

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION Near Frontiers, Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

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Diamond Dust



By Joe Chavez

Table with 3 columns: Team, Won, Lost. Carrizozo 2, Cobras 6.

A much revamped and well organized aggregation of Frijoles Sowers from out Corona way (minus brilliant uniforms) invaded Carrizozo last Sunday and took the Red Birds to task by handing them a most dastardly, terrific and inhumane walloping. Our boys, for some motive or other, were a bunch of broken and discouraged baseball players. At the beginning of the skirmishes they seemed to be chuck full of pep and zip, but it didn't endure. The Corona lads began pasting the pill and the Birds retaliated by fumbling it, throwing it away and generally, towards the wrong base. In this rampage Corona scored eight or ten times and from then on it was a smooth sailing for the Platers and had our boys in a state of bewilderment and disappointment. Garrison was ill from ptomaine poisoning and was absent from first base. Manuel Ortiz was sick also—'colic of the heart,' to quote his brother Sally. 'Nig' Littell sprained his ankle when he collided with the second baseman and had to be carried off the field. Perkins of Corona and S. Ortiz of Carrizozo fielded in their usual great style. Bill Gallacher, star third baseman of the old Carrizozo Wrecking Crew did a good job at umpiring. We understand that Truman Spencer, Jr., will take up the reins as boss of the team in the future and try to form a winning combination for Carrizozo. Here's luck, Truman! L. P. McClintock umpired the bases.

Manager Juan Martinez and his den of young Cobras went to Alamogordo Sunday, scheduled to play the Black Sox, but when they arrived on the scene they found out that the League of Nations of the Southwest had joined hands to give them battle—and what a fight it was! Instead of having it out with Alamo's Harlem, our boys were pitted against a combination of Indiana, New Mexicans, Mexicans, Niggers and one Scotch-Irish. But this layout couldn't stop them and the fracas had to go eleven innings before our boys could be subdued. And this only happened when the sun was setting in the west, throwing its scorching rays against the bowl of the Sacramentos. Our boys were almost blinded by the intense heat from Old Sol and committed two errors which cost them the game. The Cobras were leading 1 to 0 and the man at bat lined a hit over shortstop into left-center and the ball rolled away from Manuel Chavez for a homerun, tying the score 1-1. With two out and a man on second, the batter hit sharply to Chino, who could not see the ball for the glaring sun and it went for a hit,

Personals

Mrs. F. H. Johnson returned the latter part of last week from Salina, Kansas, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Stebbins of Salina, Mrs. W. A. Jesse of Kansas City and Mrs. A. C. Geyer of Ellis, Kansas. Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins left Tuesday for their Salina home and the other ladies will remain for a more extended visit with Mrs. Johnson.

Misses Aurora, Carmen and Pauline Anaya and Rosa Padilla of Capitan, Mr. and Mrs. Duran of Fort Stanton and Mr. and Mrs. Xabel Aldaz of Lincoln attended the big dance at Community Hall last Saturday night.

County Clerk and Mrs. Ernest Key and children were Capitan visitors Sunday, calling on Mr. Key's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Key; also on friends at that place.

County Treasurer L. J. Adams, Mrs. Adams and Byrl Lindsay returned Monday from Birney, Mo., where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Adams' mother, Mrs. Lindsay. They were accompanied by Mrs. Adams' sister, Mrs. Bertha Fox, who will visit the Adams family for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jones were down from Eagle Creek Wednesday, visiting their many Carrizozo friends. They are from Van Nuys, Calif., and are summering at Eagle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Russel Ludwig of Las Cruces were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bright Sunday evening. Mr. Ludwig is chief clerk in charge of the feed and fertilizer department of New Mexico.

Mrs. J. V. Stokes of Midland, Texas, and Mrs. Dawey Stokes, as honor guests, were entertained by Mrs. W. O. Garrison at a two table "42" party last Thursday.

Dorothy Nickels has taken a secretarial job at the courthouse, working for Mr. Evans. Her sister Marjorie is employed at the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company.

Gunther Kroggel, the live-wire manager of the N. M. Mechanical Equipment Co., was a business visitor in Albuquerque this week. On his return trip, he transacted business at the Conchas Dam Project, Newkirk, Santa Rosa and from there went on to Fort Sumner.

The man on second scoring to end the game 2 to 1. Andy Luera could not get off duty to go with the team and Young Ortiz substituted for him behind the firing line and had four put outs to his credit on foul balls. The tot is a hustler and will develop into a good catcher.

Meyer Barnett umpired for Carrizozo and "Mira" was very much aggravated when a lady from Harlem kept yelling, "Dey can't lose; the umpire is German!" Marshall St. John never shy of a comeback, laid the Bombed Brown's sister low by threatening to deport their umpire to Ethiopia via the Strait of Gibraltar.

The Prairie Fire Is Sweeping Eastward



Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 8:00 p. m. Friday-Saturday

"NELL GWYN," with Anna Neagle and Cedric Hardwicke. An entertaining and amusing little picture you will enjoy. Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony.

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday - JEANETTE MCDONALD and NELSON EDDY in-

"Rose Marie"

A chorus of 200 voices and a Symphonic Orchestra of 100. A romance of a grand opera star with a handsome Canadian Northwest Mounted. A Miracle in Melody. "Manhattan Monkey Business."

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

For County Treasurer

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

Lester Greer, who has been ill of late, is improving rapidly. He was a caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Comrey were here from their ranch near Capitan Tuesday, on a business mission.

At the 4th of July celebration at Adobe, a \$10.00 prize will be given for the best bucking horse. Basket picnic Saturday and Sunday, July 4th and 5th. Free barbecue. Bring your bedding.

The first to announce himself as a candidate for office on the County Republican ticket is Morgan Lovelace, who seeks the nomination for County Treasurer.

Everybody knows Morgan, the faithful watchman of Carrizozo's financial interests, who is now serving his second term as Town Clerk. He is a good bookkeeper and an excellent clerical accountant in general. If nominated and elected, he will make an ideal Treasurer for Lincoln County.

See "Neil Gwyn" and "Rose Marie" at the Lyric. Read the program on this page.

Lincoln (Hearsay)

Cuco Romero, Cleto Vigil, Ernesto Maes and Arcadio Barrios are now employed by Bert Pfingsten in the White mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garcia, Lucilla Miranda, Bone Carabajal and Eugenia Duran were visitors at Artesia last week.

Father Salvatore of Carrizozo has set the San Juan celebration for June 29, the Father being in Santa Fe on the regular date, June 24. The interior of the church presents a beautiful aspect, the floor having been painted and a 6x75 foot linoleum rug laid in the center of the room.

"Politica" Jim Luna was home from Mayhill for the week-end. Juan Luna, who has been ill of late, is much improved.

Mrs. J. M. Shelton returned yesterday from Carlsbad where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Porter Stone.

The Roy Ramey, Tom T. Mann and Jack Smith families spent a pleasant day picnicking at the Bonito Dam last Sunday.

Henry Walthal

Last week in Hollywood, Cal., Henry Walthal, 55, veteran of the screen and stage, passed away. His work in the old silent pictures when he starred in "The Birth of a Nation," "Edgar Allen Poe's 'The Raven'" and many other pictures made him a character foremost among male performers. So popular was he, that his admirers called him the "Mansfield of the Screen."

When the silents ceased to exist, he went into the talkies, but only to take minor parts as his health would not permit him to engage in heavy dramatic endeavor, although he had an excellent recording voice.

If there are a t a g e s, screens and actors on the shining shore, the "Little Colonel" will find a place—if, as we are taught, beautiful rivers wander o'er sands of gold, the brilliant feature star will row under changing starlit skies and moonlight scenes that will come again. The dashing actor in the "Raven" has passed from mortal sight, but sweet memories of his perfect service as an entertainer, will ever be cherished.

Corona News

Ralph Simpson arrived Thursday from Denver, where he attended the Denver University.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Archie Percina returned Saturday from a short vacation trip through New Mexico and southern Colorado.

Mrs. H. R. Dean left Tuesday for Alamogordo where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Jones and sister, Mrs. Colbaugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Warf and Harry Ryberg left Friday for a two weeks' stay at Hot Springs.

Mrs. J. H. Angel passed away Monday afternoon after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Angel, one of the early settlers in this district, is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Melvin Franks, a son, Jasper Thompson and other relatives, to whom the sympathy of the community is extended.

Mrs. Chas. Hilburn enjoyed a short visit from her sister, Mrs. Jack Porterfield and Mr. Porterfield last week.

Miss Mildred Arnold left Tuesday for Las Vegas where she will attend the summer session of the Normal University. Miss Arnold is entering late due to a recent illness.

Mrs. Stella Willingham, accompanied by her daughter Evelyn and son Kenneth left Thursday for Tacoma, Wash., where they will visit relatives.

Mrs. Brack Courson and daughter Charlotte arrived Friday from Randsburg, Calif., to be here with her mother Mrs. Geo. H. Simpson, who is recuperating from an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. A. J. Atkinson is home again after having spent some time in an Albuquerque hospital. A. C. Hester and W. S. Dishman suffered severe losses last week when lightning struck a herd of their sheep killing more than 200 head.

G. C. Brown is driving a new Chevrolet Coach. He and Mrs. Brown made a business trip to Roswell this week.

Mrs. M. M. Penix returned Monday from El Paso where Mrs. Penix underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis Saturday afternoon. She was in El Paso on a short business trip when stricken.

Mrs. Alice Sultemeier of Vaughn was a visitor in Corona Tuesday morning.

Dr. L. H. Barry returned Wednesday from a short business trip to El Paso.

Rainbow Grand Assembly

The Order of Rainbow for Girls of New Mexico, held its third annual Grand Assembly at Roswell on the dates of June 18-19-20. A dance was given Thursday evening on the roof of the White building in honor of the Rainbow Girls. Each assembly was allowed to bring a candidate to be initiated at Grand Assembly. Mary May Freeman was taken from our Assembly. They were initiated Friday evening.

Saturday morning the Grand Officers for 1937 were announced. Carrizozo was fortunate in placing two girls. Leslye Cooper as Grand Service and Marjorie Nickels as Grand Confidential Observer. Raton was selected as the meeting place for 1937.

Mrs. Florentino Lopez and mother, Mrs. Josefa S. Vega, were visitors at the Florentio Vega ranch last Sunday.

Out-of-the-Ordinary



STRANGER THAN FICTION

E. C. Goodrich, prominent business and society man of a certain Iowa city, had a beautiful daughter just budding into young womanhood and whom he fairly worshipped. He sent her to an eastern college to be gone four years and planned that during her college life he would erect an expensive home, beautifully furnished with which to surprise his idol on her return. In the building contract which involved a sum exceeding \$40,000, a certain kind of wood from overseas was to be in the door and window casings. Finding it impossible to secure the prescribed material, the contractor, James Blevans, laid the matter before Mr. Goodrich, guaranteeing him home-grown wood closely resembling the foreign product and equally as good and durable, to which the owner consented, but on account of existing friendship, Mr. Blevans had no witnesses to the agreement. The contractor assumed all costs, going in debt for the entire amount and even mortgaged his home. When the residence was finished, the contractor appeared for settlement and the owner refused to pay him a cent. A trial failed to result in his favor, but public opinion strongly sustained him. He lost his home and went completely bankrupt. Mr. and Mrs. Blevans both lost their reason and were sent to institutions for the feeble-minded. But what about Mr. Goodrich? His lovely daughter, on whom he had based all his hopes and lavished all his affections, died just before her graduation and the body was sent home. His former friends deserted him, his financial standing dwindled to nothingness and the last heard of the ill-gotten owner was when he was found wandering aimlessly about in the slums of a distant eastern city, clad in filthy rags and a hopeless imbecile. You have a guess coming if you don't mind.

In the city of New York, on the 9th day of last March, impatience or some strange happening cost an unknown woman the neat sum of ninety dollars. It happened in this manner. She went into a meat market and called for meat to the amount of \$1.50, handing the butcher a \$100 bill. He gave her \$85, telling her he would have to go to the safe in the next room for the balance of her change. In three minutes he returned with the money, but the lady had disappeared. The butcher hastened to the bank, thinking the note was a screwy, but it was pronounced genuine. All efforts to locate the party proved of no avail. She was well attired, exceedingly handsome and of a brunette complexion. We have made our guess as to what caused the lady to lessen her purse to the amount of \$90.00. Now it's your guess, if you don't mind—and you might be right at that, but be charitable and remember that anything could have happened.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"The Ghost of San Vito"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, for a long time I've been telling the world—that truth is stranger than fiction, and now here comes Aurelius Menegus of Clifton, N. J., to agree with me. He had an adventure once and—well—he admits it's so fantastic that he has to pinch himself every once in a while in order to believe it could have actually happened to him.

I warn you right at the start that this is a ghost story. One of the best ghost stories I ever heard, at that. It happened to Aurelius on June 5, 1930, but the beginnings of the yarn go back farther than that, to take in the history of a room—a simple bed-chamber in a little mountain tavern near San Vito in the Italian Alps.

The story of that room was this: A year or so before, the curator of an Italian zoo stopped there with his wife. He had with him a collection of reptiles which he had caught in the mountains and one of them—a venomous snake—had bitten his wife to death. Thereafter, that room was hoodooed. Four tourists died in it, and all of them had been found with terrible expressions of horror and surprise on their faces.

The doctors who examined the victims said they had died of fright. No one in San Vito had the slightest doubt as to what had caused that fright. The ghost of the curator's dead wife haunted the room—so they said. And a terrible ghost she must be, to cause people to die from the sight of her.

Aurelius Goes Calling on the Spook.

That's the history of the room. Now let's turn the clock ahead a year or so to June 10, 1930, and get on with the story of Aurelius Menegus. He was more than a little interested in that ghost yarn, for he was something of an amateur zoologist and taxidermist himself.

So, finding himself in the neighborhood of San Vito, he determined to spend the night in that mountain inn—if possible in the very room where five people had died. He wasn't superstitious, and he certainly wasn't going to be frightened by what he considered an idle peasant's tale.

He asked for the room and got it. He had with him five white rats which he kept for experimental purposes, and these he put in the room. Then, after feeding the rats and getting a bite of supper himself, he prepared to go to bed.

White Rats Were Companions on His Weird Vigil.

The room was a small one in the attic of the inn. It was lighted by candle and furnished with a small cupped bed, washstand and a few chairs. There



A Three-Foot Snake Was Coiled on the Floor.

was a small grating in the floor—evidently part of the ventilating or heating system.

Aurelius let his white rats out of the perforated valise in which he carried them, to let them run free for the night. Then he slipped on his pajamas, blew out the candle on the chair beside his bed, and crawled under the covers. He was tired, and in a few moments he was asleep. But he wasn't destined to sleep long, for the ghost of the attic room was to come back to haunt him.

Aurelius had been asleep for half an hour, when suddenly he was awakened by a strident squealing. The squealing, he recognized, was coming from the white rats, which were scampering madly about the room.

Specter Turns Out to Be a Venomous Adder.

Aurelius began to feel the hair on his head rising. Some people say that an animal is conscious of supernatural things long before humans are. What did those rats see that was throwing them into such a panic?

He sat up in bed, lit a match and applied it to the candle. The dim yellow glow lit the room, but showed no presence other than his own. He was about to get out of bed and search the dark corners where the candle's rays didn't penetrate, when suddenly, he stopped, pulled his feet back into the bed again. There on the floor was a three-foot snake! Aurelius knew enough about snakes to recognize this one. It was an Alpine adder—a deadly reptile that strikes with the swiftness of lightning and injects a venom that kills its victims almost instantly. That was the answer to the mystery of the haunted room. The snake which had killed the curator's wife had never been recaptured.

Double-Barreled Shot Gun Exorcises the Murdering "Ghost."

It had crawled away down the ventilator and had been living there ever since, killing the people who happened to be lodged in that room. A simple enough explanation. But Aurelius' plight was a bit more complicated.

"I didn't dare move," he says, "for fear of the adder which would spring at the slightest stir. I wondered if the reptile would take a notion to crawl up on the bed. If he did, there wasn't much hope for me. But no. The adder wasn't interested in me. He was attracted by the possibility of a meal from those squealing rats of mine. It turned to stalk one of them, and at that moment, the door of my chamber opened and the landlady, Giovanna Fioriani came in."

Aurelius started to shout a warning, but it wasn't necessary. The old landlady had heard the rats squealing and scampering about overhead and, knowing the reputation of the room, had come prepared for any eventuality. He had a double-barreled shot gun in his hand and he fired point blank. The reptile's head was blown to pieces, and the white rats gathered round the body and began completing the destruction. The murdering ghost of San Vito wound up by furnishing a meal for some of its intended victims.

—WNU Service.

175 Medieval "Monsters"

Left in French Flanders

A recent census in France reveals that there are 175 medieval monsters existing in French Flanders today, writes a Lille (France) United Press correspondent.

They are the world's biggest toys, averaging 22 feet in height and are one to five centuries old. The Flemish population of France have been amusing themselves with these monstrous playthings since the fifteenth century. The municipal councils provide communal shelter for these wood, cardboard and cloth giants which emerge once a year to preside at the town festivals and carnivals.

Gargantua, the historic brain child of Rabelais, resides at Bailloul and receives the homage of his subjects on Mardi Gras. Gaius, the seaport town, is ruled by two gigantic sailors, each 20 feet tall, while Bergues has its own individual citizen named Berguesard,

a giant of 1830 who wears a stove-pipe hat that is five feet high.

Gollath is at Ath, a village of French Flanders. Mrs. Gollath lives with him and their sole exercise is their annual and hilarious promenade through the streets of Ath.

The most socially prominent of the group is Gayang who has lived in Douai for 407 years. Dating from medieval times, he is fittingly outfitted with a shield and lance and is brought out every July 6, to repulse an imaginary invader.

He is followed by Mrs. Gayang, who dresses as a lady of the Renaissance period, and then come their three children, Jacquot, Fillolet and Blabin. There is even a royal jester of colossal dimensions who accompanies the parade. Gayang is still another advantage over other Flemish giants as he has his own "national anthem" which is sung with fervor each year as he is paraded through the streets of historic Douai.

—WNU Service.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About

Dangers of "Slimming"

IT IS interesting to note that the so-called reducing preparations on the market fall into three categories; first laxative that deny the body the benefit of its food intake as the salts, crystals and herb teas; second, obvious frauds that depend for effect upon the stringent diets as part of the "treatment"; and third the unquestionably effective but dangerous articles containing thyroid or dinitrophenol, both of which act by speeding up the use of the food." I am quoting Mr. W. G. Campbell, chief of the Federal Food and Drug Administration, Washington.



Dr. Barton

What about the first kind of these preparations, the laxative? This is the use of epsom or other salts in potentiated form which act by not only causing diarrhoea and that much loss of water from the system but carry out with them some of the actual food products of the blood thus causing thinning of the blood—anaemia. As a matter of fact small doses of "salts" for a few days at a time may be helpful when the liver is sluggish and not filtering the poisons from the blood properly. The salts thus thin the blood and remove some of the poisons from waste food products. However, the use of salts for long periods of time and in the amounts often recommended for reducing, takes some of the body building elements from the blood and hence every cell in the body is deprived of these necessary food elements to some extent. Thus tuberculosis, anaemia, or a serious shock to the body can readily occur.

The second kind of preparation that really depends upon reducing the food intake rather than any merit in the preparation is likewise dangerous because the amount of food advised being much less than the body needs, the body has to give up some of its fat and other tissues to supply the food needed to carry on the body's work.

Giving up its fat is, of course, of help in reducing weight, but other tissues of the body, muscle tissue, for instance, has considerable fat in it, which cannot be given up without damage to the muscle itself. And delicate nerve tissue needs fat to enable it to do its important work in the body.

Fallacy of Diet Fads

The reduction in the amount of food eaten is good treatment if the amount of reduction were not so great. An example of too much reduction is the 18-day diet that swept through the country a few years ago, resulting in hundreds of deaths and making invalids of many others.

The third method of reducing—the use of thyroid extract or the drug dinitrophenol overheats the body and so melts away fats and burns other tissues.

Research physicians record a number of cases where the use of thyroid extract to reduce weight has caused the dangerous type of goitre, permanently damaged the heart by overwork, and in other cases has made necessary the daily use of iodine and the need of almost constant rest.

While dinitrophenol in the hands of research physicians in San Francisco has met with a fair measure of success its unsupervised use has caused severe skin eruptions, catarracts to form in the eyes, and even death in a number of cases.

Safe Way to Reduce

Now there may be some cases where tiny doses of epsom salts daily for a few weeks may help remove liquid weight from the body and supply the body with an alkali to help overcome the acidosis that occurs during weight reduction. Also the slight reduction of food over a long period of time is found to reduce weight without injury to the body.

And finally there are cases where the use of thyroid extract is the proper method of reducing weight. It is quite likely also that the day will come when with a pure preparation and under strict supervision dinitrophenol will be more generally used in weight reduction.

However, for 95 per cent of overweighted the safe, sane and ever effective method of reducing weight, is to cut down on the food intake and, if physically able, increase the exercise.

Warm Weather Reducing

In spring and summer when the weather is warm, it should not be difficult for those seeking to reduce their weight to cut down on all foods, particularly starch and fat foods.

This would mean that the amount of these kinds of foods—fat builders—could be cut down safely by one-quarter to one-half without causing any real discomfort.

The difficult thing would be to cut down on the liquids—water, soft drinks, ice cream—but a simple rule would be to take liquid whenever the feeling of thirst came, but to drink only half the usual quantity each time.

Finally, cutting down on the amount of table salt used in the cooking and with the meals, would mean that the fat tissues would be holding less water.

—WNU Service.

Washington Digest

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

Washington.—I have received a letter from a reader in my home state of Missouri, propounding a very timely inquiry concerning the public debt of the United States. It is timely for more than one reason. The United States government operates on a fiscal year running from July 1 to the next June 30—and we are, therefore, just about to close another fiscal year. A second reason why this inquiry is timely relates to the size of the present public debt, almost \$32,000,000,000.

Our public debt has surged higher than normal during two periods of the last twenty years and the course of the debt, therefore, is one with which most mature persons are more or less familiar. But it remains as a fact that, while most people are informed concerning the total of the national debt, they have not had opportunity to learn exactly what it means to the individual.

Treasury transactions, as a whole, are rather difficult to understand and since the sums in which government figures now run are so huge, the general attitude of individuals is to let the thing pass as a matter for expert attention. It ought not to be so. The public debt is a matter of direct concern to every one of us and that is a further reason why the inquiry mentioned above is important.

I have often wondered whether individuals, in considering whatever obligations they have in the form of debt, take into account the fact that the public debt actually is a commitment against you and me and everyone else.

Persons who have not so thought of the public debt, probably will be shocked to learn that in addition to their obligations that have been contracted personally, there is something like \$245 billion, although an infinitesimal portion of the public debt, constitutes actually an individual obligation.

Therefore, when any person looks at that vague and shadowy term, "the public debt" in this light, they cannot help but realize that it has a very real and personal meaning to the individual. That enormous sum of nearly \$32,000,000,000 must be paid off as any other debt and the government must collect it from everyone who lives in this country.

Again, the public debt may seem a thing far removed but it is brought home directly to each of us through the taxes we pay and in more ways than most of us care to admit we are contributing that tax. So, when the government contracts a debt and arranges to pay it off, the only way collection is possible for the extraordinary amount is by increasing the share of government expenses which each of us bears, meaning, of course, an increase in our tax.

In 1857, the public debt was only \$28,700,000. In that year, each person's share was only \$1.01. With the advent of the "Civil War," the government needed funds and began borrowing additional amounts until in 1893 the debt reached what in those days was a high figure—\$2,750,000,000. At that time, each person's share was \$77.00.

Good administration and sound financial policies followed and the debt was reduced, paid off, until during the early 1900's, the debt was reduced until each person's share was something less than \$17.

Continual retrenchment was carried on until the World War interrupted the program and fresh borrowings were necessary for prosecution of that great conflict. The borrowing of the war days carried our public debt to a new high point of \$26,504,000,000 on August 10, 1919.

The debt, because it was a new peak, looked insurmountable and it was dangerously high but through the administrations of Presidents Harding and Coolidge, the job of paying off the debt was seriously attacked and this program eventually resulted in reduction of the debt to about \$16,500,000,000 during the administration of President Hoover.

It was from this low point that the present debt burden has mounted and continues to climb. The depression reduced government income from taxes and left the treasury with a deficit in two years of the Hoover regime.

The result of those deficits was to increase the public debt because money had to be borrowed to pay current running expenses. The borrowing did not appear serious, however, either in the last two years of the Hoover administration or the first year of the administration of President Roosevelt because Mr. Roosevelt had pledged the country during his campaign to economize in every direction. It was his promise that he would curtail expenditures by one-fourth and therefore make the outgo and income of the government approximately the same.

Instead of that course, Mr. Roosevelt initiated the present program of expenditures in huge amounts. The first plan called for the use of vast sums for expenditures by the government in the belief that the paying out of public money would revive industry and that industry, once on its feet, would again yield profit and that profit would in turn produce taxes for the govern-

ment. Then came the public relief programs for which larger sums—to be exact, \$3,500,000,000 in one year and \$4,890,000,000 in another year—were appropriated and spent. Thus, we see in the last three years that the debt of the nation has grown from approximately \$21,000,000,000 to approximately \$32,000,000,000, and each person's share, as stated previously, is about \$245.

Now, the figures here set out tell much more of a story than just that an enormous and incomprehensible number of dollars have been spent, millions of them needlessly. They tell more of a story, indeed, than just the fact that within another year there will have been approximately \$3,000,000,000 more expended and that the debt then will have been increased something like \$13,000,000,000 since the Roosevelt campaign of spending began.

To understand the situation in which the United States government—and, therefore, the people, find themselves, it might be better to picture what would happen to an individual in the same circumstance. Hundreds of thousands of individuals are in debt but nearly all of them seriously try to avoid getting in debt beyond their capacity to pay off their obligations. If sickness or poor crops or poor business or any one of many other afflictions overtake that individual, even though his personal debts might be liquidated under normal conditions, he is—well, he just sinks.

Our government differs from that individual only in the fact that its citizens regard the government's credit as virtually limitless. It can continue to borrow and people will accept government bonds in exchange for their money for quite a while. But let us attempt to visualize in our mind's eye what would happen should our government be called upon to meet some extraordinary conditions that would be comparable to the loss of a job by the individual who is in debt.

Just how would our government meet the requirements of another war, for example? Just how would it be able to care for the destitute and the jobless, for another example, if our economic conditions would go into another tailspin and we would find ourselves in another depression? The answer seems fairly obvious.

So, I cannot help asking which is the wiser policy—to prepare for future emergencies or to indulge in reckless spending with no thought beyond the present?

It seems to me that the Roosevelt administration has followed the latter course on the optimistic base, entirely too optimistic it appears and has plunged this country too deeply into debt.

I do not mean to imply that government securities are not good any longer. Far from it. I maintain that as long as our money is any good, our government's bonds are good. Yet, it must be apparent to every thinking person that we cannot continue to spend at the rate that marks the last three years.

I prefer, as against the present spending policies, the policies of President Andrew Jackson, who fought always against excessive costs of government; who demanded consistently that the expense of government be raised regularly for each year's payments and that there be a little extra put away for the proverbial rainy day when the government was called upon for emergency payments. The policies of Andrew Jackson were so effective that during his administration in 1837, the public debt was wiped out and there was actually cash in the treasury besides.

Supporters of the present spending policies will say, of course, that the public debt of those days was in no way comparable to that of 1933. That is true but neither were the resources of the United States in those days comparable to the resources and the wealth producing capacity of the present-day United States. Likewise, the population of the United States in Andrew Jackson's term in the White House was only a mere handful compared to the nearly 130,000,000 of 1933.

So, answering the inquiry as to what the public debt means to the individual citizen, the answer must be a relation of the fact that his family's share as we start a new fiscal year in the government approximates \$1,000. It means, further, that through one form of tax or another, that individual is helping to pay the interest of more than \$710,000,000 every year. It means, in addition, that his government is in a position for the first time in the lives of most persons now living where it would face extreme difficulty were it called upon to defend our country in war or meet a fresh emergency like that through which we have been passing. Lastly, since government debts in the United States are held to be honorable debts and not to be repudiated, none of us can avoid commands from that government in the future to dig deeper and deeper in the old pocket for the payment of taxes.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab ovo. (L.) From the egg; from the origin.
Ad interim. (L.) In the meantime; during the interval.
A la bonne heure. (F.) In the nick of time.
Bis dat qui cito dat. (L.) He gives twice who gives promptly.
Chateau en Espagne. (F.) A castle in Spain; a castle in the air.
Coup de maître. (F.) Master-stroke.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. (L.) Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's fatherland.
Exceptio probat regulam. (L.) The exception proves the rule.
In loco parentis. (L.) In the place of a parent.

PE-KO EDGE JAR RINGS KEEP EVERY BIT OF DELICIOUS FLAVOR LOCKED IN TIGHT... AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS TAKE ALL THE WORK OUT OF MAKING THE SEAL—AND BREAKING THE SEAL.

KO: DON'T ACCEPT ANYTHING "JUST AS GOOD". GENUINE PE-KO EDGE JAR RINGS ARE REALLY WORTH INSISTING ON!



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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
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Little in Common
The second-rate mind rarely admires the first rate one.

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INSTANT SURE RELIEF!
Apply New Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads wherever the shoe rubs or presses and you'll have instant relief! Corns, calluses or bunions stop hurting at once! These cushioning pads soothe and heal! Prevent sore toes, blisters! Quickly restore corns or calluses. They are flesh color, waterproof, don't come off in the bath! Economical! Sold everywhere.

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Start today to relieve the soreness—aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in Resinol

WNU-M 25-36

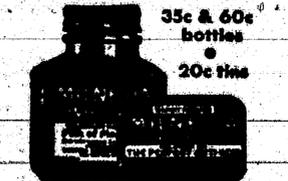
No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesina.

Why Physicians Recommend Magnesina 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.

Magnesina Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 45, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Sole Distributors, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

Hugh Bradley Says

© New York Post—WNU Service

Uhlán's Chances Dim but Serious Effort Deserves Attention

NAPANOCH, N. Y.—Once the reporter put the proposition up to a fellow named Baer.

"That's easy," said the fellow named Baer. "I'll smash him to pieces." Again the reporter sought information from a man called Paulino. "I take. Okay. He no hurt me," said the man called Paulino.

Since subsequent events had proved that both gentlemen were more than a trifle mistaken the reporter had no confidence in the question now. Nevertheless, he decided to give it another workout.

"Max," he asked Schmeling, "how do you expect to beat Joe Louis?"

The tanned giant blinked those narrow eyes which peep out from under bushy eyebrows at the edge of a slanting forehead. Ordinarily he is quick on the pickup and fences with interviewers in English as easily as in German. Now those blinking eyes seemed to indicate, as they usually do when he is in the ring, that he was concentrating upon the solution of some serious problem.

"Well stay away from him. We won't let him hit us. Well—" Max Machon, the former heavyweight champion's trainer, had rushed to the rescue.

"Sure, I know that," interrupted the reporter, "but you'll be on the other side of the ropes and a well-behaved, beautifully tutored boy like Louis is not going to forget his manners to reach over and take a sock at you. Let's get down to cases. Max's going to be the lamb being led—I mean he's going to be the guy in there on June 18. How's he going to be that—"

Thinks Movies Show Louis Can Be Hit

The narrow eyes no longer were blinking. The tanned giant was leaning forward eagerly. Ordinarily he is one of the coldest of men but he has a warming smile and now he turned it on. "That's right," he said. "I've seen the movies and I've seen him close up." He did not refer to Louis by name, indeed the Brown Bomber seldom is spoken of up here in Max Schmeling's training camp. "Certainly he can hit but he has to have something to hit, doesn't he? Well."

There was a moment overflowing with embarrassing silence.

"Well," admitted the reporter then, "it's a good gag if you can get away with it."

Having watched the German giant in several workouts since then, though, the reporter is not yet ready to agree that Schmeling can get away with it. Plainly he needs far more work before he will be ready for such an ambitious undertaking.

Judged solely on his training exhibitions the Uhlán would by no means be a good bet to gain a decision over his Yankee stadium opponent. Working against Hans Kohlhaas, Andy Wallace and such heavyweights of very minor importance, he seemed slow and easily hit. More over the punches that were conveyed by his own 14-ounce gloves lacked that authority they displayed several years ago when he had far more than a facial resemblance to Dempsey.

Sparring Mates Are Guinea Pigs for Max

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to judge him solely from such a showing against partners. Such men usually are selected in the same manner that a surgeon picks out the best specimens in the guinea pig market. They are in camp for experimental, if not entirely scientific purposes.

All that actually would be accomplished would be the ruination of three more guinea pigs. Similarly, it would get him nothing, save perhaps a few extra cheers from his loyal landmen, who flock up here, if he devoted his time to the soft snap of outboxing his laboratory specimens. So he seems to be concentrating upon special assignments.

There is, for instance, the experiment being conducted in uppercuts. This blow is a new one for him, but in view of his short, thick-muscled forearms and the fact that Louis fights in a half crouch with his arms extended in front of him, might become a very effective one. Even in the midst of his slower moments here he has been letting that one go frequently.

FOUR members of Fordham's all-conquering baseball team are said to be pledged to big-time clubs. It is whispered that First Sacker Babe Young loves the Yankees, that Catcher Andy Palau has a case on the Giants, that Catcher Tony DePhillips goes for the A's and that Outfielder Gene Coyle sees eye to eye with the Dodgers. All of them save Palau, who is a junior, will be graduated in June.

Incidentally, the Tigers are reported to be making sheep's eyes at Jimmy Sheehan, the Rams' sensational frosh receiver. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 195 pounds and belted the ball all over a New Haven high school lot before becoming Fordham's best prospect since the days of Frankie Frisch.

Terry Likes Fans' Boos but Only on the Road

Bill Terry likes to hear the fans boo when the Giants are on the road. Says it means that everybody is taking the club seriously. . . . Eddie Meade, the fight manager, will desert California for New York soon. . . . Nat Fiescher, the Boxing Magazine editor, and Eddie Borden, his assistant, race to get to the office first each day. The two citizens are philatelists (who'd have ever thought that about them?) and the gent who gets there first gets the best stamps off the morning's mail.

Even the most eminent master thinkers occasionally miff one. Last winter J. E. Widener decided that Brevity was his ace three-year-old. So he took the 10 G's the Texas horseman, A. G. Tarn, offered him for Rushaway. Since then Rushaway has won the Louisiana, Illinois and Latonia Derbies. Brevity has—but why revive sad memories?

When Johnny Farrell was pro at Quaker Ridge he was a member of the National Democratic club. Now that he has moved to Baltusrol, he has given up such evil associations. The reason? The boys at Baltusrol are ardent Republicans. . . . Although Ethan Allen is one of the most mannerly athletes of the field, ballplayers say that he is the most competent of all jockeys (goat getters) when the game is under way and an opponent needs to be riled. . . . Robert Hutchison, who won so many medals when he raced for the celebrated Loughlin Lyceum A. C., now is one of the best known soccer referees. Incidentally, he is the son of John Hutchison, who manages the Greenpoint E. C. Sheriff Pete McGuinness' favorite team.

One of the better jobs of spring cleaning (up) is being done by a firm in the Wall street neighborhood. The gents bet you 5 to 1 that you cannot name three major league players who will achieve a total of six hits on any given baseball day. . . . Joe Jacobs, Max Schmeling's manager, started piloting prize fighters when he was in high school. . . . Frank Abrahams, Eddie Tehel and Eddie Singer, who now star for the New York (soccer) Hakoah, were members of the celebrated Hakoah team of Vienna.

Carnera's Latest Flop Was on the Up and Up

Probably it is just as well that Le Roy Haynes' latest triumph over Primo Carnera was recorded in Brooklyn rather than in the Desert of Sahara. No matter how hard they tried to appreciate the thing, their arid environment would have licked the simple Arabs. Only a citizen who has taken his own share of bellywhoppers among the ships and microbes of a waterfront town could really understand that the whole business was not the old gageroo.

Primo must have been sorely distressed by this sudden seizure. In spite of some youthful practice as a thespian, he is more ham than Hamlet, and this display was worthy of Shirley Temple at her best. Furthermore, if it had been the phonus bolonus, as they whisper in the Sahara Desert, there would have been far more surprise, pain, indignation and agonized lamentations from other bored and uninterested corners.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

A Philadelphia has forwarded a newspaper clipping which reads: "Give us the breaks and we'll finish in the first division," says Connie Mack. Across this the fan has written: "Yeah, and then you'd peddle them to Tom Yawkey in October." . . . Now that the National league has boycotted Dolly Stark, players say that Babe Pinelli is the best arbiter in the circuit.

Tattletales say that the Belmont Park-Racing-association made a private settlement with the Southland stable after that much disputed photo finish recently.

That stable got the \$400 purse even though those who had bet on Above Par failed to get back even a kind word.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

PERSONS who dislike to telephone, probably have one reason, unsuspected, that gives this feeling. This is that their telephone desk is not properly equipped. How often do all of us hear:

"Just wait a minute, please, until I get a pencil and paper, to jot down what you say," whenever we wish to leave a message, or when the person talked to wants to help her memory about a date, or anything that requires definite remembrance.

So let us start our telephone desk furnishings with a pad and a pencil, not a loose pencil that can be taken away absent-mindedly, but one that is secured either to the desk or to the pad. Strange as it may seem, it is difficult to get an ordinary pencil with a ring at the end or attached to it in any way. And pads seldom come provided with pencils fastened to them.

Once I became so discouraged in my search that finally, in despair, I drilled a hole through the metal of an eraser tip on a pencil (first removing the eraser), ran a fine cord through it, leaving a long end of cord, and this I tied to the desk. Ever since then, taking down notes has been a simple matter, for a pad, too large to be thoughtlessly removed, is by the phone. By the way if you want a small fancy pencil, there are some kinds that can be had with ring-ends. Personally I want a regular pencil, not a fancy one that is liable to get out of order. But whatever kind you choose be sure to secure it to pad or desk, and have plenty of leeway in length of fastening.

Let me suggest that pad-sheets have message transferred to their proper places quickly, lest they be lost. Put any telephone numbers in the telephone address book or file on the desk. This brings up the subject of these books. They are essential unless we prefer a file. Many persons do. An excellent file can be made from any small alphabetically arranged box file. The advantage of this filing system, is that cards can be eliminated when not needed. Consulting the files is easy.

Calendar.

Don't omit a calendar. It can be attached to the pad. Such combinations of calendar and pad are among the desk accessories on the market if preferred the calendar can hang above the desk.

Keep the desk clear of extraneous articles. Slips of paper on which messages have been written will get lost at times, and someone in the household will be puzzled and annoyed. Each person should look out for her own messages, and when she gets those for others not present, she should deliver them promptly, or put the written note in some place where a message will be found soon after the absent one returns. Co-operation, order, and correct desk equipments, make telephoning more pleasurable.

Sustained Effort.

There is nothing like sustained effort to win out in whatever you attempt to do. Working "by inspiration," as the saying goes, is a fine idea during periods of inspiration; but unless these periods are very frequent, accomplishment is little. It is when you continue to plod along in the interim between these inspirational times, that the total of what you do sums up well. This is no plea for plodding. There is a vast difference between plodding and sustained effort. The plodder gets into a routine of work that becomes mechanical in its monotonous repetition of tasks in sequence.

The persons who work only when they feel like it, and it is amazing the number of such workers, often work with an ardor when they do, that is devastating to their constitutions. When the zeal is spent, so are their physiques. Such persons scarcely know the meaning of moderation. They intermittently work furiously and collapse in rest. Nerves get on edge and spirits fluctuate.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Wise Working

To work when one feels like it is the part of wisdom. To train oneself to work, not grudgingly or unwillingly, but moderately a specific number of hours daily, except Sunday, is also wise. It is the union of these methods that makes a system of sustained accomplishment that brings the greatest results.

Saved the "Surface"

Prehistoric man in America almost universally used pigments of different colors to decorate his face and body. This custom is ordinarily interpreted as due to desire for adornment, but the paint may have been used for protecting the skin against the sun's rays.

Spots on Furniture

White spots on furniture caused by heat can be removed by a cloth which has been saturated with wood alcohol. Wipe dry and polish with a clean soft cloth.

Bedspreads Welcome Delicate Lilac Motif



PATTERN 1152

Dark and light lilacs, tied with a flourish into the loveliest of floral sprays, is far and away the nicest—and easiest—flowery touch one can give a bedroom. Even an amateur will find the large spray easy to embroider on a bedspread with four smaller sprays on the bolster, or scarf ends. The flowers are entirely formed of lazy-daisy stitch and French knots, the leaves of blanket stitch—the rest is in outline. With cotton or rayon floss the designs are seemingly done in no time, in shades of lilac, orchid, or palest yellow.

Pattern 1152 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a motif 18 by 21 inches and two reverse motifs 4 by 5½ inches. Color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.



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WHEN LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD—



WORLD FAMOUS DRIVERS KNOW ONLY ONE TIRE IS Safe! Firestone

GUM-DIPPED TIRES WIN INDIANAPOLIS 500 MILE RACE

On May 30th, Louis Meyer broke the track record, at 109 miles per hour, driving the entire race without tire trouble of any kind. He is the only driver ever to win the race three times, and has always used Firestone Tires. No tires except Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires could have resisted the terrific heat generated at such high sustained speeds. You can have no greater proof of *blowout protection*.

Not one of the thirty-three drivers would risk his life on any other tire, for each driver knows that heat is the chief cause of tire failure and blowouts. Firestone cords are soaked in liquid rubber, which saturates and coats every cotton fiber, preventing friction and heat and adding great strength. This is the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping, that gives you greatest *blowout protection and safety*.

Profit by the experience of famous drivers. See your nearest Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Dealer, and have your car equipped today with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

THE New Firestone STANDARD

Designed and constructed by Firestone skilled tire engineers—a first quality tire built of all first grade materials, embodying the many exclusive Firestone patented construction features. Its exceptional quality and service at these low prices are made possible by large volume production in the world's most efficient tire factories.

SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	\$7.75
4.75-19	8.20
5.25-18	9.75
5.50-17	10.70
FOR TRUCKS	
6.00-20	\$16.95
30x5	21.30
Others Proportionately Low	

TYPE	PRICE
SENTINEL TYPE	\$5.50
GOBBIER TYPE	\$5.00
4.50-21	\$6.05
4.75-19	6.40
5.00-19	6.85
5.25-18	7.60
Others Proportionately Low	

TYPE	PRICE
4.50-21	\$5.00
4.75-19	5.40
5.00-19	5.85
5.25-18	6.40
30x5 1/2	11.35
30x6 1/2	14.35
Others Proportionately Low	

TYPE	PRICE
AUTO RADIO	\$37.95
SEAT COVERS	79¢
BATTERIES	\$6.25
SPARK PLUGS	58¢

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THE OUTLOOK

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

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

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

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Farley's Tommyrot

Republicans will be interested in the recent scorching editorial of the Postmaster General, after his ridiculous, idiotic attack on the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President.

The El Paso Times is one of the strongest Democratic dailies in the Southwest, and the following is an excerpt from a long editorial in which the Times takes the Postmaster General's hide off. We are quoting:

"There is no sense in deriding the Republican candidates as 'synthetic candidates,' the 'weakest ticket,' etc., and (Landon,) a man whose record has been concealed and whose views are a mystery."

The candidates are, on the contrary, the best the Republican party has chosen, and if Farley doesn't know the essentials of Gov. Landon's record, and if the latter's views are a mystery to him, then Farley is blind and deaf as well as dumb. He is nothing but a typical New York Ward Boss who has succeeded in nearly wrecking the Civil Service System by loading the government with scores of thousands of political placemen; who has succeeded in defying the government's own regulation that a federal official cannot be a political leader at the same time, and has lowered the efficiency of the postal service under his administration.

People with a modicum of political sense know that Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected largely by Republican votes. There weren't enough Democrats to elect him by anything like the majority he received.

And it will take plenty of normally Republican votes, along with the Democrats, to re-elect him.

But if Farley makes many more outbursts such as yesterday, he will turn the progressive Republicans away from Roosevelt and turn back to their own party."

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

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

NEW THINGS

Arriving Daily at the Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

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

Santa Rita Church

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

St. Paul's Church

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

Methodist Church

Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

Church School at 10 a. m.

Phil Bright, Supt.

Sunday Evening Service at 7

Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.

2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday

Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday

at 11 a. m. Church School at 10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41

Carrizozo, New Mexico.

A. F. & A. M.

Regular Meetings—1936

First Saturday of Each Month



Roy Shafer, W. M.

R. E. Leimon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR

Carrizozo, New Mexico.

REGULAR MEETING

First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially Invited.

Ina Mayer, W. M.

Ula Mayer, Sec'y

COALORA REBEKAH LODGE

NUMBER 15

I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth

Wednesdays of each month.

Clesta-Prior, N. Grand

Birdie Walker, Secretary

Carrizozo - New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 80, I. O. O. F.

Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Tom Cook

Noble Grand

W. J. Langston

Sec'y-Treas.

Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7

Order of Rainbow for Girls

Worthy Advisor—

Leslye Cooper

Recorder—Margaret Shafer.

Mother Advisor—Mrs. J. M. Shelton.

Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico) ss.

County of Lincoln)

In The Matter of The Estate of

Charles I. Joyce, Deceased.

No. 419

Notices of Appointment of

Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, at the regular May, 1936,

term of the Probate Court in and for Lincoln County, New Mexico, was appointed administratrix of the estate of

Charles I. Joyce, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same within the time and in the manner required by law.

Ladema Joyce,

Postoffice Address:

113-July 3 Carrizozo, New Mexico.

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

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

LANDON'S TELEGRAM

Cleveland, Ohio.—Clarifying beyond a doubt his interpretation of the platform of the Republican party in the coming election, Governor Landon, the nominee, with the forthrightness and honesty which has characterized his participation in public affairs, dispatched the following telegram (in part) to the Republican National convention before his nomination:

"Under the title of labor the platform commits the Republican party as follows: 'Support the adoption of state laws and interstate compacts to abolish sweat shops and child labor, and to protect women and children with respect to maximum hours, minimum wages, and working conditions. We believe that this can be done within the Constitution as it now stands.'

"I hope the opinion of the convention is correct, that the aims which you have in mind may be attained within the Constitution as it now stands. But if that opinion should prove to be erroneous, I want you to know that, if nominated and elected, I shall favor a Constitutional amendment permitting the states to adopt such legislation as may be necessary adequately to protect women and children in the matter of maximum hours, minimum wages, and working conditions. This obligation we cannot escape.

"The convention advocates a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards. I agree that the first requisite to a sound and stable currency is a balanced budget. The second requisite, as I view it, is a currency expressed in terms of gold and convertible into gold.

"I recognize, however, that the second requisite must not be made effective until and unless it can be done without penalizing our domestic economy and without injury to our producers of agricultural products and other raw materials.

"The convention pledges the party to the merit system and to its restoration, improvement and extension. 'In carrying out this pledge I believe that there should be included within the merit system every position in the administrative service below the rank of assistant secretaries of major departments and agencies, and that this inclusion should cover the entire postoffice department. 'ALFRED M. LANDON.'

Chic Assortment of Millinery

Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

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

Convenience---

Another reason why you should have a checking account. You don't have to wait for change when you pay by check; you don't have to wait for a receipt, and there is no danger of losing your change. TRY IT!

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

Pino-Savedra

On June 1, Miss Carmen Pino, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregorio Pino of Carrizozo, was united in marriage to Mr. Salomon Savedra of Tinnie. The bride is a very attractive and talented young lady, having graduated from our high school in 1933, since which time she has attended the Normal University every summer and during the past year, taught school at Esccondida. The groom is the son of Mr. Meliton Savedra of Tinnie and is well thought of in the lower valley. The young couple will make their home in Tinnie and their many friends wish them much happiness and success in married life. Mrs. Savedra expects to attend summer school the last term.

Red Burnett, Lord Mayor of Aito and authority on fishing and politics, was one of the busiest business visitors here last week.

Dance at the Carrizozo Country Club tomorrow night, June 20. Heavy Stewart and his orchestra.

Maurice Meeks, son of F. E. Meeks is here to spend the vacation period with his father at Fort Stanton.

Crippled Children's Clinic

was held yesterday in Alamogordo, at which time 17 children from Lincoln County were examined. The two children to be hospitalized before July 1 will be chosen by the Advisory Committee of this County next week.

This Committee is composed of representatives of the Health Department, County and City Schools, Woman's Club, Business Men's Club and other interested citizens.

Father Coughlin Makes Third Party Threat, Headline. Can someone tell us if the Father is a naturalized Citizen of the United States?

Friendship Greeting Cards

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

Revival Services Drawing Huge Crowds

at the Methodist Church. Mrs. A. C. Bell will speak Sunday night, choosing for her subject, "Christian Home." Meetings will continue next week at the Hi School Auditorium at Capitan.

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

NOTICE! Car Drivers

Cars must be parked on the right side of streets. Observe "No Parking Signs." No turning on left corners nor in middle of block. Speed limit inside of Carrizozo, 25 miles per hour—NO MORE. Cut off exhaust on streets. Violators will be fined. SAM FARMER, Day Marshal.



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Secrets of AAA Come to Light

Wallace, Under Pressure, Reveals Big Gifts to Farmers.

Enthusiasm over the new AAA has been somewhat dampened by disclosures about the old AAA that was knocked out by the Supreme Court. When the Administration hastily threw together a new farm bill Congress asked a few general questions about whether it would stand the test of constitutionality and then swallowed it whole. Without public hearings of the chiefs of the Agricultural Department and with no debate on specific details of the plan, Congress later turned over \$470,000,000 to Secretary Wallace. It was a blank check rushed through so that "benefit" payments to farmers might be flowing generously just before election time next November.

One of the witnesses before the subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee on March 10 was Chester C. Davis, administrator of the old AAA. At this closed House hearing Administrator Davis was asked if he could supply a list of farm owners who had received more than \$10,000 under the old AAA. Mr. Davis said it would be a "colossal clerical job." In answer to questions he said he "would be very much surprised" if payments to single individuals or properties ever ran as high as \$200,000.

Facts Are Demanded:
After the new AAA was launched and thousands of employees were at work preparing to start the gentle election time, rain of checks, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan offered a resolution in the senate demanding information on payments to farmers of \$10,000 or more. Immediately Senator Joseph T. Robinson hastened to the rescue of the New Deal and its politically important record of gifts to farmers. He used parliamentary tricks to delay any probe. Secretary Wallace, of the Agricultural Department, was inclined to be humorous about it. He told the press that if the amounts paid were made public it might tempt evil persons to kidnap the farmers' daughters.

The demand for facts, however, and the reluctance of the New Deal to supply them, attracted so much attention over the country that Secretary Wallace was forced to reveal some of the items on the public records of disbursement of public funds. Following are some of the facts admitted by the Secretary.

Some Huge Awards.
One large cotton plantation operator received \$123,747 in one year, for not growing cotton.

The world's largest hog-farming company received \$157,000 in a year. This was the company's reward for feeding its hogs with garbage instead of corn.

Sugar benefits of \$1,067,665 went to a Florida company, \$901,004 to a Puerto Rican producer and \$1,022,037 to a Hawaiian concern. The payments were benefits for not growing sugar cane.

A Florida concern received \$11,104 for not raising tobacco.

A California concern received \$63,763 for not growing rice.

Peanut growers did not fare so well. The largest payment for not growing peanuts was \$3,000.

One of the items on the Secretary's list was a payment of more than \$50,000 to Thomas D. Campbell, "wheat king." Mr. Campbell and his associates have raised wheat and flax on their own properties for years and they also have rented extensive acreage. He has rented land from the Indians in the west at bargain rates, ranging from 50 cents to \$1.50 an acre. On this Indian land Mr. Campbell was paid about \$7 an acre for not growing wheat.

In view of the importance of this belated information on AAA some Senators and Representatives point to the wisdom of thoroughly airing WPA before more billions are thrown into that program.

Little Jobs First
President Roosevelt, in his Baltimore speech, talked about the ambition of the Federal government to "control the forces of modern society." It would be a tremendous job and probably would have to be done in such a hurry that the Civil Service laws would be set aside in the interest of haste. Applicants for jobs in this new stunt then would not necessarily have to know anything at all about society, ancient or modern. Indorsement of the district boss back home would turn the trick. A Control of the Forces of Modern Society Project should be a gorgeous thing, in spite of doubts as to its constitutionality, however, reasonable. It could be called CFMS (Cuffems for short). Apostles of entrenched greed and benighted followers of the old order already have begun to sneer at it. One old man, apparently not holding fast to his dreams, wrote to an Indiana newspaper asking why it wouldn't be a good thing to put the whole thing off until we established a little control over the national budget.

How to Succeed.
A New Jersey editor remarks that an Administration which is so deep in the red that it cannot see over its debts and deficits is in no position to tell a farmer how to run his farm, or to advise a factory-owner on how to make the plant pay.

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CAUGHT in the WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Midway to the stream channel he stopped where, through separate vistas, he could see both planes. The gray dawn had brightened enough to make them visible at a distance. He sat, down on a log to wait. In the Eskimo suit, the cold was negligible. A look at the constable's pistol showed it to be fully loaded. He took off the belt and buckled it on again up under the loose fullness of his parka. Holstered between the caribou-skin and his rabbit-fur undersuit, the oil in the pistol mechanism would become warm. Cold oil is apt to jam a gun.

After making sure of the pistol, he had nothing to do except give his face an occasional rub to prevent frost-bite. He sat restfully relaxed, as patient as an Eskimo hunter beside a seal hole. Very slowly the gray dawn brightened. It at last began to mellow into gold.

From across the lake came the crack of rifles—three shots in quick succession. Garth told himself that Huxby or his men were hunting moose. He scurried why. The engineer planned to cover the shattered ends of the three-seater plane's seats with raw-hide.

The sun glared over the jagged barrier mountains into the frost-gripped valley. Quite a while later, Garth saw one of his four enemies come out of the trees near the lake shore, on the far side of the frozen glacier stream. The man carried a big folded hide on his left shoulder.

A shout turned the man's steps up towards the ford. Other shouts came from the slope above. Garth smiled. It was as he had foreseen. In coming to repair the seats of the three-seater plane, Huxby and his men had formed a line from the lake shore to timberline and searched the spruce woods.

But the hunters had found no trace of their quarry all the way to the bank of the frozen glacier stream. There, however, the snowshoe tracks coming down from the tundra made plain sign even for chechahco. Huxby came running along the trail, followed by the man with the moosehide.

Near the plane the engineer stopped for the miner to overtake him. They approached the stranded aircraft warily, with rifles raised, ready to shoot. When nothing happened, Huxby signed for his companion to drop the hide and climb aboard. As the man obeyed, another of the miners came running down the trail.

Huxby was looking at the tracks that led on along the lake shore. The man on the plane peered into the three cockpit. Huxby sighted the cabin plane across the corner of the lake. He shouted and pointed to it, but waited for the second miner to come up before starting on along the trail. The fourth man of the party appeared up the stream bank.

Garth slipped back behind thick cover and swung into a fast pace. He struck the stream bank above the ford. Trees cut off all view of the four trackers. Garth crossed the ice in the open stream bed and found cover again on the west bank. But instead of heading up the gulch, he kept straight on, parallel with the lake shore.

The thought of Lilith amused him. She had been seen only by the miner who had fired down from timberline. At the distance she must have been mistaken for a man. Only a degenerate criminal would knowingly shoot at a woman. But her short snowshoe trail following his own and Dillon's must have shown the trackers that the third member of his party was as helpless as the dead or wounded constable. They would be perplexed to guess what had become of his two companions. No man could make off with two persons on his back. Even if Huxby had guessed the truth that Dillon was dead and his body aboard the cabin plane, he would be mystified by the puzzle of the third person who, with the snowshoe-runner, had been kept from boarding the plane.

Still, smiling, Garth came to the placer camp. The big fire under the gravel-thawing kettles had died down to a bed of coals. The forelegs and hindquarters of the newly killed moose lay in the snow beside the brush leanto. On the floor mat of spruce sprays, along with the bedding, was a pile of food—bacon, flour, sugar, dried fruit, tea. Back of the food were tight-lidded cans filled with dynamite, coils of fuse, and caps.

Garth jerked up the blankets. Under one set lay the strong canvas bag for which he was looking. He had hoped to find the constable's rifle. But one of the miners must have come to the valley without a gun. The carbine had not been left in camp.

The failure to find the weapon did not alter Garth's plans. Working fast, he filled the three-gallon teapot with packages of tea, salt and sugar. The pot went into an empty flour sack, along with a little dried fruit, some dynamite, and a pair each of tin cups, plates and spoons.

On the big stack of fuel beside the hearth, he piled all the rest of the food and dynamite, the blankets, and the quarters of moose. With a shroud that was leaning against the rocker cradle

he tossed coals from the fire into the base of the stack. The wood soon blazed up in several places.

With the flour sack and the bag of platinum alloy slung over his shoulder, he went downlope.

Garth lugged the sack across the open space and past the stunted spruce beside which Constable Dillon had been murdered. In a drift on the north side of the next tree, he dug a hole, dropped in the sack of alloy, and covered it over.

A backward look at the camp showed the bonfire flaming high. At any moment the frozen dynamite was apt to thaw enough to explode. From off to the left came angry shouts. The direction of Garth's trail had at last warned the pursuers of his raid on their camp. They were heading for it as fast as they could founder through the drifts.

Instead of circling to double past them again, Garth slanted off down-slope towards the west side of the lake. There was no need to warn them about the dynamite. Before he had taken a dozen strides, the frosty air crashed with a thundering explosion. He bent forward and went pounding downhill through the soft snow as if breaking trail for a fast driven dog team.

When he neared the border of the muskeg he glimpsed a gray shape in the outer fringe of willows. No wolf could bulk so large. The she-grizzly had been first of the flesh eaters to find what was left of the newly killed moose.

Close looking and listening showed that the cubs of the great bear were not with her. Garth went straight towards the hogishly feeding beast until she caught his scent. She reared up to gape her bloody jaws and roared as she had roared at him and Huxby and Mr. Hamill.

Garth very quietly turned to the left and angled off away from her. He was the two-legged creature who had several times abled respectfully around her and her cubs during the summer. She watched him go, then returned to her greedy gorging.

He skirted along the border of the muskeg to where a narrow neck of the swamp extended up a little valley to a gulch in the side of the west mountain.

At the far bank he shifted sideways and crouched down behind a clump of willows. He did not have long to wait. Enraged by the destruction of their food and camp outfit and the taking of the platinum alloy, Huxby and his men must have rushed west down the trail of their beguiler.

From over across the corner of the muskeg came the warning roar of the disturbed grizzly. A quick shot followed. Close upon the report issued an outburst of terrific snarling roars and a whole fusillade of shots. The roars suddenly ceased. But the firing kept up for four or five seconds.

"Scared. Wasting cartridges," Garth told himself. "Hopping mad at me, and, atop that, hurried by her charge. Hope she didn't get any of them."

His wish was soon fulfilled. All four trackers came plodding along the border of the muskeg. Huxby was in the lead. But the bearded man next behind shoved forward beside him as he came striding out on the box. Both

trunks could be brought and shoved out to them.

Set on niggerheads, the poles gave support for the trapped men to pull themselves up out of the treacherously sucking quagmire. Other poles made a bridge for them, back to solid ground. But the bearded miner left his rifle down in the ooze.

Garth chuckled and looked to see Huxby backtrail with his men. Instead, the engineer headed up the bog valley towards the gulch. That added to Garth's mirth. By a quick return, the hunters could have stripped off the grizzly's hide before it froze. They were walking away from a rug that would have gone far towards replacing their burnt blankets. He had so tantalized and enraged them that they could think only of revenge.

To add insult to injury, he trapped a heavy trail up into a spruce thicket and built a small fire. Beside the fire, he scattered a handful of dried apricots and prunes. After that he skirted along the edge of the muskeg to its north end.

Here he came to where in ancient times, before it started to recede, the glacier had piled a big terminal moraine. This was the immense natural dam that held the lake in its bed.

Among the rocks of the rapids, on the slope of the lower valley below the falls, Garth made out the wreckage of Mr. Hamill's custom-built monoplane.

He worked his way down alongside the rapids to look closer at the wreck. What little was not worth salvaging. The aircraft was not worth salvaging. But the tattered cover of one broken wing thrust up out of the white water with its reach from the bank.

Garth started a fire of small sticks. He quenched it with damp moss, and used the charred stick ends to write on the wing fabric:

\$5,000 reward for
V. HUXBY
Thief and
Murderer.

Vivian Huxby shall be tried and hung for murder."

She gasped: "You—hung! But he has all those men to help him. You're alone—worse than alone. I'm only a hindrance."

He smiled banteringly. "Well, I wouldn't say that. A handy cook isn't altogether a nuisance. The pot is beginning to simmer. You might drop in a pinch of tea. How's your ankle?"

"Ever so much better. I've exercised it a little every time I went outside. And I've half finished my parka. But how—" she interrupted herself—"how can you win if you don't kill them?"

"Why, for a starter, Miss Cook, we'll let them stew in their own juice for a few days. That will tend to soften their bonds of mutual aid. No bedding and a diet of saltless meat will help those three plunger jacks to consider the desirability of that five thousand dollar reward I offered for their boss."

"Alan Garth, you're marvelous!"

"Not at all. It just happens I know Huxby is only a commonplace wolf. If he were a wolverine, I'd have to look sharp. As it is, we'll stay up here snug and cozy, and enjoy their tea and sugar while you're learning to use your snowshoes."

By noon the next day Lilith's Eskimo suit was finished. Her ankle, though weak, was no longer sore or swollen. Garth bandaged it firmly with a strip of skin, and had her begin practicing on her web.

Not being hurried or excited, she soon caught the knack of the snowshoe stride. As her ankle became stronger and her feet hardened she developed into a fairly fast snowshoe runner.

Their last climb took them up around the bend in the great cleft. Before they turned back, Garth had the girl fire the pistol. She neither shut her aiming eye nor flinched as she pulled the trigger. Each time the bullet struck within a foot of the nearby mark that Garth set up.

"Not half bad," he approved. "I'll let you go down with me tomorrow morning."

Though the temperature had become milder, it remained below freezing point. As on the other occasion, Garth started downgulch two hours before dawn. This time Lilith trailed with him.

Huxby had moved his camp to the lake shore opposite the stranded cabin plane. A big fire of birch logs threw its welcome heat into the front of the three-sided leanto. The engineer and two of his miners lay asleep, huddled in nests of spruce sprays and dry moss.

The fourth man sat on a log beside the fire, his rifle between his knees. He yawned drowsily.

The first slight tinge of dawn had begun to gray the east. But among the trees the night was still black. A sudden flicker of light in the darkness behind the leanto brought the sleepy watcher's head up with a jerk. Beside the skin-clad man with the lighted match, he saw a second man squinting at him along the barrel of a pistol.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mexico's Calendar Stone

Carved by Aztec Indians

Among the sights of Mexico City is the famous Calendar stone. It was cut from volcanic rock by Aztec Indians, and the work was done more than four centuries ago, during the reign of the Aztec ruler, Montezuma II, says a writer in the Detroit News.

Aztec tribes were in control of Mexico when it was invaded by the Spaniards. The present name of the country is believed to have come from an old Aztec war-god who was called "Mexitli" or "Mexitl." It is easy to see how his name could have been changed to "Mexico."

The Calendar stone is on view in a museum in Mexico City. On it is carved a great circular figure in the shape of the sun; and the width of the figure is 12 feet.

The stone is composed of volcanic rock, and weighs 20 tons as it exists today. The rock appears to have been obtained from a quarry several miles from Mexico City; and it is estimated that before the carving was done, the rough block weighed from 40 to 50 tons.

It may be that the block was cut down before it was moved from the quarry; but, in any case, it was too heavy for people to lift. There were no oxen or other large beasts of burden in Mexico before the white men came, so it must have been moved with the help of rollers.

At the center of the Calendar stone is a picture or symbol of the sun god and with the rest of the carving, it tells the Aztec story of "the world's history."

The Aztecs declared that four suns had existed before the one they saw in the sky. The first sun was supposed to have been destroyed by a jaguar, the second by a whirlwind, the third by a rain of fire, and the fourth by a flood. It was believed that the fifth sun would be destroyed by an earthquake.

CHAPTER XI

Female of the Species

Shortly before noon, the four trailers appeared on the moraine. The man who had not been bogged led the way down. Another miner followed, then Huxby. The man who had lost his rifle lagged behind. The two leaders reached the broken monoplane wing. Garth saw them read the writing.

Huxby jumped down beside the miners, to stare at the offer of reward that branded him for what he was. With a curse, he ripped the tattered piece of fabric from the wing frame and flung it down into the foaming rapid.

The two men glanced furtively at each other. Huxby pointed to the trail on the opposite bank and signed for them to lead the way across. Neither moved. The first man cursed, and shouted his refusal:

"Jump them boulders! I ain't no lynx. I'm through trailing that devil."

"Me too," declared the second man. "I won't break my neck for nobody."

A second look at the crossing forced Huxby to shout his agreement: "Curse the devil! We'll chase back. He's going on around to our plane. That's where he must have left both of his disabled companions."

Along with the angry statement, the engineer signed for his miners to start back ahead of him. Garth smiled. The two who had seen that offer of reward would not forget it, and Huxby was keenly aware of the fact.

When all four disappeared up on the moraine, Garth recrossed the boulders. There was no sign of Lilith when he came down from the moraine. He called into the entrance tunnel. Back came a quavering cry of fear. A quick crawl took him in through the low narrow passage.

Lilith was breathing hard, almost gasping. "Oh! oh, thank God! I looked and looked, but I could not see you. I thought you must be lying there—like that poor policeman—dead!"

"Hardly. Look here—and here." He showed the pistol, then dumped his flour sack pack. "How about salt on our meat, and a cup of tea with sugar?"

"Alan!" she cried. "You made them give you all this?"

"In a way—yes. Set a pot of snow under the lamp stone, and slice some meat."

Lilith gazed at him in speechless wonderment, her blue eyes wide and very lustrous. He pretended not to notice. He salted and started to eat the first hot fat caribou steak that she served him on one of the footed tin plates.

But after he had told about the bear scare and the luring of the men into the bog, her surprise found utterance.

"Why didn't you kill the beasts while you had the chance?"

Garth answered with sudden gravity: "For several reasons, my girl. The male ones are because I am not a killer and because I intend that

happened to step two or three times on niggerheads. Then the miner hit the snow between tussocks.

The bearded man's curse as he plunged down into the quagmire jerked Huxby's glance around. He saw the trap a split second too late to keep on the tussocks. Like the miner, he shot down through the frozen crust into the deep slime and said:

The third man followed suit. But he was near shore, where the bog was only knee-deep. The fourth, lagging behind, halted on solid ground.

At Huxby's shouted orders, the last man ran to fetch poles of down timber. The two leaders were in almost to their armpits before the dead appear-

A Quick Crawl Took Him In Through the Low Narrow Passage.

Garth jerked up the blankets. Under one set lay the strong canvas bag for which he was looking. He had hoped to find the constable's rifle. But one of the miners must have come to the valley without a gun. The carbine had not been left in camp.

The failure to find the weapon did not alter Garth's plans. Working fast, he filled the three-gallon teapot with packages of tea, salt and sugar. The pot went into an empty flour sack, along with a little dried fruit, some dynamite, and a pair each of tin cups, plates and spoons.

On the big stack of fuel beside the hearth, he piled all the rest of the food and dynamite, the blankets, and the quarters of moose. With a shroud that was leaning against the rocker cradle



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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for June 21

JESUS EXALTED

LESSON TEXT—Luke 24:36-53.
GOLDEN TEXT—Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.—Philippians 2:9.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Goes Home to Heaven.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Goes Home to Heaven.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Lord We Worship.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Exalted Christ and the Unfinished Task.

In order properly to view the ascension of Christ into heaven, it would be well to study his ministry during the forty days prior to his ascension.

I. The Walk of the Two Discouraged Disciples (vv. 13-15).

Emmaus was seven and a half miles northwest of Jerusalem. Just why these disciples were walking this way we do not surely know. Perhaps their home was there. Or they were merely walking to seek relief from their stinging sorrow. If they had believed what Jesus had told them about his death and resurrection, they would have escaped this great disappointment. Unbelief causes many heartaches and disappointments. The topic of conversation was the tragedy of the cross and the resurrection rumors. So little had his teaching about the resurrection impressed the disciples that the reports which the women brought were as idle tales to them.

II. The Unrecognized Companion (vv. 16-24).

1. Who he was (v. 15). While they reasoned together on the wonderful events of the last few days, Jesus joined them. When he questioned them concerning their sadness they did not recognize him. How often we are so engrossed with our sorrows and disappointments that we fail to recognize Jesus, even though he is walking by our side.

2. His question (v. 17). Perceiving their sadness and perplexities, he sought to help by calling forth a statement of their grief.

3. Their answer (v. 18). His questions so surprised them that they jumped to the conclusion that he was a stranger in Jerusalem. The condemnation and crucifixion of the great prophet of Nazareth were so recent and notorious that no one who had lived in Jerusalem could be ignorant of them.

III. The Scriptures Opened (vv. 25-31).

1. His rebuke (vv. 25-30). He did not rebuke them for not believing the strange stories that they had heard, but for ignorance of and lack of confidence in the Old Testament Scriptures. They had only accepted such parts of the Old Testament as suited their notions. The very center and heart of the Old Testament Scriptures set forth the death and resurrection of Christ. Ignorance of the Scriptures and unbelief as to the wonders and complete redemption wrought by Christ robs us of many joys and deprives us of power as workers for Christ.

2. Jesus Recognized (vv. 31-35). While sitting at meat with the disciples, their eyes were opened as they saw him bless the bread and distribute it to them. We too can see the Lord on such common occasions as eating a meal if we have open eyes. Indeed, we ought to see him when eating, buying, selling, and in our recreations, for he has promised his abiding presence. They were so filled with joy over this revelation of the Savior that they hastened back to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples of his resurrection.

IV. Jesus Stands in the Midst of the Eleven (vv. 36-47).

1. He said, "Peace be unto you" (vv. 36, 37).

However, they were terrified and frightened. Sinful man in the presence of a holy God is ill at ease.

2. He showed them his hands and his feet (vv. 38-40). In order to convince them of his personal identity, he gave them tangible evidence that he was not a mere spirit.

3. He ate before them (vv. 41-45).

4. He commissioned them to evangelize the world (vv. 46-49). They were to testify concerning his shed blood and resurrection, and on this ground they were to preach repentance and remission of sins to all nations.

5. Jesus ascends into heaven (vv. 50-53).

Having given them the parting message, he evangelized the world he ascended into heaven. From his place in heaven he continues to carry on his work through his disciples as they are energized by the Holy Ghost. Just as we treasure the last words of our departed loved ones so we should ponder this farewell message of our Lord.

Magnet of Thankfulness

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's hand is gold.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Growth to Perfection

Earth holds heaven in the bud; our perfection there has to be developed out of our imperfection here.—C. Rowsetti.

Uncle Phil Says:

It's Useless to Wish
Trouble not yourself with wishing that things may be just as you would have them; but be well pleased that they should be just as they are, and then you will be at ease.

Let conscience be your guide; but don't be so presuming as to offer it for the guidance of other people.
In trying to make the world pleasant for other people, you find 90 per cent. of them will reciprocate.

Don't Harbor Resentment

No person on earth can hope to advance while harboring in the heart a case of resentment toward his or her service.
It is a sensible man who doesn't expect more than one expression of gratitude for a favor.
Those who are "blunt" in their statements aren't very sensitive and they think others are not.

Iron the Easy Way

with the GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON

The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match. Inside the handle is a gas burner. The Coleman heats in 15 to 20 seconds. It is easily packed. The Coleman is made in the U.S.A. It is made with the finest materials. It is made by the Coleman Bros. Co., Danbury, Conn. It is the only iron that is made in the U.S.A. It is the only iron that is made in the U.S.A. It is the only iron that is made in the U.S.A.

Regret in Vain
Of all fruitless errands, sending a fear to look after a day that is gone is most fruitless.—G. Dickens

Greater Power Longer Life

at NO EXTRA COST

THE DEMPSTER

Starts blowing in the slightest breeze. Dependable! Perfect! Efficient! It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable. It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable. It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable.

DEMPSTER WINDMILL

Starts blowing in the slightest breeze. Dependable! Perfect! Efficient! It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable. It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable. It is the only windmill that has been tested and found to be the most reliable.

Dogs' Teeth as Money
Dogs' teeth are stated to be used as money by the natives of certain districts in New Guinea.

DEFOUR "BLACK LEAF 40"

Keeps Dogs Away from Your Property. Kills Fleas, Ticks, and Lice. Kills Mosquitoes and Flies. Kills Beetles and Bugs. Kills Ants and Termites. Kills Rabbits and Squirrels. Kills Deer and Wild Game. Kills All Other Animals.

Forget Your Woes
Talk happiness; the world is sad enough without your woes.—E. W. Wilcox.

NO MORE ANTS

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

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

DR. C. E. SWANSON For Glasses

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TALL TALES

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

California, Here I Come

SOMEONE besides the movie press ought to get busy and sing the praises of California. For California always does things on the grand scale.

A couple of visitors from Connecticut went out there one summer. One of them was so overawed by the size of California mountains that he turned back home, but the other remained.

This fellow stayed one night at the house of a native Californian. He confessed, at breakfast, he liked an egg and he liked it soft boiled. What did they do but wheel in an egg the size of a flour barrel, place it beside the lady of the house and chisel into it with a billiard cue.

When questioned, the host confessed that the egg wasn't the work of a single hen but had been laid co-operatively by his entire flock.

After breakfast the visitor left. He reached a river before noon and was ferried across by a strange-appearing craft.

"Is this business a paying one?" he asked the ferryman.

"Hardly enough to pay for raising the boat, stranger," was the reply. "This boat was grown as a pumpkin, mister. Cut from a pumpkin shell, raised in that patch, over there."

"Over by that barn?" asked the visitor from Connecticut.

"Barn?" replied the native. "Say, that was a pumpkin, too. But I blasted a hole in it and now I let the stock inside whenever there's wet weather ahead."

Dog Tale

THE year Paul Bunyan established his lumber camp on the Big Onion river he had a great deal of trouble with rats and mice. They ate up the scraps of buffalo milk pancakes that Big Joe, his camp cook, made and grew to be as big as two-year-old bears.

So Paul sent over to Michigan and got a pup that was part wolf and part elephant hound and began feeding him on bear milk. In a little while this pup, whom Paul named Sport, was big enough to clean up all the rats and mice around the camp, so Paul decided to send him after bigger game. He trained Sport to become a moose hunter and all Big Joe had to say was "Sport, go out and get me a mess of moose," and Sport would do it.

One night Sport was playing around the horse barn when Paul mistook him for a mouse. Quick as a flash he hurled an ax at the animal and to his horror found that he had cut Sport in two. Quickly realizing his mistake, Paul picked up the two halves, stuck them together, gave the dog first aid and bandaged him up with strips torn from 87 horse blankets.

The next morning Paul discovered that in his haste he had twisted Sport's two halves so that the hind legs pointed straight up. But this proved to be an advantage after all, for the dog learned to run on two legs a while, then hop over without loss of speed and run on the other two.

Sport was a good trailer, too. Once when he was out in the woods with Paul they discovered the skeleton of a moose that had died of old age. Just out of curiosity Paul picked up the back tracks of the moose and showed them to Sport. So the dog started back over the moose's trail, and before sunset he had led Paul clear back to the place where the moose was born.

The Grateful Rattlesnake

C. M. TATHAM, editor of the Sabine County Reporter at Hemp-hill, Texas, doesn't agree with most people that the rattlesnake is always cold-hearted. That's because of an experience of a farmer in his community. This farmer found a rattlesnake caught in a steel-trap. Taking pity on the snake, he released it and it quickly slid away in the chapparal.

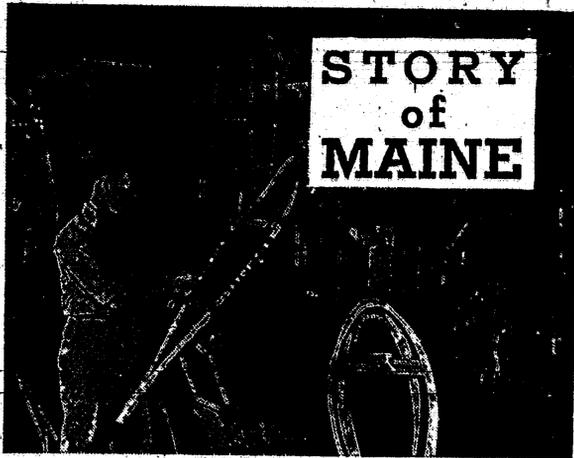
But imagine his surprise, upon returning home, to find that the rattlesnake had followed him. The reptile acted so friendly that the farmer didn't have the heart to drive it away and it soon became one of his favorite pets.

That winter the farmer moved from his ranch into town. The snake again followed him and made its home under the house. One cold night it coiled up on the doorstep and looked so pathetic that the farmer allowed it to sleep under the stove in the kitchen.

The next morning the farmer heard a commotion downstairs. Rushing into the kitchen he saw a strange sight. A burglar was trying desperately to release himself from the grip of the snake which was coiled tightly around his neck with its tail stuck out the opened window and rattling frantically. A moment later a squad of police burst into the kitchen door. They had heard the snake's burglar alarm and had come to capture the culprit and lead him away to jail.

The Rings of Saturn

The rings of Saturn spin around the planet rapidly. It is believed that they consist of a swarm of separate particles, each following its own independent orbit. By means of a spectroscopic velocity of any point of the ring has been determined and it has been found that particles on the inner edge of the ring revolve about the planet in approximately five hours, while those on the outer edge require about 14 hours for one revolution.



Making Snow Shoes in Maine.

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

WITH warmer weather gripping the southland, vacationists feel the appeal of northern climates. Each section of the country has its cool spot. Many easterners are lured to Maine, which is noted not only for its invigorating summer climate but also for its historic background.

The name of Maine may or may not be French; it certainly is not Indian, like Massachusetts or Connecticut. Of the sixteen counties, five recall the mother country, being named for English shires; five others honor American personages of the colonial or Revolutionary periods, and the remaining six retain the Indian names of the rivers within their borders.

As for the other names which have received specific legislative sanction for something over 400 cities, towns, and townships, the larger part are simply descriptive, or repetitions of towns in other New England states. Of the rest, so far as the origin of their names is known, 60 bear Old world names, so that in that delightful tale by Laura E. Richards, "Narrissa, or the Road to Rome," the roadside signpost might have pointed to Vienna, Belgrade, or even China, and kept within the jurisdiction of the County of Kennebec.

Proprietors and first settlers are known to have given their names to 63 towns; governors, generals, and Presidents to 16, 12, and 6 towns, respectively; while Indian names, which so plainly tell their own origin, number only 23.

An interesting touch of idealism was the selection of such distinctive town names as Harmony, Amity, and Hope; Freedom, Liberty, and Unity, these last three being neighbors in Waldo county.

From the beginning the economic life of Maine was founded on fish, fur, and forest. These three furnished powerful incentives for exploration and the chief rewards for settlement. The fisheries of the Gulf of Maine were even an issue between king and parliament early in the Seventeenth century, when the English fishermen won their fight for free fishing along the Maine coast, despite the monopoly granted by James I in his patent to the council of New England.

Fisheries a Major Industry. So it came that the earliest sites of permanent settlements were chosen not for mildness of climate, but by reason of proximity to the cold waters where dwell the fish that could be converted into a profitable export, without license fee being paid to any patentees of the crown.

The fisheries continue a major industry. The value of the state's fishing products as marketed approximates six million dollars, the two largest items being the plebeian herring and the aristocratic lobster. Along with the ancient business of fishing a place must be given to the popular sport of angling, for which Maine offers unsurpassed inducements, in the lakes and streams and also offshore.

Last year 35,000 fishermen and fisherwomen from outside the state, and nearly five times that number of residents, obtained licenses. The fees received went directly to hatching, planting and protecting a new crop of game fish. The state maintains 86 fish hatcheries and rearing stations, and from these last year went 17,000,000 trout, togue, and salmon for stocking the brooks, streams, and lakes. Nearly half of these "planted" fish were above legal size, and 10,000 weighed from 3 to 6 pounds each.

The policy of protecting wild life is enforced by a corps of 100 game wardens, who seek to be big brothers to the youth of the state in training them to be good sportsmen. In the severe winter of 1934, airplanes were used to locate deer yards and then cedar trees were cut to feed the starving deer confined there by the deep snow.

Moose are far from being extinct. They can be shot only with a camera; but deer continue plentiful, 18,000 having been killed legally in 1933. More bears are killed in Maine than in any three other states. Grouse, woodcock, and ducks complete the game offering, with pheasants promised as a future attraction.

The Early Explorers. As early as 1605 Capt. George Waymouth and his companions on the Archangel—many of them world travelers for that day—were deeply stirred by their first views of a Maine river which the captain named St. George's (now St. George).

An exploratory trip inland "toward the great mountains," the Camden

STORY of MAINE

hills, convinced them of the "beauty and goodness" of the land, as recorded by Roeler in his True Relation of that "most prosperous voyage." And the author boldly affirmed St. George's "to be the most rich, beautiful, large and secure harboring river that the world affordeth."

A few years later (1614), Capt. John Smith was less attracted by this eastern part of the region he named New England. Yet he saw fit to say of this coast, "Those barren Isles so furnished with good woods, springs, fruits, fish and fowls, that it makes me think though the coast be rocky, and thus affrightable, the valleys, plains and interior parts may well (notwithstanding) be very fertile."

So moderate a statement must have been exceeded by other testimony of that day, since only a dozen years later another explorer on the Maine coast, Capt. Christopher Levett, a member of the Council of New England, felt it necessary to "debunk" certain other travelogues, not preserved for the modern reader. In reporting on his voyage of 1623-4, he remarks: "Nor will the Deere come when they are called, or stand still and looke on a man, until he shute him, not knowing a man from a beast, nor the fish leape into the kettle."

And he continues: "But certainly there is fowle, Deare, and Fish enough for the taking if men be diligent," which equally well describes the Maine of 1623 and 1635.

The discovery of this part of the North Atlantic shore is usually credited to John Cabot of Bristol, on his second voyage in 1498. The honor of making the first detailed contributions to accurate geographic knowledge of Maine must, however, be shared by a Frenchman and an Englishman; Samuel de Champlain and the aforementioned Captain Waymouth.

In 1605 both Champlain and Waymouth were sailing along the Maine coast. So near did they come to meeting that in midsummer Champlain heard from an Indian chief on the Kennebec of the presence of an English ship ten leagues to the eastward, which was undoubtedly Captain Waymouth's Archangel.

The race was on between the French and the English; and the Maine region was destined to be eventful borderland for a century and a half in the contest for control between New England and New France.

Settled by Sieur de Monts. The first settlement in Maine was made by Sieur de Monts, who in 1603 had obtained from the king of France a trading concession for Acadia, then defined as extending from Cape Breton Island to the latitude of Philadelphia. With Champlain as his lieutenant, De Monts set sail for the New world fully equipped for his colonization venture.

Some three months later, on June 26, 1604, a small island in a sheltered river was selected as best adapted for a fortified settlement and trading post. This island was named Saint Croix and was not far above where the river now bearing the same name empties into Passamaquoddy bay. Here, on what is now also known as Dochet Island, was erected a group of dwellings in part built of timber brought from France, with a storehouse, dining hall, kitchen, and blacksmith shop. Gardens were laid out, all carefully planned by Champlain.

The site of this earliest-but short-lived settlement in Maine, which antedated Jamestown, Quebec, and Plymouth, was not wholly obliterated.

Before the Pilgrims. In a speech in congress 100 years after statehood was granted to Maine, Representative Robert Luce of Massachusetts, himself Maine born, remarked that Maine might more fittingly be called the older sister of Massachusetts than her daughter. And the records of early settlement and trade well bear out this contention.

On Capt. John Smith's map of New England of 1614, for example, the site which is now York was named Boston, thus locating in Maine, so far as maps go, the first New World Boston—and all this before the Pilgrims even landed!

When the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, not a few Englishmen had already been sojourning on the Maine coast and even had wintered there. The welcome of the Indian sachem Samoset was in the Pilgrims' own tongue, learned from the fishermen on the Maine coast. Indeed, thirteen years before, in 1607, the Plymouth colonists built a fort in "that northern colony" which mounted 21 pieces of ordnance. They also erected a church and launched a 30-ton vessel—a fine record of English piety and preparedness.

News Oddities

A Collection of Unusual Facts

A recent survey of some 8,000 dahlias names indicates that a man's chance of having a new flower named after him is about half as good as a woman's. And a woman is about six times more likely to be so honored if she is married.

If a meager dozen of plants ceased to grow in America, our commercial beekeepers would have to go out of business. Most flowers yield little or no nectar, from which bees make honey. About three fourths of the supply is furnished by the clovers.

There are 1,200 natural lakes in the state of Nebraska.

Food as well as drink for crops now flows in some irrigation ditches in southern California. A little ammonia gas is mixed with the water, and extensive tests have shown that plants thrive better on this liquid diet than on solid fertilizer.

Recent tests have shown that flies are attracted by light colors, especially white and cream. They have no real color sense, but a luminous surface suggests the brightness and warmth which they seek.

More than 80,000,000 tin cans are used in the United States each year. Farm crops in every can.

There is no truth in the old belief that cucumbers contain a poisonous juice which can be counteracted by soaking them in salt water. The soaking merely wilts and toughens them.

Soviet Russia is reported to have more than 1,000 scientists working on problems of plant improvement.

"Some like it hot, some like it cold," the old nursery rhyme, seems to hold for plants as well as for humans. In Yellowstone park plants have been found growing in the water of hot springs just 27 degrees below the boiling point; and in the polar regions other plants grow in water at freezing temperatures.

There is no foundation for the notion that sour cream contains more butterfat than sweet cream. The fact is that only butter of inferior quality can be made from it.—Country Home Magazine.

Movies Instructive

A University of California psychologist finds evidence that children and other people attending moving picture shows are not passive and mentally dormant, but do remember a surprising amount of information later—hence the movies are not mere places of entertainment, but play a big role in teaching.

Advertisement for Quaker State Motor Oil. Features a car and a person, with text: 'HOW FAR CAN YOU GO BEFORE HE SAYS... "You need a quart!"' and 'New Way to MEASURE OIL VALUE'.

Small but Mighty. A small present may be the testimony of a great love.—Petrarch. Politeness is to goodness what words are to thoughts.—Joubert.

Advertisement for Clabber Girl Baking Powder. Features a woman and a child, with text: 'CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder'.

Large advertisement for Joe E. Brown's 'Fireman, Save My Horse!' movie. Includes a grid of comic panels with dialogue, a photo of Joe E. Brown, and a coupon for a membership pin and prizes.

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

M. C. St. John and Lorenzo Garcia were visitors at Ruidoso Monday afternoon.

Ray Serna of Capitan and Mr. and Mrs. Yaabel Aldaz of Lincoln were visitors here last Saturday night.

Julian Mirelez and Marshall St. John attended a dance at Pichacho last Saturday night.

Billy Norman left Monday on No. 12 for Tucumcari to work out of that terminal as fireman for the Southern Pacific.

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

Big dance at Baca's Hall tomorrow night, June 13. A prize will be given to the lucky person holding the ticket with the No. 13. Music by Sat Chavez and his Conquistadores. Admission, 50c. You are invited.

City Marshals Rolla Ward and Sam Farmer are now on the job at full blast. Motorists please observe traffic regulations and save yourselves and these gentlemen the embarrassment of having to be taken before the judge.

Frank Lesnett of Ziegler Bros. Store is ill this week, suffering from an ulcerated tooth.

Joe P. Romero, who has been confined to his home for the past two weeks on account of illness, is much improved at this writing.

Mrs. Lola Arriaga was here last week-end from Capitan, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Sandoval, son Vick and their families.

Robert Hinchey was a business visitor from Lincoln the first part of the week.

Mrs. Josefa S. Vega, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Vega, the children, Mary Vega and Joe Chavez spent Monday afternoon at the Vega ranch, returning home after enjoying a good supper.

Carol Hines, who is employed at the Conchas Dam project, was here for the week-end, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hines.

Mrs. Benigno Gallegos was here from the ranch Tuesday and from her we learned that Mr. Gallegos, who has been ill of late, is much improved.

NOTICE!
Car Drivers

Cars must be parked on the right side of streets. Observe "No Parking Signs." No turning on left corners nor in middle of block. Speed limit inside of Carrizozo, 25 miles per hour—NO MORE. Cut off exhaust on streets.

Violators will be fined.
SAM FARMER,
Day Marshal.

On actual count, there are at the present time just forty candidates for the Democratic nomination for county sheriff. Each man has his friends and a great battle may be expected when the county convention is held. It is not going to be a landslide like it was before, boys—so some of you had better save your money.

S. E. Graisen was a business visitor from Capitan the latter part of last week.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

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

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

Our Prices Are Reasonable
Mail orders filled promptly

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Titsworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

"It's The TOPS"

Fresh Vegetables
For All Sorts of
Salads.

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

**ECONOMY Cash Grocery
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Building Material

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

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

And here's all you have to do... with any dry cleaning, dyeing or hat work you receive a numbered ticket. Merely detach the stub and ask the driver to deposit it in the special box displayed in our plant in Roswell. Once each month, during June, July, August and September, a ticket will be drawn by disinterested parties... and the holder of the lucky number will receive, absolutely free, a Nesco Automatic Roaster... regular value \$18.95. Not just one, but four of these beautiful, practical, and money-saving roasters will be given! One each month!

SAVE YOUR TICKETS NOW!

**Excelsior Cleaners and
Dyers of Roswell**
(Licensed Sanitone Cleaner)

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Howdy, Folks! Is everybody happy, and if not, why?

Mr. R. P. Hickey breaks out into print. (We're chiseling on Out-of-the-Ordinary Column, but we can't help that.) R. P. has a bay horse, and a buggy; rather emulating the good ol' Constitution. And the buggy is painted in a black color. Mr. Hickey invited us to take a trip around the block in his 'Constitutional Carriage.'

The following clever ditty was given at the Woman's Club Buffet Supper last Tuesday evening at the Community Hall: "She was YOUNG and beautiful and her dress was WHITE as SNOW. She was LUCKY too, for she was driving a BRIGHT shiny new KARR. It was an ENGLISH model, and the color was GREY. What an honor to be seen RYDEN with her in such style! Needless to say that the MAYER had presented her the KEY to the City HALL. There were two flaws in this otherwise perfect picture; father GRUMBLES at the amount of gasoline she BURNS (for he is TAYLOR by trade and hasn't made a SALE in months)—Mother insists that little Brother act as Chaperone; little Brother objects, but being a GOODSON and a financier, is rapidly adding to his PETTY fund. He is demanding for his services one LEMON soda and five NICKELS per hour." Note—The names of the lady members of the Club are in capital letters; those on whom special emphasis is made.

We feel a verse coming on; we trust you'll pardon us— "I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled; That every Hyacinth the Garden wears Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head." Pretty, Aint it? (High School graduates kindly correct.)

Running a weekly newspaper isn't the Lead Pipe Cinch one might think; whenever you say a good word for the Republicans the editor excites the enmity of the Democrats, and vice versa. May we add there are more than half of our staunch Democratic friends that are subscribers to The Outlook.—Seguro Miguel.

Then again we hear a Democratic Amigo say something complimentary about our stand in matters politically. Again, we hear it remarked "that darn Republican paper." Another Democratic lady says she admires our attitude; no pussyfooting in our editorials or with The Outlook force, she opines.

A. H. Harvey, one of the oldest citizens of Carrizozo, says that the month of June is when we have our warmest weather. Tuesday of this week was a scorcher, and we're inclined to think that Mr. Harvey is right.

A certain professional man made the age-old saying to the writer. "I wish I were editor of The Carrizozo Outlook for about two weeks; I'd tall 'em a thing or two." Note—This newspaper is for sale, if you can meet our terms. In other words, Hop to it.

So, Adios from the Land of Billy the Kid, Turquoise Sky, Romance, the Ancient Lava Flow, and Cool Nights.

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"Where Value Has a Meaning"

If You Want Real Class—
Then come in and try on the new
Sport Back Suits

We Are Featuring.
They are none other than the Nationally Famous **MARX-MADE** Clothes. Styled for Young Men—Distinctive Fabrics—Beautiful Tailoring—Exclusive Styling—Marvelous Values.

You can now buy a nationally famous Marx-Made Suit at---

\$23.50

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The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

**Saturday--Monday
Specials!**

25c size Lux, Rinso, Oxydol or Gold Dust.....23c
Mustard Greens, Corn, Tomatoes, String Beans
Kraut, Green Chili, 3 for.....25c
1 lb. cans Van Camps Pork & Beans, 4 for.....25c
No. 2 1/2 cans Hominy.....10c American Sardines, 6 for.....25c
1 lb. cans Natural Sardines, Mustard Sardines, Tomato Sardines, Mackerel, 3 for.....25c
6 large bars.....25c
Asparagus type, Corn Beef Hash, 2 for.....35c
String Beans, fancy, 2 for.....35c

Shortening

Advance, Pure Vegetable
4 lb. Carton.....49c 8 lb. Carton.....95c
2 doz. Hot Tamales.....25c Shrimp, 2 for.....25c
2 cans Pie Cherries.....25c Campbell's Soup.....10c
24 oz. Peanut Butter.....25c 1 lb. 9 oz cans Chili
No. 1 cans Mrs. Kellogg's con carne.....20c
Spaghetti, Hominy, Red Beans, Kidney Beans, Bacon & Beans, each.....5c



Great West Flour

The Malted Milk Bread we sell is made with Great West Flour. If the bakery uses it, you can take a chance.

24 lbs. - 88c
48 lbs. - \$1.70

FREE! FREE!

A nice Dripolator given FREE with a purchase of—
3 lbs. Folgers Drip Coffee, \$1.00

Vegetable Specials--We have an extra large assortment and all at give-away prices Saturday and Monday.

JEFF HERRON.

Baby Chick Feed
Grain and Bran