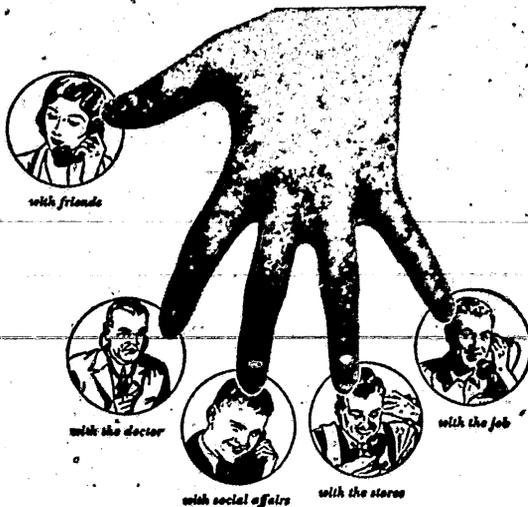
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How Inflation Hurts Farmer

Period of False Prosperity, Is Always Followed by Distress.

By WALTER E. SPAHR
Secretary, Economists National Committee on Monetary Policy and Member of the National Advisory Council of the American Liberty League.

While currency inflation is taking place some classes appear to benefit, notably the farmer. For this reason the principal farm leaders are advocating currency inflation. Drives for currency inflation in this country have been, and are today, to a large extent agrarian movements. The benefits in the case of the farmer, as with other classes, are apparent and not real. They fade into dismal disaster.

Several important factors contribute to the relatively favorable position given the farmer by currency inflation. The prices of his products rise rapidly. At the same time he tends to hold his expenses per unit of product down for a considerable time. He delays buying new equipment. He does not add to his investments in land or buildings. He holds down his labor supply. These things give the farmer an unusual and most welcome margin of profit with which to pay his debts.

Accumulates Debts.

After these debts are paid, however, he will begin to consider ways and means of expansion. He will restore his depreciated property, buy new equipment, increase his number of employees, and perhaps purchase new buildings and land. When he begins buying he will find that the prices are rising rapidly or have risen to startling heights. To buy before prices rise further will seem prudent. The tendency to borrow in order to buy will increase. Thus as inflation continues farm debts will mount steadily.

The burden and distress associated with old debts will be forgotten. The steadily rising prices of agricultural products will appear to provide ample assurance that all is well. The more the currency is inflated the higher the prices will rise and the greater will be the amount of new debts accumulated.

Conditions After 1920.

Then comes the headache. In time the inflation of the currency will come to an end, prices will collapse, and the dangers and burdens of the debts will become painfully apparent. Enforced liquidation will begin its destructive course. Distress and suffering will become widespread. Farmers will realize then that once again they are living through the hard times which invariably follow an inflation.

The difficulties which farmers have experienced since the collapse of 1920 have been due largely to the credit inflation which took place during the World War and to the related mad judgments which the war and inflation generated. Periods of falling prices and liquidation are almost invariably caused by a receding period of currency inflation. Therefore to urge inflation as a means of overcoming the distress of depression is but to prepare the way for another period of distress.

Illinois Politicians

Pick Juicy WPA Plums

An instance of giving WPA jobs to political payrollers is cited in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The Works Progress Administration recently started work under an allocation of \$131,839 on a project to develop and improve parks in East St. Louis. The superintendent of the work will be Emmet P. Griffin, leader of the New Deal faction in East St. Louis and Superintendent of Parks in that district. Griffin already is receiving \$7,000 in the political job and will receive \$250 a month as superintendent of the WPA project. Three other employees of the park district also have been placed on the WPA project payroll, thereby doubling their income.

Fred G. Austin, WPA administrator, admitted, according to the Post-Dispatch, that there was a rule forbidding placing of WPA employees on political recommendation. Austin explained that the WPA, however, kept hands off these appointments as a concession to political bodies, in the hope that by so doing it would be easier to interest political bodies in backing WPA projects.

When the President asked Congress for \$4,890,000,000 for direct relief and work relief, one of the assurances given was that politics would not be permitted to influence selection of employees.

Seeing Double

In 1928, during the Hoover-Smith campaign, Senator Joe Robinson made a speech at Wichita, Kan., in which he said: "Here is a most human, affectionate, wise and great man whose sincerity has never been questioned." In his radio speech in January, 1936, Uncle Joe attacked Smith as a "high hat." "Somehow," said Joe, "I think there must be two Al Smiths." If Uncle Joe would take a look around he might find two Joe Robinsons.

Taxpayer's Luck

A taxpayer writes that he had put \$300 in taxes into the New Deal slot machine in the last three years and all he ever got back was a copy of the Roosevelt 1932 platform, and a card which told his fortune. On the card was printed: "Your government is approaching a balanced budget."

Roswell-Carrizozo Stage & Truck Lines

Phone 16 — George Harkness, Mgr.

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Motor Truck Line

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

General Trucking Service



Chic, NEW

Spring Dresses

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

Expert Mechanical Work
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CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41—
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A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1936
First Saturday
of Each
Month

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

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

REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each
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All Visiting Stars Cordially In-
vited.

Ina Mayer, W. M.
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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—
Marjorie
Nickels

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

Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

WOMAN'S CLUB

of Carrizozo met at the home of Mrs. C. A. Snow, Friday, March 20. Songs were sung by the assembly with Mrs. Kelley at the piano. The committee in charge of the benefit St. Patrick's party reported the net sum of \$17.40 realized and the chairman thanked all those who responded so generously. A correction was made in the year book. The club will meet on April 18 and May 15, instead of dates given in the year book.

After a short business session, the meeting adjourned for the program, "Home and Garden," arranged by Mrs. Boughner. Definition of the word "Home," Mrs. Boughner; Song, "Home Sweet Home," Assembly, Mrs. Kelley at piano; Piano Solo, Ruth Brickley; Vocal Solo, "In the Garden of Tomorrow," Mrs. Petty, Ruth Petty at piano; Address; Rev. Harold Scoggins of Clovis; Reading, "Patterns," Miss Short. Delightful refreshments of brick ice cream in shamrock pattern, cake and coffee were served by Mes. W. O. Garrison, Finley, Karr, Hale, Petty, Garner, Misses Fuller and Stover.

The benefit card party at Community Hall, Mar. 17, was enjoyed by all who attended and the committee thanks all those who contributed so generously to the refreshments, those who donated money and all those who attended. Your loyal support was most gratifying.

Chic, New

Spring Dresses

Burke Gift Shop



GATEWAY HOTEL
EL PASO, TEXAS

FRIENDLY PLACE TO STOP

Rates
SINGLE \$1.50-\$2.00
DOUBLE \$2.00-\$2.50

These Rates Include
FREE GARAGE

Cook 'n' Serve



COOR'S

Heatproof Earthenware

32-Piece Sets, All Colors, \$6
See them at the Burke Outlook Gift Shop.

O. T. Keathley has re-opened the ZoZo Boot Shop and is ready to give his patrons the best of service. Mr. Keathley specializes in cowboy boots, saddles and delicate, ladies' shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Next door to New Mexico Light & Power Co.—Adv.

Native New Mexico Scenes

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

TYPEWRITER PAPER

—at Bargain Prices
500 Sheets BOND, \$1
at Outlook Office

Lode and Placer Mining Location Blanks and Proofs of Labor on Mining Claims on sale at this office.

FOR SALE—Fine Barley Hay at \$25 per ton. This hay is all baled and in fine condition.—S. H. Nickels, Carrizozo.

Ads in The Outlook Pay
When U want to buy or sell

For Sale

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

FOR SALE

Baldwin Piano; bargain on quick sale.

—Apply at The Outlook office.

This Week's Thought

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Destructive criticism is empty and makes enemies—
Constructive criticism is healthy—and welcome.

Santa Rita Church

Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 8 a. m.
Evening Services at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

St. Paul's Church,

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

Baptist Church

E. D. Jordan, Pastor.
Reid Dudley, S. S. Supt.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. every Sunday.

Preaching Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Sunday morning in each month and every Sunday evening.

Methodist Church

Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

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

Do You Want to Make Money?

If you are making less than \$25.00 per week and if you are willing to work where you can build up a business without anything invested, to where you can make \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week, write or see J. L. Graves, Nogal, New Mexico.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT Of Lincoln County, New Mexico

Lucille McCasland, Plaintiff, vs.
Wm. Wesley McCasland, Defendant.
No. 4368

The State of New Mexico
County of Lincoln

NOTICE OF SUIT

To Wm. Wesley McCasland:
You are hereby notified that suit has been instituted against you in the District Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico in cause No. 4368, on the Civil Docket of said Court, by Lucille McCasland, plaintiff, vs. Wm. Wesley McCasland, defendant.

The purpose of said suit is for absolute divorce by plaintiff against defendant on the ground of incompatibility, non-support and cruelty.

You are further notified that unless you appear before this court and make defense or otherwise plead on or before the 30th day of April, 1936, judgment by default will be rendered against you and plaintiff granted relief sought.

That the name and address of plaintiff's attorney is Albert Morgan, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

This the 5th day of March, 1936.

(Seal) Ernest Key, Clerk of the District Court, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

By Frances H. Campbell,
Deputy.

Newest Things in Ladies' Smocks and Blouses.

All the Latest Shades and Styles in Ladies' Hose

Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

WINU Service
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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airway emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the plane offers to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly worthless. Lillith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the motor of the plane. Huxby and Lillith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane adrift and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie.

CHAPTER IV

The Whip Hand.

The girl licked her fingers and turned to stare covetously at the pieces of moose dangling in the smudge-fire smoke. She spoke to Garth almost civilly: "I've no need to rest like Dad. Do I have to wait for another piece?" "Certainly not. But you've let the cook-fire go out. Keep this one going, and you can use it. Better cut another spit. Mind the knife edge, if you don't want to lose a finger."

She showed she could do better than when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncut second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from the near edge of the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze.

Garth had at once begun to make catgut. It would be needed to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat when Huxby came striding between the spruces.

The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his midbody down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog silt from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve.

Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite welts and the bleeding wounds of deer-fly stings. The skin had already begun to puff and discolor.

At sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crazed violence.

Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking, and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his doze. He sat erect to start at Huxby.

"My G—d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home."

"Those d—d pests," Huxby cursed. "Left my headnet. Hoy, you airplanes thief, fetch me a drink. Jump lively."

Garth lifted his rifle. "Put up your hands. No, don't reach for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them there while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of your threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew the automatic pistol from its high-slung sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth.

"Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly nuisance. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."

The tormented man first ran to lie down on the rib bank. Between deep drinks, he doused his bitten face in a pool and dashed the gratefully cool water over the back of his neck. The moment he stopped, the pests buzzed at him again. He ran to the smoky side of the fire without stopping for his headnet.

For the first time since Garth had met Lillith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiancé.

"It's good, Vivian. Try it. You must be finished."

Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind.

"Why, Lillith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious." He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth."

"I'll soon cook more. There's plenty." Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for me, Mr. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."

He laid a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill.

Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad.

But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed.

"You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whiskey, either."

Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket.

"All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."

Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskeg swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?"

"My game?"

"Yes. We may as well settle this now as later. Don't tell me you haven't some big scheme in mind. You guessed we meant to cast off and leave you holding the sack. Otherwise you wouldn't have taken that key part from the plane motor."

Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outwit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?"

The ruddy face of the millionaire purpled. "What is the connection?"

"Nothing invidious," Garth assured him. "I had in mind only the fun of the game."

"So? Well, young man, it has already been admitted that you've so far taken all the tricks. I gave you credit for more sense, however, than you showed when you cast loose the plane."

Garth gave him a pitying look. "That's the fly venom talking. No cool, calculating schemer in his right senses would ask for trouble when his hands were tied. I might point out, however, that the venom was due to your haste in trying to—uh—appropriate my discovery claim."

"That's a lie. You cast the plane adrift. I was stung while trying to save it. Curse the luck! I came within an ace of reaching the snagged line. Almost had it, when the plane dragged it loose and went down over those hellish falls!"

"I might remind you that you ordered me to cast off the line—at the point of your pistol."

The thrust proved too much for Huxby. He sat silent. Garth went on with his quiet argument:

"All that is now past history. We're more concerned with the present and future. Mr. Ramill has shown his common sense by facing the facts of the situation. He has fallen into line. The question is, do you and Miss Ramill throw in with us, or do you go on your own? If with us, I'm to be chief. How about it?"

Huxby had cooled down enough to see the point. "You win. I join up."

Miss Ramill looked puzzled and a bit alarmed. "What's the great idea, Vivian?"

"Very simple, my dear. He has the whip hand. He is boss. We must obey his orders, or we'll never get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly!" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent.

He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start grabbing the hair of the mosquitoes while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!"

"Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those slimy soles wear through on the rocks."

She sared: "Gallant Mr. Galahad!" "Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No. Lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscles. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough without a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She gazed wonderingly from him to her father. Mr. Ramill had no less obediently lain down as ordered.

Garth ignored the girl. He chopped deep notches in the trunks of the food-cache birch trees, about seven feet high. He then cut saplings to span across from tree to tree, with ends wedged in the notches. The next move was to fetch a number of alder poles.

squall shrilled into a shriek that slipped off into silence.

When Mr. Ramill rather hesitatingly followed Garth to the hanging legs of moose, he saw a three-foot, stub-tailed wildcat with black-tufted ears lying under a torn-shoulder-of-moose-meat. A second cat, slightly larger, had leaped several yards away before dropping.

Garth drew his knife. "Only a pair of lynx. Not much for two shots. We haven't any cartridges to throw away. But we can use the skins, and the meat will make a change from moose."

He flayed the bodies, bagged the best cuts of meat in the skins, and hung them high. The next move was to see if Mr. Ramill could pack the hide of the cow moose. He made a game attempt to walk off under it, but at once began to stagger. Garth relieved him of the load, and in place of it gave him one of the bagged lynx skins. He himself bagged one of the bull moose quarters in the cowhide and heaved it upon his back.

They came back to the camp with Mr. Ramill panting and sweating. Garth swung lightly ahead of him. He slipped off his heavy pack and stood looking at the idle couple on the rib bank. They had eaten their fill of liver, and stretched out to rest. No smoke was rising from the embers of the smudge-fire. Flies were beginning to cluster on the moose tongues and other meat.

The girl met his look with contemptuous indifference. Huxby stared with bloodshot hostility from between his swollen eyelids.

Instead of speaking to the couple, Garth addressed the girl's father as he relieved him of the lynx pack:

"As I remember, sir, I told Miss Ramill she could cook on the smudge-fire if she kept it going. I will say now that I do not intend to shoot any more meat until use is made of what we have. There are none too many rifle cartridges. If the three of you prefer rotten, maggoty meat, I'll go on to the last mouthful. I've lived for weeks at a time on spoiled fish and rotten walrus."

Huxby's face and neck were as swollen and sore as if covered with boils. His temper was no less sore. "You're the one who put us in this fix, you wood louse!"

Garth gave him a pitying look. "That's the fly venom talking. No cool, calculating schemer in his right senses would ask for trouble when his hands were tied. I might point out, however, that the venom was due to your haste in trying to—uh—appropriate my discovery claim."

"That's a lie. You cast the plane adrift. I was stung while trying to save it. Curse the luck! I came within an ace of reaching the snagged line. Almost had it, when the plane dragged it loose and went down over those hellish falls!"

"I might remind you that you ordered me to cast off the line—at the point of your pistol."

The thrust proved too much for Huxby. He sat silent. Garth went on with his quiet argument:

"All that is now past history. We're more concerned with the present and future. Mr. Ramill has shown his common sense by facing the facts of the situation. He has fallen into line. The question is, do you and Miss Ramill throw in with us, or do you go on your own? If with us, I'm to be chief. How about it?"

Huxby had cooled down enough to see the point. "You win. I join up."

Miss Ramill looked puzzled and a bit alarmed. "What's the great idea, Vivian?"

"Very simple, my dear. He has the whip hand. He is boss. We must obey his orders, or we'll never get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly!" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent.

He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start grabbing the hair of the mosquitoes while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!"

"Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those slimy soles wear through on the rocks."

She sared: "Gallant Mr. Galahad!" "Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No. Lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscles. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough without a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She gazed wonderingly from him to her father. Mr. Ramill had no less obediently lain down as ordered.

Garth ignored the girl. He chopped deep notches in the trunks of the food-cache birch trees, about seven feet high. He then cut saplings to span across from tree to tree, with ends wedged in the notches. The next move was to fetch a number of alder poles.

When he returned, smoke was billowing up to drive the flies from the moose tongues and muffs. Miss Ramill had rebuilt the smudge-fire and taken down the liver, ready for slicing. She gazed up at him, stormy-eyed, ready to flare if he had shown the slightest flicker of amusement or gloating.

Instead, he gave her a curt nod of acknowledgment, laid his knife beside the liver, and turned to space the poles across the sapling framework to make a grill above the smudge. Upon this he laid the moose leg and the pieces of lynx meat.

Huxby came back from the discovery stake with the gold pan and little aluminum pot. He stared in surprise at sight of Miss Ramill cooking the liver. She shrugged her slim shoulders, and drew back from the fire to give one spit to her father. After that she silently offered the other to Garth.

"Thank you," he said. "Let me suggest that you now fill the gold pan with water and slice into it one of the muffs. They don't look promising. But if simmered for a day or two, a single moose muzzie will give us several delicious meals of what might be called aspic jelly."

This won no sign of interest from the girl. She was no longer hungry. Garth ignored her silence.

"After starting that dish, you may cook as much more of the liver as your father can eat. He will keep on eating while Huxby and I go for another load of moose meat. The sooner we pack all to camp, the surer we will be that other mouths do not get away with it."

He unbuckled his pack, slung the pack-board on his back, and picked up his rifle and belt-ax. Huxby trailed after him out of camp. They walked in Indian file all the way around to the muskeg swamp, Huxby with his gaze fixed coldly upon the back of his leader.

At the swamp Garth cut a tote-pole and passed it through the tendons of two hindquarters of moose. The remaining quarter he strapped to his pack-board. He folded the second lynx skin for Huxby to use as a shoulder pad. Upon it the mining engineer rested his end of the tote-pole.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Giraffe, Tallest Among Quadrupeds of the World

Tallest among the quadrupeds of the world, the giraffe is constructed along a variety of levels, its front legs longer than its long hind legs and its neck longer than the longest of its other members, with a tongue of length and flexibility entirely suited to the architectural whole.

In fact, notes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there are evidences in support of one belief that nature must have started to make something else when it got around to fashioning the timid creature. Original plans probably called for a quadruped of conventional dimensions and the barrel and rear running gear must have been completed before amendments were decided on. Very likely the many quadrupeds of comparative size looked too much alike. So it was probably decided this new animal should have a much longer neck, and to make its neck longer than the facts justified it must have longer front legs. So we have an animal started in regularity and finished in singularity, with its body sloping up from rear to front legs and a neck so long that it distorts the distortion.

Nature, in all truth must have been in a sportive mood when it made the giraffe. If it sought to give the jungle a laugh it succeeded admirably, giving the laughing hyena something about which it could laugh without restraint. The beast has to straddle itself all out of shape to get a drink of water from the level of its own feet! So by habit it has taught itself to drink very little water, or at least to drink it with great infrequency. The long neck, the long front-legs and the up-lifted body could hardly have been anything but afterthoughts.

River Flows Uphill

It has been figured out by the United States geological survey that a point at sea level on the equator is about 13 miles farther away from the center of the earth than a sea level point at either of the earth's poles. Their calculations show the mouth of the Mississippi river to be four miles farther from the earth's center than its source. Thus, it may be said the "Father of Waters" runs uphill. This phenomenon results from the water in the river obeying the laws of gravity which cause it to run from the higher surface level at its source to the lesser one at its mouth.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Old Maid's Hears an Arsenal

Residents of the peaceful Paris suburb of Montrouge were perturbed over rumors that a house in the district occupied by two aged spinsters was a veritable arsenal. Finally the police were prevailed on to investigate. In the house they found 17 military rifles, dating back to 1870, modern rifles, revolvers, rounds of ammunition and even hand grenades.

Smart Jacket Dress With Bows of Print



1834-B

Versatility is an engaging quality in this little two piece frock. Make it feminine with bows and a belt of bright print, or slightly mannish with round buttons and a narrow belt. The hip length jacket with its cut-away effect and front panel are the dominating features of the dress. Notice how the gathers peep cunningly in back and front beneath the circular yoke. A simple skirt, but not too simple to be attractive. Individualism is attributed to the wide tailored pleats in the front.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1834-B is available for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric plus 1/2 yard of contrasting material.

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

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

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Uncle Sam Fast Becoming the Greatest Tree Planter

Tree planting in this country is looking up, according to the United States forest service. In 1935 the forest service's own planting on national forest lands was very close to a quarter million acres, more than that planted by all agencies—federal, state, and private—in 1934 when the total was 208,833 acres. Many of the other agencies planted substantially greater acreages in 1935 than the year before.

Uncle Sam, although relatively new at it, is becoming the world's leading tree planter. Up to last year his grand total of plantings by all agencies amounted to only 2,394,397 acres, equal to about half the area of Massachusetts. This year's plantings in the national forests alone will increase the total by more than 10 per cent. There are more than 102,000,000 acres in our national forests alone, and the estimated total forest acreage in this country is over 500,000,000 acres.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

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

Overlook Tough Breaks

"Man was never meant to be extremely happy or extremely miserable. I take my pleasures where I find them, and try to forget the tough breaks."—Wallace Berry.

Smart Jacket Dress With Bows of Print
Tired Eyes
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

CORNS
QUICKLY SAFELY
Removed
To instantly relieve pain; stop nagging shoe pressure and quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soothing, healing, cushioning pads prevent sore toes and blisters. At drug, shoe or dept. stores—only 25¢ and 35¢ a box.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

DOG'S
"BLACK LEAF 40"
Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs, etc.
See 1/4 Translucent per Gallon of Spray.

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

Cleanse Internally
Why let constipation hold you back? Feel your best, look your best—cleanse internally the easy way with GARFIELD TEA. It's not a miracle worker, but a week of this "Internal Beauty Treatment" will accomplish what you can't do with laxatives. (At your drug store)
GARFIELD TEA

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unwell and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess 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 the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

He Won't Be BALD!

He uses Glover's Mange Medicine followed by Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. If you are afflicted with Baldness, Dandruff or Excessive Falling Hair, stop worrying about it. Start using Glover's today. It is sold at all Drug Stores. Or have your Barber give you Glover's treatment regularly.

GLOVER'S MANE MEDICINE

ARE YOU THIN, AILING?

Mrs. Mary Stephens of 439 No. Water St., Idaho Falls, Idaho, said: "I was in a weak condition following childbirth. I had lost several pounds in weight. I used about four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I gained weight and strength. I had a good appetite, and it was not long before I felt as well as ever." Buy today! New size, tablets 30 ct., liquid \$1.00 & 95 ct.

This story will interest many Men and Women
NOT long ago I was like some friends I have... low in spirits... I run-down... out of sorts... tired easily and looked terrible... I knew I had no serious organic trouble as I reasoned sensibly... as my experience had since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.
The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic... which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down... continued me I ought to try this Treatment... I started a course. The color began to come back to my skin... I felt better... I did not tire easily and soon I felt that these red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength... it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.
I insist on S.S.S. Tonic in the blood-red Collophane-wrapped package... the big 30-oz. size is sufficient for two weeks' treatment... it's more economical, too.
S.S.S.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington, — Overhauling all else in the national capital at this writing is the controversy that is boiling and surging around the head of Alabama's Democratic Senator Black, who is the chairman of the senate's lobby investigating committee. As an offshoot of this controversy, the federal communications commission is in water much too hot for bathing and it begins to appear that when the steam blows off the communications commission is likely to be a thoroughly discredited federal agency because of the part it played in Senator Black's unprecedented seizure of private telegrams from the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies.

Speaking generally, it has been seldom that a United States senator has ever attempted to assert the authority that Senator Black has used and it is equally unprecedented that a federal agency has gone to the extremes that characterized the action of the communications commission in connection with the seizure of the messages.

But some good may come from the police court prosecution tactics employed by Senator Black and some good may come from the accusations leveled at the communications commission because that body helped Senator Black carry out his plans.

The country-wide indignation that has arisen from Senator Black's usurpation of power has brought to the front a question that needs public attention and needs it badly.

I refer, in this connection, to the steadily expanding efforts of congressional investigators, especially senatorial investigators, to take over, as their own, powers that always have been regarded as reserved exclusively to the courts. The consensus among Washington observers certainly is that the legislative inquiries have developed to a point where the most humble requirements of justice have been and are being completely ignored.

Whether they are so intended, these inquiries, and this includes investigations conducted by committees not only of congress but of state legislatures and even city councils, are approaching the point where they are almost tyrannical.

It goes without saying, then, that the time has arrived for citizens to assert themselves. These inquiries will not proceed when the elected legislators, state or national, learn that the people do not approve of such high-handed tactics.

In order to have an understanding of the latest of these escapades, it is necessary to review briefly what has happened in the case of the senate lobby investigating committee.

Black's Activities

Almost a year ago the committee sought the aid of the federal communications commission which had the color of authority in law for investigating the business of the telegraph companies. Senator Black issued a broad subpoena, directing the telegraph companies to make available any and all messages his committee desired. Communications commission agents then went into the telegraph company files, read everything they could find and made copies of all of the messages which those agents, under guidance of Black investigators, thought would be helpful to the Black committee in exposing operations of private individuals.

The purpose of this, as outlined by Senator Black, was to locate clues to the machinations of business interests who were seeking passage or defeat for legislation pending in congress. The Alabama senator wanted to "show up" lobbyists. He contended and has maintained consistently that "these malefactors of great wealth" could not accomplish any influence in congress unless it were done secretly and "in the dark."

In other words, Senator Black persuaded members of the communications commission to help him in his fishing expedition. He persuaded that organization that it should become a party to an unprecedented effort designed as a dragnet, a movement to sneer anybody and everybody who had used telegraphic service.

The Black plan was carried out in secret. Senders and receivers of messages which those agents copied knew nothing about it. The operation was just as much "in the dark" as any of the lobbying about which Senator Black complained, even more so. It was only by accident that the facts became known but when they did become known, the lid was promptly blown off.

The end is not yet, nor is it even in sight. One federal judge has issued a restraining order against such tactics and a half dozen other applications for similar orders are pending. Undoubtedly, the questions, whatever the rulings may be, will find their way eventually to the Supreme court of the United States.

The senate itself is looking into the situation. It has, by resolution, asked the federal communications commission to make a report stating the facts and by what authority it acted.

So there is much hubbub about the whole thing and if one may judge from the line of conversation generally heard around Washington, Senator Black is on the hot spot, and the spot thus far has shown no indications of entering a cooling stage.

Charge Unfairness

Senate investigations long have been considered by many people as a modus operandi that creak with unfairness. Unbiased observers frequently have criticized them because of the methods employed. It seems absolutely necessary that the senate should have power to call witnesses, to ask legitimate and proper questions and to force answers. If it is going to enact legislation to correct evils, it must be equipped with such powers. But the point is that in seeking such information, the senate has consistently permitted its committees to act in a fashion that can be described by no other word than outrageous. I have watched them over a period of nearly twenty years and seldom, if ever, has there been an important investigation that did not degenerate sooner or later into a condition that savored of police court practices.

Respectable citizens have been subpoenaed, have gone before the committees willing to tell their complete story, anxious to co-operate and have found themselves treated as outlaws and criminals. This situation has become so prevalent in senate investigations that when any citizen is subpoenaed to appear before a senate investigation these days, his neighbors and friends begin to ask each other what crookedness is involved. In other words, the psychology of the senate investigation, as it has developed through the last fifteen or twenty years, has become one that reverses the constitutional right of an individual that he is innocent until he is proved guilty.

For several years, there has been a bill pending in congress designed to prevent, or at least reduce, lynchings. The theory back of it is that many times innocent persons have been lynched and that every one has a right to a trial by jury in a properly constituted court. Over across the Atlantic ocean, dictators have operated and have employed the "blood purge," the summary death sentence or the execution without granting the accused the right of defense. Undoubtedly some persons guilty of murder or rape have been lynched; undoubtedly, the "blood purge" by the Nazi rulers destroyed some bad characters and undoubtedly the summary executions by the Soviet or the Fascists of Italy have provided death for individuals who were festering sores to humanity, but there can be no doubt that in the case of the lynchings or in the case of the "blood purge" or the summary executions, many innocent persons have had their lives snuffed out.

Put Whole Self Into Task, a Golden Rule of Dickens

Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I found now to have been golden rules.—Charles Dickens.

So it is with senate investigations. Undoubtedly they have uncovered some dirty crooked dealings. Undoubtedly they have brought to public attention activities and conditions that ought to have been exposed. Yet, the fact remains that nearly all of our people are decent people, law abiding and self-respecting. And when senate investigations go beyond proper limits they approach, if they do not wholly become, tyranny.

Not Wholly to Blame

In defense of Senator Black's action in the lobby investigation, I think it can fairly be said that he is not wholly to blame if he has gone further than any other in the program of inquiry and prosecution upon which he has launched. Little by little, bit by bit, the senate has arrogated to itself authority hitherto not used by it. Little by little, it has encroached upon what many believe to be the jurisdiction of the courts and in like manner it has taken unto itself powers hitherto supposed to have been exclusively reserved to the executive department of government.

It would seem, then, that if other senate committees had established the precedent, Senator Black could properly use the same methods. The trouble in his case is that he did not stop at limits previously set, discreditable as those limits were, but went beyond them.

To repeat, there is every indication that some good will come out of this circumstance. Important men and brilliant lawyers and great organizations like the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Liberty league have taken note of the steadily expanding power claimed by the senate. This means that the questions involved will get into the courts. It is to be hoped that they will be presented to the courts in such a manner that the questions may be finally and lastingly answered, that the powers of the legislature may be delimited and that a definite expression may come from the judiciary that will determine whether members of the house and the senate can serve at once as legislators, judges and prosecutors.

A Charming Needlecraft Picture to Embroider



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The old-time well—the bucket hanging there, just waiting to be embroidered in its natural setting. And what a lovely and colorful wall-hanging you'll have when finished! You can use as many bright threads as fancy dictates when you begin to "paint" the old-fashioned garden in lazy-lazy, French knots, running and single stitch. And you needn't frame the panel—just line it, and hang it up.

In pattern 5297 you will find a transfer pattern of a wall hanging 15 by 20 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; directions for finishing wall hanging.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 West Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Flyers Offer Their All to Advancement of Aviation

To flyers, aviation is not merely an occupation, a profession; it is practically a religion. It obliterates all considerations of personal comfort, of safety, even of life. Money is entirely in the background of a flyer's life. When he goes after it he does so only as a means of further achievement in the air.

Another peculiarity of the breed is illustrated in a sentiment I heard from a young friend of mine who is studying aeronautical engineering. "I hate to think of the time when flying will become common," he said to me the other day. "It will be horrible if there are ever as many people flying as there are now driving motorcars."—Lowell Thomas in Cosmopolitan.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Tablets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Put Whole Self Into Task, a Golden Rule of Dickens

Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I found now to have been golden rules.—Charles Dickens.

Our Pursuit of Pleasure Imposes Severe Penalty

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and constant application to it pulls the faculty of enjoying it, and leaves the

sense of our inability for what we wish, with a dis-relish of everything else.
The intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal.—Steele.

SPEED LIMIT IN EUROPE
There is no speed limit for motor vehicles in the open country of France, Germany, Italy and Great Britain. All that is expected from a driver is that he keeps his car under control at all times.

JIM GETS A BIG ORDER

JIM, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE MONEY SOMEHOW! THE BANK PAYMENT IS COMING DUE NEXT MONTH!

OH, STOP NAGGING—WE'LL GET THE MONEY—IF I CAN SELL THAT OLD CRAB MERRILL A FEW TRUCKS!

HE'S AN OLD SKINFINT! HE'LL PUT SOMETHING OVER ON YOU IF HE CAN!

WHAT'S THE COST OF OPERATING THIS TRUCK FOR A YEAR, INCLUDING GAS, OIL AND REPAIRS?

SAY, MR. MERRILL, I'M NO ADDING MACHINE—I'M JUST A TRUCK SALESMAN!

TELL THIS OLD TIGHTWAD HE'D SCREEZE THE HIDE OFF A BUFFALO NICKEL!

JIM, YOUR MEANNESS MAY LOSE US A SWELL ORDER! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MR. MERRILL OWNS A BIG TRUCK LINE?

SAY, YOU WOULDN'T TALK IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

WHY DOESN'T YOUR BOSS SHUT HIS FACE AND GO SELL A FEW TRUCKS HIMSELF!

—SOUND LIKE THE TROUBLE I HAD—MY DOCTOR CALLED IT COFFEE-NERVES—SWITCHING TO POSTUM HELPED ME—WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

—SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL—CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!

CURSES! I'M LEAVING! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!

OF COURSE, you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too? If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly... caffeine may be to blame.

Isn't it worth while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
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Fill in completely, print name and address. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935.)

MELVIN PURVIS AMERICA'S NO.1 G-MAN

THE SCRAM CHART, OR HOW AMERICAS ACE G-MAN CAPTURED THE BARKUS GANG

HERE'S HOW A SCRAM CHART WORKS: SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE ROBBERY, THE BANDIT CAR DRIVES CAREFULLY OVER THE ROUTE PLANNED FOR THE GET-AWAY, SELECTING LITTLE-USED ROADS. EXACT MILEAGES ARE NOTED ON THE CHART. WHEN THE BANDIT CAR DRIVES UP TO THE BANK, THE MILEAGE GAUGE IS SET AT ZERO. WHEN THE CAR ROARS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY, A BANDIT CALLS OFF THE MILEAGES AT WHICH TURNS ARE TO BE MADE... "3/10THS OF A MILE, RIGHT TURN... 2-1/2 MILES, LEFT TURN" ETC.

AT THE CROSSROADS

STICK UP UP, JOE BARKUS! WE'VE GOT YOU AND YOUR GANG DEAD TO RIGHTS THIS TIME!

IT'S MELVIN PURVIS!

VA CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THE G-MEN!

JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MEN!

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

POST TOASTIES are the finest breakfast treat ever! says Melvin Purvis—"I eat 'em for breakfast every morning!" And when you taste those crisp, golden flakes, you'll agree with him!

For Post Toasties are made from the tender, sweet little hearts of the corn, where most of the flavor is. And each golden flake is toasted double crisp so it keeps its crunchy goodness longer in milk or cream.

Get Post Toasties, "The Better Corn Flakes" . . . and join the Junior G-Man Corps!

TO JOIN send coupon (at right) with 2 Post Toasties box-tops to Melvin Purvis. He'll send official Junior G-Man badge, instruction Manual for Junior G-Man, and a big catalog showing many OTHER FREE PRIZES.

A POST CEREAL MADE BY GENERAL FOODS

MELVIN PURVIS, W.M.V. #368
470 Post Toasties, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me the Official Junior G-Man instruction Manual, and catalog of FREE PRIZES. Here are my 2 Post Toasties box-tops. Boy () Girl ()

Name _____
Address _____

(Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935 and is good only in the U.S.A.)

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

Ben C. Sanchez motored to Socorro last Saturday afternoon to be initiated in the order of the Knights of Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. Lupo Gabaldon and the children were here from Claunch visiting with relatives for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Karr and the children visited the Crockett cave across the Malpais Sunday.

Joe, Leandro, Frank, Nick, Martin, Joe Vega, Jr. and Joe Chavez explored the Sears Crockett cave last Sunday afternoon.

A. F. Stover and son were over from Hondo this week.

E. G. Gallegos was here from San Patricio Monday and from him we learned that his wife had passed away on March 11. The many friends of the family tender their sympathy to Mr. Gallegos and other surviving relatives.

Felipe Sanchez was here Saturday from Tularosa, visiting the Abe Sanchez and Andy Padilla families, Mmes. Eleuticia Chavez and Aurora Montoya and their families.

LOST—On Tuesday night, one gray metal tool box containing special tools. Finder will receive \$5.00 reward.—Call at the Outlook office.

New

Spring Dresses

Burke Gift Shop

Messrs. Roy Shafer, G. S. Hoover of Capitan and Harry Gallacher attended the Masonic Grand Lodge Convention at Albuquerque.

Johnny Cooper of Fort Stanton was a business visitor here Tuesday and while in town, made this office a friendly call.

New things arriving daily at the Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop. Come in and see them.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL REPORT AND ACCOUNT

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico. In The Matter of the Estate of Thomas Jefferson Grafton, Deceased. No. 381.

To Lizzie A. Grafton, Mrs. R. G. Stewart, and Hugh Grafton, of Capitan, New Mexico and Mrs. Emma S. Baird, Banger, California, 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 the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Lizzie A. Grafton, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Jefferson Grafton, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Administratrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of May, 1936, at the hour of 4 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 Lizzie A. Grafton as such Administratrix, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and post office address of the attorney for the Administratrix is Watts & Henny, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Witness the honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal placed this 19th day of March, 1936.

(Seal) Street Key, Clerk. By Frances R. Campbell, Deputy.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

Distemper Vaccine for Horses
Pinkeye " " Cattle
Vaccine Syringes
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Radio Batteries
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SMOKED MEAT SALT, Ranchers' and Miners' Supplies
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Fine Foods Are An Investment IN GOOD HEALTH!

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

Fresh Meats - Fish - Oysters
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Tasty - Wholesome - Foods

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62

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MAY I

Repair Your Radio—
Make Your Phonograph All-Electric—
Install a Remote-Control or
Check Your Tubes?

"I Can Fix It!"

Murel Burnett

BURNETT'S Cash Grocery & Market

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



W. L. Burnett, Proprietor

Our Aim is to please YOU in every sense of the term.
Give us a call and be convinced of our rare values in table luxuries.

For Sale—219 acres of farming and fruit-raising patented land. Two-room house; well; windmill and storage tank. Well fenced. 3 miles southwest of Oscura. Will give reasonable terms on the major portion of price. For further information, see or write **J. H. Kimmons, Oscura, N. M.**
Or this office. F26p

Comments By Lewis A. Burke

Cheerio, from the Land of the "La Manana" (Tomorrow.)

At an old-timers' Church meeting several years ago, a new Pastor was elected for the ensuing term. The reverend was introduced to his congregation by the deacon. Then came the usual "Testifying" by members of the Church. Various ones testified "they had been in sin and were saved," etc.

Brother Smith was called on to testify. He had an impediment in his speech and with the excitement of being called on, was a little too much for him. So he did the best he could. The deacon said "You'll have to speak a trifle plainer, Brother Smith." Smith tried to testify again with the same result.

Finally, the deacon in desperation shouted that he would have to talk so that the congregation could understand him. This made Bro. Smith mad, and being tired after so many attempts to make himself understood, so he whined out "Blank, blankly blank (profanity); I guess you can understand this can't you?"

Johnny Cooper of Fort Stanton submits the following—
We know of no drinkers who give as much money to the needy as they give to the saloon-keeper.

It seems that our asylums are being used as handy exits by our worst criminals.
It is better to be doubtful than to be foolish.

You'll pardon us if we squeeze in a little politics in this issue? Thanks; we knew you would.

Al Smith now probably understands how that other great Democratic leader, the late Henry Watterson, felt back in 1913, when he declared "Things have come to a hell-of-a-mess when a fellow can't wallop his own jackass."

A Fort Stanton lady writes her suggestions on how to write a catchy and attractive advertisement:

"Don't read this" And the curious will.
Order your ad placed upside down; then they'll all read it, if they have to stand on their head to do so.

Select some suitable subject, such as "France Declares War," etc.; then you may lead up to the merchandise you have for sale.

Be human in your advertising copy; select some of the well-known slang sayings of the day with which to start your ad.

If the ad is for ladies, try this: "For Men Only." If for Men, then reverse the copy.
Try it and see.

A wager: This town has more days of sunshine, barring Arizona, of any city, village or hamlet.

"You always wear the cutest things, Mrs. Gould; I see you have on a cowboy silk handkerchief around your neck and it is fastened with the darlingest miniature steer head with horns. Where did you get them?" At the Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop. Reasonably priced, of course.

Carrizozo is pronounced "carry" "sozo." For the information of the people in the east.

When we are visiting in the east, we always try to evade mentioning from whence we came. A city chap cornered us and inquired where we were from. "Carrizozo," we replied, with a soft voice. "Well, what's to prevent it?" he laughingly came back.

Adios, from the land of azure sky and romance.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS
"Where Value Has a Meaning"

If You Want Real Class---



Then come in and try on the new Sport Back Suits we are featuring--- they are none other than the Nationally

Famous **MARX MADE Clothes.**

Styled For **YOUNG MEN!**

Distinctive Fabrics—Beautiful Tailoring
Exclusive Styling—Marvelous Values

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

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
\$1.25 Cedar Shingles \$1.25
Eaves trough—Ridge Roll—Barbed Wire—Smooth wire—Steck tanks, Etc.
Poultry Netting

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

Dog-gone!
He is at IT Again!

Skipped Saturday Specials last week and disappointed you, DID WE NOT?

Well, here are a few HOT ONES.

Saturday and Monday Specials!

Brooms.....25c	Grapes, Peaches, Apricots,
Bread, 3 for.....25c	Tomato Juice, Catsup, To-
Matches, 6 for.....20c	matos, etc., in No. 10
Mother's Oats.....25c	Cans at Special Prices.
8 lb. Compound.....\$1.00	

Gold Medal and Great West FLOUR

JEFF HERRON.

Grain - Bran - Stock Salt