

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

THE HOME PAPER

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

8 PAGES

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COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Greetings to you, one and all — Are you listenin'?

Keep a Lip Upper Stiff while we elucidate the following—

THIS WEEK'S BEST STORY — You can't kill Santa Claus.

OUR BIG MISTAKE

I'm sore on this election— We paid too big a price. We shoulda put in Townsend and old Doc Brinkley Vice.

Then with two hundred bucks And quick rejuvenation, It shouldn't take so very long To make a mighty nation. —Nat Campbell.

What came about Tuesday reminds me of the saying of Gen. Smedley Butler some months ago to the effect that he could take four billion \$ and elect a Chipman president of the country. —Wasted Ink in Roy Record.

And where may we inquire, were the 3,000,000 Jeffersonian Democrats, ex-service men, disgruntled Democrats, Liberty Leaguers, Townsendites, etc?

Mrs. Allen Kile of Ancho won the National Award for the Certificate of Recipe Endorsement, given by the Better Homes & Gardens recently. Mrs. Kile's recipe was "Chicken Curry with Rice." Congratulations.

IS SENATOR VANDENBURG RIGHT?

The Roy Record says—It is my guess that Sen. Vandenburg was not far wrong when some time ago he said that this is our last presidential election. A mandate from the American people has given the power of Dictator to Mr. Roosevelt, and he is most certain to take advantage of it. If you have a Sample Ballot, put away as a souvenir of the last election you will ever see in this country.

The work of tearing up the oiled surfaces of the town streets has begun.

We were greeted Tuesday by a bright, cheerful day, most invigorating.

Speaking of the forgotten man, how about Gov. Landon?

A local Democrat remarked—"The Republican party would have been far better off this time if they'd nominated Hoover instead of Landon."

THE LITERARY DIGEST

A New Dealer said to us—"The Literary Digest was wrong this time." (As if we didn't know it by this time.)

While we are on this subject, allow me to state the average illiterate man thinks the Literary Digest to be some sort of fancy drink or a new contraption.

—But in the voting booth he

Vidaurri-Ortiz

Last Sunday morning at the Santa Rita Catholic Church, with the Rev. Father Salvatore officiating, Miss Cecilia Vidaurri, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sabino Vidaurri, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Salyador Ortiz at a very impressive wedding ceremony. Upon entering the chapel, the bride and groom were given a big shower of rice.

The bride was born, reared and educated in Carrizozo, having graduated from the local high school with high honors.

The groom, like his esteemed wife, is a Lincoln County product and very prominent in school and athletic activities. He is one of the trusted and dependable employees of the City Garage, where he enjoys the confidence of his employer, Mr. Vincent Reil and associates.

After the wedding, the newlyweds motored to Albuquerque on a short honeymoon trip, returning home Tuesday. The best wishes for an unending happiness are extended to the young couple by this office and their many friends. The attendants were: Misses Margaret Martinez and Griego, maids of honor; Ernest Lopez and Lucio Vidaurri, best men.

Carnival and Dance

Tick tack, tick tack, "Time Marches On." Saturday night, Nov. 21, is the big night for our Senior Carnival and Dance, so be there to help crown our Queen. Radio call SOS, boost our Senior queen. Every penny counts one vote, so rob the baby's bank and help put our queen over. Don't let us build up an awful let-down.

Don't forget ladies and gentlemen, that 10c general admission, admits you to one of the best amateur programs you ever witnessed. Anyone in the community wishing to enter this contest may do so by getting in touch with Miss Evelyn Claunch by Friday, Nov. 20. Cash prizes will be given for first, second and third places. Let's see the home talent strut their stuff. Gentlemen, as a bargain we will offer to you your general admission and dance ticket for 75c if bought when entering the hall; otherwise you will have to pay 10c general admission on entering and 75c for dancing later in the evening.

Watch this paper for further announcements next week, as have a real collection of side shows and other entertainments awaiting your approval.

Mr. and Mrs. Juan Beltran, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Beltran, Mr. and Mrs. Benny Chavez and Esperidion Jauregui have returned from parts in Colorado and Wyoming, where they were employed in the beet fields for the past three or four months.

This election bespeaks of one thing—It is the silent vote that actually counts.

To W. W. S. of White Oaks—Remember your parting saying when in this office last week: "So long; we'll be seeing the Democrats in the next four years."

A fellow bet on A. H. Harvey, the Republican Candidate for County Surveyor, and won the wager (Mr. Harvey had no opposition.)—Adios.

New 1937 Chevrolet

has made its appearance in Carrizozo, but the shipment, eight in number, have all been sold except two, and the remaining two cars will be sold today. The car is a beauty in every respect and possesses all the advantages and conveniences ahead of any product heretofore put on the market by the General Motors Co., of which company, Vincent Reil of the City Garage is the local agent. Mr. Reil has two car loads of the new cars on order and they are now enroute for this point. That is not all; he has advanced orders for every car of the above shipment.

Expression of Thanks

I wish to express my gratitude to the voters of Lincoln County for their splendid support given me in the recent election. As Sheriff of Lincoln County, I shall endeavor to serve the people regardless of party affiliations, race or creed.

S. E. (Ben) Greisen.

Lucky Deer Hunters

The following have reported on the successful list up to Wednesday evening: Earl Harkey, one deer and one wild turkey; Elvin Harkey, Paul Aguayo, Charles Snow, Albert Snow, Dr. Clyde Snow of Rawls, Texas; A. L. Burke and Ted Purcoy.

New 1937 Ford V-8

Roy Shafer of the Carrizozo Auto Company left Wednesday morning for Denver and will return today with one of the latest models of 1937 Ford V-8 which will be on display at the showroom of the Carrizozo Auto Co. Saturday. Mr. Shafer invites the public to come in and inspect the new car with its many new features.

Mrs. C. O. Garrison will leave Monday for a visit to her old home in Iowa. She will be absent about one month.

Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Lucas came in last Sunday evening from Kansas City, the Doctor to put in a portion of their visit in deer hunting. They will remain for about ten days as the guests of the A. L. Burke and Phil Bright families.

Mrs. Geo. Titaworth entertained the Past Matrons' Club Tuesday at her home in Capitan with a 1 o'clock luncheon. There were eleven present. The afternoon was spent in sewing and visiting.

Paul Mayer, who has been suffering from a temporary illness, is much improved at this writing, we are glad to say.

Mrs. R. E. Lemon entertained the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Clyde Luckey and Mrs. Nellie Branum, Assistants.

Mrs. E. B. Dearing of Torrington, Wyo., sister of Mrs. Lon Merchant, is here to be of assistance to that estimable lady during her illness, from which she is greatly improved according to a report from Dr. Rathmann, attending physician.

Mrs. Gunther Kroggel is expected home tomorrow from Dallas, Tex., to which place she went to visit her mother, Mrs. Anna Kleinger. She will return, accompanied by her little son Pat, who had been visiting his grandmas for a month or so.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:30 p. m. Friday-Saturday

George Raft and Costello Barrymore in—

"Yours for the Asking"

A gay nite-life picture, full of thrills and spills. Also 'Hooked Lightening' and 'Easy to Remember.'

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday "Fury"

Featuring Silvia Sidney, Spencer Tracy. A Black Legion picture of mob violence. Also "Modern Tokyo" and "Important News."

Sunday matinee at 2:30; Night show at eight.

Wednesday-Thursday Nov. 18 and 19

Smoke-Eaters' Nights—Stan Laurel & Oliver Hardy in—"The

Bohemian Girl"

From start to finish this musical comedy is a swell number—and how these two grand goofs gyp the gypsy girls. Also 'Victoria and Vancouver' and 'Run, Sheep, Run.'

This picture is given for the benefit of the Carrizozo Ball Team, so let's all turn out and give them a boost.

Free Turkey

We are talking TURKEY—Beginning Sunday, Nov. 8, we will give a coupon ticket with each 35c ticket-bought at the Lyric Theatre and if you have the lucky number you will take home a BIG GOBBLER Wednesday night, Nov. 25, for your Thanksgiving dinner. No strings to the offer. No red tape. A 35c coupon ticket gets the Gobbler. If you are not here, the other fellow gets him.

J. V. Tully, 69, Rancher, Dies

Alamogordo, Nov. 9.—Jim V. Tully, 69, pioneer cattleman and Glencoe, N. M., merchant, who, for 12 years, was a New Mexico state senator, died at noon Monday after a sudden illness.

He had been in excellent health and spirits, having visited in El Paso Saturday. His death was a distinct surprise to friends here who had seen him Saturday.

Mr. Tully came to New Mexico at the age of 16, with his parents from Chicago. They settled first in the San Juan Valley, moving in 1881 to Lincoln County. Mr. Tully made his residence in Glencoe for more than 30 years.

His survivors include his widow, four sons, Fred, Customs Service Inspector, Columbus, N. M.; James, Laguna, N. M.; Kivas, Roswell, Gerald, Glencoe; two daughters, Mrs. Leon Sheehy, El Paso, and Mrs. M. E. Morgan, Alamogordo.—El Paso Times.

The sympathy of the many friends of the family over Lincoln County, is tendered to the bereaved relatives.

Rainbow Girls

will attend a 6 o'clock Banquet as guests of the Alamo Assembly Saturday evening, when the Grand Worthy Advisor makes her official visit.

School Notes

Ola C. Jones, Co. School Supt.

This is the 50th anniversary of American Education and Children's Book Week sponsored by the American Legion, National Education Association, and the United States Office of Education.

The general theme of the week is "Our American Schools at Work," a subdivision of which is "The Founding and Growth of Our Public Library System."

In the biography of Franklin we find when he was 25 years of age, he founded the Library Co. of Philadelphia, a picture of which may be seen in the Lincoln County Rural School Library here. Public libraries grew by leaps and bounds until they became universal throughout the world as they are today.

The Lincoln County Rural School Library was founded by Mrs. Ola C. Jones, County School Supt., and budgeted for in the 1936-37 set up in the county school budget. Mrs. A. F. Roselle was employed as librarian, and she supervises the work and the six women employed sixty-five hours a month by the W. P. A. Library Project.

At present they are working out a Thanksgiving project that consists of teachers aids in planning programs, historical and reading activities, and many other units related to same. After Thanksgiving, they will begin their Christmas project. The public is cordially invited to visit the library at any time.

The P. T. A. of Picacho, reorganized with 14 members. Mrs. E. Sparkman was elected president, Andrea Kimbrell and Mrs. Maggie Torres as hospitality committee, Josephine Kimbrell as publicity committee, and Mrs. Bollen and Mrs. B. Salas as membership committee. We look forward to many successful units carried out by this competent and worthy P. T. A.

To The Public

Having been unable to find a buyer for my stock of merchandise, nor a tenant for my store building, I will continue my Closing-Out-Sale during the winter and spring, with bargains in every department. New Shoes, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Underwear, etc., and a large line of Christmas Toys are being received, to be sold at the lowest possible price. Come in and be convinced.

—M. DOERING, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sweet of their ranch near Ancho were here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Rentfrow of their ranch across the Malpais were here this Monday.

Mrs. Albert Ziegler and Mrs. Selma Degitz left Monday for El Paso; they remained at that place for the major portion of the week visiting friends. Mr. Ziegler and Frank Leaslett motored down today, Friday, when they all will return, arriving about Sunday.

Mrs. C. O. Garsion will entertain the Carrizozo Bridge Foursome at her home Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Cathey and baby have returned from Hobbs to make Carrizozo their home. Forrest is associated in business with the Star Cafe.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cortez were here from Fort Stanton last Sunday, attending the wedding of Miss Vidaurri and Mr. Ortiz.

Probate Judge-elect Marshall St. John motored to Alamogordo Tuesday to meet his wife's mother, Mrs. J. F. Nevarez of Las Cruces, who is visiting at the St. John home this week.

Attorney H. B. Hamilton was a business visitor from El Paso on Monday of this week.

Rohde-Bacot. Mrs. Carolyn Rohde, who formerly lived in Tucumcari and Louisa Bacot of Carrizozo were quietly married in Mesilla Park Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Presbyterian manse by the Rev. Alexander Mulder, with only a few intimate friends present for the ceremony. Mrs. Bacot is well and favorably known in Tucumcari and her many friends will wish for her all kinds of happiness. Mr. Bacot is roundhouse foreman in Carrizozo, where the newlyweds plan to make their home, after returning from a short honeymoon trip in California.—Tucumcari News.

BORN—Saturday, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilson, a boy. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Harry Comrey was a business visitor from his ranch home near Capitan last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. McClintock are sporting a new 1937 model Chevrolet car, purchased from the City Garage.

Conductor Pat Collins, who now runs between El Paso and Carrizozo, made this office a friendly call Wednesday.

Lucio Vidaurri was here last Sunday from Business College, Albuquerque, to attend his sister's wedding.

Mrs. Catherine Bilbo and children, and Mrs. Bilbo's mother Mrs. Helene Spence of Jicarilla were business visitors in town this Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Murph Muirhead of Alamogordo visited Carrizozo friends Wednesday of this week. They are quite proud of their son who accompanied them. Mrs. Muirhead will be remembered as the charming Miss Louise Sweet of the days when her mother conducted the Carrizozo Eating House a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Harris are now residing in the S. O. Sproles apartments.

Mrs. Irene Hart, newly elected County School Superintendent, was a week-end visitor from Ruidoso.

Willis R. Lovelace, prominent stockman of the Corona country, was a business visitor here on Monday of this week.

Rathmann Hospital—Miss Gertrude Ayers of Three Rivers entered the hospital Tuesday. Mrs. Lon Merchant of Capitan is gradually improving.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Ward Leslie, Wednesday, Nov. 11, an 8 lb. girl. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

DANCES—Tonight, 13th, at Country Club. Tomorrow night, 14th, at Baca's Hall.



Hugh Bradley Says

Sports Writer Has to Ramble Around Once in a While

THE best football press box in New York is that at Randall's Island. It is inclosed and windows protect the scribes from rain, snow and sun so nicely that they never have to do pieces like this in bed...

A year ago George Parnassas, manager of Ceterino Garcia, received a hurry call from a Mexican featherweight stranded in Yuma, Arizona. He pondered the touch and then dispatched five dollars, the bus fare to Los Angeles. Since then the investment has returned him \$6,400 as his manager's share of Bobby Pancho Leyvas's ring earnings...

Press agents seeking that "international flavor," stumped their toes when they had the star English three-year-old Thankerton in the Santa Anita handicap. As this horse is not eligible for the General Stud Book in England, he is ineligible here, save under National Steeplechase and Hunt rules...

Recalling When Frisch Outsmarted Himself

One of Frankie Frisch's most painful recollections is the day when he outsmarted himself, while trying to equal Wilbert Robinson's record of seven hits in a game. The pitcher was a bad fielder and so, on the seventh time up, Frankie decided to bunt and beat out the hit. He bunted, the ball bounded off a pebble, hopped into the pitcher's glove and he was an easy out...

Racing officials, who take photos even when it is evident a horse has won by half a length, have a reason. It is to discourage those critics who insist the outside horse always is favored when it is close. The same reason also prevents them (the racing officials) from mentioning that when an inside horse wins by half a length it only shows up a head in the photo, anyhow...

The world's largest athletic event, according to Francis Albertanti, who has more than a press agent's interest in the proposition, is the World's Bowling Championship. There are 30,000 contestants in this event listed for New York next spring. Critics who claim Jimmy Stout is not really a great jockey because he never sneaks in on the rail, should remember Jimmy Mal-

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: LAFAYETTE is so far ahead of the rest of the East in football squabbling that another athletic shakeup is predicted at Easton during the winter. After a summer of left-handed home-run hitting Mel Ott will devote the next several months to improving his right-handed golf. Jack Curley has it all figured out that the average top flight wrestlers travel 150,000 miles a year. During his twenty-five years of sports writing Frank Menke has ghost written (penned stories under the signatures of the celebrities) for 172 famous athletes. Granville definitely will not be shipped abroad to join Omaha.

Golf pros would rather have a handful of \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year men as members of their clubs than all the 50 G, 100 G and over lads you can pack into a locker room. They say they have so many ways of obtaining diversion that golf is just a minor interest and so any pro who can peddle three golf balls around to one of the big gees considers that he has made a big deal. Whereas the \$12,000 gent makes golf his principle hobby and really puts out for lessons and new equipment. Fat Stewart of Seattle has achieved forty-one perfect games during his thirty-five years of bowling. Maryland develops all-around athletes. Eight of the football regulars also are baseball letter men at the Old Line university. If you want to compliment Pepper Martin, boost his pitching. The Card infielder-outfielder is far prouder of his very good fast ball than he is of his base-running and hitting.

Balsamo Rated Tops by First Class Hitters

Young Otto, who suffered sixteen fighters in a total of sixteen rounds during his days as a great right-hand puncher, thinks that Harry Balsamo is the hardest hitter he ever has seen. Another testimonial to the former subway boy comes from that tireless press agent, Maurie Waxman, Mr. Balsamo had just emerged from a knockdown and dragout affair with Paul Pirrone, a famed dynamiter who once flattened Micky Walker for the full count. One of the seconds who had been anxiously watching the other corner announced that Pirrone finally had been revived. "Geez, that's too bad," said Mr. Balsamo, "I thought I'd killed the bum." Mr. Balsamo, incidentally, is called tops by Eric Seelig whom he recently put to sleep.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, the celebrated Philadelphia fight promoter, wears size four shoes and gets so embarrassed about it that he tells the clerks in the boy's departments he's shopping for his kid. In addition to being one of Ridgewood's leading butchers Pete Wagner also is manager of the German-Hungarian A. C. and one of the top officials in the German-American Football (soccer) association. Aside from putting the okay on Di Maggio, Crosetti, Lazzari and other famous Yankees, Joe Davine, the Pacific coast scout, has something else about which he can tell his children. He once boxed four rounds with the late Stanley Ketchel. "The names of at least one jockey and several bookmakers have been associated in serious charges," says the Sydney referee in reviewing Australian racing for the year.

Tab Bazarak, Duquesne center, is an All-American prospect. Joe Austin is boys' counselor and director of New York Y. M. C. A. soccer activities as well as a member of the Flushing Liberty F. C. and secretary of the N. Y. S. F. C. A. Cup committee. But the distinction of which he is proudest is the ownership of that Staffordshire Charity Cup medal. Cleve to 100 dead heats have been run in this country (according to the pictures) since the electric eye replaced judges at the racetrack finishes. Anybody who doubts that a college education pays might note the latest statistics, which reveal that six out of ten wrestlers on the average grappling card played football for some alma mater. Joe Toots Mondt plays golf almost as well as he promotes wrestling. Add prospective beats, Merle Scott, Yale tackle, and the Tiger Frosh football team.

Coach Howard Jones admits that Davey Davis, who sparked Southern California to victory over Illinois, is the best triple threat quarter back he has had. That's a high tribute, considering that Jones has coached Cotton Warburton, Russell Standers, Orv Moller, and others who won national recognition. Ed Wiseth, co-captain and star tackle of the Minnesota eleven, served as lecturer for the Young People's Luther League last summer and plans to go into young people's advisory work or teaching after graduation. Nebraska's 1934 ends, Chok Shedd and Bill Johnson, used to place bags filled with shot around their legs and stomachs during the week day practices. These were removed on game days and they would feel like a feather in the breeze. Helen Hicks shot a 78 in the first round of the South Australian open golf tournament. She was the first woman ever to compete in an open event in Australia.

Contents of Malleable Iron Malleable iron contains from 1.5 to 2.0 per cent carbon and is cast iron that has received a heat treatment for a week or more, which changes the form of the carbon, making it tough and capable of withstanding considerable twisting and bending. It can not be welded successfully, but is easily and satisfactorily brazed with torch. It is used extensively in farm equipment as well as in pipe fittings, harness hardware, etc. A broken malleable casting has a smoother appearance than ordinary cast iron and breaks before breaking.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!

"The Spark of Life" By FLOYD GIBBONS, Famous Headline Hunter

HERE'S Distinguished Adventurer Howard Hartling of Brooklyn, N. Y., and his yarn starts out like this. "Up on the surface we sat smoking. "One of the smokers asked me for matches and I passed my box to him. When he returned if I put it back in my pocket without looking at it. A match was never of much value to me UNTIL MY LIFE DEPENDS ON HALF OF ONE."

Remember that Canadian mine disaster that happened up in Nova Scotia and took up so much space in the newspapers a while ago? Well, Howard Hartling is going to tell us the story of a similar misfortune that took place in the same mining district in August, 1900. As a young lad, Howard worked in the Famous gold mines in Halifax county, Nova Scotia. His job was on the 300-foot level where they were digging a new tunnel—a tunnel that was being dug around a deep pit filled with icy water so that the company could tap the gold vein that lay on the other side.

Howard's adventure took place in that tunnel—but as Howard himself points out, it started up at the top of the shaft where a bunch of men sat around smoking and borrowing his matches.

Just about the time Howard's match box was handed back to him, the whistle blew and the men went down in the "cage" to the 300-foot level. They went to work and the afternoon wore on. The distant sounds of dynamiting reminded Howard that it was almost time to knock off, and he started for the mouth of the tunnel. As the sounds of exploding dynamite came nearer, he hurried his steps. He was turning into a cross tunnel leading to the shaft landing when the candle by which he was lighting his way flickered and went out.

Only a little thing, the blowing out of that candle, but it left Howard in darkness, and darkness is one of the things a miner fears most. Once he took a wrong turning he might get into the old abandoned workings and be lost there for days—maybe forever. It wasn't exactly safe, either, for a man to stay below for long after the blasts started, and those explosions were coming perilously near. Hastily, Howard reached for his box of matches, and suddenly the darkness and the dynamiting took on a new and terrifying significance. THE MATCH BOX WAS EMPTY—CLEANED OUT BY THE SMOKERS AT NOON!

"It was a little more than 300 yards to the landing," says Howard, "but that thousand feet had to be covered in pitch black darkness, by feeling my way along the foot-wall of the tunnel. There was no one



A Hundred Feet of Icy Water Was Waiting.

near to get a light from. All the miners had gone out as their tasks were completed and before the blasting began for the day. Those explosions were coming nearer. I could smell the heavy, choking nitroglycerine smoke. I crept on slowly, but the fumes of the burning dynamite were getting more dense every minute.

"They were catching my throat. Breathing was becoming more difficult. The walls were wet and mucky with slime that had been formed millions of years before. It oozed from the rock crevices and dripped down on the floor of the passage. I crawled along till I realized I had gone many yards and should be seeing the lights of the shaft landing. Then something inside of me seemed to shout 'Stop!' I obeyed the impulse!

Lost in the Abandoned Workings. "Underfoot the floor of the tunnel seemed unfamiliar. It dawned on me then that I had taken the wrong turning at the cross tunnel. I had entered the old abandoned workings. I WAS LOST!"

In his left hand, Howard still gripped his unlighted candle. If only he had another match. Again, something inside him began to prompt him—to urge him to make another search of his pockets. "Carefully," he said, "I wiped my muddy right hand on my coat and opened my vest. Carefully—very carefully—I made my search. In the upper right pocket I found half a match.

I couldn't tell which half it was, but I held the candle over in the shelter of my open coat. Where, in that damp tunnel, could I find a place to scratch this precious half of a match? Would it light? I thought of the buckle on my suspenders. I felt for it. With a prayer I tried that splinter of wood!"

Howard scratched that piece of match—and it lighted. Quickly he guided it to the candle. The wick sputtered but—IT LIT! Howard breathed a prayer of thanks. Then, with a light to see by, he began looking around him.

On the Brink of Waterfilled Pit. Says he: "I held that candle aloft and let my gaze wander. I was in the old tunnel. Not 20 feet ahead was the old, abandoned, water-filled pit. A hundred feet of icy water was waiting for me. Another minute and I would have plunged to my death. A GRAVE 400 FEET UNDERGROUND! I almost collapsed at the thought!"

But suddenly, Howard was on his toes again. A new blast, so close that it deafened him, reminded him that he still was not out of danger. "I dared not hurry," he says, "as my light might go out again, and this time I wouldn't have even half a match. Another blast and water began trickling in from the old workings. By the time I reached the cross tunnel it was half way to my knees. Then, at last, the lights at the hoisting shaft came into view through the murky smoke. A hoarse voice, choked from the fumes, bawled out, 'F'r Pete's sake hurry up. We're holding the cage. Where in heck were-you? You look white as a ghost.' "And," says Howard, "I would have been one—only for half a match!"

California's Vigilantes California's vigilantes of 1851 had to cope with not only the most criminal and lawless gathered from all four corners of the earth, but with the shyer lawyers as well. Just as the worst type of criminal lawyers of later times, their weapons were mistakes in spelling the name of the accused on indictments and warrants, the charge that the law claimed their client killed with a pistol, whereas it should have stated "by the discharge of said pistol," and so on right through all the technicalities and loopholes we read about.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

IT'S always interesting when a star stages a come-back; Karen Morley's is especially interesting, because she had to fight a battle, not with loss of popularity but with poor health, before she could win back the place she once had on the screen.

Now she is prettier than ever. Shortly after arriving in New York on a vacation trip she attended a party given by Paramount for all of its celebrities, and practically stole the show. Dressed in black velvet, she was very lovely, very dignified. She has just signed a new seven-year contract, calling for four pictures a year.

Shirley Temple is going to China, on the screen. She is making "Stow-away," part of which is laid in Shanghai, and in those scenes she is dressed as a Chinese girl.

Later on she will do "Wee Willie Winkie," the Kipling story, which is laid in India. That famous bit of fiction is about a boy—will they make Shirley a boy for this one, or change the character? Whatever they do about it, the part is a grand one for her.

Margot Grahame is one of the busiest girls in the movie center. She returned from England, her home country, September 6—and has just been cast by RKO for her third consecutive featured lead since that time. It's opposite Lee Tracy in "Criminal Lawyer," following on the heels of "Make Way for a Lady" and "Night Waitress."

When you see "The General Died at Dawn" pay a lot of attention, girls, to the clothes that Madeleine Carroll wears as she dashes about China, and the way in which she wears them. You can learn more from that one picture than you could from a dozen fashion shows!

Irene Dunne traveled to New York recently for one of her usual reunions with her husband. And of course, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell arrived there and were greeted by everything their company could think up that would attract attention to them—as if they wouldn't have attracted plenty just by themselves! Thirteen tugs went down the bay to meet their ship. Two planes also met it, one of them trailing a banner which read "Welcome Dick and Joan."

If you can invent a microphone that can kick, you'll make a fortune—or so says Martha Atwell, who directs some of our most popular radio programs—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" for instance. She says that one of her hardest tasks is keeping actors from knocking the mike when they're broadcasting. And of course that delicate instrument registers every sound. She thinks that, if the microphone could kick back, the actors might learn to stand still.

There's never a dull moment in a broadcasting studio where one of those amateur programs is going on. Phillip Lord launched his "We, the People" not long ago, and when one of the women began telling about her baby, who had been kidnapped, the poor soul began to cry and couldn't stop.

"Everybody lost their heads, for a moment," one of the executives told me. "Then Phil came to the rescue, talked to her, and finally calmed her down."

Betty Furness likes to make pictures, but she can't resist dashing back to New York every so often, to be entertained by the very social crowd of which she was part before she betook herself to Hollywood.

Gary Cooper's wife rates socially too, you'll recall, but she and Gary are so dignified when they are in New York that they aren't news. It's hard to remember the old days when his romance with Lupe Velez was constantly dragging him into the limelight.

ODDS AND ENDS... Dorothy Arner, the famous woman director (now doing "Mother Carey's Chickens" with Ginger Rogers), released between films by doing something different—studying astronomy, redecorating her house, or planting a new garden. Buck Jones recently celebrated his 17th anniversary in pictures—and is so popular that his "Buck Jones Ranges" club has 5,000,000 boys as members. Katherine Hepburn's "Portrait of a Rebel" has been changed to "A Woman Rebel," so that people don't think it's about a photograph of a Confederate soldier.

As Per Instructions The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to treat a horseshoe. "I'll bring you a shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this hammer." The apprentice did exactly as he was told; but he never hit a blacksmith again!

Ah, Youth A little boy in school refused to sew, thinking it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must, "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know; time will tell," said the boy seriously.

ITS ABSENCE She—You look worried; I hope money matters are not troubling you. He—I should say not. I haven't a dollar in the world to worry about.

Mark the Spot Old Lady (to driver of steamroller)—Have you seen a packet of butter, my man? Driver (scratching his head)—Well, come to think of it, mum, I did feel a bit of a bump up yonder.

Doubled Up "Has she kept her girlish figure?" "Kept it? Man, she's doubled it."

In His Footsteps Son—Do you remember telling me about the time you were expelled from school? Father—Yes, my boy. I do. Son—Well, I'm telling you.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels—Adv.

A Bit of Self-Esteem An inferiority complex should be drilled out of a boy early in life.

Scraps of Humor

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THE OUTLOOK

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N. M.
A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher
Largest Circulation in The County

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1936 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Tuesday's Election

The overwhelming political sentiment expressed at the recent election was so decisive that it shattered for the present at least and perhaps forever, the hopes of the Republican party organization. The fact that only two states of the Union being carried for the national Republican ticket, makes us face the above facts. The next to think about is—what of the future?

From a sane and reasonable viewpoint we are following with our opinion, which after recovering from the recent avalanche, is the only position we can take at the present time.

The Republican party of the future will profit in but one way. As we already know, the Democrats now are in supreme control, and with full power to execute all laws in which they will have full sway. In that manner, much like a large family, there will be differences of opinion which may cause divisions in their ranks, enough so as to cause a split large enough to make up a strong political party for the next national campaign. If that occurs, and if either element should champion certain things of interest favorable to the Republicans, they may join those forces and assist in giving battle to the New Deal contingent of the Democrats.

The division of which we spoke might be brought about and would be effective, providing the party whip would not be strong enough to prevent such a split. Just now, the power of the President far exceeds that of any ruler in the world including Mussolini. If he uses that power he could compel the forces at Washington to keep in line. If he acts in the future as he has in the past and now with more power than ever before, he will prevent with force if necessary, all breaks that may come to the surface. If there is a division as we have said, then the Republicans may take their choice out of the break and form another party or sail under the Republican banner.

In this county, the Republicans had a splendid ticket, but due to the landslide, where as the saying goes, "the tail goes with the head," it swept everybody except the candidate for Sheriff, S. B. (Ben) Gveisen. Ben stood out as the only bright rift in the clouds which hovered over the county ticket. But we are not squealers. Anyone who knows us must admit that we are game losers and can take it on the chin without a murmur. When we are licked, we pick ourselves up out of the dust, shake hands with the opposition and congratulate them. So this is what we are now doing. We congratulate the victors. We are doing the talking just now and you are doing the listening.

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**RED CROSS HIGHWAY
POSTS AID INJURED**

1,000 Function At Key Points To
Give Emergency Care To
Traffic Hurt

Highway first aid stations, set up by
the Red Cross to give emergency care
to victims of traffic accidents, are sav-
ing lives, according to James L. Fieser,
vice chairman in charge of domestic
operations.
"More than 1,000 of our emergency
posts are already operating in 47 states
and thousands of others will soon be
established at key points along Amer-
ica's highways," Mr. Fieser stated.

The Red Cross highway posts are
concentrated at danger spots in rural
areas where medical aid is not readily
available. The importance of this cov-
erage of the open road, the Red Cross
holds, is given sharper emphasis by
the fact that there has been a 150 per
cent increase in rural traffic fatalities
during the past twelve years.

The project was initiated last year
on a national scale as a practical
approach to the highway accident prob-
lem. The Red Cross felt that it could
best apply its strength by succoring
those who continue to be injured pend-
ing a reduction in the highway accident
rate through legislation and safety edu-
cation.

"Our program brings first aid skill
to the scene of accident in an effort to
reduce the number of persons killed
and maimed in automobile mishaps,"
Mr. Fieser said. "Our highway first aid
posts are not medical men in any sense,
but it is their job to turn the injured
over to the medical profession in the
best shape possible."

The Red Cross highway posts are es-
tablished at gasoline service stations,
tourist homes, rural police and fire de-
partments. The personnel of the posts
are trained by the Red Cross in first
aid, standard first aid equipment is in-
stalled at each station, and identifying
signs for the benefit of motorists are
erected beside the highway at both ap-
proaches to the station.

The attendants of these roadside
units who qualify as first aiders volun-
teer their services through the Red
Cross and may under no circumstances
accept pay for caring for the injured.

To complement the highway first aid
stations, the Red Cross has announced
formation of mobile units. Several thou-
sand trucks which regularly ply the
highway in the course of routine work
will be equipped with first aid kits.
Drivers and crews will take courses in
both standard and advanced first aid,
and each truck will be identified as a
Red Cross mobile unit. More than a
hundred trucks are already operating.

"The highway police of eight states
who have finished first aid training will
join this army mobilized to cut acci-
dent fatalities and prevent compli-
cation of minor injuries through mishan-
dling at the scene of accident," Mr.
Fieser said.

"We receive reports from our first
aid stations daily, telling of essential
care given to traffic casualties on the
spot and of lives actually saved."

This and many other Red Cross pro-
grams of equal value are supported by
the people of America during the an-
nual Roll Call for members. This year
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ber 11 to 14.

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Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo New Mexico

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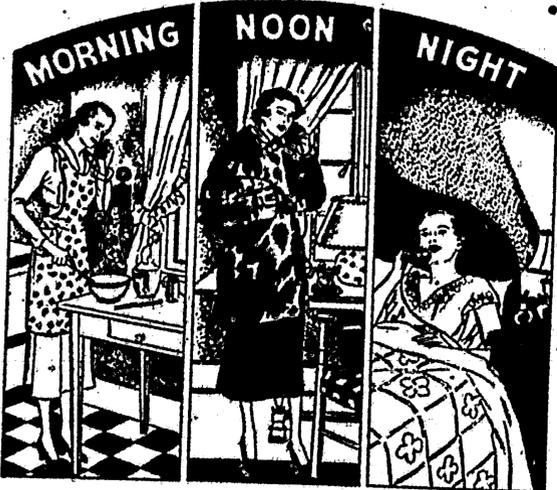
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The great man is he who does not
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by the dug up a hoard of gold and
silver. The lucky man found that the
coins belonged to the reign of George
the Third and that there were 24
pieces of gold and five of silver. The
treasure had been buried exactly 100
yards from the foot of the oak tree
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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington—I have been wondering whether the rank and file of the American citizens have been able to piece together the many loose ends of the distressing conditions extant throughout the world. It is to be recognized, of course, that when a man like Dictator Stalin of Russia makes a statement that war in Europe is just ahead, it awakens the peoples of the world with a sudden start. That is the spectacular side. But there is much more about European political conditions than is disclosed in the Stalin declaration.

The thing that students and observers of European affairs can see in conditions abroad, as they view them in the light of our own State Department's information, is that a gigantic battle is on between two schools of thought. On the one hand is communism. On the other hand, and just as firmly entrenched and as deeply determined, is fascism. Followers of these two lines of thought are both literally and figuratively at each other's throat, and the picture when pieced together, can lead to no other conclusion than that which Stalin foresees, namely, war.

I have lately heard some observers make the statement that the Spanish rebellion is the crux of the problem. I cannot agree with that, Spain and her revolution may prove to be the spark that ignites the European powder keg, but Spain and her revolution are just incidents in the developments that came originally from the overthrow of the Czar's government in Russia and the establishment for the first time of a commune of the proletariat in the world.

It was unfortunate for the world and for those people who wanted to promote peace at all times that the Versailles treaty had to take shape as it did. The Versailles treaty subjugated Germany beyond all reason. I think that will be accepted by all save the most violent partisans of the late President Wilson. It seems to me, however, that the Versailles treaty has proved to be the second stage in the chain of circumstances that led to Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, overthrow of the royalists in Spain, and lately the election of a "people's front" in France.

Any analysis of that chain of circumstances cannot fail to include the effect the Versailles treaty had upon European conditions. In some ways, the effect was direct; in others, it was indirect, and the full import of the treaty provisions were not evident until eight or ten or even twelve years after the four great powers had made that treaty effective and, they believed, effectually disarmed and bottled up Germany.

Many conversations with diplomats, foreign students and Washington government officials, I believe too much importance cannot be attached to the attempt made by the Versailles treaty to break up political jurisdictions. The treaty, it will be remembered, created a vast number of insignificant and rather helpless states in Europe. They were supposed to serve as a buffer between the larger nations and prevent snarling and making faces among those world powers that had engaged in the last war. The effect, if it has now been proved, is exactly the opposite.

Throughout Europe, according to the official and unofficial word that I get, there is a new kind of hatred among nations. It is not the hatred that obtained between France and Germany under Kaiser Wilhelm. It is a hatred not between the statesmen of the various countries, but among the rank and file of the people. That is to say, it is a vengeful feeling and when that is understood, it is not difficult to realize how vicious the undercurrent of relations is from Russia on the north to the Straits of Gibraltar, or even into Africa on the south.

To bring this condition into today's light, one hardly need look further than the various cabled dispatches from European capitals, each telling a story how the respective governments are watching the Spanish revolution. Again, the Russian Stalin puts the thing into a spectacular relief. If reports can be accredited, and official information indicates that they can be regarded as having a basis of fact, Stalin is ready to lend assistance to the so-called loyalist armies in Spain.

By the loyalist armies, representing the government that is barely holding on by the skin of its teeth, are wholly communistic. Hence, Stalin's interest.

But the Russian dictator might be regarded as horning into a mess that does not concern his nation, except for another and most important piece of information. That information, not officially confirmed but generally believed, is to the effect that Italy's Mussolini has a finger in the pie on the fascist side of the Spanish revolution. The rebel armies in Spain are fascists. Hence it is quite understandable how the

Italian dictator may be mixed up in promoting, even extending military assistance, to the rebel Spaniards. Thus we have definitely a triangle that surrounds the peoples of Europe. Within the boundaries of that triangle are jealousies unparaleled, political propaganda of a sort never before unleashed on the world, and millions upon millions of people who may be classed as unthinking. They are of a type comparable to the lowest grade of American individuals who, while not wholly illiterate, cannot be accredited with the power to reason. They are being led into the very jaws of another war by wholly unscrupulous and unprincipled agitators who are posing as the friend of the common man. They are working on fertile ground.

Repeatedly, I hear questions asked concerning whether the United States is likely to get involved in that bottomless pit of Europe and a kindred question, whether communism and fascism are gaining in the United States. The answer to the first half of that question must be made in two ways. We are likely to get involved unless some of our government policies are changed. But we can stay out if those policies do undergo revision. Whether we find ourselves embroiled in that horrible mess, depends entirely on the Washington government and the attitude of the Washington government appears entirely upon the attitude of the American people.

And that statement brings me to the most important observation that I have to make in connection with this discussion. It is now a definite fact that communists are spreading their propaganda through the United States in an effort to create a war spirit. It is the beginning of their movement to drag us into another world war and if we get in, it means the end of the American nation, as the land of freedom for us all. Our economic structure, as well as our government, will be destroyed. I have no hesitancy in making such a statement.

After the World war it took us twenty years to recognize what the cost of that war was. I mean the cost of disturbed lives more than I refer to money cost. The depression resulted from that war just as surely as the sun shines, and we are all now getting well fed up with this depression. And so I say on the basis of conclusions given me from countless authoritative sources, we cannot stand another war of the proportions of the World war and retain our government in its present form, our traditions, our institutions. There will be no preventing such a breakdown.

As I have said in these columns before, one particular criticism that I have against the Roosevelt administration is its capitulation to Russia.

Roosevelt Trapped?

Frankly, I believe Mr. Roosevelt was trapped. I believe he saw too late what the full meaning of his action was when he recognized Russia—that is, recognized his mistake too late unless he believes in the doctrine of the communists. In any event, it is my firm conviction that the recognition of the Soviet opened the door through which now are marching hordes of men and women squint-eyed, unprincipled in character, unpronounceable names, ruthlessness in design. They are bringing the propaganda which I mentioned. This is not intended to be a scare story. The evidence of communistic propaganda probably is all about you in your own communities. It is subtle, cleverly handled. Sometimes, it is even very boldly done. For example, in many of the larger cities today, handbills in appearance like those that are used announcing a public sale, are finding their way into the playgrounds of public schools. Allegedly brilliant lecturers are going about the country making what appear to be educational addresses, but containing, in many instances, propaganda argument in support of the communistic theory.

There are many other types of this propaganda under way. Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell published a text book on government a few years ago and he has succeeded in getting that volume into the special list of books for Delaware schools. It contains declarations definitely opposed to the American form of government.

It is unnecessary to point out more of these things. The point is quite definite and clear. The movement toward communism in this country is proceeding slowly, cautiously, because the communistic leaders recognize American sentiment must be changed slowly, but the slimy head of the snake is coming out of the water and it will be much bolder if we become involved in the European struggle. Communists would make of us American citizens each and every one a communist and would throw us into the world struggle on the side of communism and against fascism.

Sungmas of Tibet



Crowds Witness Trance of Tibetan Sungmas.

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

ANCIENT Greece had her oracle of Delphi; Tibet has her Sungmas, men believed to have similar powers. Sungmas are, to the Tibetans, neither sorcerers nor incarnations, but the abodes of malignant spirits, or spirits of demonized heroes who, subdued by saintly lamas or high incarnations, have become the protectors of religion.

These roving demon spirits, obedient to the spells cast over them, are said to select either a lama or a layman as their abode during the lifetime of the person thus selected. Distinct from incarnations, they manifest themselves involuntarily as well as voluntarily in their chosen abodes.

Any lamasery with a claim to importance has its oracle, though some of the supposed Sungmas are impostors who work themselves into frenzy merely for pecuniary gain. Every Sungma has his fee, the amount depending on the importance of his demon spirit, and the wealth of the person who seeks the augury. Sometimes as much as 1,000 tankas (\$100 or more) will be exacted.

Whether oral or written, the replies the Sungmas give to questions have true Delphic vagueness and ambiguity. They confine themselves mainly to advice concerning the performance of meritorious deeds to counteract evil influences or ward off calamities. The questions usually are written on slips of paper and handed to the Sungmas, who, without looking at them, holds them above his head and "answers" them with incredible rapidity.

Five Chief Ones in Lhasa.

Although there are many Sungmas, genuine or pretending, throughout Tibet, the five of real importance reside in Lhasa. One of them, recognized as the state oracle, Na chung, is consulted by the Dalai Lama.

These oracles play an important role in the selection of high incarnations, or in the search for the incarnation of a deceased Dalai Lama. All five are consulted and their answers checked. Before action can be taken, the five must be found to agree on the identity of the child believed to be the incarnation, the name and appearance of its mother, the location and description of the house it resides in, and the details of its surroundings.

It was several years ago at the lamasery of Yungling in northwestern Yunnan that a staff writer of the National Geographic Magazine learned of the existence of these mysterious Sungmas. The abbot told him that the famous Balung chu dje, one of the Sungmas of Lhasa, was to perform in Yungling at the Feast of the Lights on the day of commemoration of the death of Tsong K'apa, founder of the Yellow-lama church.

The human abode, or chu dje, of Sungma Balung chu dje, was the person of a Chungtien lama, a native of the Tongwa (Tibetan) tribe, the son of a Tongwa bandit chief of northwest Yunnan. This "possessed" lama, who had been residing in Lhasa for several years, had stopped at Yungling on his way to visit his birthplace in Chungtien. He is said to be the abode of the powerful demon Chechin.

There are several Sungmas who are supposed to be the chu dje of Chechin. Of these the most important is a lama called Betin Kanser chu dje from the name of Chechin's house on the market square of Lhasa; and the second in rank is the one the writer saw perform in Yungling—Balung chu dje, named after another residence of Chechin. As their names indicate, they are considered "houses" of Chechin.

Both Balung chu dje, and Betin Kanser chu dje, before going into a trance; that is, before Chechin takes possession of them, don the robes of a Sungma—elaborately decorated embroidered garments often made of gold brocade, the gift of some devout worshiper. Thus arrayed, they take their seats in foreign fashion—not cross-legged—but ornate chairs, usually near the entrance within the main temple of the lamasery.

Invoking the Spirit.

Some of the lamas in attendance begin to chant the classic of Chechin, beseeching the spirit to take possession of his chu dje; while some ring bells or blow conch shells; and others, carrying incense burners, walk around the bowed figure of the waiting Sungma, wafting the fragrant smoke of juniper twigs as being to Chechin.

The Sungma sat motionless on the throne in the somber chanting hall, his face buried in his hands, breathing the fragrant juniper smoke, while the deep, low tones of the chanting lamas, punctuated by bell ringing and the blowing of conch shells, lent mystery to the whole scene. A tall, curiously decorated and plumed iron hat, weighing about 50 pounds, was placed beside him.

The visitor stood with the old Hlikhin chief behind one of the tall pillars of the temple hall close enough to the Sungma to watch him, and yet safely out of his reach. When Chechin has entered the performer's body, he often acts like a raving maniac.

Soon the Sungma began to accompany the lamas in their mumbled prayers, while the incense went the round, and the silent audience awaited the spirit of Chechin. Suddenly sonorous blasts of large trumpets and deafening clash of cymbals burst forth, and the Sungma moved uneasily in his seat.

The Sungma Grows Violent.

A deep, gurgling sound escaped his throat. The attending lama, a brother of Balung, now lifted the huge hat upon the Sungma's head and tied it firmly under the chin. By this time the performer was fully possessed by the spirit. The gurgling sound is believed to be a sure sign of the presence of Chechin, who, the classic relates, died by suffocating himself with a kattak, a silk scarf.

Balung still sat dreaming for a while; then all at once his body began to sway and his legs to shake. Frantically he threw himself backward while lamas held him and tried to balance him. He spat and groaned; blood oozed from his mouth and nostrils; his face became purple—infused to such an extent that the leather chin strap burst.

He took a sword handed to him, a strong Mongolian steel blade. In the twinkling of an eye he twisted it with his naked hands into several loops and knots!

The attending lamas wiped his face, and tried to comfort him. A lama now stood in front of him with a round silver platter on which reposed an offering, a triangular pyramid of tamba, or barley-flour dough. This the lama held to the Sungma's face, so that his forehead touched it. The lamas changed the tune and tempo of their chant.

Still shaking, the possessed Sungma took a handful of rice, and threw it violently into the crowd. At this point the abbot of the monastery approached, bowing and kowtowing, only to be beaten severely on the back with the flat of a sword wielded with merciless fury by the Sungma. Fear spread among the crowd; the abbot fled; the Sungma continued to shake from head to foot with uncontrollable convulsions!

Now was the time for worshipers to receive Chechin's blessing. A regular light ensued as the lamas of the monastery, each carrying a small silk scarf (kattak) as offering, thronged forward. Each lama tried to get to the Sungma to place a kattak on his shaking knees and receive the blessing of a blow, a puff of breath from his distorted mouth, or a gentle laying on of his hands.

Three More Seizures.

All at once the Sungma, puffing and blowing, threw himself backward exhausted and lay like a lifeless form for a few minutes. The spirit of Chechin had flown, none knew whither.

When Balung rose, he was weeping and whining. His garments now were adjusted, and a different headgear, the sort worn by minor Sungmas, was placed upon his head. Three of the underlings of Chechin were to manifest themselves in this Chungtien lama.

Seizure was not long in coming. Almost immediately the afflicted man leaned forward and began to shake. The lamas near him handed him bow and arrows and a flagstaff. With outstretched arms he stood erect, spat, puffed, and blew.

The lama again rushed to receive his blessing. The more privileged, the abbot and the Living Buddha of Yungling, came first; then the mob. The latter were less fortunate, for only two had received the blessing when the shaking stopped and the Sungma again threw himself backward, groaning.

He rested thus for only a minute, then rose and with a terrific thump fell back upon his chair, shaking like an epileptic. In this state he received the homage of the throng.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for November 8 THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

LESSON TEXT—Acts 19:8-12, 18-20; Ephesians 6:12-20. GOLDEN TEXT—Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Eph. 6:10. PRIMARY TOPIC—When Paul Preached in a Schoolhouse. JUNIOR TOPIC—In a Schoolhouse in Ephesus. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Weapons of the Christian Soldier. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Gospel Facing the Forces of Evil.

War, war! The whole world is war-conscious in our day. Nations are watching one another with suspicion, and in the meantime arming themselves for conflict. Hatred and suspicion are rife, and as long as sin rules the hearts of men we long in vain for peace, which cannot come until that day when the Prince of Peace himself shall reign.

Yet every Christian hopes and works for the peaceful solution of the nations' problems. Right thinking men do not want war between the peoples of the earth. But there is one warfare that we do seek to foster and promote. We encourage it, and as Christians make a holy resolve to battle to the end. That is the warfare against Satan and his hosts. As long as he rules in the hearts of men, and sin and wickedness are here, we say, "Fight on, my soul!"

Christian life and service are presented in Scripture as a fight, and we do well to learn the methods and the weapons of this great spiritual conflict, not stressing a belligerent note of strife against one another, and particularly not between the divisions of God's army in the earth, but standing shoulder to shoulder in the battle against the Evil One.

Our lesson presents a picture of I. The Lord's Warrior (Acts 19:8-12).

Paul, who is now on his third missionary journey, comes again to Ephesus, the leading city of Asia Minor, and the center of the worship of the heathen goddess, Diana. He tarries there for about three years.

Like a good tactician he began his campaign at a strategic point, the synagogue. He brought forward his God-given weapons, "reasoning, and persuading." Some he won, others disbelieved—the sad fact which even this greatest of all preachers had to meet.

God attested his work by miracles. The soldier of the Lord does not go into battle alone. Nor does he fight in his own power. God gave him

II. A Mighty Conquest (vv. 18-20).

When a man's profession of faith in Christ carries with it an open forsaking of his confessed misdeeds—a true change of life as well as a declaration of belief—there has been real dealing with God.

Notice, that they burned the bad books found in their homes, even though they were valued at thousands of dollars. Christian, how many books or magazines are there in your home now that minister only to the lowest in your nature? Oh, yes, they may be "literature," they may be in beautiful bindings; you may even read them "in the original," and regard the reading as cultural. But if they are bad books, are you ready to follow the Ephesians in destroying them? Finally we have from Paul's letter to the Ephesians the glorious presentation of the Christian's

III. God-Given Weapons (Eph. 6:13-20).

This is a familiar, but none the less rich and instructive, passage. We have space to note only that there are (1) five weapons of defense; namely, the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of peace, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and (2) one mighty weapon of offense, the sword of the Spirit—the Word of God. A glorious and impenetrable armor and equipment for battle!

But it will do us not the slightest good unless we obey Paul's admonition and put it on.

Christian, are you wearing and using "the whole armor of God"?

Judging From Appearance

Men in general judge more from appearance than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.—Macchiavelli.

God's Way

The strength and the happiness of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way, too.

Acts That Bring Results

No act falls fruitless; none can tell how vast its power may be; nor what results, unlooked, dwell within it silently.—Bulwer.

A Friend Indeed

Keep close to thy Best Friend, and He will refresh and cheer thee.—Spurgeon.

God's Helpless We must not only bless God for all his benefits; we must rejoice in his helplessness.—Milton.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Amor patriae. (L.) Love of country.
- Contra bonos mores. (L.) Contrary to the moral law.
- Dirigo. (L.) I direct or guide. (The motto of Maine.)
- Functus officio. (L.) Having fulfilled his office; out of office.
- Genius loci. (L.) The genius of the place; the guardian spirit.
- Malum in se. (L.) A thing evil in itself, inherently wrong.
- Obiter dictum. (L.) A remark in passing; such part of a judge's opinion as is aside from or beyond the point at issue, and therefore not binding as a precedent.
- Bienvenu. (F.) Welcome.
- Ultima Thule. (L.) Farthest Thule or land; utmost bound.
- Tu quoque. (L.) You too; you're another.

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

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If you suffer from headaches what you want is quick relief. Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets give quick relief, for one reason, because they dissolve or disintegrate almost instantly. They touch moisture. (Note illustration above.) Hence—when you take a real Bayer Aspirin tablet it starts to dissolve almost as quickly as you swallow it. And this is ready to start working almost instantly... headaches, neuralgia and neuritis pains start easing almost at once. That's why millions never ask for aspirin, by the name aspirin alone when they buy, but always say "BAYER ASPIRIN" and see that they get it. Try it. You'll say it's marvelous.

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Pattern 1212

and get started on this fascinating piece of needlework. You'll want to frame it, when it's finished.

Pattern 1212 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 13 1/2 by 15 inches; a color chart and key; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

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Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Gigantic Palm Grove

Elche in Spain boasts one of the largest date-palm groves in the world, variously estimated at from 80,000 to 110,000 trees. The fruit-bearing palms are pollinated by hand, men scaling the trunks by hoisting themselves with a rope tied loosely around the tree and their waists. Many of the leaves are blanched and sold throughout Spain for Palm Sunday, and as protection against lightning.

"I was run-down"

"... looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... felt tired... was underweight."

"What did I do?"

"My intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

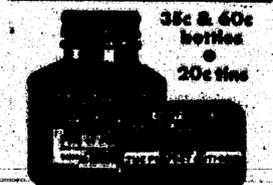
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WOMEN, YOUNG OR OLDER

Mrs. P. F. Kelly of 166 No. Pine St., Laramie, Wyo. She said: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on different occasions when I felt run-down and it was of great benefit to me. At one time my little boy or girl was ill and I was completely spent and the 'Prescription' did much to soothe me and relieve me of this condition. Buy now of your druggist. New size, tablets 50c. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.35.



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By CHANNING POLLOCK

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

He didn't want to walk all day, and he did want to see what the other papers had to say of last night's events in the Coconut Bar. At Fifth avenue, therefore, he turned into the public library. The reports were much alike—"Night club proprietor killed resisting arrest" and "The indictment against Jay Rogers, now held for the Kelly murder, probably will be dismissed today." Barry sat, almost alone, in the "newspaper room," turning the case over in his mind. Then he asked for a list of one of the tabloids.

He was nearly an hour finding an account of the Winslow wedding. Without any definite knowledge of the date, it was a bit like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. Barry's curiosity was rewarded, at last, when he stumbled upon a pictorial front page headed, "Lawyer Weds Convict's Widow." The ceremony had taken place at St. Stephen's. There were pictures of the church and of the convict—"George Selby (inset) and Lyle Nest Where He Took His Bride." The smug little "inset" might have been a portrait of Nicholas Murray Butler or Jack Dempsey, and the house might have been any house, anywhere. There was an obviously faked photograph of a holdup, and an obviously genuine one of "Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Leaving St. Stephen's." "Gosh," Barry reflected: "no wonder Mrs. Winslow had a nervous breakdown!"

The story, on the second page, was in the best tabloid tradition. "Five years ago," it began, "Peter Winslow, obscure young attorney, secured the acquittal of George Selby, charged with participating in the robbery of a candy store in the Bronx. Yesterday, Peter Winslow, rich and famous criminal lawyer, and George Selby's widow were the principal figures in what was to have been a secret ceremony at St. Stephen's."

The present Mrs. Winslow had run away with George Selby while he was a cadet in a military school. They had come to New York, rented the "love nest," and been "blissfully happy" until Selby ran out of money, and was compelled to take his wife to a boarding house. He had been arrested there, for the candy store robbery, in April, 1921. Peter Winslow had got him off, but the following June, he was caught in another robbery in Philadelphia, and sentenced to a long term in the State Penitentiary. With two other convicts, "Lefty" Miller and "Mugs" Scanlan, he had escaped in October, 1923. Penalties, the men "staged a hold-up that same night in Fairmount Park. The victims called for help, and Selby killed him. Scanlan was shot dead by a police officer, and Selby, attempting to get away, jumped into the river, and was drowned. His body was found two weeks later, entangled in an anchor chain."

Winslow had given Mrs. Selby work in his office, and "three years after Selby's death, love culminated in the ceremony at St. Stephen's."

That explained a good deal, Barry thought, remembering the soft, round, pink little woman with worried eyes. It explained Peter's protective attitude. It might explain his quick interest in the Rogers case, in which, Barry had told Winslow, Peggy had been "putting up such a game fight to make a man of her husband."

"That sort of thing always gets me," Peter had observed. "A woman tied up to some man who's not worthy of her, and in love with him."

Peter's "Julie" had been in love with her first husband, then. And he with her, evidently, to judge by what the tabloids said of their happiness. "Must have been something good in that chap," Barry reasoned. "Probably realized what his wife was trying to do for him. We're a curious mixture."

He was still brooding over curious mixtures, and other things, when a clock struck somewhere, and reminded him that, by now, there might be a message as to young Ridder's release awaiting him at his hotel.

There wasn't. All Thursday afternoon Barry sat in his room and, at five o'clock, he called Peter's secretary. "Nothing definite yet," she informed him. "The District Attorney's making the motion all right, but it'll be tomorrow now before anything comes of it."

Against his better judgment, then, Barry phoned Harwood. "Don't worry," the city editor said. "Have you seen tonight's Globe? Whole first page one loud yell for this kid's release. They'll be so glad to get him off their hands."

In spite of his friendliness, Barry noticed that Bernie didn't say, "Come on down, we've something else for you." Nor even, "Of course, we'll expect you to cover Rogers getting out of jail." Why should he? "The big bet" was Harwood's "bet," not Barry's and, anyway, the best man would be at his desk the day after tomorrow. Harwood did say that, at last. "You'd

better see him. I'll phone you when. Probably not before Monday. He'll be pretty busy for a day or two. Of course, you'll be around for your salary on Saturday. Might look me up then."

He was still on the pay roll, at least. That was important, what with overdrafts and hotel bills, and such things. Sober reflection, backed by experience, had persuaded Barry that he couldn't get much on his wardrobe. The studs and cufflinks were rather cheap stuff. He had sold an overcoat once—in this very town—for three dollars.

Saturday's money would just square the bank account. As for the hotel bill—"Well, I'll give them my clothes," Barry decided, "and I'll have something left in my jeans when I move out of here."

He phoned Peggy again, and then dined frugally and went back to his room. Step by step, he went over its details, seeing everything in the new light cast by the events of the past few hours. At midnight, for the fifth or sixth time, he re-read the story in the Globe. "Well, that's that," he said aloud, tossing the paper into the wastebasket and winding his silver wrist-watch. "Morano's dead, young Ridder'll be free tomorrow, old Ridder'll be home Saturday, and that's that. Wonder where I'll be a week from now."

It didn't matter much. "Nothing matters much," he told himself again, dwelling on Pat's phrase. "Not without Pat. It doesn't. She's a grand girl. Out of my class, though. A week from now, she'll be playing tennis and going over to dinner at the Ridders. Wonder if Peg'll be there. Wonder what's going to happen to those two young people?"

In Friday morning's paper, under "Personal Intelligence," he found a mention of the Winslows. "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Winslow are sailing on the Aquitania next Wednesday. The item read, 'for an extended tour of the Continent.' That was that, too. Barry's drama was ending with all its principal characters disposed of, as well-made drama should end.

Winslow's secretary called him just before noon. "Mr. Winslow wants me to tell you that Rogers will be free in an hour or two."

"How's Mrs. Winslow?"

"Much better. Mr. Winslow's still with her, though."

"And the Hamburgs?"

"No; they went back to Southampton last night."

Once more, that was that, Barry thought, getting his hat and making tracks for the subway. He reached the Tombs well in advance of official orders for the release of "Jay Rogers."



"Maybe I Was," Ridder Admitted.

It was nearly five o'clock, indeed, when "Jay Rogers" appeared, looking very white and haggard, and the last train had left for Southampton. "You can talk to Peggy on the phone," Barry told him, "and then you'd better have dinner with me, and a good night's rest at my hotel. The Bremen gets in very early, and you'll want to be on the dock."

Jack looked at him quizzically.

"Will I?"

"Won't you?"

"I suppose so. I'd like to see my mother."

"I'd like to see her myself," Barry said. "She's been swell to you, all right."

"Yes."

At dinner, Jack declared, "I'll take that job on the paper now, if my father'll give it to me."

"Why not?"

"You started me thinking. I can see the old man's viewpoint. He's got to be decent to Peggy, though. It's both of us, or neither. . . . What's going to happen to you?"

"Search me,"

"Look here," Jack blurted. "I'm Ridder now. Who needs to know that I was ever Jay Rogers? I've been at Southampton all the time, writing letters to my mother, and everything. You've been Barry Gilbert, working on the Globe, and likely to go on working there. What's the matter with that?"

"Willets is the matter with it," Barry answered—"Willets, and Evans, and Winslow, and all the camera-clickers on the newspapers. There's been several pictures of you already. I can't understand why you weren't identified long ago."

"Maybe I was," Ridder admitted. "Your old college chums don't exactly run after you while you're in jail. They don't get to be college chums until you're in Who's Who."

"Anyway," Barry continued, "your scheme's out. I want to come clean. Don't ask me why. I was going to run away a week ago, and I couldn't make it. Gentlemen don't do that," he said. "I've got a new picture of myself as a gentleman."

"That's what does the trick, I guess."

Jack speculated. "Most of us spend our lives trying to live up to the portraits of ourselves that hang over our mantel-pieces. Yours was of a reckless, devil-may-care young vagabond. Then you moved into a house, and company, where that picture didn't fit. You hung up a new one, and you've got to live up to that now. It was the same way with me. The picture of myself I liked was of an irresponsible, slightly dissipated young genius. The family portraits didn't appeal to me. Yours did—your new picture of yourself, I mean. I'm going to try to be like that the rest of my life."

They were lingering over cigars and coffee now.

"What is a gentleman?" Barry asked.

Jack smiled.

"The fellow who gets the right portrait."

"I suppose so," Barry said. "Family and clothes didn't make you one—not when you were getting drunk and forging checks. I wasn't one when I took another man's name, and money, and made up to a girl who thought I was somebody else. . . . Pictures over mantel-pieces. That's another word for tradition, I guess. The tradition that makes men defend women, and go down on sinking ships, and all that sort of thing. When that stops being our picture of ourselves, 'God help all of us,' I told Pat once. . . . Come on; let's go to a movie!"

CHAPTER XII

The next afternoon—around three o'clock—Harwood phoned.

"The old man wants to see you. Here at his office. I'd come quick if I were you."

So Jack had told him.

Or Evans.

"I'd be glad if you'd tell Willets, and the rest," Barry had said to the chauffeur. "I'll save me introducing the subject." It would, too. He had dreaded his first few moments with Ridder—beginning his story with a pair of cold, calm eyes boring into him. They would be cold eyes; he felt sure of that.

And they were.

"The big chief" sat at his big desk in a big, richly-furnished office with a big door and a little one. The big double door opened into the reception room. Barry entered through that, and found himself facing Ridder and the smaller single door behind him.

Ridder was reading a radiogram, and he went on reading. A tall, thin man, with New England written all over him: A youngish man for his age, which might have been fifty. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. His long, thin, absolutely straight mouth was higher at the right end, and his right eye was longer and narrower than his left. He had a sharp chin, and a thin nose, and a broad forehead, with thin, graying, sandy hair. The kind of man who could say "Good morning" as though that ended the discussion.

"All right," Barry repeated to himself. "I'll take my medicine. It'll soon be over, anyway. He isn't going to give a damn what I did for his son. If I can say anything to make it easier for those two youngsters and Jacky—Wonder what's back of that little door."

He was still wondering when the big chief looked up.

"You're Gilbert?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alias Ridder, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

They were cold eyes. Very cold.

Mostly to end the silence, Barry said, "I suppose your son told you."

"Nobody told me. I've known all about you for two months."

"You've known—"

"I heard my wife's talk with my son the day before we sailed. Through the door to my bedroom. I heard her invite him to Southampton. Next morning, I arranged with Willets to give me a full report of his doings there."

"And—?"

Barry was thinking in monosyllables.

"And, in his first letter, he mentioned your red hair."

Barry grinned.

"He also mentioned your taking a hundred dollar bill out of an envelope addressed to Mrs. Ridder."

The grin faded.

"You haven't made a move that I haven't known about."

He waited.

"Why didn't you have me arrested?"

"Because I knew that my son was in prison, accused of this murder. I read about that less than an hour after I'd satisfied myself that you weren't my son. Jay Rogers. I'd had a man following him all about Florida. The man's report agreed perfectly with the newspaper account of Jay Rogers."

"Still—"

"What was I to do? Sell? The doctor said that was out of the question. I wired Harwood 'Rogers didn't kill Kelly. Find out who did.' Twenty-four hours later, I knew you were on the Globe, and why, and that you'd succeeded in interesting Winslow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Our Early Windows

Our windows originally were divided into small panes, because only small panes could be made economically. Glass was blown like toy balloons, and, naturally, only small areas could be cut from these glass globes to fit in a flat frame. When the art of glassmaking made large panes possible the tendency was to clear our windows of all cross pieces and have large unobstructed surfaces.

Source of Olive Oil

Olive oil comes, as its name implies, from the olive, the fruit of small tree which grows in southern Europe. In its unripe state, the olive is eaten between the courses of a dinner. When ripe, it yields olive oil, which has many uses—both internal and external. It is even used as a substitute for butter in some countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Three Certain Winners



THREE candidates for your approval, good on any ticket. Put your "machine" to work and you will win the vote of any group, however critical, with these fetching frocks especially designed for women who sew at home. Correctly styled, accurately designed and cut, they combine smartness with utility and offer the solution to many wardrobe problems.

Pattern 1866, the jacket ensemble, is a smooth, flattering model, as slimming as it is smart and serviceable. The graceful neckline and jabot conceal those extra pounds above the waistline and the panelled skirt is sleek and slenderizing. Worn with or without the clever box jacket, this number in any sheer wool or crepe or velveteen will assist you to put your best foot forward and make a successful appearance. Designed for sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50; size 40 requires four and one-fourth yards of 54 inch fabric.

Pattern 1874, the beguiling house frock, features a panelled yoke with the yoke and sleeves cut in one. There is gathered fullness in the waist, a shawl collar, and one of two patch pockets for your household trinkets. Easily put together with the aid of the

detailed, step-by-step instruction guide, this is a morning frock which will survive the day with honors. The pattern is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Size 18 requires four and one-half yards of 39 inch fabric.

Pattern 1800, the graceful smock, is formed with just eight simple pieces including the pockets, collar, and cuffs. The contrasting yoke is unusually effective, the sleeves are full and graceful, and there is an air of sophistication about the design not often found in a garment so practical and useful. Send for size Small (bust 34-36), Medium (38-40), or Large (42-44). Size Medium requires four and one-half yards of 35 inch material.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT
Lincoln County, State of New Mexico

The First National Bank of Roswell
New Mexico, Plaintiff

vs.
Lavern B. Merton, impleaded with the following named defendants, against whom substituted service is hereby sought to be obtained, to-wit: Edith M. Merton, Fred Bannowsky and Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas, Defendants.
No. 4424.

NOTICE OF SUIT PENDING

State of New Mexico To:
Lavern B. Merton, impleaded with the following named defendants, against whom substituted service is sought to be obtained, to-wit: Edith M. Merton, Fred Bannowsky and Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas.

GREETING:

Notice is hereby given that The First National Bank of Roswell, New Mexico, has filed a complaint in the District Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, being cause No. 4424 on the civil docket of said Court, against Lavern B. Merton, impleaded with the following named defendants, against whom substituted service is sought to be obtained, to-wit: Edith M. Merton, Fred Bannowsky and Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas. The object of said suit is to secure judgment upon a promissory note executed by Lavern B. Merton and Edith M. Merton, dated December 7, 1935, for the sum of \$500.00 and interest at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum from June 3, 1936, and Ten per cent of such unpaid principal and interest as attorney's fees; and for costs of said suit and to foreclose a real estate mortgage executed by Lavern B. Merton and Edith M. Merton, his wife, securing said note upon the following described real estate in Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, to-wit:

S1SW1, E1SE1, SW1SE1, Section 22; NE1, N1SE1, NW1 Section 27; SE1N1 Section 28; all in Township 9 South, Range 19 East N. M. P. M.

You are also notified that a further object of the suit is to secure judgment upon a promissory note executed by Lavern B. Merton and Edith M. Merton, dated January 2, 1936, for the sum of \$500.00 and interest at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum from January 2, 1936, Ten per cent of such unpaid principal and interest as attorney's fees; for costs of said suit, and to foreclose a real estate mortgage executed by Lavern B. Merton and Edith M. Merton, his wife, securing said note, upon the following described real estate in Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, to-wit:

E1SW1 and S1SE1 Section 27; NE1 Section 34; all in Township 9 South, Range 19 East; and the W1 Section 27, Township 9 South, Range 20 East, N. M. P. M. containing 840 acres.

You are also notified that a further object of the suit is to have declared the mortgage liens of plaintiff superior to any interest, claim or right of the defendants, Fred Bannowsky and Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas.

You will further take notice that, unless you enter your appearance in this cause on or before the 18th day of December, 1936, the plaintiff will take judgment against you by default and apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in this Complaint.

L. O. Fuller of Roswell, New Mexico, is attorney for plaintiff.

Witness my hand and the seal of the District Court this 20th day of October, 1936.

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

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

Farmer to Be Protected
"We're going to see to it that the farmer whose crops have to be sold on a world market gets the equivalent of a really effective tariff. One thing we have learned from past experience is this: We cannot let temporary surpluses destroy the standard of living of the farm family."—Alf M. Landon at Des Moines, September 22, 1936.

For Not Growing Wheat:
Seven wheat growers received government checks of more than \$10,000 for not growing wheat and one was paid \$20,000. How big was your check?

**Another Year
Has Rolled Around**

And following our custom, we will give away some valuable prizes around Christmas Time.

Beginning Nov. 1st We will give a ticket with every cash purchase amounting to ONE DOLLAR and for accounts paid IN FULL by the tenth of the month. Be sure to ask for your tickets and save them.

Prizes and details of the Drawing will be announced in this space a little later.

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Carrizozo, N. M.

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. Gallesher 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.

Cattle Coming In
In 1933 we imported less than 100,000 head of cattle. Under the Roosevelt tariff provision we imported 244,000 head in 1935.

Tax on Your Shirt
Of that one dollar shirt you bought, 24 cents of the price was New Deal Federal tax.

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FOR SALE—200 acre grazing land about three miles from Carrizozo, N. M. The land has a deep well on farm.—Address B. F. Downey, 1240 Central Ave., Beloit, Wisconsin. 080

**To the Voters
of Lincoln County**

This is to announce that I have been honored by the Democratic party of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico with the nomination as a candidate for the office of District Attorney. On account of the duties of my office, I shall be unable to make an extensive campaign. If my services for the past four years merit your support for re-election, the same will be greatly appreciated.—Martin A. Threet.

C. C. C. Camp

Any donations of old books or magazines will be sincerely appreciated by the entire personnel. Leave donations at the Outlook office.

M. H. CROSSMAN
Republican Candidate for Representative, 30th District Comprising Otero, Lincoln and Socorro Counties
Your Support S lic ted

**What Happens to Savings
in New Deal Pension Plan**

The cruel deceit practiced by the Rooseveltian New Deal old age pension plan was exposed by Gov. Alf M. Landon in his address at Milwaukee. Calling the law "unjust and stupidly drafted," he pictured the tragedy of the New Deal in the following homily:
"Let me explain it in the simple terms of the family budget. The father of the family is a kindly man, so kindly that he borrows all he can to add to the family's pleasure. At the same time he impresses upon his sons and daughters the necessity of saving for their old age. Every month they bring six per cent of their wages to him so that he may act as trustee and invest their savings for their old age.
"The father decides that the best investment is his own I. O. U. So every month he puts aside in a box his I. O. U. carefully executed, and, moreover, bearing interest at 3 per cent. And every month he spends the money that his children bring him, partly in meeting his regular expenses, and the rest in various experiments that fascinate him.
"Years pass—the children grow old—the day comes when they have to open their father's box. What do they find? Roll after roll of neatly executed 'I. O. U.'s'
"I am not exaggerating the folly of this legislation. The saving it forces on our workers is a cruel hoax.
"There is every probability that the cash they pay in will be used for current deficits and new extravagances."

**"If the People Win,
Who Can Lose?"**

By **RAYMOND PITCAIRN**
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

"Nothing will ruin this country if the people themselves will undertake its safety and nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own."—Daniel Webster.

As this is written, citizens throughout the nation are preparing to exercise that individual responsibility for the safety of their country which election day entails.

It is an immense responsibility. In national affairs alone, it involves the selection not only of a Chief Executive, but of Senators from many states and Representatives from all.

How will America meet it? Free-election forecasts promise the heaviest vote in our history. That is encouraging, because the decisions then recorded affect not only the safety and security of our Republic, but our personal lives as well.

It means something to every American—whatever his years, his job, or his daily activities. It extends to every citizen of voting age the opportunity to express what he or she may think.

Does youth, for example, desire the free opportunity for productive toil and its rewards, that older generations enjoyed?

Do the farmer, the wage-earner and the business man desire personal independence and the right to manage their own affairs and enjoy the fruits of their labor?

Do the housewives of America want government, whether Federal, State or Local, to hold down living costs by the exercise of a reasonable economy?
Do Americans, as a nation, want to strengthen and safeguard their constitutional form of government, with its effective guarantee of a voice in government and freedom of religion and speech and action?
The ballot gives them all opportunity to say so.
For voting in America—as contrasted to elections in many nations abroad—is not merely an imposition of loyalty to a particular party. It is, indeed, an effective method of securing public opinion. It is the greatest opportunity ever offered for registering the collective judgment of the people.
And so long as the people exercise that judgment with sincerity, independence and intelligence, America is safe.

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on Dresses gives you an excellent opportunity to give us a trial.**