

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

# Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

8 PAGES

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

VOL. XXI - NO. 23

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1936

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR

## Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 8:00 p. m.  
Friday and Saturday—  
**ROBERT MONTGOMERY & ROSALIND RUSSELL** in  
**'Trouble for Two'**  
with Frank Morgan.  
Also "Honeyland" and "Rural Mexico."

Sunday, Monday & Tuesday  
**"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"**

featuring Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir and Lyle Talbot. Also "The Little Dutch Plate" and "Cure it with Music."

Beginning Oct 1st, the night shows will start at 7:30.

## WOMAN'S CLUB

of Carrizozo met at their first meeting under the new officers Friday at the home of Mrs. C. A. Snow. A large and enthusiastic number were in attendance.

Owing to a change of the officers which were installed last Spring, Mrs. Blaney installed the following new officers:

Miss Thelma White, President.  
Miss Grace Jones, Secretary.  
Mrs. Chas. Young gave a very beautiful memorial reading in memory of Miss Ella Brickley.

Inasmuch as God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst Miss Ella Brickley, charter member and past president of the club—Be it resolved that the Woman's Club extend to Mr. E. M. Brickley and his family our heartfelt sympathy, in the passing of one whose presence will be so greatly missed. That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in the minutes and one sent to Mr. Brickley.

It is just the touch of another hand—We miss from day to day; The music of a loving voice—Whose echoes die away.

It's just the smile of a happy face—That's faded from our sight—Closed eyelids that obscure the gaze—Like curtains of the night.

It's the setting of another sun, Beyond the distant Hill—It only fades into the night, But rises at his will.

We know that we will meet again, And at the journey's end Will clasp the hand and hear the voice, And meet a smiling friend.  
—Anonymous.

Mmes. Chas. W. Young  
Clyde Luckey  
W. C. Hendron  
Committee.

An entertaining program was given.

Leslie Cooper singing—"The Sunshine in Your Eyes."  
Beatrice Romero, a tap dance, to the tune of "You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes."  
Delightful refreshments of cake and punch were served by the past presidents, Mmes. Hall, Snyder, Young; the Misses Thelma White, Nellie Shaver, and Grace Jones.

—Rhoda Freeman,  
Club Reporter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kelsey are here from California, to visit relatives and friends in Carrizozo and Lincoln County.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Dickinson of Lorain, Ohio, were here Tuesday, visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dickinson, Educational Advisor at the Triple C camp.

## School Notes

Ola C. Jones, Co. Supt.

The Lincoln County School Library is happy to have some new books in their possession; three complete sets of Compton's Unit Pictured Material and one set of Classroom Teacher's Aids. These will prove invaluable to our teachers as they select units of study.

In addition to the new books purchased, the teachers will welcome the news that the Library employees have been busy making flash cards and mimeographed seat work in order to aid them in their classroom teaching, thus making teaching more interesting for the boys and girls in their classes.—Reporter.

C. C. Gilliland has moved his family here from his ranch near Ancho. He has also purchased a home here and the children are in school.

The Democratic County Central Committee met Tuesday and after accepting the resignation of Perry Sears as Chairman, elected Wayne Richard as his successor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rowland have moved from Cabello, N.M., back to Carrizozo, having made that change the first of this week.

W. B. Payne was a business visitor from Capitán Monday.

John Scharf has moved from Nogal to Carrizozo.

Sherman Bole, who has been ill of late, is now up and around.

Take advantage of the bargain prices at the Carrizozo Cleaners, Hill Brothers, Props. These boys can deliver first-class work. Give them a trial and be convinced.

Felix Barala, employee at Tom Karr's dairy, left last night for Albuquerque to enter school at that place.

Mrs. Gunther Kroggel, who has been visiting her mother, relatives and friends at Roscoe, Tex., is expected home about Sunday.

W. J. Sandfer of Tinnie was a business visitor in town this Wednesday.

Billy Beck suffered a sprained arm this week.

Mrs. A. H. Kudner is here this week after returning from a visit to several foreign countries. She will remain for about two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hickey.

Our friend Sandy Venable was in town yesterday from his home across the Malpais.

Harry Comrey was a business visitor from his ranch near Capitán this week.

Lester Greer was in town last Friday from the San Andres mountains.

Mrs. Charles Page entertained Monday afternoon with a birthday party in honor of her oldest daughter, Charlene, on her 12th birthday. There were twenty guests present. After playing games and other forms of amusement, the hostess served refreshments of ice cream, cake and cookies.

## "AS MAINE GOES"



## Call for Lincoln County Republican Nominating Convention

A delegate convention of the Republicans of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, is hereby called to meet at Carrizozo, New Mexico, on the 3rd day of October, A. D. 1936, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning of said day, at the Community Hall, for the purpose of nominating a Sheriff, Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor, County School Superintendent, Commissioner for District No. 1, Commissioner for District No. 2, Commissioner for District No. 3, Representative for the 16th District, Probate Judge and Surveyor.

The apportionment of delegates to said county convention will be on the basis of one delegate for every ten votes or major fraction thereof cast for Jaffa Miller for Governor, at the election held on November 6, 1934.

The several precincts of Lincoln County are entitled to representation in said county convention on the above basis as follows:

Pct. No.	Delegates
1 Lincoln	17
2 Hondo	25
3 Arabela	11
4 Picacho	8
5 Rabenton	3
6 Encinoso	2
7 Jicarilla	3
8 White Oaks	3
9 Capitán	21
10 Ruidoso	9
11 Nogal	3
12 Bonito	1
13 Corona	19

14 Carrizozo	35
15 Ocurra	2
16 Ancho	3
17 Spindle	1
18 Joneta	2
19 White Mountain	5
20 Ramon	1

The chairman of the several precincts are hereby ordered to call precinct primaries at some convenient place in the precinct for the 30th day of September, A. D. 1936, by posting not less than three notices at least five days previous to said primary, in public places of the precinct. Said notices to give the hour and place of precinct meeting where said primaries are to be held.

No proxies will be accepted in said convention unless held by a resident of the precinct in which the regularly selected delegate resides, and no person shall be allowed to hold more than five proxies of delegates to the county convention.

All who are desirous to affiliate themselves with the party are cordially invited to attend and participate in the precinct primary.

By order of the Republican Central Committee at Capitán, New Mexico, on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1936.

Done the 17th day of September, A. D. 1936.

W. W. Gallacher,  
Chairman,  
Attest: Don English,  
Secretary.

## In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico  
County of Lincoln

No. 429  
In the Matter of the Estate of Sebon O. Strong, Deceased.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, at the regular September, 1936, term of the Probate Court in and for Lincoln County, New Mexico, was appointed Administrator of the estate of Sebon O. Strong, 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.

W. J. Sandfer,  
Postoffice address:  
825-016 Tinnie, New Mexico.

Christown Serraneros of Rowell at Country Club, Sept. 26.

## Injured

Mr. and Mrs. George Simpson came down from their ranch near Corona last Saturday with their daughter Mary, who had suffered an injury from being either thrown from a horse or falling from the animal, the exact facts of which will not be determined until she has recovered sufficiently to relate the story of the accident. In company with one of her cousins, Mary, 14, had gone after pinon nuts, which are found in large quantities on the Simpson ranch this year. Not returning in the proper time, search was made and she was found about two miles from home, where it is thought, she fell from her horse. She was unconscious and with her left cheek bone broken. She was hurried to the Robinson Hospital where she is being treated and is getting along nicely.

## Personals

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith and children were visitors from White Oaks Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert Roberts left Saturday for Los Angeles, accompanied by Mrs. Clyde Tillery, Joe, as we call him. Joe has been transferred to Los Angeles from the Nogal district.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shafer and Mrs. S. H. Nickels will go to Las Vegas Sunday to pay a visit to their daughters, the Misses Margaret Shafer and Dorothy Nickels, who are attending college at that place.

J. C. Hutchinson will be here Sunday from Bisbee, Ariz., to pay a visit to his mother Mrs. Ward and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lumpkins of Capitán were visitors in town Wednesday of this week.

Mary Ann Nalda is the name of the baby girl born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nalda, named after Louis's mother.

Sears Crockett was in from his ranch across the Malpais Sunday, after having a big waterspout on his ranch which will tide him over the late fall. He also told us that his son E. F. Crockett and wife, who had been visiting here for about ten days, have returned to their home in Los Angeles. E. F., who is an Odd Fellow, attended the last meeting of the local lodge and made a very instructive talk to the local fraternity.

Rowena Chapter No. 36 of East Vaughn invites Compet Chapter No. 29 to be present Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m., when the Grand Matron pays her official visit to that chapter. Banquet at 6:30, 75c per plate. Make reservations for banquet.

Mr. Chase of the CCG Dramatic Club wishes to inform all those who were interested in the play, that the same which was scheduled to appear at the Lyric Wednesday night, was postponed on account of the absence of several of the principal actors. New date announced later.

The next meeting of the P. T. A. will be held at the schoolhouse Friday afternoon at four o'clock. All interested will please take notice.

Elbert Brown killed a large eagle Sunday morning, the largest we've seen for years. In company with Mrs. Brown, he drove across the Malpais, and at a certain point, he saw the big bird sitting on a crust of lava rock, devouring a breakfast of rabbit. Elbert brought him down with a well aimed shot from his 30-30. His measurement from the tip of each wing was six feet and seven inches.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McFadin were here Tuesday from the Monte Prieto ranch near Gran Quivira. They said that moisture was plentiful in that region which assures the bean crop, and stock is in excellent condition.

BORN—At the Rathmann Hospital, Sept. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale, a boy. On Sept. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Pitts of Capitán, a boy. All parties concerned are doing very nicely.

## Out-of-the-Ordinary



STRANGER THAN FICTION

A. L. B.

Sam Linder, a miser, whose idol was money, lived in a lone hut between Quincy, Ill., and Hannibal, Mo., was awakened one night by a long-whiskered man, who stood by his bedside and beckoned him to dress and follow him. Sam hurriedly dressed and followed the stranger into the back yard, where the leader gave him a spade, motioned him to follow, but without saying a word. He followed him through dark lanes, out into the underbrush and finally to an old cemetery. There, at a certain spot, the silent man gave Linder the spade and pointing to a certain place, vanished from sight. Sam began to dig and found an iron box. He lifted it to the surface and prying it open found it full of bank notes of all denominations. He filled his pockets, his shirt bosom and for fear of leaving any of it, he crammed as much as he could into his mouth. All at once he awakened to find that he had torn all of his bed clothing to pieces and gnawed a big hole in the headboard of his bed.—Moral: Don't make money your idol.

The reason J. L. Jeffries, 84, went to the historic town of Manassas, Virginia, was for the purpose of purchasing a burial lot and erecting a large monument to the disappointed men and women who have gone before. The monument was erected and dedicated to the great army of unfortunates on whom the world had failed to smile or offer its sympathy. Among those mentioned were those who after being deprived of life's happiness which they saw others enjoying and who after putting forth their best efforts, found that life held nothing for them but failure, disappointment, misery and broken-hearted conditions which led them even to suicide. Mr. Jeffries was a very wealthy man, but his manner even to those close to him, was that of a man who had for some unknown reason, suffered from something in his lifetime, which he kept locked up in his heart and carried it to his grave. On the lonely monument is engraved the simple but attractive inscription, "To the Disappointed."

Tom Magone, Democrat, and Syl Gorman, Republican, of Galeburg, Ill., have one of the most out-of-the-ordinary election compacts on record. The distance from Galeburg to Monmouth is 20 miles and here is the compact and witness, composed of twelve business men of Galeburg: If Landon is elected, Tom must walk and carry a colored girl, Susie Rancy, 16, the entire distance. Following behind them will be Syl, riding leisurely in his car with a committee to see the agreement carried out. The same fate will await Syl, if Roosevelt should be elected. A big lot of fun is in store for the people of both cities.





**FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER**

**FLOYD GIBBONS**

**ADVENTURERS CLUB**

*Hello everybody*

**"The Thing in the Dark"**  
By FLOYD GIBBONS

ARE you all set for the housewarming party? Well, let me warn you in advance that this is going to be about the loneliest housewarming party you ever saw.

As a matter of fact, it's a one-man housewarming or maybe I should say a one-boy housewarming. The boy was Arland L. Gray, of Trenton, N. J. I say "was" because Arland has grown up in the meantime. This one-boy party I'm going to tell you about was thrown on the night of January 19, 1912.

As a housewarming, it was a terrible flop. It not only didn't warm the house any, but it cooled the boy off considerably by the chills-up-and-down-the-spine system. As an adventure, though, it was a whooping success—and well worth that check for ten bucks that I'm sending Arland right now.

In the spring of 1910 Arland's mother and dad moved from Catskill, N. Y., to Orlando, Fla. That was in the days before the Florida boom, and Orlando was just a sleepy little country town.

**Arland Decides to Do a Solo House Warming Act.**

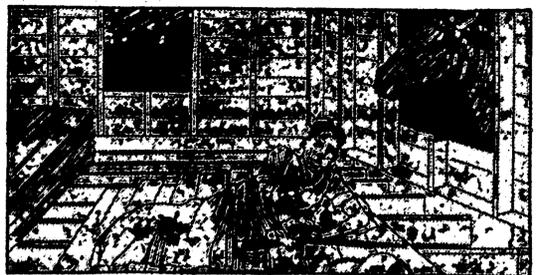
Arland's dad bought a piece of partly cleared ground about three miles out of town and started to build a house on it. That's where the housewarming part of it came in.

Arland was just eight years old then—and you know how kids sometimes get funny ideas. Arland somehow or other got it into his head that he wanted to be the first one to sleep in the new home. The house wasn't finished yet. The sides were up and the roof was on, but there were no sashes in the windows, and none of the floors had been laid. But just the same young Arland began pestering his folks to let him go out there and spend the night.

His ma didn't like the idea. She said an eight-year-old boy had no business sleeping in an unfinished house half a mile away from the nearest neighbor. But his dad said it wouldn't hurt him to spend a night alone, and finally his mother gave her consent, too. Arland took a blanket, his .22 rifle and his dog, and off he went, headed for the house on the outskirts of the town.

**Strange Animal Terrifies Lonesome Boy.**

Darkness had fallen before he got there. It was a warm, tropical night, and the late moon had not yet risen. Arland crept into the building, walking carefully on the uncovered beams of the ground floor. He



He Realized That Some Sort of Animal Was Standing Over Him.

gathered together some loose boards and lay them across the beams under a low window. Then he spread his blanket and lay down with his rifle beside him.

The bare boards were hard. Arland's makeshift bed was uncomfortable. It was a long time before he managed to get to sleep, and when he did he slept fitfully. He awoke again, hours later, with the strange feeling that something was wrong.

The moon had risen but it was behind a cloud bank. But what was that queer, crunching noise that sounded so close to his ear? As he came wider awake he realized with a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach that some sort of an animal was standing over him.

**Dog Whines With Terror Over Strange Visitation.**

Arland lay still. He didn't dare move—couldn't if he'd wanted to, for his whole body had gone stiff with fear. Over in a corner he could hear his dog growling and whimpering. The dog had crawled away as far as he could—was cowering on the far side of the room, whining with a terror that was as great as Arland's own.

"I have no idea how long I lay there," Arland says. "It seemed like hours, but it might have been only a few minutes. The beast—the thing—whatever it was—seemed to be standing right over me. I could feel its hot, fetid breath on my face—hear the regular crunch—crunch—crunch of its moving jaws."

Every now and then a splash of slimy froth would fall on me. I had a wild impulse to get up—to run out of that house as fast as I could go. Then I remembered that I couldn't run—that if I moved at all I would have to go slowly, picking my way over the bare joists. I didn't even have a floor under me."

**Intruder Turns Out to Be Broken-Down Nag.**

Thought of the uncovered floor gave Arland another idea. If he could roll from the boards on which he was lying he could fall through between the joists and land safely on the ground only a couple feet below. He had just about decided on that course of action when he remembered something else. His .22 rifle. He began moving his hand cautiously toward it. Inch by inch his hand crept toward that rifle.

His groping fingers found it at last. With his thumb he cocked the hammer. It gave out a resounding click and that startled the beast. In the dim light he could see its huge, blurry head raise—stay poised—motionless—as if it were listening. Arland moved the gun around silently. At length he had its muzzle pointed at the beast's head. His finger tightened on the trigger.

And then, suddenly, the moon came out from behind the clouds. Bright yellow light streamed into the house, and in its glow Arland saw, thrust through the window above him the pointed ears and the long, narrow head of an old horse.

The rifle was never fired. The moon had come out just in time to save that poor old nag's life. "And just in time, too," says Arland, "to save me from heart failure. I spent the rest of the night in the middle of the floor far from any window, and it was a very sleepy and very chastened little boy who trilled along home the next morning as soon as it was light."

—WNU Service.

**Schubert's Serenade**

Whatever his inspiration, Schubert wrote the "Serenade" to suit the words of a poem by Ludwig Rellstab. A number of Rellstab's poems were originally sent by their author to Beethoven, who declined to do anything with them because of the state of his health, but who recommended that they be turned over to Schubert. This was done after Beethoven's death. In 1828 Schubert wrote a number of fine songs, which were brought out after his death under the title of "Swan Songs." "Serenade" is No. 4 of the Swan Songs, which include six others written to Rellstab's words. Schubert was born January 31, 1797, and died November 19, 1828.

**Cruelty to Animals**

Lawmakers all go to bat to suppress cruelty in any form to man or beast. All the states seem to retain the criminal offense of docking a horse's tail, although evil consequences may be avoided in Michigan by obtaining from a veterinary surgeon a certificate stating that it was necessary for the "health and safety of such horse." Many of these statutes are longer and more detailed than the murder statutes in the same books. Often, of course, a companion law is found making it a similar offense to crop a dog's ears except where performed by a registered veterinary surgeon while the dog is under an anesthetic."

**IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON**

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

**Lesson for September 20**  
**CHRISTIAN LIVING**

LESSON TEXT—Romans 12:1-3, 9-12. GOLDEN TEXT—Christ liveth in me. Galatians 2:20. PRIMARY TOPIC—How Jesus Wants His Friends to Act. JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Explains How to Act. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What is Christian Living? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Live as a Christian.

As a fitting conclusion to a three-month study of the Spread of Christianity to the gentile peoples of Western Asia, we consider the teaching of the great apostle to the Gentiles concerning "Christian-Living."

The early chapters of Paul's epistle to the Romans present the greatest exposition of profound Christian doctrine ever written. But even as it is true that the fruit of Christian living can grow only on the tree of Christian doctrine, it is equally true that the knowledge of Christian truth should result in Christian living. "Faith without works is dead."

Our lesson pointedly presents the true Christian life as being

I. A Life Yielded to God (Rom. 12:1-3).

A recognition and deep appreciation of the mercies of God leads to a yielding of body and mind in living sacrifice to God. If we are Christians our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit. We must not lend our bodies to activities which destroy their usefulness or hinder our service for God but rather yield the body with all its abilities to God!

But after all "it is the inside of a man that counts." The presenting of the body in living sacrifice is possible only when there has been the inner transformation by the renewing of the mind. One cannot live physically without being born; it is equally impossible to live a Christian life without having been born again.

The Christian life is yielded to God not only for its own peace and satisfaction, but it is to be

II. A Life of Service (vv. 9-15). We are not saved by serving but we are saved to serve.

In the first place the Christian serves the Lord. He abhors evil, but his life is not merely negative, for he cleaves to that which is good. He is not lazy, but diligent. His spirit is aglow with zeal for God and his cause. He is full of joy and hope, patient under trials, a man of steadfastness in prayer.

Such a man will not fail to serve his fellow-man. He will really love the brethren, not merely make a hypocritical show of loving them. He will seek the honor of others rather than his own glory. He will be given to the almost lost art of hospitality. He will be ready to stand by his brother, in the day of joy or of sorrow. He will go even further, for he will bless those that persecute him.

The measure is not yet full for we note next that the Christian lives—

III. A Life of Humility (v. 10). In these days when we are urged to assert ourselves, to demand our rights, to "succeed" at any cost, and when men are measured by their worldly achievements, it sounds rather old-fashioned to talk about humility, about condescending to lowly things, of not being "wise in our own conceits."

But humility is still the crowning grace of a truly Christian life. Those who follow the lowly Jesus, in fact as well as in profession, are still strongest when they are weak, and mightiest for God when they are humble.

Note also that we follow a victorious Christ who calls us to

IV. A Life of Victory (vv. 17-21). It is possible to talk much about the victorious life—to discuss it at length as a theological question—and have little real victory.

Paul speaks plainly. The Christian is honorable in all things. He meets every obligation. He is a man of peace. He is not concerned with avenging himself upon one who has done him wrong. Spite fences, boundary disputes, family quarrels, are not for him. Evil is not to overcome him. God gives the victory.

A great lesson, and one that we cannot study without some quieting thought. Christian, how does your life and mine appear as they are held up to the mirror of God's Word? Let us make a covenant that by God's grace and power we shall go forward in real "Christian living."

A Human Being There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself more acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.—Fledding.

Visions of Better Life It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.—Maeterlinck.

**"Duck Pond" in Stitchery**



Pattern 5602

The "Duck Pond"—a quiet, shady nook where graceful ducks float to and fro, is a charming subject indeed for a wall-hanging, the detail will prove fascinating to embroider. It's no time before every stitch is in, done in wool or

rope silk, and you're ready to line and hang it.

In pattern 5602 you will find a transfer pattern of a wall hanging 15 by 20 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

**When We Build**

When we build, let it be such a work as our descendants will thank us for; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substances of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."—John Ruskin.

**Household Questions**

To clean glass in oven doors rub over with vinegar then wash with soap and water.

Never prune climbing roses in the fall. Cut out all dead canes but wait until next spring before cutting out dead shoots.

If the soil in which bulbs are to be planted is acid, work hydrated lime into the top soil two weeks before planting.

A damp cloth dipped in baking soda will remove tea and coffee stains from china cups.

In pressing never put an iron on the right side of any goods except cotton. Always lay a cloth between the iron and the goods.

Woodwork which has to be painted should be well smeared with lime water, which can be obtained at any druggist's. Let dry and then paint. The paint will dry in half the time. Put the brush in water when you have finished. It will be quite soft for next day.

If a thick cloth is placed at the bottom of a pan or bowl in which delicate china or glass is being washed the danger of chipping will be lessened. This will also prevent silver from being scratched.

Order hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, snowdrop and crocus bulbs now. In preparing beds for these bulbs mix bonemeal liberally into the soil, but never permit manure to come in contact with the bulbs. They should be surrounded only by soil or sand.

If you want your linen to wear well, try this plan: Instead of folding tablecloths and sheets lengthwise, as is usually done, fold them the other way occasionally. They last far longer if the folds are sometimes changed than if they are always folded in the same place. —WNU Service.

**Carrie Nation**

For years in the 1900's Carrie Nation not only demolished saloons with her hatchet but publicly knocked cigars from men's mouths and berated women for wearing evening gowns. Nothing daunted her until the night she did her "hatchet act"—for \$300—on the stage of Miner's Burlesque on the New York Bowery, when she was almost drowned in the heaviest barrage of eggs ever laid down by an American audience.—Collier's Weekly.

**Sages and Martyrs**

To know how to say what others only know how to think is what makes men poets or sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think makes men martyrs.

**KEEP BOWELS OPEN**

NO person can be well and happy if constantly distressed with the evil effects of constipation. And no person needs to risk ill health by neglecting to keep the bowels wholesomely clean. Yet so many suffer! Are you one of them? Is constipation keeping you unfit and uncomfortable—bilious, bloated, tired, without appetite, ambition or energy? Then try Doan's Regulets. They act mildly and without distress, contain no calomel nor habit-forming drugs; tone the liver, stimulate the flow of bile and promote well-balanced activity of the intestinal tract. Be regular with Regulets. Sold at all drug stores.

**DOAN'S REGULETS**

WNU—M 38—38

**FIRST-AID RELIEF FOR MINOR BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS**

Also for **RED ROUGH HANDS** **CUTICURA OINTMENT**  
**SOOTHES QUICKLY—HELPS HEALING**  
For simple burns and cuts, Cuticura Ointment is a wonderfully soothing dressing. Excludes air from sensitive spots, relieves irritation, promotes quick healing. Also helps prevent red, rough hands, promoting a smooth, velvety whiteness. Use together with fragrant, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap. Each 25c. Write "Cuticura" Dept. 22, Malden, Mass. for FREE sample.



**GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART**

Always adding oil? Then make the "First Quart" test. It's easy. Just drain and refill with Quaker State. Note the mileage. You'll find you go farther before you have to add the first quart. The retail price is 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Neglected Books "Books are sepulchres of thought," said Longfellow; and if neglected too many centuries they become full of old bones.

Seeking Criticism Did you ever live in surroundings where you wanted criticism and couldn't get it? Such a situation is possible.

**AMAZING BUT TRUE!**

**DR. PAUL G. DICK**

OF CHICAGO FED A Variety of Meals to Human Subjects—THEN X-Rayed Them TO SEE Which Foods Digest Most Readily. THIS QUAKER PUFFED RICE BREAKFAST No. 1 Was Digested in The Stomach 45 Minutes Faster Than Breakfast No. 2.

**BREAKFAST 1** Quaker Puffed Rice, Coffee  
**BREAKFAST 2** Bacon and Egg, Toast, Coffee

**INNER WAX BAG**  
**SEALED CARTON**  
**OUTER WAX WRAPPER**

**QUAKER PUFFED RICE**

**SPEEDY DIGESTIBILITY IS IMPORTANT TO BUSY PEOPLE IN These High-tension Times. THAT'S WHY SO MANY CHOOSE QUAKER Puffed Rice For Lunch as Well As Breakfast.**

**THIS FAMED RICE FOOD IS SHOT FROM GUNS. ONLY QUAKER MAKES IT SO CRUNCHY, CRISP AND FLAVORY. EVEN THE PACKAGE IS TRIPLE SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS.**

**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

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Office Phone No. 24

**EDITORIAL COLUMN**

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

-Gov. Landon of Kansas.

**"As Goes Maine So Goes the Nation"**

Maine, the old barometer state of the union, which, many years ago earned the slogan quoted in the head of this article, has again flung out the political weather vane of majorities Republican from nearly 50,000 down to 6,000. The old veteran state recovering from a setback of four years ago, when it went Democratic by majorities far above what it gave Monday, gained that falling off and came to bat with the magnificent majorities above mentioned. The Democratic chairman, Jim Farley says that there will be a contest on the vote of the Senate candidates, but that is only a dying swan song of the Tammany chief, who always sees things from a distorted vision. He also said that the DuPonts and Astors swung money into the campaign which caused the radical change. The DuPonts have as much right, and in fact more of a right to contribute to a campaign fund for the Republican party, because this contribution is private—but it is much better than the present Chairman is doing to spend the money belonging to the taxpayers of this country to aid in his political campaign.

In the face of the sweeping Republican victory, Jim Farley had the supreme nerve to say that a Republican victory in Maine would clearly indicate a Democratic landslide in November. Could you feature such an utterance?

It is strange that a man in Farley's position would allow himself to become "wired up" and make such ridiculous statements as he made since Monday.

It might do some good to apply some sunflower seed salve to his wounds so that he might make at least one sane statement.

Maine has again gone Republican—and let us hope that it is the forerunner of a Republican victory in November, so that the country may be restored to the people and taken out of the hands of greedy politicians, who seek nothing but self-gratification and graft.

**Rebribution**  
On top of crops plowed under and pigs killed by order of the gentleman farmer in the White House, an almighty Providence shows its laws are greater than the brain of man, or any one man. The crops are made even smaller.—Southern Farmer.

**Simple Economics**  
The fundamental principles of government finance are exactly the same common-sense principles that we follow in the handling of our own family finances. So long as our government follows these principles our people will prosper. But if our government disregards these principles, it squanders our resources and destroys the public credit.—Alf M. Landon.

**Political Announcements**

**For County Treasurer**

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

**For Sheriff**

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

**For County Clerk**

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Lincoln County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.  
Clayton Hust.

**For County Commissioner**

I hereby announce my candidacy for County Commissioner of Lincoln County from the 2nd district, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.  
Max Penix.

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**Unemployment on Farms**  
Why has Washington refused to make an unemployment census? Because the greatest unemployment exists on the farms, and the gentleman farmer in the White House and his Brain Trust were deliberately throwing men out of work by their agricultural policies.  
\$14,000 a Minute  
As a spendthrift the Roosevelt administration has set a pace no other nation has ever equaled. It spends \$14,000 each minute of the day and night; \$240,000 each hour of each day, and \$30,000,000 every day of the year. The taxpayers, and that means all of us, must pay it.  
**Relief Obligation**  
Gov. Landon's philosophy is that relief to the unemployed is not a privilege or a vested right, or charity. He told the Kansas legislature that it is a common obligation created by the rapidity and complexity of economic growth.  
**Typical**  
The Landon home at Independence, Kansas, is a typical American home in a "typical prairie state".

**Protect Freedom at Polls: Landon**

Dictatorship Leads to War, He Warns; Lauds GOP Platform.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Presidential election will be a choice between free enterprise under which the humblest citizen has a chance, and a system of invasion of private rights characterized by a million signs: "By Order of the American Government, Keep Off!" declared Gov. Alf M. Landon in a speech before a vast throng here.

He defined the issues of the campaign: "Do we want the Government prying into every little detail of our business lives? Do we want the Government forbidding us to plant what we want in our own fields? Or: Do we want to be free to plan for our future? Do we want free government in America?"

**Coming of European System.**  
Under the American system of free enterprise, Gov. Landon said, people have been free to plan for themselves and their children, knowing that their goal was limited only by their own ability, subject to no handicap of birth or class distinction. But, he pointed out: "Then came the N.R.A. With the enactment of this measure in 1933, our government, without mandate of the people, adopted a new and completely different philosophy. When I say 'new,' I mean new only in the sense that it was new to this country. It was a philosophy well known under the autocratic governments of Europe.

"This philosophy decreed that prices should be regulated," said Gov. Landon, "not by demand and supply, but by government edict; that wages and hours of employees should be fixed, not by free and fair negotiations under rules assuring equality, but by officials in Washington; that the sort of competition which must be fostered, as the life-blood of free enterprise, should in future be prohibited by law . . . N.R.A. Lives On.

"What the N.R.A. really undertook to do in this country was to terminate our system of free competition, and to substitute for it a system of government-created and government-protected monopolies . . .

"The N.R.A. was the beginning in America of the movement which, throughout the world, has been sweeping aside private enterprise in favor of government control—a movement which has been substituting arbitrary personal authority for constitutional self-government. "But—you may say—the N.R.A. is dead. True enough. The National Industrial Recovery Act is dead, thanks to the courage and integrity of the Supreme Court.

"But the spirit of the N.R.A. lives on. It lives on in recently enacted laws. It lives on in the efforts of the Administration to get around the decisions of the Supreme Court. It lives on in this Administration's 1936 platform. It lives on in the recent public utterances of the President and his spokesmen.

**May Lead to War.**  
"But above all, it lives on in the spirit of the President who has confessed no error—who has let it be clearly known that he considered it would be a catastrophe if the American farmer should once more become a lord on his own farm . . .

"It was no accident that Congress delegated its functions to the President. "Power of this magnitude is dangerous from the economic as well as from the political point of view. No man's judgment is sufficiently infallible to justify giving him control—either in private business or in government—over the standard of living, the savings, and the destiny of his fellow citizens. When the decision of one man affects an entire country, a wrong decision means national disaster.

"The Republican Party opposes unlimited executive power for another reason. This reason is that the world-wide trend away from democracy means but one thing—that one thing is WAR. Any weakening of democracy here, means the final rout of democracy everywhere. . . .

"The temper of the American public is no longer complacent. It has definitely set its face against monopoly and unfair trade practices. The pledge in our platform is not mere words. It does not mean to me fruitless inquiries that impede recovery and delay re-employment. To me it means not only the steady relentless enforcement of existing laws but the strengthening of those laws. And it means the enactment of such additional legislation as is necessary to put an end to monopoly, unfair trade practices and all special privileges. Only if we follow this course can we escape the system of government regulated monopolies sponsored by this Administration.

"If you do not believe this, you had better not vote for me. For I am pledged by the Republican platform to save our system of free enterprise."

**"The Universal Car"**

ONE NAME comes quickly to mind when you think of "The Universal Car." The description is distinctively Ford. No other car is used by so many millions of men and women in every part of the world. Everywhere it is the symbol of faithful service. Today's Ford V-8 is more than ever "The Universal Car" because it encircles the needs of more people than any other Ford ever built. It reaches out and up into new fields because it has everything you need in a modern automobile. The Ford V-8 combines fine-car performance, comfort, safety and beauty with low first cost and low cost of operation and up-keep. It depreciates slowly because it is made to last. There is no other car like it.

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Ninety percent of the Ladies' clothes today are made from artificial silk—such as Celonese, Rayon, etc. You can't afford to send those to an inexperienced cleaner. Remember we test each garment for such fabrics before they are cleaned and clean them by a method best suited to them. Let us clean your next dress or suit. We Guarantee Satisfaction!

**Our Special Cleaning Price on Dresses gives you an excellent opportunity to give us a trial.**

It's really surprising All the Cards there are to send—

Cards for Mother, Dad and Sweetheart, And that Extra Special Friend. Cards for Weddings and for Birthdays And for those who have vacations. Cards for sick folks, Anniversaries, And to bear Congratulations. It's surprising all the Greetings That we keep on hand for you, And it really is surprising How folks like to GET THEM, too.

Burke Outlook Art & Gift Shop

**Average Farmer \$197 Loser Under Roosevelt**

Chicago.—The Roosevelt administration paid the average farmer \$176 in benefit checks while loading an increase of \$373 in national debt upon him up to June 30, 1936, says a statement by the farm division of the Republican National committee here.

"Government appropriations for the four year period, beginning March 4, 1933," says the statement, "greatly exceed the value of all farms in the United States. They amounted to \$37,499,976,000. The value of rural real estate and buildings in 1935 was \$32,858,844,000."

**DESERTS NEW DEAL**



OMAHA, Neb.—"Neither Democratic nor for the best interest of the country," are "certain Administration measures and some doctrines," declared United States Senator Edward R. Burke (above). He promptly resigned as Democratic national committeeman from Nebraska.

**Consumption of Imported Pork**  
In the six months ended June 30, with New Deal "scarcity" and free trade treaties in effect, American families ate 18 million pounds of foreign pork. This is three times the consumption of imported pork in any of the ten entire years preceding.

**1,814,000 Acres**  
In 1932 there was imported into the United States a total of 344,340 bushels of corn. In 1935, under the Roosevelt tariff program, the importation of corn from foreign farms amounted to 43,242,239 bushels, the production of 1,814,000 acres.

**Lowered Utility Rates**  
Gov. Alf Landon forced lower utility rates in Kansas that are saving the people of the state about \$1,000,000 a year.

**For Sale**

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

**Pay-As-You-Go**  
The only elective public office Governor Alf Landon has ever held is that of governor of Kansas, in which he has served two terms, and has given to the state four years of unusual administration on a strictly pay-as-you-go basis.

**Foreign Pork**  
Under orders from the Roosevelt administration American farmers killed their pigs and brood sows, and in 1935 foreign farmers shipped more than twelve and one-half million pounds of pork into the American market.

**Get a Cash Producing Education**

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

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The Big Fashion For Fall  
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And the quality in every dress.

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An International Daily Newspaper  
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**Expert Mechanical Work  
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Gasoline, Kerosene  
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**Carrizozo Outlook Office**

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

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

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We are here to serve you.

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

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

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

REGULAR MEETING  
First Thursday of each  
month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially In-  
vited.

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

**COALORA REBEKAH  
LODGE**  
NUMBER 16  
I. O. O. F.

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

**CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 30, I. O. O. F.**

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

**Carrizozo Assembly No. 7  
Order of Rainbow for Girls**

Worthy  
Advisor—  
Leslye  
Cooper

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

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Entries made of all Legal  
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Carrizozo — New Mexico

**Republican Headquarters**

now located on El Paso avenue in the Romero building, with M. J. Barnett in charge. Those wishing to convey information to the County Chairman Wm. Gallacher and the Secretary Don English, or anyone connected with the party, may leave word with the manager.  
Republicans over the County are requested to call and make themselves at home. Friendly Democrats are also welcome.  
—Drop in, boys.

**Cockeyed Tax Law**  
"This (The Surplus Tax law) is the most cockeyed piece of tax legislation ever imposed in a modern country and if I am elected I shall recommend the immediate repeal of this vicious method of taxation." Actually, it has no relation to 'soaking the rich'. What it does is to protect the big fellow who still has a reserve, and tie a millstone around the neck of the little fellow." —  
All M. Landon at Buffalo, N. Y.

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Cigars of All Kinds  
Prescriptions Carefully  
Compounded.

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Carrizozo, 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. Patee, Vicar  
**Methodist Church**  
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

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

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**Boy Scouts  
of America**



The Carrizozo Scout Troop is  
sponsored by the Boosters' Club.  
We received our charter in Oct.,  
1935. It runs for one year. We  
have 27 Scouts in our troop.

The Scout Law: A Scout is—  
Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful,  
Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obe-  
dient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave,  
Clean, Reverent.  
Phil Bright,  
Scoutmaster.

**From Foreign Farms**  
During 1935 farmers in foreign  
lands sold farm products in the  
United States to the extent of one  
billion four hundred million dol-  
lars. That was money the Ameri-  
can farmer might have had but  
for the New Deal's tariff policy.



Spare Moments in Norway Are Spent on the Trousseau.

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

**AUGUST** is harvest time in Norway. Since most rural families are mainly dependent for their winter's food on what they themselves prepare, it is therefore a particularly busy time.

A visit to a typical Norwegian farm at this season would imply your sharing their whole-hearted work as well as their equally whole-hearted jollity afterwards. The activities of harvesting and merry-making would keep you busy on any of the thousands of small farms which skirt the long twisting fjords or utilize what level land there is along the rushing rivers in mountain valleys.

Glance for a moment at Hallingdal, a long valley which winds through the central section of Norway. For most of its length it is only one or two farms wide, for the mountainsides rise steeply from the river bottom. This valley is familiar to those who have traveled by rail from Oslo to Bergen.

By the daily train it is possible to reach Hallingdal's villages around which cluster farms of typical rural Norwegian families. If you should visit such a family, you could participate in their harvesting—but only after being welcomed by sharing their food, even though it is but a nibble of fruit, fresh leaf lettuce, little curled anchovies, and sheets of crisp flatbread.

Clouds sweeping over the mountains and across the valley serve warning that it may rain before dusk. The hay from the high meadow should be in the barn before then. All hands must seize rakes and hurry to the meadow for a race with the weather.

**Haying in Hallingdal**  
The Halling farmer still uses a hand scythe and never mizes a tuft hidden away in the fence corner or along the river bank. Every spear of grass is valuable. The youngest child follows the workers to glean the wisps that the others have missed. They all help load the sweet dry hay into a little haystack made of untripped birch saplings.

This is hauled to the barn by hand, for the little pony has been sent to the mountain meadow for the summer along with the cattle, so that every bit of grass on the home farm could be made into hay for the long winter. The haystack is not a heavy load to push except for the last little way up the log runway into the mow, which can be taken with a rush and a whoop.

Before long all the hay is stowed from that meadow, from the edge of the dark spruces on the mountain-side to the dusty bank of wild strawberries by the roadside. Then everyone can hang the wooden rakes along the log wall of the woodshed and enjoy an out of doors "coffee" picnic of coffee, little cakes, and wild berries strung on grass stems. The coffee cloth has been spread out on the grass under a wild cherry tree.

While the young women of the family are busy in the fields, the grandmother who is too old to help spins wool for the winter supply of gaily patterned socks and mittens. On lonely farms, housewives eagerly watch the road and discuss the probable errand of every passer-by. Down by the river there is a field of "green" barley to be cut while there is still sap in the stalk and the grain has just reached the milk stage. This is dried over racks in the field. Then it is very prickly to load.

**Then Barley and Rye**

When the hay is all in, the barley and rye grow ripe. The farmer cuts through the shimmering golden fields with great wings of his scythe. At each stroke the grain falls in a neat semicircle on the ground. Then it is bound into bundles to be shocked spirally around tall saplings stuck in the ground. There is a little red ladder to climb up with the top bundles. In this section of Norway the grain is not threshed at harvest time, but later on during the winter, when the horse is home from the mountain pastures and can be hitched to the crude treadmill in the barn.

The herds of cattle, goats, and horses during the summer grazing in the mountains are tended by either a young unmarried daughter or an old woman. The life of a summer dairy maid has been celebrated in song and saga for hundreds of years. She lives in a small log-hut with turf roof, passing her days

milking cows and goats, making butter and tending the huge iron cauldrons in which milk is slowly simmered to make rich cheese. She sets off to the upland pastures riding a pony which is loaded with empty tubs as well as with her few belongings. Later, when a brother visits her hut to bring supplies, he will collect the tubs filled with butter and cheeses and carry them back to the homestead.

The cattle are small brindle beasts with spreading brass-tipped horns. They have not been bred for quantity milk production. Little attention seems to be paid to breeding. Often a cow will give only a quart or so at milking. If you wonder why such a cow is tolerated, you may receive such an explanation as this: "Ja, but she is small, and does not eat much, either, that cow." In a land where every spear of hay has value, this is an argument of great weight.

**Food Mostly Home-Grown**

Aside from the fine white cake flour, which is imported from America, most of the family food is produced at home. Barley, rye, and oats are milled locally, the miller getting a share of the meal and flour for his work. The garden yields stores of cabbages, potatoes, and root vegetables for the winter. Potatoes, too, are an important crop for they are on the family's daily menu and, along with birch twigs, form a staple item in the winter diet of the cattle.

Nature is lavish here with a large number of berries, both wild and tame. Masses of wild strawberries grow along the roadsides. There are currants from which to make sweet wine; wild cherries, the juice of which is bottled to make soup and puddings; the little wild "mountain cranberries," which make delicious jam to serve with pork or roast ptarmigan; and, best of all, the arctic cloudberry, growing in the mountain-top sloughs. This last, when stored in great crocks, keeps through the winter, without cooking or other preservation.

Only with such a variety of provisions can the Norwegian family continue the alternation of work, rest, and eating which is farm routine. First thing in the morning, coffee and cakes are brought to the family in bed. As soon as they are dressed, there is a large breakfast with more coffee, bread and butter, and all sorts of pickled fish and sausage and goat's-milk cheese to put on it. At 11 o'clock work pauses for another snack, which is breakfast all over again.

There is a heavy dinner about one-thirty and then a slesia. Yes, you may be surprised, but this "old Spanish custom" is firmly entrenched in the rural sections of this energetic northern climate. After the nap there are more coffee and cakes before the work of the afternoon is begun.

The last real meal of the day is the evening porridge, at about 8 or 9 o'clock. This meal is unvarying except just after a slaughtering, when a blood pudding is substituted for the usual dish.

**All Put in the Stabbur**

The yearly harvests of cereals, the cheeses, cured meats, bread, and cakes are stored in the stabbur. The stabbur, or storehouse, is a typical feature of the Norwegian landscape. It is built of logs on high mushroom-shaped stilts as a protection against marauding insects and rats. Elaborately carved, it is guarded against the weather by a coat of wood tar. The front porch of the structure is reached by a flight of plank steps separated from the building by a sort of moat of air across which thieving animals would find it difficult to leap.

The wrought-iron key, which fits a wooden lock in the heavy carved door, takes two hands to turn. The door opens into a small dark room with heavy log walls unbroken by windows. There are large bins of various kinds of meal and flour, each with a brightly painted wooden scoop hanging above it. On shelves are stacked cheeses of many kinds. There are gay wooden boxes full of cakes which had been baked in the spring when the cream was rich. In one corner on a low platform, sheels of rye and barley flatbread with crinkly edges, temptingly brown, are piled almost to the ceiling. It has been made of stiff unleavened dough rolled into round paper-thin sheets and browned on the bakehouse stove.

## TWO SPECIALS FOR BANANAS

Tasty Ways of Serving One of Our Best Fruits.

By EDITH M. BARBER

**AMONG**—the best of our fruits—we rate the banana. Perhaps you question the classification of the banana as such. It has, of course, the advantage of being in season the year around. It always seems to me, however, to be at its best, so far as flavor is concerned, at this time of the year.

This is fortunate because what would the picnicker do without it? How they fill in for the hungry ones who wait for lunch to be ready! At the same time they will furnish a dessert.

Do you like your bananas red or yellow? Some like the flavor of one and some of the other. Red bananas are slightly more juicy and a little more tart. They are not so plentiful as the yellow fruit and therefore are often more expensive. By the way, I had a different type of banana in Jamaica where it is a specialty and very popular. It is too fragile for export, so you will have to go to the tropics to taste it.

On the fruit boats which bring bananas from Central and South America to New York, two specialties found on the menu are bananas broiled-in-bacon and prepared for dessert with a rum sauce. This, by the way, is a good chafing dish dessert which may be prepared at the table. The bananas are sliced lengthwise, put into the dish with melted butter, sprinkled liberally with granulated sugar and then drenched with rum, which is then set on fire. While they are cooking they should be basted with the sauce formed by the other ingredients. The cooking should be short—just three or four minutes for the sake of texture and flavor.

**Apricots with Bananas.**

**1/2** pound dried apricots  
**3/4** cup sugar  
**3** bananas  
Soak apricots in just enough water to cover for several hours. Cook until very tender. Force through strainer and stir-in sugar to taste. Cut bananas in halves and arrange in a greased baking dish. Pour apricot pulp over the bananas. Bake in an oven 375 degrees fifteen minutes. Serve hot or cold. For serving hot, two tablespoons of whipped cream may be put on top of the fruit just before serving.

**Fried Bananas.**

Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise or in quarters and roll in softened dry bread crumbs or in rolled

cornflake crumbs. Fry in very deep fat, 395 degrees F. until light brown. Drain on soft paper and serve with broiled chops, steak or ham.

**Pineapple Mousse.**

**1** teaspoon gelatin  
**2** tablespoons cold water  
**1 1/2** cups crushed grated pineapple and juice  
**1-3** cup sugar  
**1** tablespoon-lemon juice  
**1** cup cream

Soak gelatin five minutes in the cold water. Heat pineapple and juice to boiling point, add sugar, lemon juice and gelatin. Cool. When it begins to stiffen, fold it into stiffly whipped cream. Pour into tray and freeze without stirring.

**Bisque Ice Cream.**

**1** cup condensed milk  
**3/4** cup water  
**1 1/2** teaspoons vanilla  
**1** cup cream  
Salt

**1** cup macaroon crumbs  
Mix milk with water, add vanilla and salt. Whip cream until stiff. Fold into mixture. Turn into refrigerator freezing trays and freeze from three to four hours. Fills two pint trays.

**English Shortcake.**

**6** slices buttered bread  
**1** quart berries or fruit  
**1** cup granulated sugar  
Whipped cream  
Trim crust from bread and line a greased bowl with the slices, cutting corners so that the pieces meet. Pour in the berries, crushed, with sugar, cover with bread, set plate on top of this, press down with a weight and put in the refrigerator twenty-four hours. Turn out of mold, garnish with whipped cream and serve.

**Cardamom Cookies.**

**1** cup butter  
**1** cup sugar  
**2** eggs, well beaten  
**4** cups flour  
**1** ounce cardamom seeds, crushed  
Rind of 1 lemon, grated  
Cream the butter with the sugar until light. Add eggs. Add flour, cardamom seeds and grated lemon rind. Chill dough, roll, cut with cookie cutter and bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees F. about eight minutes.

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**Pleasing Dining Room**

A charming old English dining room has walls and woodwork painted Delft blue and a white ceiling cross-beamed with dark oak. The furniture is also of dark oak, while the floor covering has deep rose tones in it. The draperies at the windows are dark blue with a pattern containing the lighter blue of the walls and the rose tones of the floor.

maze of design. The motif is, of course, adapted to the necessities of the craft, such as the warp and weft, or filler, as it is frequently termed today.

A large anchor with its chain and fastening done in applique or tufting makes an excellent center what smaller size, for the center of sofa cushion covers. Strips of undulating applique supply the wave motif to use as bands for a border. Or if tufting is employed, the wave motif can be done in this work. In plain embroidery chain stitch done in heavy yarns is quick and correct for chains.

**Fish and Seaweed.**

The fish and seaweed design is just the thing to use on towels, bureau scarf, and table covers. This printed pattern for filet crochet or cross stitch by counted threads, can be had while it lasts, by sending ten cents together with self-addressed, stamped (3-cent) envelope with a request directed to Lydia Le Baron Walker care of this paper.

Wall papers come in lighthouse patterns, seascapes, and ship designs. Or a plain wall paper can be the background for pictures featuring water, wharf, and marine scenes.

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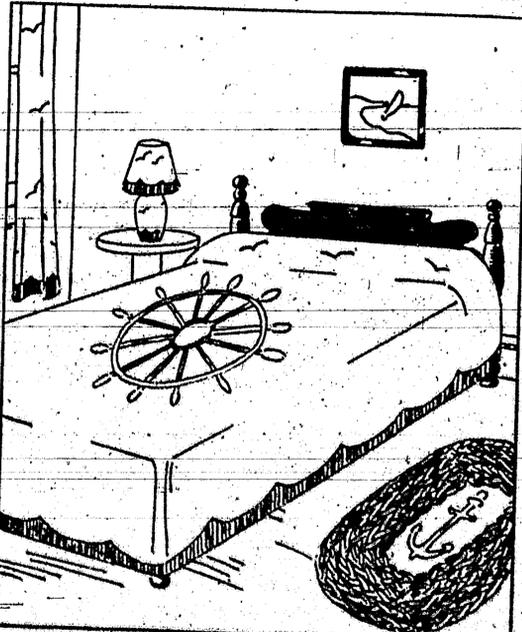
## The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

**DECORATING** the boy's room is something every mother who has a son finds intriguing. The lad spurns anything that savors of daintiness. He wants a real man's room. It is up to the mother to make the room as masculine in its character as she would make her daughter's room feminine in type. Most boys delight in boats and boating, and this suggests a nautical room for home, school or college. Fortunately there are many emblems that lend themselves admirably to ornamental use, ships and boats, anchors and ropes, sea creatures and seaweed, lighthouses and rocky shores with waves and breakers, fishermen and oarsmen, etc.

**Banks of Galley Oars.**

One of the ancient ornamental conceits for weaving, rug-craft, and other craft arts is the galley oarsman. When you know the motif the stylized row of oars or banks, as they are termed, is readily distinguished in what seems to be a



Nautical Patterns Contribute a Masculine Touch to the Decoration of a Boy's Room.

# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—The Department of Commerce has lately released its annual "World Economic Review," and again has painted offi-

cially a picture of general conditions that I believe to be the most accurate obtainable under present chaotic conditions. I might add that it is one of the few official analyses coming out from the government these days that is not colored in any manner or form.

The reason this review is so interesting is because it points out what can be expected to happen by a disclosure in detail of what has happened in commerce and industry. To that extent it delivers a rather definite body blow at some New Deal policies affecting business. Since it does this sort of thing, the review is entitled to more faith and credit than usually is accorded government publications, whether compiled by the Roosevelt administration or those before it. Political leaders always want to put their best foot forward and the New Deal under Mr. Roosevelt has not failed to carry on this tradition to the fullest possible extent.

The section of the "World Economic Review" that was most interesting to me contained this statement:

"Deficits of great magnitude created yearly during the depression to meet payments of wages, salaries, interest and dividends sapped the vitality of the entire business structure and could not have been sustained indefinitely."

Here then is an official declaration from that agency of the government most concerned with commerce and industry which says that corporations and employers of labor maintained as far as they were able the payrolls and interest payments during the depression. It says likewise that had corporations failed to do this, our unemployment problem would have been much greater, the income of those who hold securities, whether in large or small amount, would not have received dividends on their stocks or interest on the bonds and, as a result, it is obvious the buying power of the country as a whole would have been sharply reduced. That is to say, had these payments both to labor and capital, been curtailed there would have been even a lower level of retail business than obtained during the depression. It ought to be added as well that had a lower level of business resulted, the manufacturing industries from which the retail stores buy their supplies would have closed down their plants in even greater number than they did.

As we look back over the last five or six years it is easy to see how things could have been very much worse. It is easy to recognize that the strength that comes from amassing capital in corporation form has developed in this country one of the greatest shock absorbers that any people may have when those corporations, those businesses, are permitted to develop under sound management and with as little governmental interference as the general public welfare will permit.

Now, as to the reason why these businesses were able to accomplish the things they did: The answer is simple. Managements of businesses must follow the same practices in guiding the financial affairs of those businesses as you or I do in the management of our personal affairs.

This brings us to a point of current interest. In preparing for the rainy day, all business, whether great or small, lays aside a certain percentage of its profits. This is called a surplus. The surplus is invested. It is made to yield a return in the form of interest or dividends. It is seldom touched. It is treated just as you and I would treat our savings accounts—just as we deal with our Christmas savings account.

Thus, the arrival of slack times, dull business, no profits, the arrival of the time when we must live on our own fat so to speak, does not find us without a reserve because that is what a surplus is. The records of the savings bank and of the life insurance companies through the last six years show definitely how many hundreds of thousands of people had to draw on that surplus just as the Department of Commerce statement now reveals how many corporations drew upon their surpluses in order to maintain their organizations, pay the workers and be honest by paying the interest on their debts. All of this sounds like a chautauqua lecture on savings. But however it may sound, it links in directly to legislation that was enacted in the last session of Congress, a law driven through under the leadership of President Roosevelt after it was conceived by a bunch of radicals who constitute the majority of the

so-called brain trust at Washington. That law levies a new tax on corporations. It does not touch us as individuals except indirectly. The tax applies to surplus, to the savings of business, a savings designed to meet just such conditions as those through which we have gone and which business was able to meet because heretofore it had been permitted to pile up reserves to carry it through the rainy day.

Official figures from the Department of Commerce show that the payments for wages, salaries, interest and dividends from 1930 to 1935, according to incomplete figures, business paid out \$1,500,000,000 for these same purposes, thus making the total for five years approximately \$23,000,000,000.

Now, in normal times these figures would not prove exciting. Under present circumstances and those through which we have been passing, they border on the sensational. This is true because these payments have been made, not from the earnings of the businesses during the years in which they were paid, but from earnings of earlier good years when a part of the profits were laid aside as a protection.

It would seem therefore that since business has performed a social service of this kind under its own management that it ought to be allowed to continue. I am convinced that it is a much safer method than to have the federal government mess around through laws such as the tax on surpluses for it must be remembered that under the law which I have criticized, no corporation can build up again such surplus as has happened in the past.

I might mention further that the effect of this law is going to be to prevent small corporations from ever growing large. I mean by that, if a corporation, through careful management and frugal savings, was able to expand its plant facilities, increase its production and thereby increase the number of workers it employs, it will be unable to do so. It will be unable to accomplish this for the reason that the operation of this tax law prevents it from storing its savings. The law takes such a heavy toll of any stored-up earnings that no corporation can afford to store them up. They must be passed out in dividends during the year they are earned or else the government puts its tax hand into the business treasury.

One might say that such a distribution is helpful and undoubtedly in the cases of some owners of securities it is helpful. But questions of this kind must be treated in the whole and not on the basis of isolated cases. Consequently, it takes no stretch of the imagination to see how a business is forced to distribute its earnings, to distribute them in good times when a comparatively small number of its security owners need the funds—and the result is obviously a shortage of reserve for that rainy day. In other words, a corporation is compelled to be a spendthrift or else pay a tax that is designed as a punishment.

There is another phase of these payments by businesses that deserves attention.

**Show The dividend payments, in fact, many of the earnings reports of business lately have shown a decided up-turn. This circumstance has prompted Democratic Chairman Farley and Attorney General Cummings to entuse somewhat about business recovery. Each of them insist in recent political statements that prosperity actually is here; that it is not "just around the corner," as Mr. Hoover once predicted while he was president.**

But there should be some attention paid to the meaning of the dividend payments and increased earnings. They should be analyzed. It is true that some industries, like the automobile industry, for example, have increased production beyond the hope of any students of economics and that they have restored to their payrolls a considerable percentage of the workers they once employed. Some other industries likewise have moved forward and promise to get on their feet again in sound fashion. Yet I find a number of authorities in the business world who continue to be doubtful. They fear that the foundation is not sound.

These facts have not deterred Mr. Farley and Mr. Cummings from shouting from the house-tops that this is prosperity, resulting from Roosevelt policies. Their declarations, however, are just as fallacious, just as political as some political pronouncements that I have heard from the Republican side to the effect that business is picking up because of prospects of electing Governor Landon as President. All of these statements in my opinion are pure humbug—for the reason that the facts generally speaking do not bear out any of them.

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# Synthetic Gentleman

By Channing Pollock

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WNU Service.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

"Stop fretting," Barry commanded. "He'll be out in a month."

Barry's heart had gone out to Peggy and to her boy. A chorine with the domestic virtues of a clergyman's wife—that's what Peg was. "I'd like to give Pat a squit at the underdog she thinks she despises so," he thought.

The next morning there were two responses to the advertisement suggested by Evans. Barry wrote asking both applicants for the reward to call at his rooms. On the way to The Globe, he dropped in on Tim Laugherty.

Tim had been assigned to a new case now, and regarded the Kelly matter as a closed incident. Barry's zeal amused him. "What're you talking about?" he inquired with mock seriousness. "Kelly? We're at the Ziegfeld Folies, buddy."

Barry reported his interview with the Oriental.

Tim grinned. "We knew all about that ten days ago!"

He produced his records. "There was a call at 8:16. That came from a hotel in the Forties—an actress named Betty Barclay. Then there were three calls from Kelly's—at 8:22, 8:27 and 9:41. That first number's the house of a lawyer named Hood. Next comes the Yale club. And the third's a flat in Riverside drive."

"Whose?"

"I don't know."

"What about the call that came in while Rogers was there?"

"Boloney."

"You mean there wasn't any such call?"

"Not on my records. Of course, it might've been sent from a nickel-in-the-slot booth. You can't trace them things. Listen, pal, you're on a wild-goose chase. This Rogers had done it."

## CHAPTER VI

Barry proceeded to The Globe, quite expecting to find his dismissal there. "I'm going to draw down fifty bucks," he thought, "and what have I done for it?"

But Ernie Harwood had caught the contagion for "sleuthing."

"The other papers have practically dropped it," he said. "Okay. We'll go on working quietly, and some day, we'll turn up the story. It's good any time. And I'm dead sure now the cops have got the wrong party. Maybe they know it, too. Maybe they don't want to know who bumped off the big boss. What're you doing?"

Barry told him.

"Let's see those telephone numbers."

Standing over him, Barry pointed out that somebody had made two calls from Kelly's within eleven minutes after the receipt of the message from Betty Barclay. Harwood saw nothing remarkable about that. "But," Barry persisted, "who was 'somebody'?"

Kelly didn't get home till 11, the Filipino says. Mrs. Kelly was in Harlem. Who called the Yale club, and the flat on Riverside drive?"

Harwood sent for a newspaper file. "I thought so," he observed, his finger on one of its pages. "Betty Barclay's the dame Mrs. Kelly named when she was going to divorce Kelly."

Barry whistled.

"That might explain Mrs. Kelly calling a lawyer named Hood."

The city editor glanced back at the file.

"Especially since he was her lawyer. Gimme that big red book."

Barry obeyed.

Hood. Graduated from Yale. He wasn't at home, so they tried to get him at his club. Law firm: Hood & Loring. Gimme the telephone book. Just a hunch, but—Okay. The Riverside number's the home of Horace Loring. Somebody wanted legal advice that night, and wanted it bad."

"Who?"

"Use your imagination."

"Mrs. Kelly?"

"Sure. She took the call from Betty Barclay."

"She didn't. The butler took it."

"All right. Then he gave it to her, and she went wild. You want to know why the Oriental's 'cagey.' Well, that's why. He's trying to shield Mrs. Kelly. What you've got to do now is to check up on that alibi."

They discussed ways and means. Also, they discussed Barry's other activities. Barry showed Ernie his advertisement, and the two responses. Harwood was skeptical.

"We might get the number of the taxi that killed the woman. What then? That was two hours after the murder. And, if you have the good fortune to get the taxi—the one that brought the midnight caller to Kelly's, if there was a midnight caller—how's the driver going to know who his fare was? No, son; that's beet-top!"

Barry defended himself.

"You never can tell what you're going to get till you go after it."

Harwood was searching for that inevitable pipe.

"You're enthusiastic," he commented, "and that's something. In fact, it's everything. I figure getting anywhere as a 5 per cent lack and 95 per cent enthusiasm. Now, beat it. I'm too busy for mathematics."

He smiled, almost as warmly and kindly as Winslow had done.

"You've got a nose for news," he went on. "When I hired you, I said you'd get a raise if you were worth it, and fired if you weren't. Well, I think you're worth a hundred a week."

"That's swell of you," Barry glowed, "but I don't see what I've done—"

Wednesday brought the desired letter from Bad Nauhelm, and three more from gentlemen who hoped to receive the fifty-dollar reward. With these, as with their predecessors, Barry made appointments beginning at four o'clock Thursday. Mrs. Ridder's envelope contained a check drawn to her order by "the old man," and endorsed simply "Eleanor Ridder."

"She's a good business woman," Barry said to himself, ironically.

It hadn't occurred to her to doubt the sender of that cablegram, or what he meant to do with the money. "Winslow'll take it," Barry told Peggy, "and take his retainer out of it. Then he can give us his check for the rest. Winslow's name'll be on this check when it's returned to the old man, and, of course, that's all right."

"What'll we do with Winslow's check?"

"Start a bank account in your name. Then I'll go to you when we need funds, and tell you what for. Give this letter to Jack, and tell him it ought to make him ashamed of himself."

It almost did. Even more than the communication Barry had shown him, this answered Jack's question as to whether his mother cared. "I'm so glad you've got work," she had written, "and so glad you're taking an interest in that boy. It shows I've always been right about you. And it will help you, too. We can't help others without helping ourselves—making character. I want to boast—to your father. He's no better, though. Worse, if anything. Goodness knows when we shall get back to America, and I'm so anxious to get back—now!"

The real Jack Ridder answered that letter without prompting, and the "fake" Jack Ridder posted the answer.

At three Thursday afternoon, he was in his rooms, preparing to quiz the reward-seekers. Barry had reason to know the ways of imposters.

The first caller was just that. "I was walking down Fifth avenue," he recounted, "and I happened to glance to my left. I saw the cab coming, licky-spilly—"

"To your left?" Barry asked. "That would have been east. And Sixteenth street's for traffic from the west."

The second applicant was waiting by now—a lunch-counter clerk who'd run out of his place "to see what the excitement was about," but hadn't seen much. On his heels, came an exceptionally interesting Jehu. He was an M. D., he told Barry, "but business is bad, so I'm out to make a little."

"A little business?" Barry asked. "Well, I haven't hit anyone yet."

He was thirty-five, neatly dressed, and wore glasses, and his English was pure and unadorned. Moreover, he had a scientific instinct for observation. "I saw the taxi," he said, "and the woman step off the curb. I knew the cab would hit her, and it did."

"Get the number?"

"Of course," the visitor answered. "Took it down as the runaway crossed in front of me."

He produced a prescription pad. "026017."

Barry wrote it in the note-book to which he had transferred the number of Kelly's lost latch-key.

"How did you happen to be in lower Fifth avenue at that hour?" he asked.

"I went down—some time before—with a very singular person."

"Why do you say he was singular?"

"He acted strangely. At least, I thought so at the time. I picked him up in a tobacconist's shop a few minutes before twelve o'clock. 'Where do you want to go?' I asked him."

"To a drug store," he answered. "There's one in the Flatiron building, at Broadway and Twenty-third street. Take me there."

"It seemed a long way to go for a drug store, but I supposed he knew someone, or wanted a special prescription. Anyway, it was none of my business, and I took him. He gave me a fifty-cent tip, and went into the Broadway entrance. Five minutes later, while I was wondering where to go next, I saw him walk out of the door that opened on Fifth avenue—I started back uptown."

"About half past one, I picked up a couple that wanted to go to the Brevoort, on Eighth street. I took 'em, and was making for Times Square again when the traffic lights stopped me at Sixteenth. Then I saw the woman and the cab. The whole thing was over in a minute. The taxi struck her, went right up on the pavement, smashed a lamp-post, and kept going. But I got the number."

"Then, of course, I jumped out of my cab and went to the woman. She was beyond 'help,' though. And, by this time, a policeman had turned up, and I decided to move on. He smiled. 'A taxi-driver learns to avoid the constabulary.'"

"So you didn't give the cop that license number?"

"What for? The woman was dead, and arresting some poor, scared taxi-man wasn't going to do her any good. I started back to my cab, and whom should I bump into but the chap I'd driven to the drug store. He was coming out of Sixteenth street, so lost in himself that he hadn't even

noticed the crowd. 'Hello,' I said. 'We seem to be meeting a lot tonight.'"

"Who are you?" he asked, curiously.

"I'm the taxi-driver who took you to a drug store on Twenty-third street a couple of hours ago."

"I never saw you before in my life. You've made a mistake," he said. "I live in this street, and I've been home all evening. You never drove me anywhere."

"Have it your own way," I said, and climbed into my buggy.

"I wasn't mistaken, and neither was he. He was in kind of a daze until he recognized me, and then he got almost hysterical. You'd've thought I'd accused him of murder."

The doctor rose from his chair.

"Maybe I'm doing that," he added. "There was a murder that night, you know; in that street. But, of course, you know. Your ad didn't fool me."

"Then why did you answer it?"

"Well, my conscience has been hurting me a little." He smiled again.

That seer-is-the-deaf-and-blind but keenly observing Miss Helen Keller, who draws her observation and its conclusion in the form of a story. And it is a story so satisfying, with so much food for rejoicing on the part of women, that to prevent even one of us from missing it, we must retell the gist of it here.

It is a story about the Joneses—he a captain of industry, she just a housewife. When the Joneses' resources showed signs of dwindling some time ago, it appeared to Mrs. Jones that her household system was foolproof against waste or loss—that the trouble must be in the big business of which her husband was a leading light.

Timidly, as becomes one of her modest position and accomplishments, Mrs. Jones advanced a few theories. But naturally her husband would not lend a serious ear. Whereupon Mrs. Jones suggested that he take over for a while the household management, and see if it gave him any ideas.

At once the captain of industry started making changes. First, he found it wasteful to have the oven going for just one cake, so he baked ten cakes at one time. Then he turned his attention to the labor saving devices, which to his astonishment were idle for a large part of the day. The vacuum cleaner, dish washer, washing machine and others presented

quite a problem in efficiency. Mrs. Jones asked if he should not build more houses to make more work for them, and Mr. Jones was about to turn his talents to solving the problem when the ten cakes which the family had obligingly eaten for him began to manifest the usual results; The doctor's bill was charged to "Overproduction"—and to a lesson in household economy which the financier had learned from the kitchen. Perhaps the result was that he called in Mrs. Jones to find the flaw in his complicated system of industrial economy—as one who has failed to one who has succeeded. But that is as far as the story goes!

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**BOYS AND GIRLS**

The large Post Toasties advertisement in another column of this paper offers all sorts of free prizes and tells you what to do to have Melvin Purvis send you free his official Junior G-Man Badge and his big book. Be sure to see this offer.—Adv.

**Censoriousness**

Censorious people are like the bees that kill themselves in stinging others.

**HAIR COMING OUT?**

Regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo helps check excessive falling hair and wards off Dandruff. An aid to normal hair growth and scalp health. Ask your hairdresser.

**GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**

**Who Are You?** He Asked Curtly.

"That's my number, and my name and address, if you want me."

"There's your fifty dollars."

"Thanks."

"I wish you could tell me more about your singular fare."

"I wish so, too, but I can't. I'd know him if I saw him again, but I'm not likely to see him."

"Would you mind leaving me a receipt for that money?" Barry asked.

"Certainly not."

"I like to have vouchers for what I pay out."

The doctor nodded, and went to the desk.

Barry was halted by an exclamation.

"What is it?" he asked.

The doctor turned to him.

"That's the man I saw in Sixteenth street," he said. "Believe it or not, that's the man."

In his hand was Barry's newspaper, with the picture of Judge Hamblidge.

"I must see Pat at once," Barry thought.

Six days before, she had given him a pretty plain warning to keep out of this. Barry no longer had any doubt of that. He had decided to do so, and then Willetts had reminded him that gentlemen didn't "abandon ladies in distress." Well, what was a gentleman to do now?

"Damn it," he raged; "I can't blame her for wanting to protect her own father! And it doesn't make the least difference, anyway. I'd go on loving her if she'd committed the murder!"

Once more, he asked himself what right he had to assume that either Pat or the Judge had anything to do with that murder. Facing the floor, he reviewed all his evidence again, and reached a conclusion as to what it indicated. That brought him back to the idea of himself as Pat's ally.

"I can make her see that," he said. "She's got to come clean, though. And she will. When I can tell her about Peggy, and make her understand that the truth will clear that boy. And then we can get together to clear the Judge. There might have been a whole lot of reasons—decent ones—for his going to Kelly's that night."

Evans phoned at ten.

"I've been having dinner with Kelly's chauffeur. His name's Nolan," Evans said, "and he don't talk much. We got pretty thick tonight, though."

"Suppose we start for home at nine in the morning," Barry said.

He was hungry, and tired of thinking, so he had a snack at the corner. Precisely at nine the next morning, he called Pat and told her he was coming. "Something important's happened," he said.

"Why not lunch with us?" Pat suggested.

"We're lucky if we get out by two," Barry told her. "And, anyway, I want to see you alone."

"I'll expect you at two," she said. "Evans was waiting, and full of his evening with Nolan. I didn't dare ask a question," Evans reported. "He's the suspicious kind. I think he drinks, though, and a fellow that drinks is bound to loosen up some day."

"Buy him all he can hold," Barry counseled.

Conversation lapsed after that. Evans' passenger was rehearsing his part of the coming interview. "I'll bet she knows now what it's about," he speculated.

And she did.

"Come in," Pat invited, leading the way to the drawing room.

Pat indicated a chair. "Sit there," she bade him. "It's awfully warm—for June."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A Lesson From the Kitchen—

Captain of Industry Learns Something About Household Economy

AT last we have something to teach the men. Captains of industry are invited to take a lesson from the kitchen!

The ordinary housewife, so long without question overlooked among workers of any real significance, has at last come into her own. A seer has divined in her modest labors a real contribution, or at least avoidance of error, that holds a lesson for the princes of finance!

That seer-is-the-deaf-and-blind but keenly observing Miss Helen Keller, who draws her observation and its conclusion in the form of a story. And it is a story so satisfying, with so much food for rejoicing on the part of women, that to prevent even one of us from missing it, we must retell the gist of it here.

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Timidly, as becomes one of her modest position and accomplishments, Mrs. Jones advanced a few theories. But naturally her husband would not lend a serious ear. Whereupon Mrs. Jones suggested that he take over for a while the household management, and see if it gave him any ideas.

At once the captain of industry started making changes. First, he found it wasteful to have the oven going for just one cake, so he baked ten cakes at one time. Then he turned his attention to the labor saving devices, which to his astonishment were idle for a large part of the day. The vacuum cleaner, dish washer, washing machine and others presented

quite a problem in efficiency. Mrs. Jones asked if he should not build more houses to make more work for them, and Mr. Jones was about to turn his talents to solving the problem when the ten cakes which the family had obligingly eaten for him began to manifest the usual results; The doctor's bill was charged to "Overproduction"—and to a lesson in household economy which the financier had learned from the kitchen. Perhaps the result was that he called in Mrs. Jones to find the flaw in his complicated system of industrial economy—as one who has failed to one who has succeeded. But that is as far as the story goes!

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

**BOYS AND GIRLS**

The large Post Toasties advertisement in another column of this paper offers all sorts of free prizes and tells you what to do to have Melvin Purvis send you free his official Junior G-Man Badge and his big book. Be sure to see this offer.—Adv.

**Censoriousness**

Censorious people are like the bees that kill themselves in stinging others.

**HAIR COMING OUT?**

Regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo helps check excessive falling hair and wards off Dandruff. An aid to normal hair growth and scalp health. Ask your hairdresser.

**GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**

**Who Are You?** He Asked Curtly.

"That's my number, and my name and address, if you want me."

"There's your fifty dollars."

"Thanks."

"I wish you could tell me more about your singular fare."

"I wish so, too, but I can't. I'd know him if I saw him again, but I'm not likely to see him."

"Would you mind leaving me a receipt for that money?" Barry asked.

"Certainly not."

"I like to have vouchers for what I pay out."

The doctor nodded, and went to the desk.

Barry was halted by an exclamation.

"What is it?" he asked.

The doctor turned to him.

"That's the man I saw in Sixteenth street," he said. "Believe it or not, that's the man."

In his hand was Barry's newspaper, with the picture of Judge Hamblidge.

"I must see Pat at once," Barry thought.

Six days before, she had given him a pretty plain warning to keep out of this. Barry no longer had any doubt of that. He had decided to do so, and then Willetts had reminded him that gentlemen didn't "abandon ladies in distress." Well, what was a gentleman to do now?

"Damn it," he raged; "I can't blame her for wanting to protect her own father! And it doesn't make the least difference, anyway. I'd go on loving her if she'd committed the murder!"

Once more, he asked himself what right he had to assume that either Pat or the Judge had anything to do with that murder. Facing the floor, he reviewed all his evidence again, and reached a conclusion as to what it indicated. That brought him back to the idea of himself as Pat's ally.

"I can make her see that," he said. "She's got to come clean, though. And she will. When I can tell her about Peggy, and make her understand that the truth will clear that boy. And then we can get together to clear the Judge. There might have been a whole lot of reasons—decent ones—for his going to Kelly's that night."

Evans phoned at ten.

"I've been having dinner with Kelly's chauffeur. His name's Nolan," Evans said, "and he don't talk much. We got pretty thick tonight, though."

"Suppose we start for home at nine in the morning," Barry said.

He was hungry, and tired of thinking, so he had a snack at the corner. Precisely at nine the next morning, he called Pat and told her he was coming. "Something important's happened," he said.

"Why not lunch with us?" Pat suggested.

"We're lucky if we get out by two," Barry told her. "And, anyway, I want to see you alone."

"I'll expect you at two," she said. "Evans was waiting, and full of his evening with Nolan. I didn't dare ask a question," Evans reported. "He's the suspicious kind. I think he drinks, though, and a fellow that drinks is bound to loosen up some day."

"Buy him all he can hold," Barry counseled.

Conversation lapsed after that. Evans' passenger was rehearsing his part of the coming interview. "I'll bet she knows now what it's about," he speculated.

And she did.

"Come in," Pat invited, leading the way to the drawing room.

Pat indicated a chair. "Sit there," she bade him. "It's awfully warm—for June."

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

**VALUE OF GOOD WILL**

Good-will is the one and only asset that competition cannot imitate nor destroy. — Marshall Field.

## Don't Sleep on Left Side, Affects Heart

**Gas Pressure May Cause Discomfort Right Side Best**

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, try Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly all night.

Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out foul matter you would never believe was in your system. This old matter may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, sour stomach, headache or nervousness.

Dr. H. L. Shoup, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli." Mrs. Jas. Miller: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."

Give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and chronic constipation. Sold by all druggists and drug departments.

## Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

**MORNING**

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

How do you do, Ladies and Gentlemen; how DO you do.

Time for another informal chat with you. Eddie Cantor says on his radio program, "I love to spend this hour with you." Like that famous comedian, the writer gets a great deal of pleasure, or in English, "kick" out of my decidedly informal visits. We trust that you enjoy these chats; if you don't, kindly inform Yours Truly.

SHORTAGE OF HOUSES

There is a serious shortage of rental property in town. People are forced to live in whatever they can secure, in order to send their kiddies to school. A Subscriber recently remarked, "If I had the wherewithal I'd erect about four three-room modern cottages." Note—A word to the wise is sufficient.

George Harkness, who owns the Roswell - Carrizozo Stage and Mail Line, showed us his re-upholstered Hack, and as Amigo George says, the interior has been gone over so as to make more leg-room. The Stage is three tiers deep, allowing one to ride in same with perfect comfort. The exterior has been painted a luxurious blue color, with the names of the various stopping places from Roswell to Carrizozo done in a brilliant orange.

NOTHING EXTRA FOR THE FREE ADVERTISING

The Magdalena News says—"A Carrizozo editor (that's us) who had bummed a ride in a brand new Lincoln Zephyr, went home and told his wife that it rode like a sewing machine. So if you ever rode in a sewing machine, you'll know all about it without a demonstration."—Mr. A. H. Harvey, owner of the Lincoln Zephyr 12, gets some more free advertising on his car.

"The Carrizozo City Park is a beautiful sight; Retired Railroad Conductor John Miller has gone over the grounds with a fine-toothed comb, ridding the Park of weeds," observes a Bystander. Note—Amigo John, you have the thanks of this community as a whole, for we all should feel proud.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

About four voters and their wives, originally from White Oaks, but now in Colorado, will be here in time to vote the straight Republican ticket. The odd what lengths some folks will take to vote the ticket of their preference—even as U and I.

KNOWLEDGE

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—Confucius said it, and a wise old bird was he.

Quoting a Citizen, "It certainly looks nice to see all of the young school teachers back at their duties once more. I see we have some new faces among our teachers. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and give them every assistance possible, for they're surely deserving."

NEWS OVER KOB STATION

Radio Fans will welcome the fact that at 12:45 there is a news broadcast being given over radio station KOB.—Adios.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

- |                                                              |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Baling Wire                                                  | Cement          |
| Salt Blocks                                                  | Lime            |
| Barbed Wire                                                  | Bulk Rock Salt  |
| Dairy Feeds                                                  | Steel Roofing   |
| Poultry Feeds                                                | Poultry Netting |
| Men's Work Clothing, Ladies' and Misses' Silk Underwear      |                 |
| Pool Dress Shirts, Allan A Silk Hosiery, Hats, Boots, Shoes. |                 |

Give us a trial on our Fresh Home-Killed Beef. Our Prices Are Reasonable On all Merchandise.

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



THE DISCOUNT COUNTS HAVE USED OVER 8000 CANS OF Carnation Milk

PROTECT BABY

Give Him the Best Libby's Homogenized Formulated Combinations Simply Heat and Serve

Citrus Fruits Fresh Vegetables ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62 J. F. PETTY, Prop

Corona News

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Myers and Mrs. Myers' mother of Yuma, Arizona, are spending a two weeks' vacation with Mrs. Myers' sisters, Mrs. W. B. Moseley, A. B. Stroope, C. E. Vickrey and Mr. Myers' father, W. A. Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Jones left Wednesday to spend two weeks with friends in Texas. Miss Valda Jones accompanied them as far as Lubbock where she will re-enter Business College.

Mrs. Portia Griswold departed Tuesday for Prescott, Arizona, where she has accepted a position as primary teacher.

R. L. Sheffield returned Tuesday from Goldplate, Texas, where he visited a week with relatives.

Mrs. Bernice McCullough stopped overnight Thursday with Mrs. H. Belknap. She was enroute to Capitan where she is instructor of English.

Miss Hivana Stroope left Monday morning for State College where she will enter as a Junior.

Roy Brown and son Melvin were business visitors from Albuquerque Wednesday.

Marion Pherigo has arrived from Claunch to accept a position with the Corona Trading Company.

Mrs. D. A. McCan was taken to a Carrizozo hospital for medical treatment Tuesday.

Mrs. Nellie Rely has returned from a vacation trip to Dallas and El Paso.

Music-Drama Study Club

will hold its annual meeting at the home of the president Mrs. E. E. Blaney Thursday evening, Sept. 17.

To Speak in Carrizozo

On Monday, Sept. 14, Mr. Jaffe Miller, Republican candidate for Governor and the Hon. Miguel Otero, Jr., candidate for United States Senator, will address the voters of Lincoln County. The public in general is invited to come and hear these illustrious gentlemen. Watch for further announcements.

Bids Requested

The Municipal Board of Education requests that bids be submitted on Fifty (50) or more tons of coal delivered as required at one or the other of the school properties in Carrizozo, New Mexico, during the present school term. Bids will be opened at the regular meeting of the Board, Monday night, October 5th. Bids should be filed with Carl E. Freeman, Secretary, on or before that date.

SI1-02



DANCE Country Club Saturday, Sept. 12 Music by Heavy Stewart and his orchestra

TOWN HAPPENINGS

WHO? WHEN? WHY?

Mrs. Lola Artiga of Capitan returned Monday on No. 12 from Tucson, Arizona, where she had been for the past two months, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Sandoval and son Manuel. Mrs. Artiga is here this week, visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vick Artiga.

Ray Serna of Capitan and Refugio Romero of Lincoln were here Saturday to attend the dance at Baca's Hall.

H. M. Maes was a business visitor from Lincoln on Monday of this week.

John Scharf was here from Nogal last Saturday and while in town, made this office a pleasant call.

J. H. Kimmons was a visitor from Oscura last Saturday. Mr. Kimmons presented the Outlook office with some choice fruit from his orchard, for which we return many thanks.

W. J. Sander of Tinnie was a pleasant visitor at this office last Saturday.

This office is in receipt of a letter from our old friend and former lower valley neighbor, W. B. Rose, who is now in Wilmington, California, and sends his best regards to his Lincoln County friends.

Clayton Hust was here last Saturday from Ruidoso attending to some business matters.

Wm. Ferguson, expert road maker of the Nogal-Mesa and Dr. F. S. Randles were here Wednesday attending to some business matters. The Doctor remained "inside" during the short stay, to avoid the camera-men.

Bryce Duggar, Judge Homer McDaniel and John McDaniel of the Nogal Grocery were here from Nogal Wednesday.

Clark Hust is here from his farm near Las Cruces, looking over some matters of a business interest.

Colonel Jones of the Burnett Grocery & Market has returned from different points in Texas, where he spent his vacation.

Dance to the music of Sat Chavez and his Conquistadores at Baca's Hall tomorrow night, Sept. 12.

Bobby Hughes, Carrizozo boy, won first prize in the Kids' Rodeo in El Paso last Saturday. Congratulations, Bobby!

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McFadin of the Monte Prieto ranch near Gran Quivira, were Carrizozo visitors this Tuesday.

Isidro, Jr., and Billy McKinley arrived here Saturday from Gallup for a short visit with relatives. Reuben Chavez and Emiliano McKinley will be here from that place shortly for the same purpose.

John R. (Jack) O'Malley, the New York Life Man from Capitan, was a Carrizozo visitor several times this week. Arthur H. Sisk of the Albuquerque New York Life office, accompanied him.

Sabino Vidaurri went to Albuquerque the first of the week, to take his son Lucio to enroll in Business College at that place.

Mrs. Basilia Montoya and son Anatacio of Tularosa visited the Nick Vega family last week-end.

Joe Chavez of this office is in receipt of a letter from Manuel Padilla and Juan Gutles, Carrizozo boys, who are now in Denver. The boys send their best regards to friends.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS "Where Value Has a Meaning"



You're happier with

Brownbilt Shoes For Every Occasion

For Street Wear :: For Dress

When you choose your Fall Footwear Choose Brownbilt

Smartly Styled—Newest Leathers—Unusual Trims

Priced to please the Thriftiest Choose while the Selection is Complete

Suede is Smart for Fall

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

Carrizozo Cleaners

"The Biggest Little Cleaners in New Mexico"

Ninety percent of the Ladies' clothes today are made from artificial silk—such as Celonese, Rayon, etc. You can't afford to send those to an inexperienced cleaner. Remember we test each garment for such fabrics before they are cleaned and clean them by a method best suited to them. Let us clean your next dress or suit. We Guarantee Satisfaction!

Our Special Cleaning Price on Dresses gives you an excellent opportunity to give us a trial.



Excelsior Cleaners of Roswell

Have the Only Cleaning Method

Indorsed and Approved by Good-House Keeping Institute SANITONE

Your Clothes are Insured while in Our Care Twice Weekly Service—Mon. & Thurs.

Raymond Buckner, Agent