

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

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Out-of-the-Ordinary

STRANGER THAN FICTION



In Warsaw, Poland, the law forbids people under the age of 18, to drive cars in public streets, but Jozek Telemann, 15, purchased a false moustache and started out to evade the law and have a laugh on the traffic officers. He went all right for a short while, but when a traffic cop called a halt, Jozek sneezed and the convulsion was so strong that his moustache fell off. Jozek's father paid his fine.

Several weeks ago, postmaster Woodruff Booth of Knoxville, Tenn., received the following letter: "Dear postmaster—Will you please help me to secure a husband? The kind of a man I want, is one who does not drink, smoke, chew tobacco, gamble, flirt, snore, sleep with his socks on, eat with his knife; if he has seen a certain play, not to bore everybody else by telling them all about what will come next; changes his socks and gets his hair cut every six months whether he needs it or not. I am 49 years of age, childless and lonely. Measure 5 feet and 5 inches, blue-eyed, weight 210 pounds—I am proprietor of a lunch room and cigar stand; business fairly good."—We would advise our local postmaster, Herman Kelt, to watch his personal mail hereafter, for anything can happen.

Well, well, well! We all know that the telephone men have trouble, but this surely is out-of-the-ordinary. In the vicinity of Hobbs, N. M., the ravens which infest that territory, are building nests on telephone poles and this is the way they do it. They pick up a piece of wire, carry it to the cross-arm, poke the wire through the eye on the pole to which the ground wire is attached and bend it down over the other wire so that it can't fall off. In that manner the raven continues until he has his wire nest finished—but it completely closes the circuit and gives the trouble-hunter plenty of work and grief.

We are not savages, but we believe that we could touch a match to the robber who way-laid and robbed Charles W. Cox, blind and 76 years old, at Columbus, Ohio, several weeks ago. Mr. Cox wends his way through a world of complete darkness, feeling the path ahead of him by the aid of a white cane. Not knowing darkness from light and being uninformed as to time, he ventured out in quest of medicine from a nearby drug store. Passing a dark alley, a thug seized and dragged him in and felling him with a heavy iron, robbed him of all he had, over \$20.00. Officers found the old gentleman in a pool of blood. He is now in an emergency hospital and let us hope he will recover.

Don't forget the Rainbow Girls' dance at Community Hall, Saturday night, May 30.

Corona News

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dishman and daughter Zelfa entertained the Senior class Sunday with a nine o'clock breakfast at the Dishman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ashcraft, Mrs. Luther King and Clarence Ashcraft left Saturday for Hollis, Okla., where they were called to the bedside of their mother, Mrs. Ashcraft.

Jack Davidson and Marion Jolly were Carrizozo business visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Brooks of Lon were Corona visitors Saturday.

Frank Hodge and daughters were Roswell visitors last week.

Mrs. John Owen returned from Roswell last Wednesday.

The Baccalaureate service for the Senior class was held at the gymnasium Sunday at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Hunter Lewis of Tulsa delivered the address. Commencement exercises were held in the gym last night. Members of the class are: Juanita Blanche Hodge, Edna Erna Imhoff, Wanda Augusta Milton, Mary Frances Fuller, Owen Brown, Frank C. Jones, Wm. E. Hamilton.

Red Hill Items

Colonel Jones and members of Burnett's Grocery spent last Sunday on their homestead with Mrs. Jones and Howard.

Mrs. Hollis Jones, who is working in Carrizozo, spent Sunday with Hollis on their homestead.

Willis Lovelace has repaired his home, added a room, built a garage and has improved his ranch home in general.

Mrs. Jack Pierce, who is teaching at the CCC Camp, has organized a Dramatic Club which will present a play entitled, "When the Clock Strikes," in the near future. All the cast are past high school graduates who have had previous theatrical experience. The director, Mr. Chase has had years of experience as director on the legitimate stage. Misses Ruth Petty and Ruth Brickley have kindly consented to aid in making this play a success.

Miss Beatrice Johnson will go to Santa Fe next week where she will complete her course in beauty parlor work.

If You Want---

Nice full-blooded cherries at 10c per pound, get in touch with M. E. Morgan at Alamogordo. It will pay you to get the best. See the ads in three places—and buy 'em! Here's a tip: jump in your car, take a run to Alamogordo, load up with this choice fruit—and so cheap at that.

W. B. Payne was a business visitor from his ranch near Capitan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris and Mrs. Nellie Rely were here from the ranch for the Golf Tournament last week-end.

The Misses Esther Dow and Carmen Pino, teachers at San Patricio and Escondido, respectively, have returned home for the vacation period.

Albert Scharf is sporting a new car, purchased from the City Garage.

GOLF TOURNAMENT

Which closed Sunday night, was one of the most successful of any past event of that nature staged in this district. In the finals, Kirk Dean of Ruidoso won in the first flight; Tom James, Carrizozo, won the second flight and in the women's flight, Evelyn Dixon was the winner. The championship of the tournament was won by Saturnino Chavez, Jr.

Visitors were loud in their praise of the club building with its ample accommodations and also of the courtesies shown by the management. Manager L. A. Whitaker was one of the busiest men in this section of the southwest. He was on the job early and late in order to see that the attendants missed nothing in the way of good entertainment. On the whole, the tournament was a grand success.

D. L. Byron

Shortly after partaking of breakfast at his home at Polly, about seven miles south of here, Tuesday morning, D. L. Byron, 66, retired druggist, died suddenly from heart trouble. Mr. Byron had resided here for many years, a large portion of which time, he spent in the employ of Rolland's and Paden's drug stores. He was also interested in mining and had interests in several places, principally in the Jicarilla region. For the past two years, he had ceased business activity, owing to failing health. Of late, his condition seemed to improve, but the hopes of his family were blasted by his sudden passing.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church yesterday afternoon with the Rev. Bell conducting the same and the remains interred in the local cemetery.

Dennis Louis Byron was born at Crawford, Okla., in 1869. After his school experience, he followed farming until the age of 22, when he took up the study of pharmacy. He came here in 1909, continuing his residence until his death. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, one son, Raymond of St. Louis; four brothers, James A., Carrizozo; G. W., Palisade, Calif.; S. J., Norman, Okla.; C. J., Ballingham, Wash.; two sisters, Meses. Cora Carlson and Olive Purnell, both of Ballingham, Wash.

Mr. Byron was a man whose friends were legion, and enemies, none. He was a man, whose religion was the brotherhood of man, which he practiced in his daily life. When you met him, even when trouble had overtaken him, you would always be met with a smile and a friendly handshake. Heedless of his own misfortunes, his heart went out in human sympathy to those less fortunate than himself. Surviving relatives have the sympathy of our entire community.

Mrs. Forrest Cathey and little daughter Peggy June came in Tuesday from Hobbs, where Forrest is employed by one of the large oil companies. They will visit at the home of Mrs. G. C. Bigelow for about two weeks, Mrs. Cathey being Mrs. Bigelow's daughter.

Miss Maudie Warden came home the latter part of last week from Oakland, Cal., where she had been visiting her brothers Alvin and Bill Hightower for several months.

LYRIC THEATRE

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:45 p. m. Thursday-Friday-Saturday BETTE DAVIS in—

"The Girl from 10th Avenue"

Also "Gypsy Sweetheart" and "Buddy's Bug Hunt." This picture is sponsored by the local Townsend Club for the purpose of sending a delegate to the Convention soon. Come out and see a good picture and help the cause.

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday — "Ah, Wilderness"

Featuring Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Mickey Rooney, and Celia Parker, A Comedy of the Average American Home you'll be sure to enjoy.

Also "Gymnastics" and "Honolulu." Matinee Sunday at 2:30. Night show at 8:00.

Miss Ella Brickley

Funeral services of Miss Ella Brickley, who died at Carlsbad Sunday, May 24, were held at the above named city, conducted by the Carlsbad Chapter, O.E.S., and attended by friends and members of the order from here, as follows: Mesdames Ola Jones, Mary Watson, Paul Mayer, B. L. Stimmel, Margie Clouse, Nellie Branum, J. M. Shelton, Shirley Phipps, R. E. Lemon, Clara Snyder, Geo. A. Titsworth; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hall, the Misses Nellie Shaver and Ruth Petty. The services and floral offerings were beautiful. The remains were taken to Tucumcari for burial, where the remains of one brother and those of Mrs. E. M. Brickley are interred.

She leaves to mourn her loss, two brothers, E. M. of Carlsbad and John of Luna, niece, Miss Ruth Brickley and other relatives in Tucumcari and Pennsylvania, to all of whom the sympathy of this community is tendered.

Crawford-Dale

Miss Mary Crawford and Jim Dale were united in marriage at a private wedding at the Methodist Church at 8 p. m., last Saturday. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Herron and Mr. and Mrs. John Dale and son, Mrs. T. E. Kelley played the wedding march and Miss Lealy Cooper sang the marriage ritual, with Rev. J. A. Bell reciting the ring ceremony. After the ceremony, the couple departed for points in Texas and will visit Mrs. Dale's parents at Greenville, Texas.

The charming and accomplished bride has been employed as teacher in the Ancho school for several years. Mr. Dale is an employee of the Southern Pacific Company and on their return from Texas, they will make their home at Ancho. Their many friends wish the newly-weds a happy and successful career.

—Contributed.

Albert Ziegler of Ziegler Brothers General Store, left yesterday for Kansas City, where he will pay a short visit to his Charles Coplin family, Mrs. Coplin being Mr. Ziegler's oldest daughter. He will return the middle of next week.

Diamond Dust



By Joe Chavez

	Won	Lost
Carrizozo	1	1
Cobras	4	1

Three Cheers for C'zozol!

The Carrizozo Cardinals, clad in their brand new uniforms, made their debut on the local diamond last Sunday afternoon against the fast Ft. Stanton Soil Conservationists. The game, as all the fans know, was somewhat short of expectations; both teams playing loose ball. But the affair didn't fail to furnish the big crowd with the usual thrills, frills and excitement, as are prevalent in a ball game—such as to get the umpires' and players' "nannies," a heated argument and once in a while, a little fist fight between two fervent rooters. If you belong to the latter category, we advise you to never wear a sailor straw hat to a ball game, and for the love of Nicodemus, leave your bottles behind (the soda pop variety.) Carrizozo won the game in the 9th inning when they put over the winning tally on a close decision at second base. The score resulted in 11 to 10 in favor of the Cardinals. Taking the team as a whole, all played pretty good baseball, considering the short time they have had to get limbered up and straighten out the kinks of the winter hibernation. Salas of the Fort team pitched good ball.

Quite a coincidence. The Carrizozo Cobras beat the Alamogordo Black Sox by the same score and also put the winning run across the plate in the last of the 9th inning. The nightcap was also a very wobbly affair, many errors being chalked up against both sides. The Cobras were badly beaten in the early stages of the game, but as the battle progressed, they injected renewed spirit in their efforts and managed to snatch the game out of the fire. Andy Luera had to use all that was in him and then some, from the fact that he was handicapped as far as a straight line from the catcher's box to centerfield is concerned. Filomeno Peralta, a new product, was given a try out on the mound and if we don't miss our guess, that boy can be developed into a fine pitcher. The lad possesses poise, stamina, a good curve ball and is a cyclone for speed. Firstbaseman St. John was absent from the line-up, being away on a trip to Albuquerque. The team suffered a heavy blow in the loss of Shortstop Tony Pares, who has gone to Mesalero where he will play with the Indians this summer.

Alfredo Lopez slammed a homerun. Red Osburn, who suffered an injury to his hand several weeks ago, contented himself with umpiring the first game. Harry Miller and Lupe Luera took turns in arbitrating the second encounter.

Carrizozo plays Corona here Sunday and the Cobras tackle Fort Stanton across the tracks.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Boyce, genial proprietors of the Navajo Lodge at Ruidoso, were in town last Saturday; from them we learned that the big opening of the t h a t place will occur soon, at which time the public will be fully informed.

H. M. Maes and Ysabel Aldaz of Lincoln, the Misses Aurora, Carmen and Pauline Anaya of Capitan, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Van Schoyck, Wayne, Jr., Chas. Littell and others from White Oaks attended the ball games here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. "Ted" Purcey of the Malpais Camp returned Sunday from Los Angeles where Ted has been attending the Magnolia Petroleum School. They were absent about three months.

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

Rev. J. A. Bell made a trip to Abilene, Tex., to bring his son Stirling back home. His wife, Mrs. Bell will fill the pulpit in the evening service Sunday; her subject will be "In Memory." The Choir will sing a beautiful anthem; there will be flowers in Memory of our departed loved ones. Everybody please come; service at 8 p. m.

Rev. J. A. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Florentino Lopez, Pino, Jr., Mrs. Josefa S. Vega, Joe Vega and Joe, Jr. were visitors at the Vega ranch below Nogal yesterday afternoon.

Lester Greer was here yesterday from the Greer ranch in the San Andres mountains. While here, Lester made his son Randall, the present of a fine saddle and no wonder that Randall is proud of it—it's a peach.

Billy Bamberger is clerking at Paden's Drug Store.

Porfirio Chavez has returned home after a five-months' stay at his mother's ranch at Engle, N. M., where he assisted other members of the family in the management of the ranch.

R. C. Parish, proprietor of the Bonito Inn Service Station at Lincoln, was a business visitor in town one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stokes came in from Midland, Texas, the first of the week and will visit for several weeks with the Dewey and T. J. Stokes families. Mr. Stokes said that they encountered good rains all along the route until they neared Carrizozo, when it ceased. Well, never mind, we may get some yet—maybe.

Card of Thanks

We wish to convey our thanks to the many friends, who with words of sympathy, acts of kindness and floral offerings of love and respect, contributed to our consolation in the passing of our beloved husband and brother, Dennis L. Byron.

Respectfully,
Mrs. D. L. Byron
James A. Byron

Messrs. Gunther Kroggel, Loy Mitchell and Wiley were business visitors in Corona yesterday in connection with the proposed power plant at that place.

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"When the World Fell In"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

GANGWAY for the fire department. Pull up at the curb and let Joe Dooley go by. Don't delay him because he's on mighty important business. He's rushing down to the Adventurers' club to tell the story of the big thrill of his life. Here he is now. Boys and girls, meet Lieut. Joseph Dooley of Brooklyn, N. Y. All right, Joe, let's have the yarn.

"Well," says Joe, "that happened in 1903, when I was assigned to Engine Company No. 11, down on East Houston street." And bang we go, right into the story.

Joe was second in command down at old No. 11. It was a cold blustery night in January, and the alarms had been coming in thick and fast all evening. Nothing eventful—just routine fire.

You know the kind. The ones where the lace curtains blaze up, and somebody has pulled them down and stepped on them before the fire department arrived, or the ones where a fire starts in a pile of trash in a corner of the cellar and the net loss is two packing boxes and the janitor's hat.

When a Alarm Rings the Fire Ladders Step.

That's the kind of stuff that makes up nine-tenths of a fireman's work. It's only once in a while that fire gets beyond control and blazes up in a big conflagration that keeps the firemen out all night while the water freezes on the ends of the hose nozzles. Big fires are rare now—and getting fewer all the time, thanks to fireproof buildings and modern fire-fighting methods. But this was 1903. In those days, most of the buildings were old wooden ones.

The night dragged on, and then came another alarm. Number 11 responded, and they found the fire in a warehouse in Cooper square. No set-up, this one, either. It was the plant of the Boston Excelsior Works, filled to the rafters with baled excelsior, oakum, tow, and other highly combustible stuff.

A four alarm had been turned in, and a dozen pieces of fire apparatus were there. Joe Dooley's company had been assigned to a position on the first floor. No. 11's boys went in through a driveway built for the concern's trucks, and



An Inferno of Flames Raged Inside the Building.

there they were stopped. The blaze inside was so terrific that they couldn't enter the building. They got their hoses to work, managed to push their way 20 feet inside the warehouse, and there they stopped again.

They held their position, though—held it while the flames beat all around them and turned the water from their hoses into steam as fast as they could pour it on. The place was like an oven, and the smoke was suffocating. They held that position for half an hour, until a fifth alarm brought more apparatus to back them up. Then they moved on, to a point 50 feet inside the burning building.

Heavy Floor Falls on the Embattled Fire Fighters.

The captain was off that night, so Joe Dooley was in charge of No. 11 company. Hook and Ladder Co. No. 9 had been assigned to help him, and he ordered them to clear a path through the bales of blazing excelsior so the hose could be played more effectively. While the firemen from No. 9 were clearing that path, Joe heard a loud, creaking sound. Then, fire flared up in the rear of the piles of bales, and without further warning, the floor above fell down on them.

"It fell with a loud crash," says Joe, "killing one man instantly. Two firemen standing beside me were hurled out through a window by the air concussion caused by the dropping of the floor. After being shot through the window, those two men kept on running until they fell down in the street. Both were hysterical when they were picked up. Otherwise, they were not seriously injured."

Joe Was Trapped in the Burning Excelsior Factory.

But Joe, himself, didn't get off so easily. He was standing between two rows of bales, and when the floor came down, he was knocked flat. He hit the ground, only half conscious, realizing that he was suffocating—knowing that he stood in imminent danger of being burned to death—but unable to move a muscle—powerless to do anything to help himself.

Dimly, he realized that the falling floor hadn't crushed him, and as his brain cleared, he saw that he had fallen between two bales, over which the floor lay like a roof. Smoke was choking him. He had all he could do to breathe.

But he began disentangling himself from the debris of broken planks and beams that hung from the bottom of the fallen floor, and to crawl along through the passage between the bales.

It Takes Courage to Do What Joe Did.

"My brain was reeling," he says. "I didn't know what direction I was going in—whether it was the right one or not. My head was cut, and my leather fire hat had been partly driven down into my skull. I wanted to lie down, but I knew that if I did, I'd stay there, so I kept crawling on, until I saw a gleam of light ahead of me. Then I knew I was headed in the right direction."

Another few minutes of crawling, and Joe was safe again—out in the driveway from which he had started. He was pretty much messed up by the time he got there, and he still carries marks of that terrible ordeal, but he stayed right in the department, fighting fires, until his retirement as a chief officer in 1918, and had plenty more adventures—some of them almost as exciting as the one he's just told us.

—WNU Service.

Tailor Ants Use Living Spools in Nest Building

The tailor ants and a few other ants are unique among all the earth's creatures, so far as we know, in that they use their young as tools in nest construction.

Few adult insects spin silk, but the larvae of many have this ability to enclose themselves in silken cocoons, from which they will later emerge as fully formed adults. The tailor ant utilizes this accomplishment of its young in making its nests.

Scientists have often torn one of the leaves that formed its box-shaped nest and then watched the proceedings. At first there is a wild scuffle on the part of the ants, all in fighting mood. They cannot sting, but they bite annoyingly.

After they have given up trying to find and destroy the intruder, worker ants begin to bring in their materials and bring them to the damaged portions. Other workers seize the edges of the leaves and pull them together,

while those with the larvae pass them back and forth, stimulating the grub to extrude silk, which sticks and holds the pieces of the leaves together.

After their silk has been used for the common good, the tickless larvae have to sleep naked.

The tailor ant lives throughout the Old World tropics and is one of the few ants that are greenish in color, though some of its varieties are red and one, in West Africa, is brown almost to black.—National Geographical Magazine.

Feet Was Son of Slave

Paul Laurence Dunbar, poet, was the son of a former Kentucky slave. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, where he was graduated from the high school in 1891 and began work as an elevator boy. He published his first work two years later. He was employed for some time in the Library of Congress in Washington, but was forced to give up that work after he contracted tuberculosis. He died in 1906, at Dayton.



New York Post—WNU Service.

Indians Are Threat, but Lajoie's Jinx Seems Sure to Win

UNLESS the more panicky citizens really have their hearts set upon it, there is no imperative need for giving the country back to the Indians. The most dangerous tribe to scour these parts in recent years will settle for considerably less. Like Hiawatha and those other naively noble red men of the past, all they want off the world that for so long has mistreated and mistreated them is one little strip of bright-colored cloth.

Chief Steve O'Neill will tell you that. It is his well-considered opinion that even the Oklahoma oil tribes would be pliers by comparison if his Indians ever return to Cleveland with an American League pennant.

It is a question though whether the Tribe can do it. There are reasons for doubt. One of them is the jinx which first arrived in the Forest City along with Larry Lajoie.

This broad-shouldered Rhode Islander, who hopped off the driver's seat of a horse-drawn cab to sign his first contract on the back of an envelope, was one of the greatest of all hitters and second basemen. During all save perhaps one or two of his 15 seasons of active service he was on teams which, man for man, were proclaimed the best in the league. Yet, even though Billy Hamilton, Elmer Flick and Ed Delahanty performed by his side on one of the best of all Philadelphia teams, that club could never finish better than second.

It was the same when he came to Cleveland. He led the league in hitting, drew a tidy salary as player and manager and put the club on a paying basis. But not even such stars as Bill Bradley, Flick and Terry Turner could help him overcome his hard luck.

Year after year the Naps, so called in honor of Lajoie, whose first name was Napoleone, would be labeled as sure winners. Perhaps they would even get past mid-season that way. Then the hoodoo would start acting up.

O'Neill Has the Tribe Hustling at Fast Pace

There would be an injury. Then another. No matter if he did carry a full team of substitutes, something always was happening. Even in 1903 when they turned upon their misfortunes and made a September rally almost as pulse strumming as that of the Cubs last fall, it was no use. With only a week or so to go Pate again took hold of the club and played it as though it was an accordion.

So it was that a man who was a king of the game retired at last after never having been on a pennant winner. So also it seems that a hoodoo has continued upon the town save for that one year of 1920 when another determined king named



O'Neill.

Terlingua managed to make it yield. O'Neill, descendant of kings who ruled Ireland with never a thought that one day their namesake might have to go to work as chief of a Tribe, may also be the man to do it. It is axiomatic in baseball that it is almost impossible for a team to look good when it is not hitting. Yet they have not appeared at all bad.

Those pale-faced Indians of a new dispensation—such as Joe Vossnik, Bill Knickerbocker and Hal Trosky—hustle as they did not hustle while feuding among themselves in recent seasons.

Trosky, 18 pounds heavier than last year, stands straighter at the plate and is a better hitter even than on that May day in 1924 when he was so fortunate as to crash three successive home runs against the White Sox. Averill, Vossnik and Bruce Campbell, who is back again after an illness which would have caused most men to forsake the game for life, function as one of the best of outfielders.

The flaming tempered Johnny Allen seems once more the pitcher he was when the Yankees were chanting their praises of him as a winning teammate. Willis Hudlin, who has been tossing his double-play ball ever since he joined the Indians in 1926, is another hurler of real merit.

Yet—even as was remarked at the start—there are reasons for doubt. Cleveland is one of the better and more available baseball towns and it is high time it is given another opportunity for a season of triumph. But I greatly suspect that this is not the band of Indians to bring back the winning in the fall while showers of gold and glory descend upon them from the tepid tops of Knoll's avenue.

IT PROBABLY is just as well that the Congressional Record keeps the more pious fretters about the nation's naughtiness so busy that they have no time for the sports pages. Otherwise there might be considerable trouble because of the immoral manner in which certain athletes sought to improve their team's chances of winning recently.

I refer to doings in Cleveland and Philadelphia. In one of these towns Catcher Earl Grace twice brushed his mitt against the bat while a Brooklyn player was up there swinging. In the other forthright and energetic Johnny Allen kicked the ball out of Ralston Hemaley's hands on a close play at home plate. Since each of these offenses against the baseball law occurs almost daily, though, I do not mention them in any highly moral dudgeon of my own. I merely place them in their proper relation for the guidance of the ethical preceptors of the nation.

Ever since David found a way to beat the weight in his well-publicized contest with Goliath the rules of sport have been subjected to considerable monkey business. No doubt this partly has been due to the fact that healthy young men (and women) engaged in rough and vigorous competition have no time to be bothered with the strict letter of some code. No doubt, there also have been other reasons. I make no comment now. Instead, I recite some incidents from the crowded lives of those who compete for gold, for glory or for both.

There was, for instance, the old Oriole device of persuading runners to linger at third base. John McGraw, probably the best mind ever produced by baseball, was the originator of that one. He merely grabbed the runner by the belt and held him while the umpire's attention was elsewhere.

There also are certain episodes which may be mentioned in connection with purely amateur sports affairs, lest it be considered that too much stress is given here to the carryings-on of the pros.

When Don Meade imitated a regiment of Cossacks, while winning a Kentucky Derby several seasons ago, there were numerous high-class folks who deeply deplored such tactics. It was a highly enlightening sight but scarcely as entertaining as a hunt meeting once held in an Eastern state. One of the events was for lady riders and it was evident from the start that only two of the



Don Meade

gals had a chance. The two took their duties seriously. For the first furlong they tried to ride one another onto the rail. The next quarter was enlivened by each miss endeavoring to retard the speed of her opponent's horse by tugging at the saddle.

After that they really got down to business. They finished the race whipping. But, for once, both horses got a break. The two sportswomen were using the whips on one another.

Golf and Tennis Also Had Their Moments

Golf also had its moments. Once—this is for the greater education of those who squawk that the United States has exclusive privileges along such lines—an American went to England to compete in a tournament. His short game was tops but he was not a long driver. The Brits he opposed in the final could hit them a mile. For the greater glory of the homeland the tournament committee moved the tees a mere 20 yards or so farther away from the greens.

That being almost as good as the time—only three or four seasons removed from the present—when the hospitable French soaked their tennis courts so that their soft-game players would not be inconvenienced against the hard-hitting Americans.

Not in the Box Score

John Titus, the last of the mustachioed big-time ball players previous to the appearance of Frenchy Bordagaray, always chewed a toothpick while batting. . . . Hoy Thomas, another famous Philly outfielder, used to don a pair of fingerless kid gloves when he reached first base. That was the sign that he was preparing to steal second and did not wish to get his hands dirty while sliding.

Phil Scott, who was bowled over more often than Jack Doyle, but who got far more money for it, now wants to manage the Irish tenor. Claims that he can make him heavyweight champion in two years. . . . When he was a youngster Tommy Loughran's great admiration was for the defensive skill of Jack Johnson. The two master boxers met for the first time at a Philadelphia ringside recently and gabbled far on into the night about the "fella art" . . . Milton Bakat, the very able newspaper salesman who brought joy to so many bookmakers, finally has picked a winner. He got married the other day. . . . The three Teitel brothers, Andrew, Eddie, and Paul, have good reason for being soccer stars. Their dad, Bela Teitel, was one of Vienna's best backs in the nineties.

The Hearst A. C. is vexed at Mike Jacobs because he insists that charity ought to be satisfied with 10 per cent of the Louis Schmelzer gross receipts. . . . Bill Terry never dons his sliding pads until a few seconds before game time. Says they give him too much extra weight to carry during practice. . . . Kay Force, the ex-jockey who now is a trainer, gallops as many as twenty horses a morning. Three and four is the average for the little exercise boys.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About

SOME people dislike to be fat because they regard the extra weight as a physical handicap, others consider a slender figure more graceful, and still others realize that excessive body weight is a menace to health. But whatever the objections to being fat, correct body weight is now widely recognized as an essential to enduring health and a long life.

I am quoting from "Diet and Like It" by Mabel E. Baldwin, Ph. D. Doctor Baldwin states further, "If one is overweight and decides to reduce, the most obvious need is for a diet that will cause loss in weight. But for the welfare of the individual it is also necessary that the diet be one that will maintain the body in a state of excellent health and vigor while the loss in weight takes place." Of course the thought in the



above statement is that if food is reduced weight must necessarily be reduced, but if the food is reduced too rapidly, or if certain vital foodstuffs are reduced ill health or worse may follow. The body needs only simple foods but yet there must be a great variety of these foods—vitamins; minerals; lime, iron, phosphorus, magnesium, iodine; animal proteins—eggs, fish, meat; vegetable proteins—beans, peas; carbohydrates or starch foods—sugar, bread; and fats—butter, cream. And each of these foods must be present in suitable amounts.

Size of Meal No Guide
"Nor does the size of a meal give the correct idea of how much actual fuel or food value there is being eaten, for a pound of shelled almonds is equivalent to nearly thirty pounds of tomatoes and so neither the weight nor the bulk of the meal gives any idea of how much fat it will produce."

"Food values are measured in calories. High calorie foods are those of which only a small amount is needed to supply a large number of calories such as olive oil and other fats, sugar and confectionery."
Lettuce is a low calorie food as three medium-sized heads of lettuce equal in value only one tablespoon of olive oil. High calorie foods such as fats, flour, and sugar, contain little or no water whereas most fruits and vegetables, low calorie foods, are three-fourths or more water. "A lunch of a cup of soup, lettuce, a tomato, a small slice of whole-wheat bread, and a tangerine—a small orange, will weigh about a pound and a quarter. Another lunch consisting of a pork chop, two fried sweet potatoes, a slice of white bread, and a piece of chocolate cake of ordinary size will also weigh a pound and a quarter but will furnish more than three times as many calories."

Desserts Add Pounds
High calorie foods are less bulky than low calorie foods, which is the reason that many people have a greater tendency to eat too much of the high-calorie foods than of the low-calorie foods. Also most of the foods that are eaten between meals or after the food eaten at meal-times is already sufficient, are high-calorie foods. "A man eats a sufficient amount of food for his energy requirements for the day by the time he reaches the dessert course at dinner, and then eats a piece of cake. This 'surplus' or unneeded amount of food will yield 200 to 300 calories and will increase the body weight by one ounce. Or, a woman obtains from her usual three meals a day a sufficient amount of energy to meet her needs and eats during the afternoon a dish of ice cream, several nuts, or a few pieces of candy. She will obtain from them 200 to 300 calories, and she will, likewise, increase her weight by one ounce."

"Suppose either of these people indulges to this extent only once every four days; by the end of a year the increase in weight will still have reached five or six pounds."

With the above simple statements of fact by Doctor Baldwin it can readily be seen how easy it is to acquire many pounds of fat, without being what is considered a "big" eater.
It is the little "extras" of the high calorie foods that put on the excess fat, very gradually it is true, but nevertheless they put it on.
Indigestion in Children
Mothers are often at a loss to understand why their youngster sometimes loses his appetite, may have a headache, and may have vomiting spells.
This condition is sometimes called acidosis. As these attacks occur from time to time they are sometimes called "cyclical" vomiting attacks, as they appear to come in cycles.
It has been suspected that it may be one, or more than one, article of food that causes these attacks, but making skin tests and actually testing out certain foods has proved of no assistance in finding the cause of these attacks.
Dr. K. Tallerman in the British Medical Journal thinks that these attacks are much like or related in some way to migraines—one-sided headache—and he therefore recommends that the fat foods be cut down in the diet.

—WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Ad captandum vulgus. (L.) To catch the crowd.
- Anno urbis conditae. (A. U. C.) (L.) In (such or such a) year (reckoned) from the founding of the city (L. e., Rome).
- Bete noire. (F.) Black beast; object of abhorrence.
- Lex talionis. (L.) Law of retaliation.
- Dieu et mon droit. (F.) God and my right.
- Eureka. (Gr.) I have found it (exclamation attributed to Archimedes).
- Fait accompli. (F.) An accomplished fact; a thing already done.
- Infra-diguitatem. (L.) Beneath one's dignity.

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

We'll Pick the First Which is best of the three—optimism, pessimism or indifference?

Black Leaf 40
KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

But It Will Work Often "the right thing" to do" has had to wait until it will work.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD
Purpose of Freckles Freckles keep a boy from getting foolish about his beauty.

DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS
To instantly relieve pain, stop nagging shoe pressure and quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses—use New De Lusa Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soothing, healing, cushioning pads prevent sore toes and blisters. Thick, color waterproof. Effective 24 hours a day. Get a can now. 25c, 35c and 60c at your nearest drugstore.

EARTH-WORMS
12 DAYS TO RAISE EARTH-WORMS. There is a year around market right in your locality. Valuable information free. CALIFORNIA EARTH-WORM FARMS, P. O. Box 367 - Baldwin Park, Calif.

KILL ALL FLIES
DAISY FLY KILLER

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.
Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers
These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.
Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 40, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective, acid-soothing, minty wafers today.
Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

35c & 60c bottles 20c tins
The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

WORDS spoken in anger are generally regretted when the temper passes. This should be remembered in a home. Do not harbor the words said by one whom you know loves you, and believe a hard and disagreeable truth lies back of the things which were said. Sometimes angry words do strike home, because you realize they are true, although spoken in the heat of an argument or in midst of a dispute. Even so, it is the part of wisdom to remember also the balance of pleasant things said to you by the very same person, and to remember them as clearly as the disagreeable ones.



The clever person knows that words of anger often fall on those at hand to hear, and, in a way, these words have nothing to do with the one toward whom they are directed. Inanimate things are a cause for many an angry word. Unless the listener realizes this, a disagreeable situation may arise, and feelings be wounded, unnecessarily.

Instances. You may ask a question deserving an agreeable reply, but if you ask it just when the other person has knocked over a glass of water, or barked his shins on an offending chair, the "soft answer" does not come. Or if you want information on a matter of mutual interest, and, all unwittingly, ask for it when the other person is puzzling to know what she has done with an article of immediate need, an annoyed infection creeps into the answer, if not actually an angry word. There is no trace of a hard feeling toward you, but it sounds so. The annoyance is for herself, that she should not know what she has done with the wanted article.

Since it takes two to make a quarrel, it is the part of wisdom and happiness not to give an angry retort without knowing what is behind the cross words spoken. There are two who will have cause for regrets if angry words are met with angry words, and in the interim between the dispute and the recovery, each person is miserable. You can spare yourself the discomfort of bitter reflections by giving the angry person the benefit of the doubt that you were the person responsible for the other's burst of temper.

Drop Leaf and Tip Tables.

Tables, many and diverse in type, have drop leaves in Pembroke style, or tip, as do some of the old-time card tables. These last may act as screens when tipped, or merely prove decorative, taking up the smallest space possible for the size of the surface when turned for table use. Whatever the model, it is well for the homemaker to realize that a perfect adjustment must be made when the table is open, or there is danger of imperfect balance when articles are disposed on the top.

The styles of tables that are not influenced by the arrangement of the things they hold, are those with legs at each corner, and center legs, when tables are large; and pedestal tables in which the spread of feet from the base of the pedestal is wide enough to counterbalance surface arrangements of weight.

Tables That Tip.

The type of tables that overturn easiest when the weight is not evenly distributed on top, are butterfly tables and all those that have the leaves upheld, when open, by any swinging or blinged support that does not extend to the floor.

Drop leaf (Pembroke) tables, even when they have swing-legs, require a certain amount of care about distribution of weight on leaves. The movable legs work diagonally from one another, and must be pushed to be at right angles with their standard to insure correct support. Even so, disaster results when there is an overbalance of weight on either side where the distance is greatest between legs.

Small tea stands and coffee tables frequently are in dainty butterfly style. The homemaker must use caution to have the heaviest articles in the center which is always well supported. The tip table style must always have the catch perfectly adjusted. When this is right, the spread of legs from the pedestal is generally sufficient to insure stability.

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"Face-Lift" for Furniture
Don't discard marred and banded-up chairs and tables and odd pieces of furniture that seem to sit nowhere. Think first in terms of a new coat of paint for them. You will be surprised how many of them will take a new lease on life—and you will get such real satisfaction in their rejuvenation.

Effective Background

A plain painted background is best for many period interiors and also to set off figured fabrics in upholstery or draperies to best advantage.

ONE-DISH MEAL ALWAYS A TREAT

New England Boiled Dinner and Other Combinations.

By EDITH M. BARBER

ALMOST every country has its typical one-dish meal. The characteristics in many respects are quite alike. In almost every case they represent the first unconscious effort to provide a balanced meal. They also show the efficiency of the housewife of an olden time who in the absence of a large number of utensils made one pot do the work of several. The housekeeper today, although she has usually a plentiful supply of cooking utensils, likes to use modifications of these ancient recipes, because they are often labor saving.

You may choose an Indian curry, a Japanese Sukiyaki, a Chinese chow mein, a Turkish pilaf, Spanish pollo comarroz or escudillo. You may select an Italian polenta or a fritto mlatto, a German Pichelsteiner, a Hungarian goulash, or a French boeuf en daube. Each one of these dishes is a combination of meat and vegetables. Most of them as well have rice, potatoes or noodles. In practically all of them meat flavor impregnates the other ingredients. In general the amount of meat is small compared with the rest of the components of the dish. Seasonings are, of course, what makes one national dish differ from another.

Some of these dishes take a short time to prepare and others demand a long cooking. Practically all of them are what might be described as stews, because when they are completed a sauce or gravy is in evidence. Almost every country has as well a national soup which is a cross between a stew and a pottage. The Russian bortsch, the Danish lentil soup, the French Petite narmite are examples of this type of dish. A good rich soup with the national bread forms the foundation of the daily diet for the inhabitants of many countries.

In this country perhaps the nearest thing in comparison to other national one-dish meals is the New England boiled dinner. We also have the fish chowders, which in New England are made from clam or codfish. In Louisiana we have the gumbo, in Philadelphia we have the pepperpot. Louisiana also give us the jambalaya which may be made with chicken, beef or shellfish, but which always includes rice. There we also find the bouillabaisse which was brought from France by the French emigrants.

All of these dishes can be adapted to our own use, often by modifying the typical seasonings.

Arroz Con Pollo.

- Chicken fat or oil
- 1 1/2 cups raw rice
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 chopped clove of garlic
- 2 cups chicken stock
- Water
- 3/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 bottle olives
- 1 stewed chicken, disjointed and seasoned when cooked
- 1 pound peas
- 12 stalks of asparagus
- 6 pimientos

Melt chicken fat in casserole, add rice and cook until lightly browned. Add onion and garlic and cook until soft. Add stock and part of the water. Cook over a low heat add water when necessary until rice is tender. Season and add olives and chicken. When these are thoroughly heated, put in hot cooked peas in center and arrange cooked asparagus, and pimientos around the top of the casserole.

Indian Curry.

- 2 onions, sliced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 pounds meat (lamb, mutton or chicken)
- 1 pint stock
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon ground almonds
- 1 teaspoon sour cream

Slice onion into thin strips and fry in butter until crisp. Remove and reserve for garnishing. Brown the sliced meat in the butter. Add stock and let simmer 15 minutes. Mince garlic, and mix with curry powder, flour and water to a paste. Add paste to meat with the sour cream. Let meat simmer 15 minutes more. Add ground almonds. Serve garnished with lemon slices and onion rings.

Shrimp Jambalaya.

- 2 onions, chopped fine
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 Sprigs each of thyme bay leaf and parsley
- 1 clove garlic
- 1/2 teaspoon chili powder
- 3 large tomatoes, chopped-fine
- 3 quarts of broth or water
- 1 1/2 cups rice
- 2 pounds boiled shrimps

Add the onions to the melted butter and cook three minutes. Add the flour and blend well. Add chopped thyme, bay leaf, parsley and garlic and cook five minutes. Add chili powder and chopped tomatoes. Let simmer ten minutes. Add broth and bring to a boil. Add rice and let boil in liquid until tender. Add shrimps, reheat and serve.

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To Keep Unused Paint

Do not leave a paint can open after you have finished with it. Put the lid back on and press it down firmly.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for May 24 BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

LESSON TEXT—Luke 20:45-47; 21:1-36. GOLDEN TEXT—In your patience possess ye your souls.—Luke 21:19.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Gift That Pleases Jesus. JUNIOR TOPIC—What Makes a Gift Great? INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Making the Most of Today. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Living for Spiritual Ends.

While this lesson is indicated as the quarterly Temperance lesson, and the various subjects suggested vary in their objective, a more logical theme would seem to be "Jesus Teaches in the Temple." No individual, city, or nation can truly build for the future that disregards what the Bible says about the future.

I. Jesus Warns Against the Scribes (vv. 45-47).

He had just dealt with the Pharisees of the Sadducees. The scribes claimed faith, for they were the teachers of the law. They were punctiliously exacting as to its literal observance. They had little understanding of the need of flexibility in applying its principles to human needs. They discovered that Jesus was teaching things contrary to their interpretations. Jesus taught that the law was made for man, and not man for the law. The scribes were publicity-seekers, making parade of their wisdom. Sunday school teachers should earnestly pray that they may serve as true messengers of Christ, not as scribes, with only a head-knowledge of biblical matters.

II. Jesus Makes Estimate of Gifts (Luke 21:1-4).

1. Amount counts for little (v. 1). While the rich cast their gifts into the treasury, and observers may have noted that the clank and clatter of their coin indicated large giving, it is not likely that these gifts meant personal sacrifice or self-denial.

2. Inner conditions determine the value of a gift (vv. 2, 3). In the sight of man the poor widow's deed was not worthy of notice. In the sight of God it merited the immortality of the Bible record. The two-mite gift of the widow revealed her love for God, else how could she spare her all? It revealed her faith in God for tomorrow, for how else would she be fed? It revealed her humility, for she did not withhold her gift because it was so little. Verse 4 is indeed revealing as to Christ's interpretation of the deeper meaning of gifts, for that and the present age.

III. Jesus Prophecies His Return (vv. 5-33).

1. The temple to be destroyed (vv. 5, 6). The temple was the pride and boast of the proud Jew. Such boasting called forth the Lord's declaration that "there shall not be left one stone upon another," a fact that had its fulfillment A. D. 70, when Titus destroyed Jerusalem.

2. The disciples' inquiry (v. 7). There can be no surprise that the disciples should ask for more information about future events. A corresponding verse in Matthew (24:3) should be considered.

3. An order of events was presented to them (vv. 8-24). Perhaps one would not so much say an order, as that he pointed out details on the great canvas of the future.

a. False Christs would appear (v. 8), some claiming to be the Messiah in his first appearing, and some in his reappearing. These make their appeal to such as are not rooted and grounded in the faith. "Go ye not after them."

b. Inevitable wars and commotions (vv. 9, 10) will embroil the nations. "Commotions" signifies tumults, in the absence of war, wrangling within national life, or between nations. The restful follower of Christ is to "be not terrified."

c. Violent persecutions were foretold (vv. 12-13). The believer of today should absorb the meaning and teaching of this marvelous passage of Scripture. "Settle it in your hearts" that Christ will be to his own even as to the tempest-tossed disciples on Galilee, when he said "Peace, be still." And in this connection he spoke the words of the golden text, "In your patience possess ye your souls."

IV. Appropriate Warnings (vv. 34-36).

The grosser sins may not ensnare the believer, but how subtle are the cares of this life. But upon the drunken, the obscene, the frivolous, and upon the follower of Christ alike shall trials and perplexities come. Watch ye therefore, always; pray, always. Only so shall the child of God be ready ("worthy") to escape, and to stand before the Son of God. Benediction is pronounced upon "those who love his appearing."

Christian Worship
All Christian worship is a witness of the resurrection of him who liveth for ever and ever. Because he lives, "now abideth faith, hope, charity."

The Greatest Gift
You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up.

Talent and Character
Talent forms itself in solitude; character in the press of life.—Goethe.

Divided Skirt and Shorts Combination That Equips the Young Lady for Sports



PATTERN NO. 1875-B

You know yourself that half the enjoyment of any sport is spoiled if you aren't correctly dressed, and really there's no excuse for not being equipped for any active sport when a model such as illustrated is so easy and inexpensive to make.

The divided skirt is suitable for golf, tennis, bicycling, riding and hiking. It assures plenty of room and comfort, buttons on the side and supports the most youthful blouse. Note the sports pocket, Peter Pan collar, raglan sleeve and dainty feminine bow.

Instead of the divided skirt, you may have shorts if you prefer, for the pattern is perforated at just the

proper length. Notice the small sketch.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1875-B is available in 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. For shorts only, 3 1/2 yards is required. Send 15 cents for the pattern. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 307 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

SMILES

And a Fiber Trunk First Small Chup—My daddy has a leg made of hickory. Second Ditto—That's nothing. My sister has a cedar chest.

Good Location Smith—Are your fruit trees bothered by pests? Jones—No, I am not near the main road.

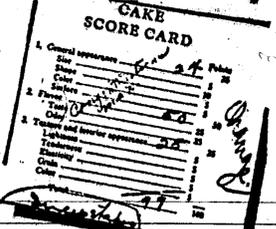
Teaching Practice "I hear you are courting a school m'am. How are you getting along?" "Well, she marked 14 errors in my last letter."



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INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

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The actual scoring card serves new cakes, baked with CLABBER GIRL, show perfect scores where baking powder counts.

CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

On a Nut Man (excitedly)—Where is my hat? Wife (sweetly)—Hanging on the lamp. Man—Lamp! Huh! What crazy place will I find it next. Wife (snappily)—On your head, I suppose.



Disgusted Boy Doll—Gee, I guess I'll have to become a soldier.

DIZZY DEAN stops a steal!



BOYS! GIRLS! Join Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Valuable Prizes FREE!
Send top from one full-size yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package, with name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin, certificate and catalog of 49 free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoonfuls, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in U. S. A.)
A Post Cereal—Made by General Foods
The same fine cereal, in a new package

THE OUTLOOK

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

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

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One year, in advance - \$2.00

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Office Phone No. 24

NEW MEXICO PRESS ASSOCIATION MEMBER



EDITORIAL COLUMN

He Would

Among the various candidates for presidential timber in the Republican party, all with the exception of Senator Borah are expressing themselves as being in favor of the one who may be chosen to head the ticket.

But Mr. Borah, as usual, becomes "wired up" at every other candidate except himself. He seems to think that no other man has a right to a hand in the contest.

He assumes the stand that he is the only man who'd stand a ghost of a show to be elected. That is Borah's attitude; although not openly spoken, one must reach that conclusion if reading between the lines' accounts for anything.

It will be readily remembered that only a short time ago, the esteemed Idaho Senator held a private conference with President Roosevelt, behind closed doors. When asked what the nature of the conference was, he answered, "You'd be surprised."

We have been following Sen. Borah's position very closely and are aware of the fact that he supported every measure of the New Deal except the NRA. That, of course, was his private right, but as a candidate on an opposition ticket it was far from being wise and prudent. In our opinion he stands in the position of a Democrat seeking the nomination on the Republican ticket.

At one time, Senator Borah would have been a logical candidate with this paper - but not now. That was the time when he was a Republican - not half wool and half cotton, as he now appears to us. We admire the straight-shooter, but detest the straddler.

Memorial Services at Cedarvale

at the Cemetery at White Oaks, Saturday morning, May 30, at 11 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited.

In this quiet sod our dear ones lie—We gave them to God with a tear and a sigh. Though we know His tenderness and love Will hold them close till we meet above.

The eternal hills in stately array—Watch over their sleep till Judgment Day. Rest and quiet and freedom from pain—Is theirs, till Christ shall come again.

It is our duty to tend each grave—To live a life so good and so brave—That we will be with them in the sky—When God shall call us by and by.

Around that Throne of matchless grace—We shall comedy meet, and will see the Face—Of our Father, our Lord, our Saviour and King—And ever His praises and glory we'll sing.

—Mrs. Lillian Lois Lane.

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90¢ A DAY FOR MEALS

on the "Apache" to California and Chicago!

Here's a real bargain! Piping hot meals . . . in a cool, air-conditioned diner . . . on the Apache, straight through from here to Chicago and Los Angeles . . . served by courteous waiters, on clean linen . . . for only 90¢ a day! These meals are available to all passengers on the Apache. Breakfasts (25¢) include eggs, toast and beverage; lunches (30¢) and dinners (35¢) consist of a fish or meat entree, fresh vegetable, bread and butter, beverage. Also "Off the Tray" service in chair cars and tourist sleeping cars: sandwiches 10¢, coffee or milk 5¢, doughnuts 10¢, etc. The Apache is ideal for economical chair car and tourist trips. It also carries Pullmans.

Los Angeles And Back \$31.30
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—In cool, clean air-conditioned chair cars, May 15 to Oct. 15.

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NEW THINGS

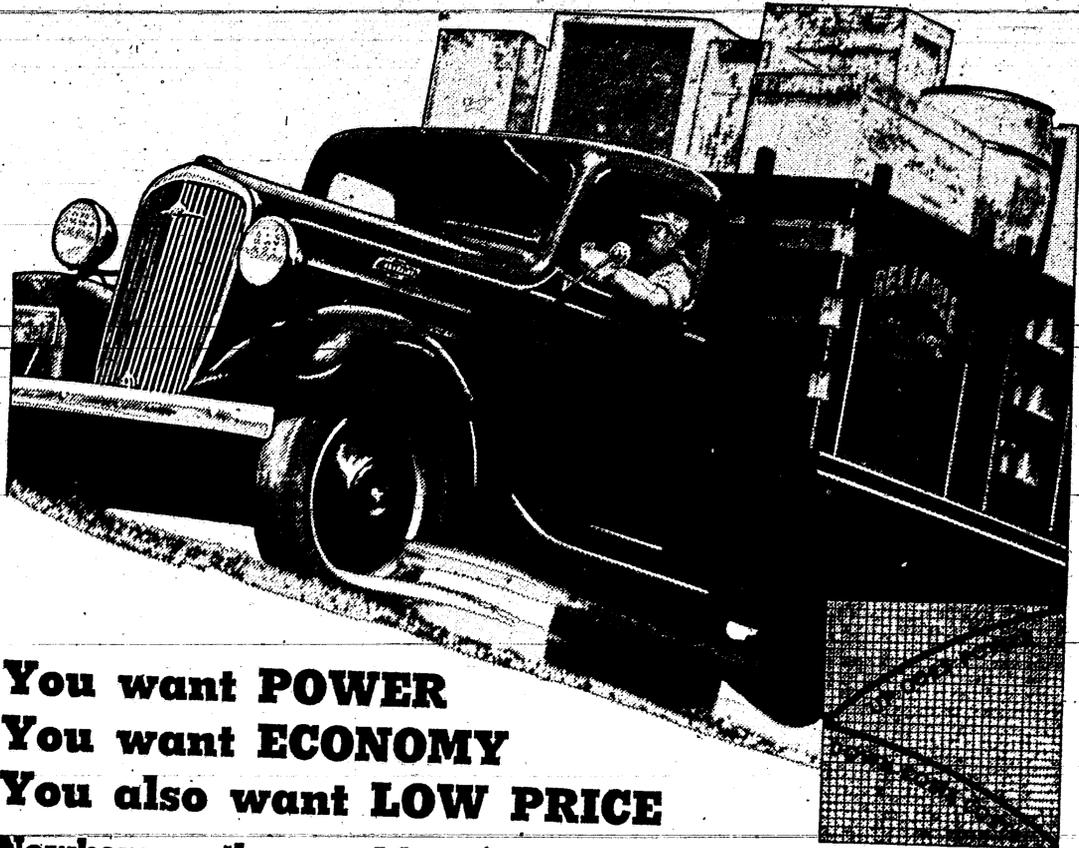
Arriving Daily — at the — Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

LOST — Small Black Leather Suitcase; Liberal Reward. — Phone 22

Let Us Do Your sewing — Mesdames Chambers and Marshall.

The Methodist Missionary women are to have a baked sale Saturday, May 23, at the Carrizozo Hardware Company.

—And Then Embrace The resolution to avoid an evil is seldom till the evil is so far advanced as to make avoidance impossible. — Warg.



**You want POWER
You want ECONOMY
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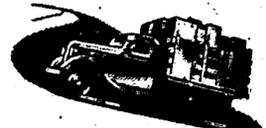
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Admis. \$1.00 - Spectators 25c

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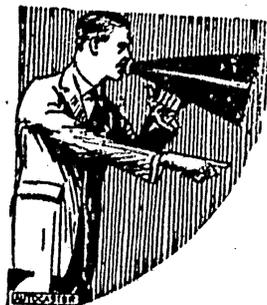
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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building
Washington, D. C.

Washington.—With the national convention of the Republicans only a week away, New Deal strategists are seeking to discredit G. O. P. bending every effort toward a program designed to make a knock-down and drag-out fight of that season. It is not disclosing any secret to say that the New Dealers are using this weapon up to the hilt because disruption of the Republican party would make victory easy for Candidate Roosevelt.

Predictions in politics always are perilous. Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas seems to be in the lead at this time for the Republican nomination, but there are many observers throughout the country who contend that the "Kansas Coolidge" cannot win, and that various other aspirants for the nomination, men whose hats are in the ring, likewise must be counted out. This is to say that a feeling is growing that a dark horse will be nominated.

From the strictly Washington viewpoint, which may be different than elsewhere in the country, astute political observers are convinced that there must be a swift change in sentiment to keep the nomination away from Governor Landon. Yet, it must be said that politics is fraught with just such things and so it is entirely possible that the Republican nominee may be someone other than the present apparent leader in the race.

Those who feel that Governor Landon will be the nominee claim he has played his cards well. But others insist that the Kansas governor made a bad mistake in allowing his name to be linked with the Hearst faction in California. Indeed, I have heard comment that this fact alone will defeat Governor Landon.

It has been interesting to observe the maneuvers of the New Deal strategists with reference to the Landon boom. Some observers contend that the efforts being put forth from New Deal quarters in an attempt to discredit Governor Landon were being engineered because the New Deal fears Governor Landon as a Roosevelt opponent more than it fears some of the other candidates for the nomination. Frank H. Kent, the Washington commentator for the Democratic Baltimore Sun, asserted that the New Deal activity against Landon's nomination constituted "the best evidence of the increasing probability" of the Kansas governor's nomination. Mr. Kent did not say that which some other informed writers feel, namely, that the Landon candidacy would mean a bitter campaign on the part of the Roosevelt forces to reelect the President. Nevertheless, it has been interesting to note the various ways in which Roosevelt spokesmen and Democratic publicity men have been trying to show the country that Governor Landon is not the man who should be nominated.

New Deal Strategy

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Fear 'Crack Down'

For many months Washington has heard the plaint of business leaders who wanted to fight socialist schemes and un sound economic policies given birth by New Deal brain trusters but were afraid to do so because of "retaliation." Almost constantly, information has filtered into Washington to the effect that if a corporation undertook to oppose New Deal plans vigorously, there was danger that some agency of the government would "crack down" on them. Much of this information has been taken by Washington observers with a grain of salt but a different aspect has been placed on the situation lately.

It was in the senate that a New Deal Democrat, Senator Homer T. Bone of Washington, broke loose with statements that seemed to substantiate the fear voiced so frequently by business. Senator Bone charged that there was a veritable and "hudding OGPU" organization within the government. The OGPU, as most persons realize, is the secret spy system of the Russian Soviet and I think no one in this country has a complete knowledge of its vicious character. So, when Senator Bone likened the espionage system in our government to the OGPU, he was making, to my mind, one of the most serious charges yet leveled at the Roosevelt administration.

Of course, Senator Bone was attacking this espionage system because of a feeling that it might be used to coerce members of congress and even executive or administrative officers of the government who were opposed to plans propagated by Presidential advisers. His thought obviously concerned the political phases of such a system, but the fact that he brought the matter to public attention serves, in a measure, certainly, to substantiate some of the claims that business interests have made.

I am unable, however, to reconcile Senator Bone's position respecting the OGPU which he charged was in operation within the government and his utter silence when the obnoxious senate lobby committee, headed by Senator Black, Democrat, of Alabama, engaged in the wholesale seizure of private telegrams. It will be recalled that I reported in these columns how Senator Black and agents of the Federal Communications Commission went into the files of the Western Union Telegraph company and carried off literally thousands of private telegrams. I was convinced then and I repeat it now that the Black seizure was nothing more than an attempt to dig up dirt on anybody against whom they could find discrediting information. Yet, Senator Bone, by his silence, conditioned that course only to denounce later, the systems of so-called "inspectors" used by Secretary Ickes of the Department of the Interior and reputedly by several other agencies of the government. I can only hope that if Senator Bone's charges are true that the usual condition will result, namely, that there will be other holes to pry on these spies.

While we are talking about the forthcoming quadrennial conventions, the two keynote speakers naturally enter into any discussion.

The Keynotes

Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky will do the key-note for the Democrats at Philadelphia and Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon will deliver the main address to the Cleveland convention of the Republicans. Senator Barkley was the keynote at the Chicago convention when Mr. Roosevelt was nominated by the Democrats four years ago and, although it is a subject not freely discussed, it is said in high places that Mr. Roosevelt wanted the same man to do the job again, believing the Kentucky to be an omen of good luck. The selection of Senator Steiwer was one of those things that can be said to be a surprise and yet not a surprise. He is, without doubt, a good man for the job. Yet in some quarters there is a conviction that Senator Steiwer was

picked by the so-called "Old Guard" of eastern Republicans. Some observers still hold the belief that the selection of Senator Steiwer was not wholly pleasing to the Landon forces but be that as it may, there has been no particular ill feeling created by it. If it represents a piece of strategy by the eastern Republicans who were dealing with their problem by remote control, they apparently have played into the hands of the more liberal wing of Republicans. It is being predicted rather freely that the Oregon senator's keynote speech will lean strongly to the liberal side but that it will stress sound economics.

The best advance information obtainable on Senator Barkley's plans is that he will devote the bulk of his time on the convention platform to a review of Roosevelt accomplishments in the belief that such a review will take his presentation out of the class of a "defense" speech. Those with whom I have talked concerning the Barkley speech believe he has adopted a smart political course; that he feels there is no need to defend anything that has been done and that the record itself is the thing upon which the Democratic party can make a plea for re-election of Mr. Roosevelt.

Having observed Senator Barkley in action in the senate for a number of years, I believe I am justified in saying that he is a square shooter and a fighter. In this respect, he and Senator Steiwer, the Republican keynoter, are much the same type of man and, therefore, if either convention gets off on a wrong foot, the fault will lie with the convention managers rather than with the proposals offered by the men who are supposed to lay before the delegates a rough outline of their respective party's campaign policies.

Concerning the record of the keynoters in the senate, each stands foursquare. Senator Barkley has consistently battled in behalf of the President and New Deal policies throughout Mr. Roosevelt's administration. Senator Steiwer has been just as consistent in his opposition. Certainly, Senator Steiwer has been much more outspoken against New Deal policies than most of his Republican colleagues, and much more so than Senator McNary.

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Pale as Paste

His personal physician, Doctor Ramsey, once concocted a sticking substance of unparalleled strength, asserts Harry W. Ewert of the Chicago Board of Trade weighing department. "Doc kept the ingredients of his great invention secret," Ewert says. "But I can tell you it was composed partly of a mixture of parboiled fishhooks, mustard plasters and worn out Scotch pocketbooks."

"My friend's only difficulty was in obtaining capital necessary for its manufacture in bulk. So he decided to demonstrate its holding qualities. The doctor wheeled out his small stunt plane one day and hired an aviator to fly it. He dropped a small line, approximately the dimensions of a human hair, from the plane and grabbed hold of it. Then he clung tight while the aviator made a perfect takeoff."

"Doctor Ramsey rode through the air with the greatest of ease for more than two hours, dangling from the hatline, which of course, was fastened to the plane by the sticking liquid. "When they alighted it was necessary to burn away three and three-quarter inches of the plane's surface with an acetylene torch in order to detach the hair."

"The doc was pale as paste after his adventure but the demonstration proved a boon to everyone, including the manufacturer who sold doc a new plane."

Reducing Gold Chloride

When a solution of gold chloride is reduced to gold under carefully controlled conditions the metal is formed in particles whose diameter is of the order of a millionth of an inch. Such particles, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck, in the Chicago Tribune, are entirely too small to settle out of solution within any measurable time interval. Moreover, they possess electrical charges, quite small ones, but sufficient to prevent them from sticking together and forming larger particles.

TALL TALES

As Told to:
**FRANK E. HAGAN and
ELMO SCOTT WATSON**

Tremendous Turnip

THINGS are done in a big way, down in the Ozarks. That's what Len B. Mitchell learned on his journey to Hot Springs, Ark. Mitch stayed overnight in the cabin of a hospitable mountaineer, and after supper had been disposed of and the hound dogs fed, he and his host discussed life's problems.

"I cleared four square acres here when I moved in, built this cabin and an eight-foot fence from the timber," recited the mountaineer. "Then I planted the land in corn that wouldn't grow. Next I tried a field of turnips. The only turnip that came up was exactly in the center of my cleared ground but the growing it did, more'n made up for the failure of the rest of the crop."

"That turnip grew and grew and nothing would stop it. I just wish those turnips that didn't come up could have seen it. My, but they'd been ashamed."

"Well sir, before I could harvest that lousy vegetable it got so big it pushed down my eight-foot fence on all four sides."

On his return home, Mitch stopped again at the cabin. And he was questioned by the mountaineer. "What's going on in the city?" asked that worthy. "Any manufacturing?"

"Yes," answered Mitch, "where I went they are building the largest kettle ever known. It's 440 feet across and 79 feet high."

"What in tarnation will they use it for?" asked the Ozarkian.

"They'll cook your turnip in it," replied Mitchell.

The Deflated Bear

BRIEF as the deer hunting season is, hundreds of city dwellers invade the Wisconsin woods every fall. Two of them established a camp consisting of cabin, supply of canned food and condiments, and a nearby spring for drinking purposes.

One day, and this is vouched for by August C. Hennig, American Legion leader in Illinois, the hunters returned to camp and found they had left the door of the cabin open.

Bear tracks were sprinkled liberally outside and within the cabin signs of an invasion were unmistakable. Canned goods weren't disturbed but a six-pound sack of dried apples and a two-pound bag of salt were missing.

The hunters sped immediately to the spring and found the bear had knelt there for a long draft to wash down his salty luncheon.

Following the trail again, the hunters traveled only 200 yards when they discovered Mr. Bruin, growling helplessly and swollen to immoderate proportions. The long drink had made the dried apples swell and the bear's expanding stomach had grown larger and larger until finally his feet no longer touched the ground.

The four-cornered billow was at once dappled by the nimrods. Before securing the pel, one of them, who was musically inclined, deflated the bear by inserting a reed instrument in its side and practicing the finger movement for such tunes as "Over the Waves," as the boat subsided.

When the bear was completely deflated the hunter had become recognized as an accomplished musician.

Pale as Paste

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The Gopher State



A Minnesota Idea of a Bridge Approach.

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

MINNESOTA is unique among the states in its drainage system. It sends waters to three widely separated seas: through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Red river and its tributaries to Hudson bay; and through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. And no other state has as many lakes within its borders. There are more than 10,000 of them.

The map of the state reveals that Minnesota is cut into two vast triangles by a diagonal line running from the northeast corner (where the Red river flows out northward) down to the southeast corner (where the Mississippi flows out southward). Imagine the upper triangle painted green, and the lower one painted yellow, and presto! you have the state roughly divided into its natural forest and prairie parts.

The green triangle, before the lumbermen came, was in general a huge pine forest, and begins to be so again. The yellow triangle, before the farmer came, was a grassland "like the billows of a great sea, majestic and limitless"; now it is fields, with windbreaks of planted trees to shelter the red barns and white farmhouses.

The diagonal line that divides these triangles has its significance, too. It marks the chief trade route through the state and also a wandering barrier of deciduous woods, now carved up to make way for farms and cities, which everywhere separates the pine lands from the prairie.

Broader toward the South where it attaches to the deciduous woods of Wisconsin, it dwindles to a thin scattering of stunted trees toward the north—the final outpost of the hardwood forest of eastern America.

As the ends of this diagonal mark the low exits of the state's two principal rivers, the outer corners of the two triangles mark the state's highest ground. At the outer corner of the yellow triangle the plateau known as Coteau des Prairies just crosses, dividing the Missouri from the Mississippi basins with its immense gradual swell. In the outer corner of the green triangle, the "Arrowhead country" above Lake Superior, are the Sawteeth mountains and the Misquah hills, rocky, choked in forest.

Climate is "Continental"

The climate of this pair of triangles is a grief to those who resent surprises. It is "continental" in the most emphatic sense. Temperatures range in a mild year through 120 degrees; in a year with a real winter to it, as high as 105. In consequence, the native of outdoor habits must maintain a wardrobe that includes everything from the shortest of swimming shorts to the longest of long woollens.

Lake Superior, it is true, tends to temper the winds of the region around it, but not to the storm lamb; no, no. Thanks to the proximity of that deep reservoir of pure leawater, a grouchy visitor has been heard to complain that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth!

Nor are the blessings of ample rainfall to be taken for granted. Of late years the yellow triangle, commonly less rainy and much less snowy than the green, has involuntarily tried the experiment of getting along with next to no moisture at all. In fact, Minnesota has weather to please all tastes, in strong doses which, as a rule, alternate rather than kill.

The Nineteenth century marked an immense change in Minnesota. The white man arrived in numbers to establish himself in a country where it was easier to make a living than in the one he had come from. This was not a very noble purpose in one way, and it led to many injustices to the existing inhabitants, both men and animals.

Yet the annals of the pioneer invasion reveal, too, a deep longing in those people for the good life, for they were certainly ready to undergo discomforts that were killing in their high hopes for the future in a new land.

There was much to be done, for the white man always insists on altering nature to suit his own views. But energy was the characteristic of the age. With rifle, ax, and plow, and later with money, miracles were wrought.

Its Animal Population

For one thing, the status of the native animals was drastically changed. In the yellow triangle, marvelously fertile for wheat, the buffalo, antelope, and coyote were agricultural impossibilities. The first two were exterminated; the remnants of the coyote tribe retreated to the green triangle, altered their habits to suit a woods environment, and became "brush wolves."

The deer, whose natural home was the diagonal woods barrier, also retreated into the green triangle. The lumberjack, by leaving down the great part of the pine trees, did the deer a favor, for the birch and aspen that

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You'll find it the grandest sort of play—this embroidering of tea towels with gay applique, whether they're for your own spotless kitchen, or another's. Comb the scrap-bag for your choicest cotton scraps, as this poke bonnet miss demands a bright dress and bonnet every day in the week. If you prefer do her entirely in outline stitch. It's an easy and effective way of doing these amusing motifs.

In pattern 5522 you will find a transfer pattern of seven motifs (one for each day of the week) averaging 5 1/2 by 7 inches and applique pattern pieces; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color suggestions.

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BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dixie Teen Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Judgments

Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes; and things outward do draw the inward quality after them.—Shakespeare.

ALWAYS CROSS PRISER CHANGE



NEW BEAUTY THRILLS HUSBAND

Her husband marvels at her clear complexion, sparkling eyes, new vitality. She is really a different person since she eliminated intestinal impurities. What a difference a balanced meal plan makes! Write for your free booklet 'Give Nature's Own (N.R. Tablets) a Trial. Note how naturally they work, leaving you feeling 100% better, fresher, slimmer. Contains no poisons or mineral derivatives. 25¢ a box, 6 boxes, \$1.25. Write for your neighborhood distributor today.

RTO-NIGHT

FEMINE WEAKNESS

C. Krasny of 1541 Garfield St., Phoenix, Ariz., said: "Dr. Pierce's Female Prescription has been the biggest help for my wife. She was run-down, nervous, and had a very poor appetite. I knew of Dr. Pierce's Resinol because my wife had used it. She had great faith in it, and a few bottles of the 'Prescription' soon had my wife eating more and enjoying good health. Go to your neighborhood drugist today."

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Relieving Common Skin Ailments or Injuries Always rely on Resinol

AMBITIOUS MEN—More than half the population of the world is suffering from some form of kidney trouble. It is the most common ailment of the age. It is the most dangerous. It is the most costly. It is the most preventable. Write for your free booklet 'Ambitious Men' today.

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Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backaches, headaches, 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.

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Good FOOD at Fair Prices

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174 S Broadway
Downtown, Calif.
Free parking space in the rear

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

WNU Service
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CHAPTER VII—Continued

He smiled with cool irony. "Why so theatrical? Hysterics are not in your line, my dear Lillith."

That lowered her voice, but not the knife and ax. She began to edge towards him, with the blades raised ready to strike. Her voice came from her stiffened lips, low and hoarse and deathly calm:

"If you do not go, I will kill you, unless you first kill me."

The smile left his lips. His eyes narrowed. He replied no less quietly:

"You are stark crazy. I'm going. It may be two or three weeks before I can get back. That should be long enough for you to starve into sanity. You'll be glad to welcome me then. Only, how about your father? Does it not sober you to realize it will be your fault if he dies?"

For answer, she took a full step nearer. The look in her eyes daunted him. He slanted sideways, caught up Garth's rifle, and ran across to the bank above the canoe. When, more slowly, she came to the top of the bank, he had the canoe launched and was heaving in the wolfskin knapsack.

He jumped aboard with the rifle and one paddle. As he backed offshore, she ran down to the water's edge and flung his engagement ring at his face. It struck his upturned forehead and glanced off. The ash-cleaned diamond flashed like a bit of blue-white lightning that was instantly quenched in the water.

The canoe swung around and went yawing out upon the mighty expanse of the Mackenzie.

CHAPTER VIII

Woodcraft

Out of the pit of blackness, Garth's first dimly conscious thoughts were of water. He was still in swimming. . . . No, the water was only on his face. Not rain, nor poured water—something wet sopping his forehead.

He opened his eyes, blinked the haze from them, and found himself gazing up into a pair of sunken blue eyes. They were clouded and dark with misery. Yet with strange suddenness they brightened. At that he realized they were the eyes of Lillith Ramill.

"What's happened?" he murmured. Even as his lips moved, he remembered. "Huxby—his pistol. Must have—shot me."

"Yes, Dad also."

Garth sought to tense his flaccid muscles, ready to bound up. She laid a restraining hand on his forehead. "Lie still. He went—"

"Went?"

"Right after it. Be quiet, else you may go unconscious again. The bullet cut across the back of your head. All these two days you've lain there in that frightful stupor. I could not wake you up. I felt sure you'd die."

"Stupor—two days?" he muttered. "Concussion—brain."

He made deliberate trial, and found he could move his legs and arms. "Luck—no paralysis. Soon be all right. But—your father? You said, 'father also.' Can't see why. Wolf was rabid only for my claim—not blood mad."

"Of course! The cowardly beast meant only to murder you. But when he fired again, Dad jumped up between."

"Bad?"

"Not if there was a doctor. It's through the shoulder. The coward—to run off with the canoe, instead of shooting himself like a man!"

"Ran off, did he? Thought he had killed your father?"

"No, he said it wasn't serious. All we needed was to take Dad in the canoe and get that man Tobin's medical kit."

"Yet he ran off without you?"

"I made him go. I drove him off, the beastly sneaking coward!"

Garth stared, perplexed. "You did that? Yet he wanted to take your father where he could receive treatment?"

She frowned. "He thought you dead. But after I nearly fainted, I pushed against you to get up. I felt you were still alive. I was afraid you'd come to—would move. He would have—snatched you. So I—drove him off."

"Leaving yourself and your father marooned here?"

The girl stiffened. Her mouth went hard. "Don't fancy I did it for you! It was—it was because I was not going to let him finish his sneak murder. It would have been the same if I'd gone off and let you die. You can see that. You must!"

He smiled up at her frown. "All the more sporting of you. Not half bad, I'd say."

"Oh, but it is bad—frightfully bad! No food—not a thing to give Dad all this time. No chance of getting any for either of you. And now his fever, too. No medicine for it!"

A sudden thought jerked Garth up to a sitting position. He swayed from dizziness. Then his head cleared. He was only rather weak from blood-letting and sore about the back of his head. As, exploring hand found a wad of moss, tied upon his wound with a band of plaited grass. He heard the girl

"I fixed Dad's the same way—ashes and the moss to hold it on. Ashes or soot—I once heard about something like that for cuts."

He pointed to the scattered ashes of the dead fire. "Be quick. Build a big blaze and throw on green wood. That southbound plane! Must signal it. Even if he's aboard, he can't keep the pilot from coming down."

Lillith Ramill's head dropped dependently. "I saw it this morning—way out across the sky. First there was the drone of the motor. Then I saw it—way off. Only, I could do nothing. Yesterday I used your last match. I wanted to boil for Dad the one pinch of tea that's left. A puff of wind blew out the flame. Now there's no hope. He took your rifle too. No fire or food or gun, or any chance of rescue!"

Garth looked around and saw her father tossing in feverish sleep under the shade of a slight brush canopy. He gave the overwrought girl a bantering smile.

"What, merely a matter of fire, medicine, food, and escape? If only you were a boy scout! How about becoming a Campfire Girl? Fetch me a two-foot willow branch the size of your forefinger, a thong, one straight dry stick, and that chunk of dead birch trunk."

A little sand increased the friction of the fire-drill point at the bottom of the shallow hole he made in the block of wood. The dry birch soon began to smoke. Lillith had gathered tinder of dead inner bark. In wide-eyed wonderment, she watched the simple primitive method of fire making.

When Garth stood up beside the crackling flames of the new fire, he found himself stronger than he expected. All shock from his wound had passed during his two days' unconsciousness, and his healthy tissues had already begun to heal.

"Now we're under way," he said. "Next comes medicine. By using the ashes, you gave our wounds sterile dressings. Your father was tuned up to the pink of condition. His wound will heal as rapidly as mine. What little fever he has means nothing. To cool it, crush in his drinking water some of the cranberries from over there along the edge of the muskeg. You might boil willow bark and add a little of the bitter decoction to the cranberry juice."

"Oh, it's good to know he's not sick. But to starve to death!"

Garth pointed to the wild fowl out in the swamp. They were beginning to flock together with the approach of autumn. "How would you like canvas-back or mallard for dinner?"

Her eyes brightened, only to cloud again. "You have no gun."

After looping some thongs to his belt, he went to stack a hollow pile of brush on a forked stub that had broken off from a fallen beech tree. Out in the water, he bobbed under and came up with his head between the forks of the float. The leaves and twigs made a blind from which he could see out without being seen.

He waded, neck deep, up the muskeg stream, slowly that the stub and branches appeared to be an ordinary branch of driftwood. He allowed a flock of teal to swim by. They were too small to bother with.

When he stepped off over his depth, he began to tread water. By a quiet movement of his hands under the surface, he glided the blind into the midst of a mallard flock. The trick was to grasp a duck's feet and jerk the bird under, before it could squawk. He waded back to shore with five dead mallards tied to his belt.

After the meal on roast duck, he set some rabbit snares. He then showed Lillith how to make cords by splitting off strands from peeled spruce roots. While she worked at this, he collected more ducks and hung them over a smudge for smoke-curing.

Next came the carving of Eskimo hooks from duck bones. With bait, a catgut leader and a spruce-root line, he began to catch Mackenzie whitefish. Lillith had never seen so beautiful a fresh-water fish, all mother-of-pearl and frosted silver above.

The newly caught fish proved far better eating than even the best of trout. Mr. Ramill's slight fever gave him a distaste for duck meat and the rabbits that were snared. But he ate his full share and more of the delicious fish.

Besides the cranberries, Lillith gathered black currants and blueberries and mushrooms. More fish were caught than could be eaten fresh. A number were soon on the smoke rack, along with ducks and rabbits. For the present and near future, the question of food had been met. But the subarctic summer had about reached its end. Still more rapidly than before, the nights were becoming longer and blacker.

A cold sleety rainstorm drenched the camp. It brought only temporary discomfort, for Garth kept the fire alive under a slanted heap of spruce boughs. None the less, the storm spurred him to redoubled activity. He knew it to be the forerunner of the autumn blizzards that might now howl down off the snowcapped Selwyns at any time.

While Mr. Ramill's slight fever re-

mained, he said little and seemed to take everything as a matter of course. He had fully recovered from the effects of shock even before the fifth day, when the bullet wound through his upper chest began to heal. But with the passing of his feverish condition, the irritability of convalescence jabbed him out of his placid contentment.

"Why are you loafing around here, Garth?" he rasped. "Instead of waiting all this time piling up food, you could have made a canoe and run us down across to that refueling post days ago."

Garth swept his right hand edgewise out across his upturned empty left palm. "No gun—no hides. Dead birch—no bark. No hides, no bark—no canoe."

"Huh! Do you mean to say we'll have to stick here and freeze in your d-d Arctic winter?"

"Growl away, sir," Garth approved. "Sounds good. It means you'll soon be in shape for rafting. As for your question, perhaps you imagine Miss Ramill and I have been heaving that down timber over the bank just for sport."

The millionaire staggered to his feet unaided for the first time since Huxby had shot him down. "A raft! How the devil can you make one if you can't make a canoe? No rope or rawhide thongs to tie the logs together."

Garth supported him over through the spruce thicket to the drop-off of the bank. The wobbly invalid squatted on the brink and stared in surprise. Down the beach, close beside the water, his daughter sat plaiting a great pile of willow withies into a thick line. Before her floated a partly built raft of dead birch tree trunks. The shorter, smaller cross logs were lashed on with spruce root and plaited-willow tie-lines.

Mr. Ramill's gaze passed over the raft, to peer out across the immense lake-like expanse of the great river.



"You'll Not Have Much Longer to Insult Me."

The water was covered with whitecaps, whipped up by the chill northerly wind.

"Raft! Ugh! It's worse out there than the white water when we shot those rapids."

"There'll be plenty of free bathing for us, but no danger of drowning," Garth replied. "Only trouble, this wind would blow us upstream. We'll have to wait for a shift. The only other chance is that one of the boats may be coming out."

"Boats?"

"The supply steamers of the Hudson's Bay company and other traders, taking out the season's cargoes of furs."

The millionaire granted his relief: "Ugh—steamers! Almost good as a plane."

"If one comes along, and if we see it in time," Garth qualified. "You are rather farsighted. You might watch for smoke downriver."

"I'll do that. D—n your dithering with any raft! Ten to one, you've already let every steamer slip past. All this time with your nose rubbing those d-d logs!"

Garth went down to tell Lillith that her father was by way of being a well man. He sent her to move the camp to a small opening in the thicket, close behind the grumblers. Fuel for a bonfire had already been heaped up on the beach.

But Garth did not count strongly on sighting any steamer. The boats might have lingered at the far-away Arctic trading posts. Delay meant danger of an early blizzard. He rushed his work on the raft. When dusk came, Lillith went on watch, in place of her father. Garth relieved her at midnight. But neither of them saw any light out on the vast expanse of ghostly gleaming whitecaps.

By another sunset, Garth had the raft completed to his satisfaction. He had built a superstructure that raised the footing well above the waterline. Raft guarded against the risk of

squall waves washing the still weak millionaire overboard. For sweeps, Garth lashed the paddles to poles made of spruce saplings. He rigged other saplings for mast and yardarm, ready to hoist the blanket as a sail in case of a favorable change in the wind.

"Shift or calm, we'll put off at sunrise," he announced.

Though Mr. Ramill grumbled, he ate his fill of broiled whitefish, and rolled up for the night to fall into the healthy heavy sleep of a convalescent. Lillith again took the first watch.

In the midst of his first sleep, Garth opened his eyes with the instant alert wakefulness of a hunter. The girl's hand was on his forehead.

"Yes?" he asked.

"I—I'm not sure," she murmured. "The wind has gone down. . . . It looks like a star. But it's so low on the water, I thought I'd better call you."

He rolled from the bed of spruce tips and dry moss. A single glance downriver was enough. He jumped to light the prepared bundle of brush at the smudge-fire and leap with it down the bank.

As the heap of fuel on the beach burst into flame he heard the girl's gasping murmur, close behind his shoulder: "It can't—be a—mistake! You're certain—certain that it's really—"

"A steamer," he replied.

"But what if—if they don't—see us? It's night!"

"Darker the better, if no fog. They can't miss seeing this fire."

Assured of rescue, she sighed her relief. With that, woman-like, her feminine vanity came suddenly to life. "Oh, but to go among people like this! Such a sight!"

Garth turned to eye her in the glare of the upflaring fire. He looked at her worn moccasins and lynxskin leggings, at the crude skirt of moose-calf skin and the tattered upper part of the sports dress. He looked at her dope-smudged face, and at the tight plights of the semi-bobbed hair that had once been so frozen in that modish permanent wave. His gray eyes twinkled in the firelight.

"Well, I'd say you're less a sight than when I first met you."

Her eyes did not twinkle. They flashed. "You'll not have much longer to insult me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Acadian Villages

Live On in Nova Scotia

Although the Acadians were driven from the famous Land of Evangeline in 1745 their traditions and culture still live on in many a little French village in Nova Scotia that even now is not unlike the Grand Pre of the days when France ruled the new land. Many of them found their way back to their beloved Acadia and others fled to settle in remote parts of what was then a wild country.

Of these French villages one of the quaintest is the little town of Clare where words written a century ago by a traveler still hold true today. This foreign visitor to Clare in 1835 wrote, "The moment a traveler enters Clare the houses, the implements of husbandry, the foreign language, and uniform but peculiar dress of the inhabitants excite his surprise that any township in Nova Scotia should possess such a distinctive character."

A later visitor to Clare found that these French Acadians, in the words of the earlier traveler, "still preserve their language and their customs with peculiar attachments and though their traffic naturally leads them to an intercourse with the English, they never intermarry with them, adopt their manners or move into their villages. This does not arise from an aversion to the English government, but is ascribable rather to habit, national character and their system of education."

Few debts haunt these descendants of the original French settlers of Acadia. Their more progressive English or Scotch neighbors may use the tractor and automobile, but for them the ox drawn plow and the horse suffice. The aura of the romantic land Longfellow wrote about still hangs over their villages.

Fuel Waste Cited

For years owners of industrial plants have known that an uncovered steam pipe or boiler means dollars wasted in fuel bills. The same method of insulation used in such large plants is needed in the home, for an uncovered furnace in the cellar with unprotected pipes leading from it will mean just the same percentage of waste as would occur in a giant foundry or coke furnace. Insulation used for such purposes is easy and economical to apply and is just as important in having an effective heating system.

Sanitary Science

Sanitary science is the science of sanitary conditions and of preserving health, and is accordingly synonymous with hygiene. The term is usually restricted, however, to the methods and apparatus for making and maintaining houses healthy, for removing waste and nuisance by drainage and otherwise, for securing abundance of fresh air and for the exclusion of poisonous gases, such as carbon monoxide.

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have... low in spirits... run-down... out of sorts... tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly... as my experience has 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... convinced me I ought to try this Treatment... I started a course... the color began to come back to my skin... I felt better... I no longer tired easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength... it is great to feel strong again and like my old self. © S.S.S. Co.



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TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

The next regular meeting of the Woman's Club of Carrizozo will be held at the home of Mrs. J. V. Taylor on Saturday, May 16. A one o'clock luncheon will be served in place of the regular refreshments. Be on time.

Nestor Padilla, brother of Councilman Andy Padilla, was a business visitor here from Tularosa Wednesday.

The Outlook man, with a nose for news and a good appetite, dropped in to Ziegler Brothers Store Tuesday morning and got a thrill out of the line of fresh vegetables such as the new wax onions, string beans, new potatoes, cauliflower, lettuce, rhubarb and many other fresh vegetables for the table. Glance at the array on the display table always kept under moisture.

JUST RECEIVED—A car of wire, metal roofing, barbed wire, etc.—Our prices are reasonable. The Titworth Co., Inc. Capitan, N. M.

Frank Vega, who was ill with pneumonia at the Johnson Hospital was released Monday evening and taken home to recuperate.

Julio Hernandez returned last week from Arizona, where he had been for several months.

Sylvester Baca, Florencio Miralez, Jr., Juan Guiles, Esperidion Jauregui, Manuel Farmer, Simon and Benny Chavez left last Friday for the Colorado and Wyoming best fields.

There will be a Townsend meeting at the courthouse Monday evening, May 18. Come. —J. A. Bell.

The Methodist Missionary women are to have a baked sale Saturday, May 20, at the Carrizozo-Hardware-Company.

Tom Karr of the Lucky Dairy was a business visitor in El Paso last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lumpkin of Capitan were business visitors here Tuesday.

Leo Sanchez is the new clerk at the Jeff Herron Grocery.

Mrs. Don English is at Tucumcari, at the bedside of her sister, who is ill.

Bill Balow of Ancho was a business visitor in town Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Hickey were visitors in town last Saturday from the Kudner ranch near this place.

Mothers' Day Observance Program

was held Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church, sponsored by the I. O. O. F. Addresses were made by Attorney Hall and Tom Cook, Noble Grand of the order. A quartet composed of Mrs. Louise Adams, Miss Cooper, Messrs. Jones and Burnett sang two selections. Other numbers, in honor of our mothers, were sung by the audience, led by Mr. Chase. Rev. Bell opened with prayer and pronounced the benediction.

Due to an erroneous announcement made at the Senior Club event, that the Mothers' Day program was to be held at the Lyric theatre, the audience was not as large as had been expected. Many people went to the theatre and finding that place dark, retired to their homes.

The services at Lincoln Sunday, which were conducted by E. M. Fagan of Fort Stanton, with Rev. Bell of Carrizozo preaching the sermon, were well attended.

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This Week's Thought

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Patronize Home Merchants

COMMENTS

By Lewis Burke

Howdy, Folks! As the Drug Store Cowboys say,

Mothers' Day is over. We'll endeavor to quote you a few lines of Kipling's poem, "If:" "If I were hanged on the highest hill

I know whose love would follow me still, Mother of mine — Mother of mine."

In other words Our Mothers are "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Rev. Bell, Mr. Chase, the Editor and This Scribe were invited to attend the Mothers' Day services at old Lincoln Town last Sunday. From the land of a 'Thousand Yesterdays' it seemed so serene and peaceful, in direct contrast with the days of Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War. A shot at that time meant "O it's too bad," for they always shot to kill. Like down in Dixie, when a they hear a gunshot it is greeted by the expression, "Well, another Nigger gone." And it is 'Nigger,' not 'Negro,' with the Southerners. Si, Senor.

While observing the City Park this A. M., the Chinese Elm trees, there are countless numbers of them, are growing like magic. A late improvement has been added in the form of a Fountain Spray that shoots up over the pre historic lava rock edifice, making an unusually pretty spectacle. Who said this town was goin' to the dogs? Another thing worthy of comment, in the past City water had been used to irrigate the spacious Park — it is different now, the water now comes from the huge windmill, where it should.

Say or praise a guy in the paper and he'll take it for granted, and assume a self-important manner to his friends. But relate something detrimental to said gink and there is hell to pay. Take it either way, a newspaper man's the goat. P. S. — The Editor says I shouldn't run this in the paper — but perchance we'll fool him.

Here's how to be old-fashioned — We like an old stove. No machinery to watch, no wicks to trim, no valves to turn, and last, but not least, there isn't the danger that is prevalent with gasoline. Just one accident is enough to disfigure one for life — with gasoline.

Someone remarks what are we going to do when hot weather comes? Simple. The mornings and after the sun sets are as a rule, delightfully cool. And at noon time, it is going to be quite the vogue to use a camp grid or some improvised outdoor stove in the Carrizozo vicinity — and think how good things will taste; yum, yum!

Governor Tingley was a recent visitor to the State Hospital for the Insane. A convalescent inmate, observing the newcomer, thinking he was a new patient, asked him who he could be. "I'm Governor Tingley," he replied with dignity. "There, take it easy; you'll get over that. When I first came here I told 'em all I was President Roosevelt." "Nut No. 1 soothingly ejaculated. — No, Amigos; this story is not original, for a little bird told us.

"Speaking of responsibility, I shore do sympathize with President Roosevelt in his efforts," observes a friend. "I was Justice of the Peace at Nogal some time ago, and I know how the President feels."

So Adios, Amigos Mios; from the Land of Perpetual Sunshine, Invigorating Mornings, Cool Nights, Azure Sky and Romance.

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