

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

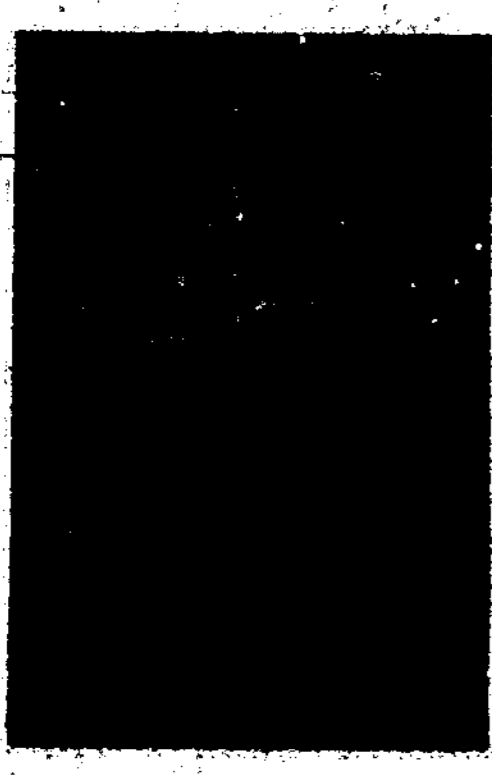
THE HOME PAPER Oldest Paper in Lincoln County 8 PAGES

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

VOL. XXI - NO. 37

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1937

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR



A. L. B.

The New Year; What Will It Bring? (An Editorial)

Another yuletide has come and gone, bringing to us the new year of 1937. The question now arises—what will it bring? If we were to have our hopes realized, it would bring nothing short of unfettered human happiness, joy, prosperity, success to every undertaking and barriers against the ravages of war.

While war clouds are hovering over eastern skies—while the sound of war-drum take the place of shouts of gladness in countries across the seas, let us, as free-born Americans join in the prayer that we may not become entangled in the slimy net of international disputes that lead to conflict between the nations of the earth.

What will the new year bring? To some it must bring earthly sorrow, from the fact that loved ones in the family cannot always remain united. Sooner or later from the highest to the lowest, an end must come even to all human ties and greatness. The past may be easily recalled, but the future is beyond the power of man to discern.

To others, their paths may lead into better careers, bring them under brighter skies, and face them with cherished conditions where dreams come true. To others, try as they may, reverses may come and disheartening conditions cause them to lose faith in humanity.

Postoffice Force Deserving of Comment

The Carrizozo postoffice was a busy place during the holiday rush, but the quickness and dispatch with which the public's business was transacted was worthy of exceptional mention. Postmaster Kelt and his able assistants, Roy Harmon and John Kelt, made the work a pleasure for the patrons by their acts of kindness, helpful advice, which they gave at all times with smiling faces and becoming courtesy.

Miss Eliza Hobbie leaves today for Portland, Oregon, to look out her last term at the St. Helen's School for Girls. She will return after the coming semester is over.

Bingham News

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Withers entertained at dinner on Christmas Day. Guests were: The Leon Houstons, B. L. Moores, J. W. Withers of Artesia, Pat Withers and Messrs. Jack Cate and Alvin Griffin.

Mrs. A. V. Wilson, Miss Velma Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Agan, Wiley Edwards, Pete Hughes, Frank and Henry Wilson spent Christmas in Capitan as guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Hefner.

Lonnice Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Moon, has been ill with pneumonia.

The P. H. Wryes and the J. B. Kilgore were dinner guests of the D. F. Sawyers Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dean were Christmas day dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Fisher and baby of California are guests in the home of Mrs. Fisher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glover.

Mrs. A. V. Wilson and daughter Velma will entertain a group of friends with a dinner on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Sawyer entertained on Christmas Day. A one o'clock dinner was served, buffet style, from a long table centered with a miniature Xmas tree and brightly decorated in the yuletide colors. Guests were: The C. Sullivans, Mmes. Wilson, Moon, Miss Wilson, Messrs. Edwards, Frank and Henry Wilson. Other guests joining the group in the evening were: The Agans, Coopers, Misses Marie and June Cooper, Messrs. Epps and Pete Hughes. Tables of 'Forty-Two' and 'Rummy' were played throughout the day.

L. O. Moon was a Carrizozo visitor Monday. The 'New Revolution' season is here again!

Leopoldo Gutierrez Victim of Auto Accident

Isidoro Gutierrez received word from Crystal City, Texas, this week to the effect that his brother Leopoldo had been killed when a heavy truck ran into his lighter vehicle, while he was in the act of repairing a tire in the road.

Leopoldo was born and reared in Lincoln County and when the United States entered the World War, he was one of the first to answer the call to the colors and served overseas with high honors. A few months ago he went to Texas to work in the cotton fields, and at the time of the accident, no papers of identification were found on his body nor at his place of lodging, although he carried with him his discharge from the army and other government papers.

He leaves a daughter, one son, his brother Isidoro and two sisters, Mesdames Nathan Adler and Manuel Pacheco, to all of whom the sympathy of this community is tendered.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Stokes were host and hostess at a dancing party Wednesday evening at the Country Club in honor of Miss Evelyn Claunch.

S. H. Nickels is recovering from an illness that kept him bedfast for several weeks.

L. A. Whitaker won the Turkey Gobbler raffled off by Petty's Economy Grocery and Market.

WOMAN'S CLUB

met at the ranch home of Mrs. Carl E. Fresman, Friday, Dec. 18. After the usual business session, Mrs. Blaney read a memorial in memory of Mrs. W. C. McDonald, wife of the first Governor of New Mexico.

Mother's Evening Prayer

O gentle presence, peace, joy and power; O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour. Thou Love that guards the nestlings faltering flight; Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall; His habitation high is here, and nigh, His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

O make me glad for every scalding tear, For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain! Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear No ill.—Since God is good, and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of his mighty wing; In that sweet secret of the narrow way, Seeking and finding, with the angels sing: "Lo, I am with you always,"—watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain; No night drops down upon the troubled breast, When heaven's after smile earth's tear-drops gain, And mother finds her home and heavenly rest.

—Mary Baker Eddy

Then followed a program in charge of Mrs. Lemon: Song, "O Come Ye Faithful," Congregation; Piano solo, "Xmas Fantasy," Mrs. Burns; Song, "Who Says There Ain't No Santa Claus?" Jane Gallacher, Marion Joyce, Betty Beck, accompanied by Mrs. Kelley; Ladies Quartette: Christmas Adaptation of Sweet and Low—Mmes. Louis Adams, Don English, Misses Marie Coe, Lealye Cooper; The Birth of Christ, read by Mrs. Lemon; Song, "Silent Night," Miss Thelma White.

After the program refreshments of cookies, led by the Ginger Bread Boy, and coffee were served by the following assistant hostesses: Mmes. Blaney, Bright, Huffmyer, Sammons, Shaver, Eaker, Kroggel and Miss Haldane Stover. — Rhoda Freeman, Club Reporter.

Miss Marguerite Rathmann returned to Blair, Nebraska, Wednesday, after spending the holidays with her brother and wife, Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Rathmann.

Miss Ruth Ryden, County Nurse, ably assisted by Mrs. Ray Jansen, entertained at a 10-table bridge party at the Country Club Wednesday afternoon, honoring Mrs. L. T. Bacot.

Mrs. Erva Claunch, daughter Evelyn, son Jack and Wayne Richard are spending New Year's Day and the week-end at Santa Fe as guests of Mrs. Claunch's father, Joe R. Adams. They will return Monday.

Miss Tressie Davis is visiting her parents, relatives and friends at Republic, Mo.

George Joyce returned Monday of this week from Lawrence, Kans., where he had been spending the holidays with relatives and friends.

There was a merry Christmas gathering at the P. M. Johnson home, when all the children, except Mrs. S. W. Kelsey, were present.

Personals

Mrs. Asa Evans left Wednesday for Carrizozo to be with her relatives during the Christmas holidays.—Tucumcari American. Mrs. Evans is Mrs. Louis Bacot's sister.

Mrs. Mamie Bennett, who is a graduate nurse of the Hillman Hospital of Birmingham, Ala., is now connected with the Rathmann Hospital here. Mrs. Bennett comes here with a number of years' experience in hospitals throughout the state, having spent four years in the Tucumcari hospital. Mrs. Bennett intends to make her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scharf were lower valley visitors Tuesday, attending the funeral of the late John Brady.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bright are the recipients of a lovely leather bound first edition copy of "Poems of New Mexico" from Miss Maynor Faye McGee, former Carrizozo teacher, but now teaching in Las Cruces. Miss McGee's poem, "Yucca The Candle of The Lord," is included in the book.

Miss Helen Rolland was here from Santa Fe to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland.

This office acknowledges the receipt of a nice letter from M. D. Atkinson of Corona. Mr. Atkinson says that stock is wintering nicely and everything looks promising.

Mrs. Ellen Sellars was here from Santa Fe this week, attending the funeral of Mr. Cavanaugh.

Mrs. Ira Greer, sons Fred and Jack of Tucumcari spent the holidays here with the P. M. Johnson family.

Billy Norman and Pete Johnson, Jr., attended the funeral of John Brady at San Patricio on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Foraythe and daughter Miss Dolores have moved here from Capitan to make this place their home.

Miss Haldane Stover spent the holidays at Belen with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stover.

C. O. Garrison, the giant first baseman of the Carrizozo baseball club, is sporting a 1937 Ford V-8, purchased at the Carrizozo Auto Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Greer and children were visitors in town yesterday from their ranch near the Malpais.

Rich Hust was a business visitor from Nogal yesterday and while here, made this office a friendly call.

Miss Cora Crews was a visitor from Oscura Wednesday, returning home in the afternoon.

Mrs. Annabelle Risinger is the new manager of the Garrard Hotel.

Oscar Bamberger, County Treasurer elect, will have as his deputies Sat Chavez, Jr. and Miss Thelma Shaver, assistant.

Rumor has it that Edward Panfield, newly elected County Clerk, will have as one of his deputies Mrs. Meda Haley.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:30 p. m. Friday and Saturday— "My American Wife"

Featuring Frances Lederer, Ann Sothern, Fred Stone and Billie Burke. Take it from us, we've got another big laugh in store for you. Better than Ruggles of Red Gap, they say. "Hollywood Extra Girl" and "King of Mardi Gras."

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday— "The Dancing Pirate"

Featuring Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, Steffi Dunn. A gloriously beautiful picture to bewitch the eye and capture the heart. "Molly Moo Cow" and "March of Time." March of time is a new short subject taken from the TIME magazine and dealing with national subjects of interest to all. Popeye Doll at Sunday matinee.

Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m. Night show at 8:00 p. m.

Masons Install, Entertain and Eat

Last Monday night at Masonic Temple, Carrizozo Lodge No. 41 A. F. & A. M., installed officers for 1937 as follows: Worshipful Master, Harry Gallacher; Senior Warden, Vance P. Smith; Junior Warden, Eddie Long; Secretary, R. E. Lemon; Treasurer, F. A. English; Senior Deacon, Don English; Junior Deacon, Ben S. Burns; Chaplain, Roy Shafer; Marshal, A. L. Burke; Senior Steward, Phil Bright; Junior Steward, R. E. Kent; Tyler, S. B. Bostian. Trustees, Harry Gallacher, R. E. Lemon, F. A. English, Roy Shafer, B. L. Stimmel.

The officers were installed by Retiring Master Roy Shafer and A. L. Burke, Marshal, acting as Conductor. A well-arranged program and banquet followed the installation.

Gunther C. Kroggel of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company left Thursday for El Paso, where he will spend several days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse May of Nogal were business visitors in town this Thursday, and while here, Mr. May made this office a pleasant call.

The dance at Community Hall last night, sponsored by "El Club Recreativo," was enthusiastically attended.

ATTENTION, MASONS

All Master Masons are invited to the regular communication at Masonic Temple, tomorrow night Saturday, Jan. 2.

Harry Gallacher, W. M. R. E. Lemon, Sec'y.

Mrs. D. R. Stewart is ill this week.

Attention, OddFellows

Next Tuesday night, Jan. 5, officers who were recently elected together with those appointed by the incoming Noble and Vice Grand, will be installed by District Deputy Herman Kelt. A delegation will attend from Alamogordo. All OddFellows are cordially invited.

Tommy Cook, N. G., Wm. J. Langston, Secretary.

John E. Brady

Joe Anaya, Vidal Zamora Killed in Auto Crash

Last Saturday night, John E. Brady, former sheriff of Lincoln County and Joe Anaya were returning from Carrizozo to their respective homes in the lower valley and making a brief stop in Lincoln, were accosted by Vidal Zamora, who asked them to drive him back to Fort Stanton to summon a doctor for his brother who was on the verge of death.

The trio started for Stanton and about halfway between Lincoln and their destination, their Chevrolet coupe collided head-on with a heavy Federal Government truck assigned to the Mescalero Indian Agency, occupied by Edward Shirley, Fred Cole and Swayzer Clark. Brady, Anaya and Zamora were instantly killed and the other three escaped with minor injuries.

A coroner's jury exonerated Shirley, driver of the truck, after hearing him testify that the other machine was moving at a high rate of speed and was on the wrong side of the road at the time of the collision. Brady was hurled from the coupe to the pavement and Anaya and Zamora were found dead inside the badly crushed auto. The sick boy at Lincoln died at about the same time as the crash happened.

The funeral of the Zamora boys was held at Lincoln Sunday afternoon and the bodies of Brady and Anaya were taken to Roswell to be embalmed. Their funerals were held Tuesday afternoon, Brady's at San Patricio; Anaya's at Tinnie, both of which were largely attended by people from all over the county.

Brady was very prominent in Lincoln County politics and his many friends are grieved at his untimely end. He is survived by a wife, one daughter, his father, Mr. Robert Brady, and several brothers and other relatives. The sympathy of the county in general is extended to the families of the unfortunate victims.

Yuletide Entertainment

Wednesday evening of last week at OddFellows Hall, Coalora Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F., entertained members of the order, their families and friends with an elaborate banquet. Before the banquet was served, each guest drew a number which entitled them to a gift from the Christmas tree. This was followed by the guessing of the number of beans in a jar. The nearest was Colonel Jones. Mrs. Nellie Branum received the jar of beans as a second prize. The Misses Zane Harkey, Betty Shafer and Almeda Bowlin sang "Silent Night" and Miss Lealye Cooper gave several much appreciated piano solos.

The retiring county officers, Sheriff A. S. McCamant, Treasurer Louis Adams, Mrs. Ola C. Jones, County School Superintendent, County Clerk Ernest Key, will step out Monday and give way to the new regime. To those retiring, let us say, you made remarkable officials. To the new ones, we wish you success in your undertaking.

Go to White Oaks tonight. Good Music. Good Dance Floor and a Good Time Guaranteed to all!



Hugh Bradley Says

Collegiate Abuses Due to Prexies Not Coach or Coached

INvariably at this time of the year I get a pain in the spot where too many higher educators keep their brains. This unease in a neck, already so sorely battered that it can stand few more bruises and contusions, naturally comes from the annual yelling about the indecency of one of the widest spread of collegiate practices. I refer specifically to the so-called athletic scholarships and the huggemugger publicity grabbing which ever is associated with them.

Since this is a nation given to boasting about foisting book learning upon the masses, it is difficult to understand why one pack of purists must get into full cry because of one minor extension of the grand privilege. Do these high-class gents believe that an ambitious boy must be kicked in the pants because he has muscles as well as poor parents? Or is their fine dither due to unshakable conviction that youngsters who grow higher than five feet three inches or scale more than a featherweight are thus barred by nature from swimming around in classic fountains?

Can these highly moral cutups believe it is a crime against the state for a youth to be healthy? Or can it be that father really beads their jaws because sons of a Brooklyn water and of a Staten Island street sweeper were permitted to win scholastic distinction as well as football games at two famous universities this season?

Tramp Athletes Are Believed on Wane

I make no effort here to unravel the minds of such talented messiahs. Yet—stemming from the premise that even though education may not do lucky kids any real good it probably won't seriously damage them—the way is opened for a discussion of more wholesome things.

Tramp athletes—young men who prefer to travel from college to college, trading upon their athletic ability, rather than to sweat at a more gainful occupation—still exist. But there is only a corporal's guard of them now.

The reason for this is apparent. Football has become a complicated game, difficult to teach and difficult for the student to assimilate. For preservation of their cozy jobs, if for no other reason, coaches prefer players whose brains somehow keep pace of their muscular reactions.

Similarly football has become a game where one mistake can spoil a season. Only too well aware of this, coaches also are aware that the shirker is most apt to make the mistake. With few exceptions they have understood for years that the boy who cheats or lays down on his studies is not apt to discard these habits.

Coaches and Coached Said to Be Pawns

There you have the case for the coaches and the coached. One group being well paid in gold coin for their skill as teachers and recruiters. The other group receiving the doubtful tender of a modern college education in return for weekly exhibitions of muscular prowess. Both groups, pawns in the fanatical glorification of victory over defeat which anesthetizes academicians of this land and day. The actions of neither group needing high-powered investigation quite so much as the smug skullduggery of winking college presidents.

Do you doubt it? There are N. Y. U. alumni who will take oath that their Alma Mater tilted the scholarship fund not a whit when Chloek Meehan came to the institution ten years ago. The shrewd and earthy Chloek, they say, merely regimented the rewards which previously had been apportioned in prodigal fashion upon barren soil.

Is the picture still out of its accepted focus? Then listen to Southern Conference professors lamenting their own ravaged vistas. Last year Dr. Graham, one of the saner college presidents in that section who long had realized that the yen for victory was inseparable from other greed, proposed a plan for keeping this human craving in check. He sought merely to have the number of athletic scholarships limited and awarded in full view.

It was sound reasoning that deserved a better fate.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE

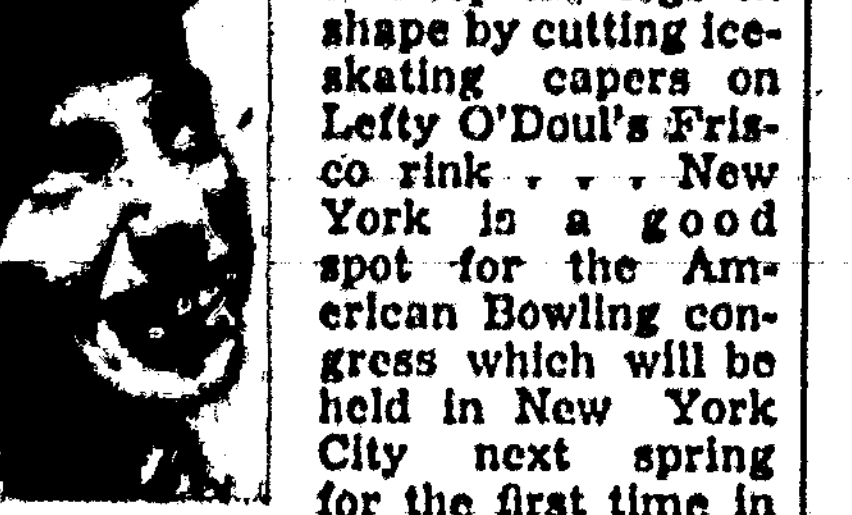
BROOKLYN fans are indignant because Ferd Frick refused to attend their dinner for Casey Stengel December 5. They write that it is about time the National League president obtained some first-hand information as to what is happening to baseball's best franchise. . . . John Hay Whitney, who entered racing in a big way only a few years ago, now breeds more horses than any of his clan. . . . Penn and Cornell have played forty-three football games but never have had a contract. . . . Tony Canzoneri is gathering himself a stable of boxers. He has not yet decided whether he will be an active manager or a behind-the-scenes partner.

Although his purse for boxing Mike Belloise for the world's featherweight championship amounted to \$1,000, Dave Crowley, the English challenger, received only three dollars for himself. At least that is the story of his manager, Harry Levine, who promises never to return to the United States. . . . Leon Ketchel, the Polish Peak, has gone in for wrestling. He retired from boxing after the veteran Larry Gaines twice stopped him in the gym. . . . Dr. George Devine, who had a hand in the Battling Siki-Mike McTigue promotion, is due in New York shortly. . . . Even England refuses to consider seriously the comeback Jack Kid Berg says he will make as a welterweight. . . . In spite of the ballyhoo baseball is making little progress in England.

Chicago is strong for the plan, originally advanced in New York, of five-day weeks for racetracks. . . . The next pro season may reveal John Sims Kelley as head coach and Cal Hubbard as line coach of Brooklyn's Football Dodgers. Which, the celebrated Pat Hoot suggests, will put Burleigh Grimes and Hubbard in just about the same rocking boat. . . . Very best thanks to Skateland for the season's roller-skating duet, to the National Boxing association for the honorary membership card and to Keen's for a chance to smoke one of those long-stemmed "churchwardens" after dinner. . . . Pete Cleary, former assistant postmaster of Brooklyn, now is a boxing and wrestling timekeeper at Brooklyn clubs. . . . John D. Spreckels, 3d, the turfman, is a boating enthusiast, but blushes when racing friends mention it for fear people may confuse it with the "boat race" term of the turf.

Di Maggio Keeps Legs in Shape Ice Skating

In spite of the way his boss, Colonel Ruppert, worries about it, Joe Di Maggio continues to keep his legs in shape by cutting ice-skating capers on Lefty O'Doul's Frisco rink. . . . New York is a good spot for the American Bowling congress which will be held in New York City next spring for the first time in thirty-seven years.



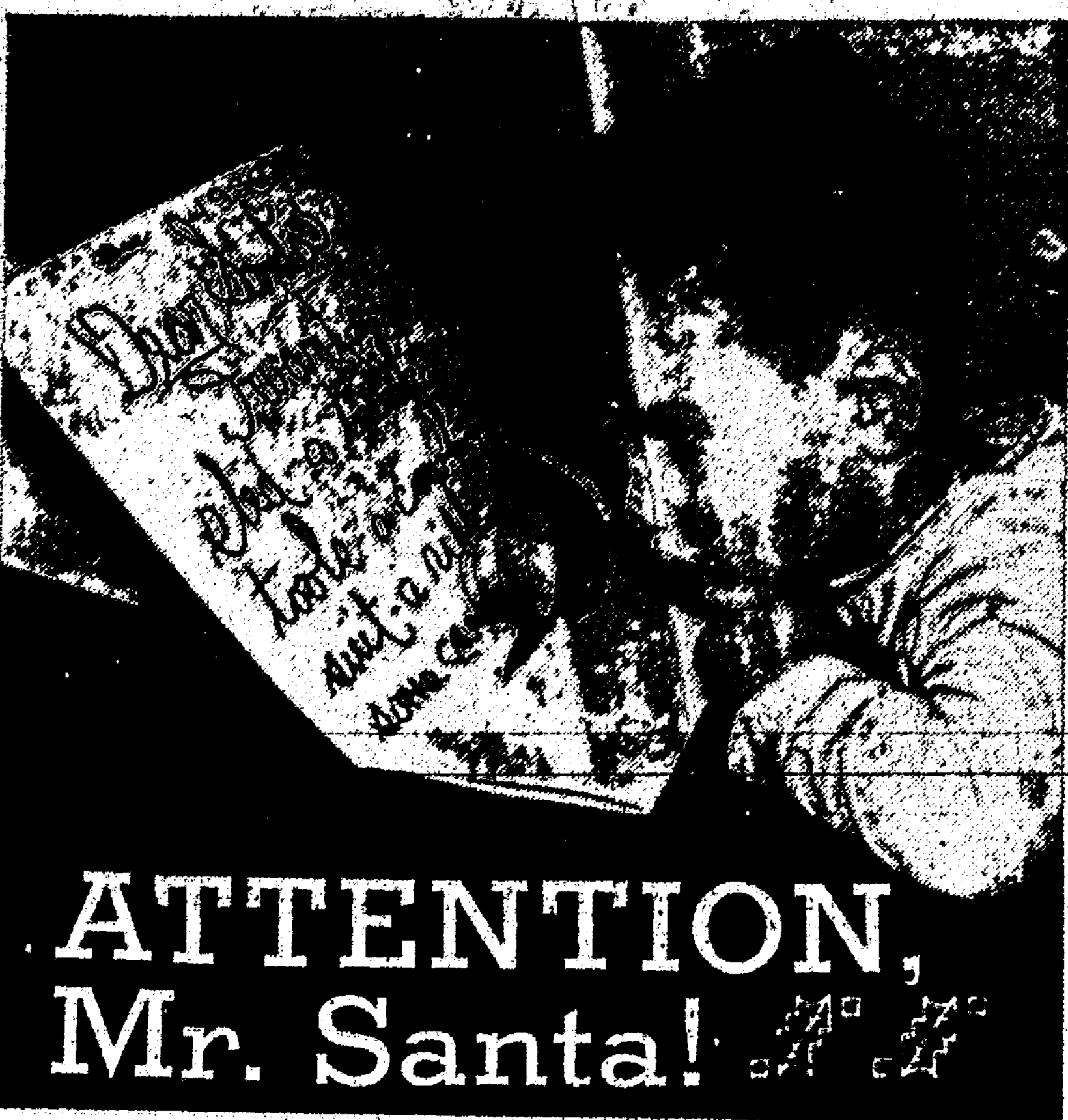
It is estimated that there are more than 300,000 bowlers in the city. . . . Earl Walsh, Fordham football coach soon to be admitted to the New York bar, is considering an offer to join a local law firm.

When Shanteb won at Bowie it was the second time this year that a twin had won a race. Prior to this season horsemen couldn't seem to remember when the last twin, if any, ever won. The information is provided by that eminent handicapper, Jerry DeNonno, along with the added tidbit that his first name really is Jeremiah. . . . Could the rib Izzy Jaanazio be supposed to have broken in the Ross boat really have been shattered weeks previously by Ceterino Garcia? . . . Glen Cunningham is training daily at N. Y. U. under the watchful eye of Track Coach Emil Von Eiling.

The Mr. John Bosley, who seldom is mentioned when Mrs. John Bosley's horses win races, once was the most celebrated sports member of the family. That was twenty-five years or so ago when he starred at football and baseball for St. John's (Md.) college. . . . The Football Rules committee would be silly to alter the present rule governing interference with a forward pass receiver because of squawks heard this season. The truth is that most coaches teach their defense men to interfere; figuring to get away with it under timid officials. So, since even now the helpless receiver is hopelessly mauled, a milder penalty for the foul merely would pave the way for really serious injuries.

Babe Stohert and Eddie Shore played side by side on the Boston Bruins' defense all last season without speaking to each other. . . . Clem Loughlin, manager of the Black Hawks, remembers the coldest hockey game in which he ever took part. It was at Edmonton between the Edmonton Eskimos and the Vancouver Lions. It was 47 below zero in the rink and so cold the players cut off the tops of their stockings to use them as ear muffs.

Walter Camp's first All-American team was composed entirely of Big Three players; his last team, in 1923, was the first one in which no Big Three men appeared. . . . For three years, 1909-1911, Marquette U. tied Notre Dame; in the next year Marquette was defeated 8-0 by Notre Dame.



ATTENTION, Mr. Santa!

A Holiday for Two by Luella B. Lyons

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL by Helen Waterman

THIS being with the family on Christmas is the bunk so I won't mind parking myself down there in Martinville, Mr. Howard," Paul Boyd told his employer. That's how he found himself spending the holidays in a lonely little room in a boarding and rooming house. His landlady had gone out to church services, he knew, but he determined to pass the lonely hours by reading, having prepared himself with a flock of new detective fiction before leaving the city.

Before another half hour had passed, Paul tossed the book aside and began pacing the floor. Here he was alone at last on one Christmas eve, far from too-concerned relatives and friends.

As the crowning insult, without a moment's warning, the little light



Paul Tossed the Book Aside and Began Pacing the Floor.

that hung on a single cord from the ceiling, flickered and went out. "Great day, this is the end! I wonder what they do here when the lights go out—go to bed, I suppose!" he muttered disgustedly. But just the same he began scratching matches to hunt for a possible kerosene lamp he might have overlooked. Five matches later, he found a candle and lost no time lighting that. "At least I can find my way about while getting ready to retire," he grumbled.

But as he jerked at his tie, the unmistakable sound of a smothered sob came to him through the hot air register. Paul wanted to be alone, but sobs did things to him and it took him just three minutes to locate the door from behind which was darkness and those sobs.

All because a thoughtless landlady had failed to provide the lovely and lonely girl with an extra bit of lighting in case the rather unreliable power company service discontinued without notice, wasn't the only reason for the sobs.

"Being in a noisy city where folks are celebrating, asking all kinds of favors of you at the holiday time, doing the same old parties, family dinners and all that—I thought it would be nice to escape for a change," she explained. Jean Hathaway, she said was her name.

"Jean, I said the same thing and maybe we were both right only that—that," and suddenly he became embarrassed but struggled on, "that it is all okay if you don't have to escape alone. Just one for company and for celebrating is about the right number. What do you think, Jean?"

"Alone together! It doesn't make sense as for English, but it does Christmas-edly speaking!" and the light of the candle burned high and proud on that holiday for just two.

THE Christmas Spirit, if such a sprite there be, must have fled in dismay from old Silas Wentworth, for a crustier, harder, less Christmas-spirited man would be hard to imagine.

Yet Sally Blaine, his clerk and bookkeeper, had the temerity to bring Christmas into the store, stringing lines of tinsel.

Old Silas, coming to work, stopped and stared at this unusual addition to the colored globes and patent medicines with which his windows were adorned.

Sally Blaine, rather frightened now, looked up. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Wentworth." Silas surveyed the store grimly. "Take it down!"

But Sally hesitated. "I said take it down. More of your fool notions! What's this?" "Dickens' Christmas Carol, sir." He thrust the book on a back shelf. "Humph! Don't let me catch you reading on the job."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry about the decorations." At nine o'clock on Christmas eve Silas saw out his last customer, and began putting up the shutters. It was beastly cold, and his numb fingers were slow at their task. As he was about to lock up, he was confronted by two men, one carrying a revolver.

"Let us in and lock the door," said the man. Silas, his teeth chattering from more than cold, complied.

"Now if you're quiet you won't get hurt," said the spokesman. "My pal here has had an accident. I



Silas Surveyed the Store Grimly. "Take It Down!"

need some medicines. You'll be paid all right."

"Of course, of course," Silas answered, and brought out a stock of supplies.

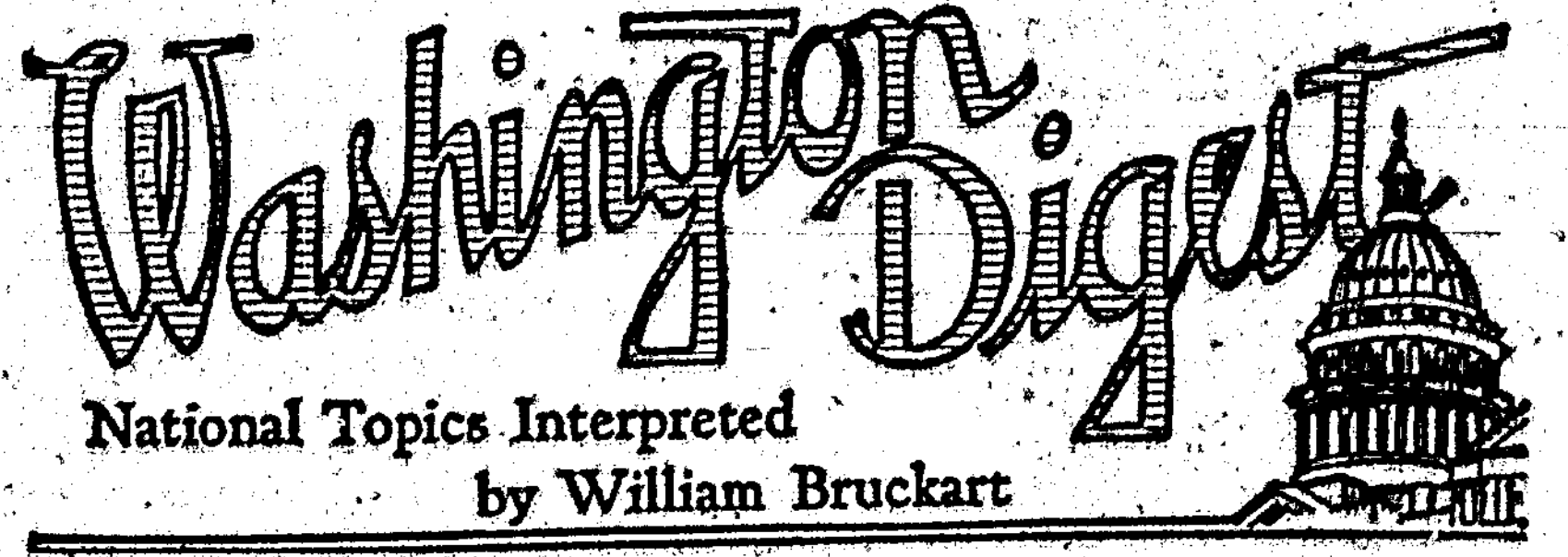
The wounded man spoke up. "Sorry to keep you on Christmas eve, buddy."

Silas grunted. "Tommyrot." The other man had been rummaging about the store. "Here," he commanded. "I can't watch what you're doing. So you read aloud until I get through." And he handed Silas "Christmas Carol."

He was scarcely half way through when the men paid him and left. He threw the book down and started off, but at the door he turned, and sitting by the night light, read again. "So like me," he muttered, as he finished.

From the wastebasket he drew out the tinsel and strung it awkwardly around the store. He looked through his accounts marked "Overdue," and selected several bills which he marked "Paid in Full," and put in proper envelopes. Then he got his wraps.

"Merry Christmas, Silas," he exclaimed, and went out to the drawing of his first merry one in many years.



National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

To Control Business

Washington—Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming has prepared a bill for introduction early in the new congress that will set up, if it becomes law, a comprehensive mechanism to control and regulate some of the principal activities of business corporations. It is a far reaching proposition, as it now stands, and it cannot be passed off lightly. There is support for it in a number of quarters. While it undoubtedly will not become law in its present form, it must be regarded as the opening wedge.

The Wyoming senator's principal idea is to require businesses of an incorporated character to take out a federal license. If they do not comply, the proposed law would deny them the right to ship goods into retail trade between states.

While the main theme of the proposition does not seem anything about which one should get excited, it is the things that can be done behind such a general requirement that must and will be examined by congress and the country before it takes a step of the kind advocated by Senator O'Mahoney. For example, if the federal government is permitted to require businesses to obtain a license or charter from Washington, those businesses may be compelled to meet all manner of requirements before such a license or charter is granted. In the reverse, if after they have the license, they fail to observe the provisions laid down either by congress or bald-headed bureaucrats, revocation of the license is the penalty that may be exacted. It should be added that exaction of a penalty of this kind, once the license provision is established as a federal government right, becomes a powerful weapon and the limit to which that power may be exercised is scarcely to be forecast.

While, as I said, the O'Mahoney legislation may not be expected to become law in its present form, its terms and provisions give a hint of what can be expected of any legislation of a similar character.

Take this provision, for example: "Rates of pay shall be increased and hours of work shall be reduced in accordance with gains in the productive efficiency of the industry, arising from increased mechanization, improvements in technological methods, or from other causes, to the end that employees shall have an equitable participation in the output of industry, and that employment and mass purchasing power may keep pace with industry."

It seems quite obvious that under such a basic statement of principles, a business could easily be made to agree to collective bargaining among its employees, to establish minimum wages and to follow the dictates of some bureau or commission in Washington in actual management and promulgation of policies. Indeed, it is set forth in the O'Mahoney draft that the federal trade commission would be authorized to obtain all "relevant and detailed data as to production costs, prices and profits."

As I see this sort of thing and from the views of experts with whom I have consulted, I cannot escape the conclusion that such legislation simply extends to the federal government dictatorial powers over virtually all private business.

It means, moreover, that politics and politicians would be the guiding force and that if union labor leaders were in control of the agency having supervisory powers over business or if communists or conservatives or any other class were in control, business would be directed in accordance with the economic views of that school of thought. Since our nation frequently hands the responsibility of government control from one political party to the other, the implications of such legislation as this are tremendous, to say the least.

Constitutional questions enter into this legislation and it may be that the basic theory advanced by the Wyoming senator will not hold at all. As I understand it, Senator O'Mahoney is holding no pride of authorship as to the language of his bill but to the principles he strongly adheres to. So, it is made to appear at least, as I said above, that this proposal constitutes an entering wedge on an entirely new theory of government's relation to private business. For that reason, it is one of the most significant propositions to come forward in recent years, more significant, I believe, than the ill-fated NRA. It certainly is a proposition that should be watched closely by all citizens.

Affairs of the heart are all right privately, our American Department of State holds, but it reserves the right to horn into any love affair that involves an American foreign service officer. It is all perfectly open and above board. The

Department of State has put its conclusions into writing, into an official regulation, and hereafter no foreign service officer can marry an alien while he is in the foreign service unless he gets the consent of "father" State department.

It is immensely interesting but not significant in an international way that the State department's order concerning international marriages should have been promulgated during the heat of the British constitutional crisis over King Edward's determination to marry the American-born Wallis Warfield Simpson. It simply happened to come along at the same time, but since all the world loves a lover, in Washington one hears reference to the Simpson-Edward affair mentioned many times in the same breath with the State department decree. This obtains because nearly all of our foreign service people have relations or friends in the national capital and the decree forbidding international marriages set many tongues to wagging.

But the State department ruling ought to be treated with utmost seriousness and sincerity. It is important. It is necessary to stretch the imagination a great way in order to assume that international marriages of the type banned by the State department would "shake an empire" after the manner of international marriages among royalty. On the other hand, it seems to me to be quite fair to say that international marriages among official representatives of a nation can very easily prove embarrassing to the government by which the foreign service officer receives credentials. In fact, there are instances on record where such marriages have proved to be serious obstacles in the settlement of disputes between governments.

Then, it must be considered that there is a genuine possibility of war in Europe in the next few years. A tremendous tragedy is being prepared there. While obviously any governmental decision that has the effect of keeping lovers apart arouses antagonism, a sympathetic feeling among all with tender hearts, in this circumstance, the rule seems well justified. In addition to following the lead of other nations on the point, our State department has banned these international marriages largely in order to keep our nation free from any possible entanglements in event of that European tragedy that looms like red fire on the horizon of the future. Marriages heretofore contracted, of course, will not be disturbed by the new ban, but elimination of that source of potential difficulty for the future is regarded as likely to be valuable.

I have heard criticism of the State department's order on the ground that affairs of the heart are private affairs—which indeed they are. But it must be remembered that where an individual accepts the rights, prerogatives and privileges of official position, he accepts at the same time certain definite responsibilities. In the case of a foreign service officer, his acceptance of the government title makes him at once and the same time a part of that government in a most peculiar way. Because foreigners do not understand our government any better than we understand foreign governments, when an American foreign service officer speaks, he speaks actually as the American government. One need not amplify this further than to say, therefore, one of that official's responsibilities is to carry out policy. National policy can be arranged only at its proper sources, namely, the President and the Department of State.

So, while budding romances may be blighted, heartaches may arise, soft lights in the eyes of men and maidens may be dimmed by the cruel and cold words of official regulations, it needs must be said that the welfare of a great nation must supersede the personal desires of a lonely man for a mate.

Thus, where any of our American diplomats or consular officers hereafter feel they cannot tread life's highway without the accompaniment of a foreign-born princess of their dreams, they simply will have to resign from their jobs and bring the lady home.

Enrico Caruso

The greatest of modern tenors, Caruso, was a bricklayer in his younger days. He was the 18th son of his parents. Every one of the first 17 children died in infancy. Caruso joined the Metropolitan Opera in 1903 and during the next 17 years sang over 400 times, for which he was paid over a million and a half dollars at an average rate of \$2,785 a performance. Offered \$4,000 a night at one time, he protested that \$2,500 would be quite enough. Caruso refused to sing in his home town—Naples—because he was once billed there. One of his favorite stunts was that of breaking glasses by singing to them; his voice, at a certain note, causing a vibration that glass could not withstand.—New Biography.

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Murder Masquerade

BY Inez Haynes Irwin

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Satuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Snow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Gray; Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter, Caro Frenitis, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Next live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly, who was engaged to the murdered man, Ace Blaikie. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's secretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret, all but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eighth-year-old niece Sylvia said to her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spinnery. In it is a tiny log cabin. Near a stone wall is a tiny circular pond called the Merry Mere. This is the day of the masquerade and excitement is high. Mary decides to take Sylvia, who is an unusually observant child, Caro Frenitis and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Molly seems preoccupied. Soon Blaikie, Doctor Marden and Bessie Eames, a friend of Ace's, arrive. Mary is impatient to leave and they all excuse themselves. At the party Sylvia identifies each of the masked guests as they arrive. Ace comes garbed as Julius Caesar.

FRIDAY—Continued

They danced. When the music stopped, Ace brought her back to my side. He bowed low before her. "Thank you, senator!" he said.

"Did you enjoy the dance, lamb?" I asked Sylvia.

"Oh, Aunt Mary—"

"Sh-sh-sh," I hushed her with a conscious touch of melodrama. "Don't speak my name."

"Oh, I won't do it again," Sylvia whispered, looking hastily about her, her eyes dancing with impudence. "He tried and he tried and he tried to find out who I was," she went on importantly. "But I would not tell him. He asked me if I was Mrs. Broome." Sylvia's sparkles burst through the importance which had quieted her look.

Nina Broome was the tallest woman in Satuit—a little over six feet.

"I told him I wasn't," Sylvia went on. "And at first he wouldn't believe me. Then he asked me—"

Here Sylvia burst into a series of silvery giggles. "—if I was Ellie Dent."

Ellie Dent was the fattest woman in Satuit—three hundred pounds the conservative among us had guessed.

"I told him I wasn't Ellie Dent! And at first he wouldn't believe me. And then he asked me—"

Again she burst into giggles. "—if I was Tom Boylan."

Tom Boylan was the town drunk—an old man of an exaggerated tallness and thinness.

Entrance music interrupted this conversation.

There appeared in the frame of the doorway the loveliest figure that had yet entered the room. A tall, lithe creature, young! Yes with that aliveness she must have been young; dressed as mentally I dubbed her—Snow Queen. She wore a gown of a frail silvery lace trimmed with broad bands of white fur.

Quick as a flash came Sylvia's identifying whisper, "Molly Eames!" And there she was, at once revealed to me, my precious Molly.

"She looks like a Snow Queen!" I said.

Almost immediately on Molly's entrance appeared another noticeable figure—a man in armor. Obviously young, obviously athletic, he was in his medieval way, almost as striking as Ace in his Roman way. I am no authority on armor, although I suppose I have seen hundreds of specimens in the galleries of Europe.

I hadn't the remotest idea who he was. He was superb, thought! Yet the combination of black mail and black mask made him a little sinister. Even Sylvia did not at first identify him. He fascinated her, however, as he fascinated me. We both watched him. And then suddenly, with a little ecstatic start of recognition, Sylvia whispered, "Oh I know now who it is! It's Walter Treadway!"

My first sensation was of thrill, romantic thrill, delighted thrill. But when I saw him making at once in the direction of the Snow Queen, swinging off into dance with her, I became conscious—I don't even now know why exactly—of a sense of unease. Molly and Walter had not, I believed, spoken, had not even so much as looked at each other, since they broke their engagement. Did they recognize each other now?

I whispered close to Sylvia's ear, "Remember, darling, that you are

not to tell anybody but me who these people are."

"Oh of course!" Sylvia declared with emphasis, "I won't tell anybody. I wouldn't like anybody to tell who I was. I don't believe anybody will guess who I am."

I reassured her on this point. I continued to watch Molly Eames and Walter Treadway. How beautifully they danced together! And what a contrast they made—Molly, a sparkle and almost a-melt in her silvery lace and crystals; Walter as one carved out of jet in his black cape and his shining chain-mail. Walter danced continuously with Molly—except for two dances she gave Ace Blaikie. I continued to watch them and with varying emotions. Molly Eames—with all her golden gayety—was not a person of whom you asked personal questions. There was one question that all Satuit would have liked to ask her. Why had she thrown Walter over? They had seemed to be passionately in love. They had seemed to be perfectly matched. And yet, suddenly—and apparently for no reason—she had broken with him, and Walter had immediately left town. A few months later she announced her engagement to Ace Blaikie. Ace Blaikie who was my contemporary, who was, in age, more than twice her twenty-two years! Ace Blaikie who had started, before she was born, flirting



"Nancy and I are going to play Down at the Merry Mere."

with all the pretty women in the county and who had never, except for his absence during the World War, ceased to flirt with them. Walter had never entered Satuit since his departure a year before. I had not known that he had returned.

There was one more notable entrance before the unmasking; this time a pair—man and woman. They wore costumes of the Revolutionary period; the woman in a full-skirted gown of the palest yellow satin, trimmed with lace; a wig of high-piled yellow hair, from which fell onto her neck, two long curls. The man wore lilac satin. Being something of a connoisseur both of old lace and old paste, I noticed the fineness of the Chantilly ruffles which trimmed her gown and the old rose-point which fell from his neck and wrists; the antique preclousness of their paste—her necklace and earrings; his ruffe-pin and shoe buckles.

I should have guessed at once; I should have recognized a certain trained quality in the movement of the woman, a certain courtliness in the bearing of the man. Yet it was not until Sylvia said, "Doctor Marden and Caro!" that I knew.

The party went on. I noticed with a resigned amusement how gradually, as it is inevitable at all parties—I have watched the process a hundred times in my own place—Molly's house lost its look of freshness and orderliness.

Sylvia complained that she was thirsty and I sent her out into the kitchen for a drink. She did not come back until the unmasking. I did not bother her. I knew she was having a good time with the maids. The unmasking came some time after eleven. Three of the people for whom I looked particularly had apparently left the house—Molly Eames, Walter Treadway, Ace Blaikie. We knew the next day that Ace Blaikie left it to walk to his death.

When the clock struck twelve, I sent Sylvia home with Bessie. At midnight, the Snows put on one of the delightful diversions which are always a feature of their annual party. This time it was a modernistic quadrille danced by four couples dressed in cubistic black and white.

Presently came the delicious supper and dancing had begun again. Sarah and I left a little after two. Molly and Walter had not returned to the party; neither of course had Ace Blaikie.

SATURDAY

I have often recalled how hard, long and dreamlessly I slept that night. Not much more than a doze's throw from my house, a horrible tragedy had enacted itself. But my psychology, untroubled by the horror in the atmosphere, stayed static. A rock, as thick, as

soft, as soundless as a vast white cloud, enveloped me.

I waked about noon. I lay for a moment struggling with that cloud of sleep, half trying to pull out of it. Presently I heard Sylvia's voice, "Oh I do wish Aunt Mary'd get up!" and I bounced wide awake.

"Sylvia," I called, "come in here, dear!"

Sylvia, very slim in her little blue gingham dress, her blue-bowed pig-tails snapping upwards at the end, perched herself on my bed, and contemplated me in her most friendly manner. Of course she was carrying Dorinda Belle.

"Have you had your breakfast, Sylvia?" I asked sleepily.

"Yes, Aunt Mary."

"Did you sleep well?"

"I did, but Dorinda Belle didn't. A terrible thing happened, Aunt Mary. I feel perfectly dreadful about it. You see I left Dorinda—"

Sarah Darbe interrupted, entering with my breakfast tray. "We let her sleep as long as she could. Mrs. Avery," she took up the conversation. "She must have waked up about eleven. She had her breakfast a little over a half hour ago."

Sylvia watched me pour my coffee. "How I wish I could have some, Aunt Mary!" she exclaimed wistfully.

"I'll be glad when you can," I temporized. "Because then you and I can have our coffee together. But you'll have to be a big girl before that happens. What are you going to do this afternoon?" I changed the subject.

"Nancy and I are going to play down at the Merry Mere. We are making a little village. There's my doll house and that birdhouse that's been in the garage so long and a lot of boxes that sort of look like houses. Nancy and I made up our minds that there was going to be king and queen in the village and so Dorinda Belle is going to be queen and Nancy's boy-doll's going to be king. They're to be crowned today."

"Oh that's why Dorinda Belle is wearing that gorgeous dress!" I said.

"Yes, Aunt Mary. I made it myself," Sylvia held Dorinda Belle up so that I could get the entire effect of lanky draperies wrapped around her.

"Beautiful!" I fibbed tactfully. Sylvia chattered on, adding other opulent details of the day's plans, but I was not listening.

"Which of the ladies did you think looked the prettiest last night?" I asked.

"Oh the Snow Queen!" Sylvia answered promptly and with enthusiasm. "I thought she was perfectly wonderful. Molly is the most beautiful lady I ever saw!"

"Which of the men did you like most?" I asked.

"Doctor Ace!" Sylvia's small freckled nose wrinkled with her elfin mirth; she distilled her tinkling laughter. "Oh, Doctor Ace was so funny asking me if I was Mrs. Broome and Ellie Dent and Tom Boylan. Wouldn't you have thought, Aunt Mary, that he'd have known I wasn't any of them? He did not take his mask off. He went away before that. Oh I'm so sorry he went away."

"You love Doctor Ace, Sylvia?"

"Yes, he gives me nice medicines. I don't like Doctor Spellman. Doctor Spellman gives me horrid medicine. Doctor Ace tells me stories too. I love him."

It was one of the contradictions in Ace Blaikie's contradictory character that he preferred little girls to little boys. He had an enchanting "way" with little girls and this enchanting "way" had no relation whatever to the fascinating "way" he had with older women. For Ace Blaikie had always been attractive to women—always.

"I'm sorry Doctor Ace didn't come back and take his mask off," Sylvia repeated. Afterwards, I was to recall that Sylvia had said twice that Ace Blaikie had gone away, twice that she was sorry he had not come back. At that moment of course it made no impression. It did make an impression however, when she said, "Walter didn't come back either."

I said, "Sylvia you will not say anything to anybody about Walter's being there."

"I won't, Aunt Mary," she promised me.

"You see it's a secret. Now skip along darling—I'm going to dress."

Sarah Darbe came in as Sylvia went out—fresh linen for my bed over her arm. "I've drawn your bath water, Mrs. Avery," she said, handing me my kimono.

When I came out of the bath, my room had been put to rights.

"Is there anything further I can do, Mrs. Avery?" Sarah asked.

"Nothing, thank you Sarah," I answered.

An invariable ritual of entertainment for the maids of Second Head marks the Sunday after the Snow masquerade. They all come to a picnic in the Little House on my place. A little perfunctorily, I said, "I suppose the girls are getting ready for the picnic tomorrow."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Avery!" Sarah answered. "They're all pretty excited. They always are. We wouldn't miss our picnic for anything."

"Are all the usual crowd going?" I asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Avery," Sarah answered, "about a dozen of us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Chillicothe Named for Tribe Chillicothe, Ohio, takes its name from the Shawnee Indian tribe.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for December 27 THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTHERN EUROPE

LESSON TEXT—Hebrews 2:14; 11:32-12:2

GOLDEN TEXT—The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, Revelation 11:15.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Christmas Round the World.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Into All the World.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why the Gospel Spread So Rapidly.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Spread of the Gospel in Southern Europe.

History has marveled at the spread of the Christian faith in a wicked and hostile world. Dark were the days upon the earth when the handful of believers in Jesus Christ set out to preach the gospel. Why did the Christian faith spread so rapidly and build so soundly the future? The answer is found in our lesson for today. It is three-fold. They declared:

I. A Great Salvation (2:1-4).

The preaching of the apostles set an example of sound teaching. They knew that no "programs" or "drives" would suffice to meet the need of the world steeped in sin and superstition. They preached a great salvation, a real gospel, and God set his seal of approval upon their work.

The presentation of God's Word and his gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit is still the way of victorious usefulness for any believer and any church.

Turning now to the great faith chapter of Hebrews, we see the second reason for the spread of Christianity. Bible preaching brought forth Bible believers—men and women who obtained "a good report through faith."

II. A Victorious Faith (11:32-40).

Right presentation and proper apprehension of God's Word produces noble and sacrificial living.

The world is "not worthy" of its heroes of faith. In fact, it not only fails to recognize them and their mighty deeds but mocks, scourges, tortures, and saws them asunder. But they are written down in God's book of remembrance. He rightly evaluates their faith and their nobility of character.

We need to learn of God how to regard our fellow men lest we follow the crowd in giving praise to those who merit it not, and fail to recognize the unsung heroes of faith in our own communities and churches who are the very salt of the earth.

The final section of our lesson follows the first two in perfect sequence of thought. We have noted the apostolic message concerning God's great salvation. We have seen that the gospel is indeed the power of God which not only saves but which produces heroic living. Now we turn to our obligation to continue that glorious succession of these who live by faith.

III. A Race to Run (12:1-2).

The picture in the writer's mind is the great Olympic arena. All around are the spectators. A race is to be run. What a striking picture of Christian life. For it, too, is a race. It has a prize, both here and in the hereafter. It calls for intense activity. It brings us before those who either jeer at us or cheer us on our way.

Many are the things which may hinder a runner. One thing he cannot do is carry weights. These may not be sinful things but those which may be a hindrance to spiritual progress. Let us put them away!

And then there is sin—that treacherous enemy that so subtly "begets us" and entangles us. By God's grace let us cast it aside.

Greater than all the hindrances is the One in whose name we run and to whom we look for victory. Looking past the difficulties, the spectators, and even the course itself, we see him who is "the author and perfecter of our faith." The secret of victory is to

Turn your eyes upon Jesus, Look full in His wonderful face.

Firm Foundation

If there be a man on earth to be envied it is he who, amidst the sharpest assaults from his own passions, from fortune, from society, never falters in his allegiance to God and the inward monitor.

Pride and Ingratitude

Pride is of such intimate connection with ingratitude that the actions of ingratitude seem directly resolvable into pride as the principal reason of them.—South.

Truth in Little Things

I have seldom seen anyone who deserted Truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance.—William Paley.

Life's Lesson

Take what is; trust what may be; That's life's true lesson. — R. Browning.

Standing Erect

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

Showing Three New Styles



YOU who sew-your-own will be more enthusiastic than ever after making realities of these three new styles. Each is truly a delightful fashion and best of all there's something for every size in the family—from the "little bear" right on up.

Pattern 1997 is the smartly styled smock that probably has an option on a little portion of your heart right now. Fair enough, follow the dictates of your heart and you can't go wrong. This little wardrobe nicety will serve you becomingly and well. It will add to your comfort too. Make it of broadcloth, gingham, sateen or chintz for prettiness and easy maintenance. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the shiny gold buttons offer just the sort of spicy contrast one likes in informal apparel. Available for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1204—This new day frock for sizes 36 to 62 is the final word in style and charm in any woman's language. To don this flattering fashion is to step blithely into the realm of high fashion. The soft feminine collar is most becoming and it serves as an excellent medium for contrast. The sleeve length is optional. Slender lines are the main feature of the skirt and a very pleasant effect results from the

wide and handsome flare. Satin or sheer wool would most assuredly win your friends' approval and perhaps just a little of their envy. This pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Less with short sleeves. The collar in contrast requires 1/2 yard.

The adorable little number for Miss Two-To-Eight, Pattern 1994, is surely without competition in the way of downright intrigue. It's the essence of youthfulness with a lot of grown-up technique added to make it a crackjack. Why not do things up right and cut this model twice—panties too, naturally—using sheer wool for the "best" occasion frock and gingham or seersucker for school, play and all-purpose use? Pattern 1994 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/4 yard of bias binding for trimming.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



A Little Bit Humorous

Cherry Words

Patient—You know, this is my first illness.

Kind Visitor—Well, let's hope it will be your last!

Call Again

Servant (to professor in bed)—The doctor is here to see you, sir.

Professor (absent-mindedly)—I can't see him now. Tell him I'm ill!

Something Else

Inquisitive Employer—Ella, what's become of old Simon?

Ella (the cook)—He done died wid-lead-poisonin'!

Employer—Lead poisoning? I didn't know Simon was a painter.

Ella—Nossuh, he was in de chicken business.—Pathfinder.

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps, when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason: that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "swilling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomfort from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife. Take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Swilling Through."

WONT GO FAR



Poor Reggy is wandering in his mind.

"Well, there's no danger of his becoming lost in thought."

Forgotten Age

The Son—I've got to write a theme in English on the women of the Middle Ages. What do you know about 'em, dad?

Father—There aren't any. They're all girls, young matrons and dear old ladies.

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urinary discharges, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pain, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE OUTLOOK

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1930 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Oscura Briefs

Albert Woods has put in a filling station and opened a grocery store here. This was very much needed and we wish him success in his new undertaking.

Mrs. Chas. Thornton is visiting her daughter in El Paso.

Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Wood, our new postmistress, went to Albuquerque this week to visit Mrs. Kirk's mother.

The Jones homes opposite the school building has been purchased by Thomas Reed of Tulsa, Okla. It is being razed this week.

Shirley White was called to the bedside of his sick baby in El Paso Friday.

Enoch Dillard and family of Hot Springs are planning to move to Oscura the last of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Scott are going to spend the holidays in El Paso with Mr. Scott's mother.

Mrs. Olive Smithson, our teacher, will go to Silver City on some business, after which she will spend the holidays with her daughter at the Culbertson ranch south of Hachita.

The school closed Friday evening with a community Christmas tree. Before Santa Claus made his appearance, the children gave a program of Christmas Carols, recitations and drills. Everyone reported a jolly good time.

Mrs. Wood is expecting Mrs. Ware Brasel and family of Tulsa to spend the holidays with her.

Reduced Rates

Announcement was made today by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its local manager, Geo. T. McQuillen, that this year for the first time, reduced Long Distance rates will be effective all day Christmas and also on New Year's Day.

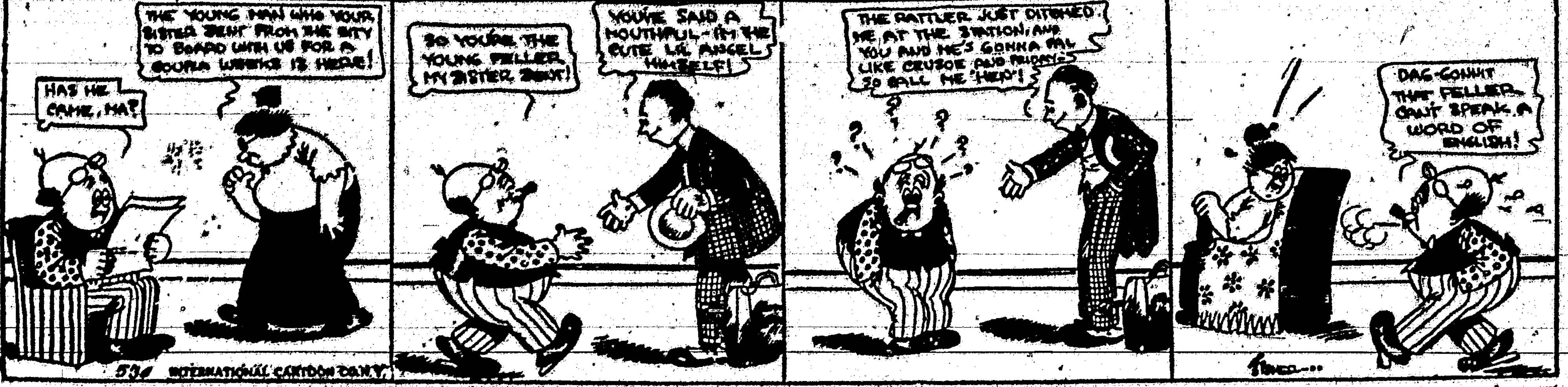
The same reduced rates which apply after 7 P. M. every night and all-day Sundays to most station-to-station and person-to-person calls, are extended to include Christmas Day and January 1, according to the announcement.

The reduced rates will actually begin at 7 p. m. Christmas eve, December 24, and continue without interruption through Christmas Day until 4:30 a. m. December 26. Likewise, the reductions begin at 7 p. m. New Year's eve and continue through January 1 until 4:30 a. m. on January 2.

Telephone officials explained that the extension of lower rates through the day hours on these two holidays will not only afford a saving to many but will be an added convenience in making possible family calls during the day hours.

The McDaniels boys, Homer, Frank and John were business visitors from Nogal the latter part of last week.

Raising the Family? A day fellow arrives for a few weeks at the Howells home!



ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?

MEN, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell cat the rest of the time. No matter how your back aches—how your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband. For three generations one woman has told another how to get "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three orders of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

Winter is Coming! Give your order to Nick Vega for good White Oaks Lump Coal. Any amount from 50c up

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs Your kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be warned! If tubercular kidney or bladder disease is eating you out from within, if you have Nightmares, Nervousness, Loss of Penile Erection, Rheumatic Pains, Disinclination, Uterine Inflammation, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the new modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription—Cyston (New-Ton) which is fast-acting. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back, as return a money package. Cyston costs only 25c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

NEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month. You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up easier before marriage than after. Beware! If you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife. For three generations one woman has told another how to get "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three orders of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico) County of Lincoln) ss In the Matter of the Estate of Cornelia P. Sanchez, deceased, No. 492 Notice of Appointment of Administratrix Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, at the regular November, 1936, term of the Probate Court in and for Lincoln County, New Mexico, was appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Cornelia P. Sanchez, Deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same within the time and in the manner required by Law.

Roseetta S. Brady, Postoffice address, San Patricio, New Mexico, D12-110

Reuben Chavez is home from Gallup to spend the holidays with the home folks.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO

C. H. Murray, Plaintiff, vs. Lincoln County Mining & Milling Co. Et Al, Defendants, No. 4882

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued by the Clerk of the District Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, upon a judgment rendered on the 5th day of December, 1936, in Cause No. 4882 in the civil docket of said Court, C. H. Murray, plaintiff, vs. Lincoln County Mining & Milling Co., et al, a Corporation, in the sum of \$445 64 and all costs of Court, I will on the 25th day of January, 1937, at the south door of the Court House in Carrizozo, County of Lincoln, sell to the highest and best bidder for cash at auction the following described property:

- 1 Case Engine No. A-3855A
1 Gardner Air Compressor No. 14512 complete with air line and receiver tank
1 Ore Car and 200 feet of track
B.55 Gardner Denver Liner Machine B642 including all steel and equipment used heretofore
1 Handy Mining Claim, known as Handy No. 1 according to Lincoln County Records

I, A. S. McCamant, Sheriff of Lincoln County, did attach the above described property and placed Elmer Murray as caretaker at \$1.50 per day until said case is settled. Sheriff's Cost \$5.10 to satisfy said costs and judgment of court. The costs will include the actual costs of Court and all incident to this sale. Said sale will be made at the hour of 10 A. M. on said day. This the 25th day of January, 1937. A. S. McCamant, Sheriff of D25-115 Lincoln County.

Christmas Peace By RAYMOND PITCAIRN National Chairman Sentinels of the Republic

To a troubled world, as this is written, returns the calm spirit of Christmas—to guide us along that footpath to peace from which man stumbles so pitifully when he relies on human vision alone.

For Christmas brings a pause, a breathing spell, in the spinning gyrations of human ambition and human striving. At Christmas time the voices of kings and of captains sound, somehow, less strident; the flags of nations flaunt, somehow, less defiantly; and men everywhere see the brother rather than the wolf in their neighbors.

That is because at Christmas time we walk not by sight, but by faith—the faith which the poet describes as "a higher faculty than reason," and the apostle as "the substance of things hoped for."

It is because Christmas comes as an annual, and—to a wearied world—a welcome reminder that something infinitely greater, infinitely wiser than human reason, keeps the frozen wandering too far from the path.

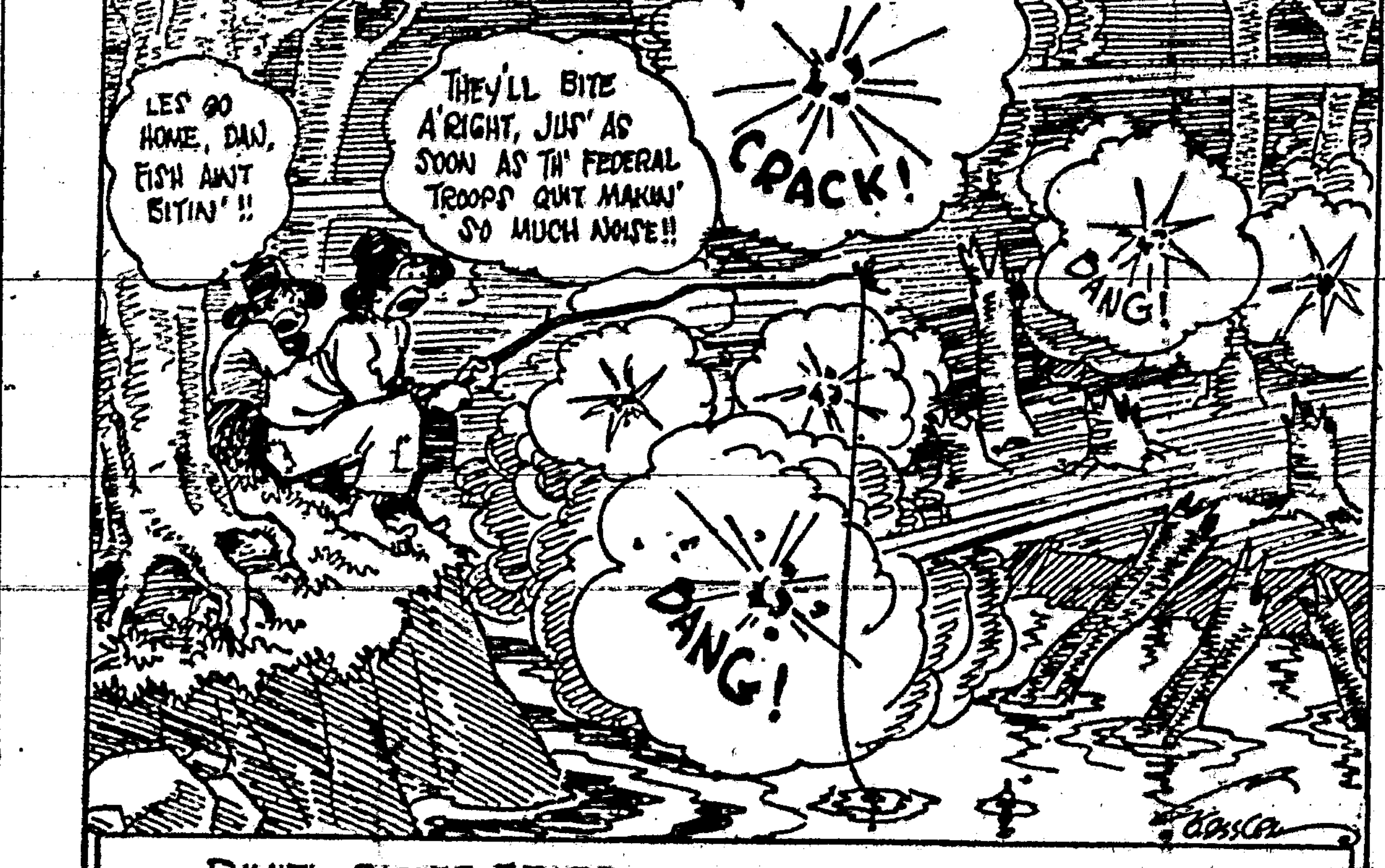
And at Christmas we remember, too, that Faith without Works is dead. The spirit of giving which began under an ancient star still shining in the hearts of men, is an expression of that conviction. At Christmas all worldly joys are subordinated to the one joy of kindness—including that outpouring of fellowship and sympathy in which the poorest can share as lavishly as the rich.

This, too, brings peace—the peace within, which makes us realize... That "sometimes, through the Weal of Man, slow moving o'er his pain, The moonlight of a perfect peace Floods heart and brain." In this way comes Christmas.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. Rose Hobbs and sons Bill Hunt, Henry and Robert Hobbs of Fort Stanton wish to express their appreciation and gratefully acknowledge the expressions of sympathy received from so many friends during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father.

LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES



DANIEL CARTER DEARD, NATIONAL SCOUT COMMISSIONER AND HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, STARTED SCOUTING FOR A FIGHTING HOLE ON THE OHIO RIVER NEAR COVINGTON, KY. DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

MICKIE SAYS

I HOPE THERE WON'T BE ANY CHANGE FOR THAT LITTLE BOY BEING AS HOW IN A SUBSCRIBER TERT TH' PAPER



Notice!

No Trespassing, Hunting, Hauling off Wood and Posts from my pastures. Wm. W. Gallacher.

FOR SALE—Two-room adobe stucco house and two lots 60x180 feet, in Capitan.—Mrs. M. A. Pierce, Capitan, N. M. D25

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

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Otero of the Willis Lovelace ranch near Corona, Robert Swan, Jr., and Frank Vallejos of this place were business visitors at Las Vegas the first part of this week.

W. B. Payne has leased the old Rolland building, and after repairing and re-modeling the same, expects to open with an up-to-date restaurant some time in January.

Get a Cash Producing Education

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

Name Address BYRNE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE DALLAS, TEXAS

Special Announcement

Long Distance Telephone Rates Reduced Christmas and New Year's Day

The same reduced rates which apply after 7:00 o'clock every night and on Sundays are extended this year to include all day Christmas and New Year's.

Enjoy hearing the voice of one of your family, relatives or friends in other towns. Telephone your greetings.

Ask Long Distance for any rates you would like to know

HOW TO "KEEP EDUCATED" Read Daily the World-wide Constructive News in! The Christian Science Monitor An International Daily Newspaper It gives all the constructive world news but does not report crime and scandal. Non like the common "The World's Day" news at a glance for a few cents. It has interesting feature pages for all the family. A weekly financial column, written by distinguished authorities on domestic, social and political problems, gives a survey of world affairs. The Christian Science Publishing Society One, Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts Please send my subscription to THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR for a period of: 1 year \$3.00 6 months \$1.50 3 months \$1.25 1 month 75c (including postage, including Magazine Section: 1 year \$3.00; 6 months \$2.00) Name: ADDRESS: PLEASE COPY ON REQUEST

For Sale

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

Do Your Christmas Shopping at Home.

OK'D BY MILLIONS
for thrift and comfort
4 per 10¢
PROBAK BLADES

Mining Location Blanks

Lode or Placer

Carrizozo Outlook Office

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 50

Carrizozo, N. M.

EL PASO - ARIZONA Motor Truck Line

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

General Trucking Service

LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 41—
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1938
First Saturday of Each Month

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

COMET CHAPTER NO. 28
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially Invited.
Ina Meyer, W. M.
Ula Mayer, Sec'y

COALORA REBEKAH LODGE
NUMBER 15
I.O.O.F.

Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Cleta Prior, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary

Carrizozo New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 80, I.O.O.F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
Tom Cook
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.

Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls

Worthy Advisor—
Evelyn Claunch

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

The Old Fashioned Way of Regular Saving

Is still the most dependable way to get the better things of life. Build your account to the point where it will be of real use to you.

Lincoln County Agency
Citizens State Bank
of Vaughn
Carrizozo, New Mexico

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Cold Drinks Ice Cream



Novelties
Magazines
Candies
Cigars of All Kinds
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Rolland's Drug Store
Carrizozo, N. M.

Ziegler Bros. pay you the highest market price for Furs, also Hides and Pelts.

WIND WILL FURNISH THE POWER For your ZENITH LONG DISTANCE FARM RADIO

50¢ A YEAR POWER OPERATING COST

FORGET YOUR BATTERY TROUBLES
No more A, B or C Batteries to buy. These sets run from a single Eveready storage battery.

\$9.50 ONLY DOWN

NOW—WITH STARTLING NEW FEATURES

Come into our store on your next trip to town. See, hear and operate the Zenith Lightning Station Finder, the New Voice-Music High Fidelity Control, Split-Second Re-locator and other big improvements

found only on a Zenith. Discover how you may enjoy your radio ten hours a day . . . the thrill of receiving Europe . . . South America . . . the Orient, on your own farm.

Ask us about the Special Wincharger Combination Purchase Plan . . . You pay only \$15 for the De Luxe Wincharger . . . only \$10 for the Utility Model . . . when you buy it with your Zenith Farm Radio.

New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co.

Gunther C. Kroggel, Mgr. Phone 114 Carrizozo, New Mexico

America's Most Copied Radio . . . Always a Year Ahead

IN THE PROBATE COURT
State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of James V. Tully, Deceased. No. 494.
TO: Ora G. Tully, Glencoe, New Mexico, Fred W. Tully, Columbus, New Mexico, Mrs. Leon V. Sheehy, 8227 Mountain Avenue, El Paso, Texas, Mrs. M. E. Morgan, Alamogordo, New Mexico, Gerald Tully, Glencoe, New Mexico, Kiyaa Tully, 207 W. Alameda, Roswell, New Mexico, James W. Tully, Jr., New Laguna, New Mexico, and To Whom It May Concern:
—Notice is hereby given that an instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of James V. Tully, deceased, has been filed for probate in the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and by order, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1937, at the hour of 2 P. M., at the court room of said court in the Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, is the day, time and place for hearing proof of said Last Will and Testament.
Therefore any person or persons wishing to enter objections to the probating of said Last Will and Testament are hereby notified to file their objections in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County on or before the time set for hearing.
Dated at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1936.
(Seal) Ernest Key, Probate Clerk.

IN THE PROBATE COURT
State of New Mexico
Lincoln County
No. 480
In the Matter of the Estate of James T. Davidson, Deceased.
EXECUTRIX' NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 21st day of November, 1936, duly appointed executrix of the estate of James T. Davidson, deceased, by the Probate Court of Lincoln County, and having qualified as such executrix, all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned in the manner and within the time prescribed by law.
Dated November 30, 1936.
Hattie Davidson, Executrix.

Attention
You'll want a Football Sweater
Snappy
Colorful
Modern
Real Leather Footballs stitched on the Sweater. See them while the stock is complete.
Burke Gift Shop

SHE LOST 20 POUNDS OF FAT
Feet full of pep and possess the slender form you crave—you can't if you listen to gossipers.
To take off excess fat go light on fatty meats, butter, cream and sugary treats—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess waste.
Mrs. Emma Verillo of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I lost 20 lbs. in 30 days—my clothes fit me like new."
No drastic cathartics—no constipation—just Kruschen's daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

FREE
4 cups of GREEN TEA
Keep you the way you want to
KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

You'll like the way it keeps you looking healthy in the winter months. It's the best and most delicious beverage you can get. It's the only one that's so good for you. It's the only one that's so easy to make. It's the only one that's so clean inside!

PROFESSIONS

JOHN E. HALL
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Lutz Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director & Licensed Embalmer
Residence Phone 88
Carrizozo — New Mexico

DR. R. E. BLANEY, Dentist
— Lutz Building —
Carrizozo — New Mexico

A. L. BURKE
Notary Public
at Carrizozo Outlook Office
Carrizozo, New Mexico
Entries made of all Legal Transactions.

ALBERT MORGAN
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Old Rolland Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

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

St. Paul's Church
(Episcopal)
Rev. L. E. Patee, Vicar

Methodist Church
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor
Church School at 10 a. m.
F. Eric Ming, Supt.
Sunday Evening Service at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 8th Sunday
Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

BILLY BAMBERGER—Agent
for the Albuquerque Journal 15¢
per week, delivered to your door
by carrier.

On Christmas night, a Colored
Orchestra from El Paso will pep
you up and make you H-a-p-p-y
at the Country Club.

Evening Dresses
—from Hollywood—
Stunning, New
Burke Gift Shop

Excelsior Cleaners
of Roswell
Cleaners Who Clean
Your Clothes Are Your Best Asset
Let Us Keep Them Clean
Your Clothes are Insured while in Our Care
Twice Weekly Service—Mon. & Thurs.
Raymond Buckner, Agent

Roswell-Carrizozo Stage & Truck Lines
Phone 10 — George Harkness, Mgr.

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

"Fingerprints" of Metals Used to Forecast Failure

X-Ray Test Will Show the "Laue Pattern"

Cleveland, Ohio.—How science is studying the X-ray "fingerprints" of metals in the hope of being able to forecast the failure of airplane propellers and other metal structures was described at a meeting of the American Society of Metals here by Dr. Charles S. Barrett of the department of metallurgy of Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Within some limits, explained Dr. Barrett, it is now possible to examine by X-rays a piece of metal suspected of fatigue and possible impending failure, and obtain some idea of the internal damage which has already occurred in it.

How the Test Works.

A specimen piece of metal from an airplane propeller (for example) is placed in front of an X-ray tube and the piercing X-radiation passed through it. The little metal crystals bend the X-rays into a design named the Laue pattern after their famous European discoverer. The pattern, characteristic for each metal, looks like rings of tiny spots arranged in circles with somewhat the appearance of tree rings.

Fresh new metal, which has never been stressed in actual use, shows one kind of Laue X-ray pattern and a similar piece of the metal, except that it has been in use, will show a slightly different pattern.

This change in the X-ray "fingerprints" of metals with age is quite different from what happens to human fingerprints. From infancy to old age the pattern of fingerprints remains unchanged and this is the basis of their use in identification and police work.

Comparison is Necessary.

Where it is possible to have test samples of metal in the laboratory and have on record an X-ray pattern for varying lengths of metal life and fatigue, the state of another piece of metal can roughly be compared, said Dr. Barrett.

In theory at least, if a piece of metal broke after 2,000,000 flexings with a load of 29,000 pounds to the square inch, and showed a characteristic pattern, it would be possible to tell roughly how near another piece of similar metal—used in an airplane propeller—might be to fracture and failure.

Fossil Insects of Dinosaur Age Are Found in Amber

Cambridge, Mass.—Fossil insects of the Cretaceous, the twilight age of the dinosaurs, have been collected in northern Canada by methods reminiscent of gold rush days in the Yukon, by Prof. Charles T. Bruce and F. M. Carpenter of Harvard university.

The insects are embedded in lumps of amber and are the first of this age to be found, as the Baltic amber of Europe is of more recent Tertiary origin. Millions of years ago, when the amber was oozing pitch on the trunks of conifer trees, they got stuck and embedded. Then the gummy stuff was buried, and slowly hardened to amber, giving its victims a truly royal entombment.

Professor Bruce led a small party far into northern Manitoba. They pitched camp on the shores of an isolated lake, where amber was known to occur.

Instead of a continuous shore of sand, mud or rock, this lake beach is formed of ground-up wood. The battered debris from logs and trees washed into the lake by the Saskatchewan river forms this unusual shoreline material. In this the small lumps of amber are included.

"Fanned" the Fossils.

Dr. Bruce and his party shoveled this wooden "sand" into pans, and washed it in a stream in the approved gold-panning ritual. The heavy amber settled to the bottom, and the lighter wood fragments were washed over the edge. In this way the party accumulated a quantity of amber bits weighing altogether about 400 pounds.

They have not yet had time, since returning to the laboratory, to give this amber treasure more than a swift preliminary looking over. Detailed examination will require many months of work.

Change in Matter Is Continuous, Say Scientists

Heraclitus' Theory Contained Truth

IN ANCIENT Greece, a philosopher named Heraclitus concluded that all matter was ultimately composed of fire. On looking about him he noticed that nothing in the material world seemed to "stay put." Everything was in a state of flux. And, since the crackling flames of burning wood seemed to change more often than anything else he knew of he decided that fire was at the bottom of it all.

Now, while modern science does not agree with Heraclitus' theory as to what matter is made of, it does agree with him concerning the omnipresence of change. It has, in fact, gone much farther than Heraclitus ever could in studying the occurrence of very slow changes of which the average man never dreams.

A piece of gold, for instance, is one of those things which we feel sure will remain as it was when we last saw it. And so it will, practically speaking. But according to recent experiments at Kaiser Wilhelm Institute by W. Selth and E. A. Peretti, solid metals can flow right into one another.

Gases Seep Through Metals.

Gases also may seep slowly through solid metals, it has been found by C. J. Smithells and C. E. Ramslet of the British General Electric company. Strictly speaking, it is impossible to confine nitrogen forever in an iron tank. The nitrogen atoms are continuously worming their way between the iron atoms of which the confining walls are built.

The eternal motion, with which all atoms are endowed is the cause of all such kinds of diffusion. And this motion is identified by scientists with heat. So, in a very vague and incomplete sense, Heraclitus' intuition may be said to contain a grain of truth.

Cosmic Rays Take Part.

Cosmic rays, too, have a share in the incessant change about us. Not even the rock of Gibraltar escapes from the disintegrating action of this bombardment from distant stars and galaxies. But why bother with such slow changes which may require aeons before their effect is noticeable? The answer to this question involves the raison d'être of all pure science. Paradoxically, enough, the goal of the study of changes is the discovery of those things which are permanent—the laws of nature.

Butterfly's "Trunk" Is Explained by Delaware Scientist

Newark, Del.—Butterflies and moths uncoil their long probosces, or "trunks," on very much the same principle as that used in the toy paper "snakes" that startlingly dart into your face at carnivals or parties, blown out of a tight coil by the breath of some fellow-reveller.

This simple mechanical explanation of one of biology's most difficult riddles has been discovered by Dr. J. B. Schmitt of the University of Delaware.

In Two Sections.

A butterfly's proboscis is not a simple tube or pipe. It is made of two trough-shaped sections, held together at the edges, so that it "adds up" as a tube through which the insect can suck up flower juices.

In each half, beneath the trough, there is a tube, closed at the outer tip, but communicating with the head-cavity at its base. Each of these tubes is filled with blood. Normally, the proboscis is kept coiled by the pull of many short muscles, arranged diagonally. But when the insect is ready to feed, a valve closes at the base of each tube, preventing the blood from flowing back into the head. At the same time, certain muscles squeeze down on the base of the tube, like a hand on a rubber bulb. This puts pressure on the fluid, which has nowhere to go but out, so that it pushes out into the tube and straightens it out.

Porous Tiles Made With Gas-Forming Substance

Zurich, Switzerland.—A new type of porous construction block or tile is going into production here. It is made by a method like that used for cement, except that gas-forming substances are added to the water.

An important feature of the process is that the specific gravity of the resulting material and the size of the cells can be regulated at will through the quantity of the gas-forming material. Thus it is possible to make extremely light building tiles having a specific gravity only half that of dry wood.

MONTAGUE

Discusses the Masterly Strategy and Tactics of "Mike"



At About Midnight We Climbed Upstairs to Investigate.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE
MIKE was occupying the house before we arrived, so he had some right to regard us as intruders. He expressed this opinion regarding us shortly after we moved in. He spoke in an alien tongue, but his meaning was perfectly clear. However we had paid rent in advance, motored 400 miles in order to occupy the place, and paid a native \$7 to make it ready for us. Not only that, but it was a far bigger house than he needed. He could have found ample lodgings in one of the trees outside and found it just as convenient—and better suited to his needs and his habits. Nevertheless he was obdurate. In his view we were interlopers, and he set himself to the task of getting rid of us.

He began by making strange noises, which were sometimes unlocatable, but which now and then came from the rafters overhead or the space below where a cellar should have been, but wasn't. These noises were surprisingly loud. We thought at first that Mike must be a wildcat or at least a possum, from the resonance of the thumps produced by his contacts with unseen objects he found in various parts of the house. He rarely disturbed us in the day time, but when the evening shadows gathered he was up and about, having obviously rested during the afternoon in order to proceed with his campaign in the night time.

And it was a campaign, planned and managed with consummate generalship. When we became more or less used to him and could sleep through the sound of his travels, he discovered that he was slipping as an evicting agent, and tried new tactics. He went out into the woods about and gathered nuts—and probably pebbles, which he dropped down the chimney or between the inner ceiling of boards and the outside walls. In this work he must have enlisted the assistance of his neighbors, for my solitary worker could never have made such a racket.

After three nights of constantly interrupted rest we began to weary and held a council of war. Bill was for poisoning him, as being the only possible way to combat him. "You can't fight fair and fight something you can't see," said Bill. "If he were in his house instead of we in his, he'd get rid of us in jig time, even if he had to bring in all his friends and murder us."

I demurred. After all Mike had been there when we arrived, and he was not to blame for resenting our occupancy. Why not try to capture him, put him out, and then find some means to keep him out? "Fat chance," said Bill, "he has as many ways to get into this house as a cat has meows. I belong to the S. P. C. A., and I'm a lover of wild animals, but going without sleep every night for three nights is something else again."

"A man who has been losing sleep night after night is not to be trusted. Fearing that Bill in my absence might carry out his threat I made a counter proposal.

"I'll go down to the village this afternoon and get one of those cage traps," I said. "If he is as hungry as he acts, he'll walk right into it, and then we can drive him 15 or 20 miles out into the woods and let him loose. Then our consciences will be free from blood stains, and there'll be peace around the place."

Reluctantly Bill agreed. We got the trap. We baited it with what was left over from the morning's output of flapjacks, with a couple of cobs of green corn as an added attraction. Setting the trap we put it in the loft and waited.

At about midnight we heard a considerable noise overhead, and with flashlight in hand climbed upstairs to investigate. We found the trap empty—not only of the bait but of Mike. A chuckling sound up where the rafters met indicated that he was observing us. Following the beam that I threw on the under side of the roof I caught a glimpse of a bushy tail in rapid motion.

"My gosh!" said Bill, "a squirrel. I thought it was at least a badger."

be the case. However we were cheered up a trifle. Certainly no squirrel could stand against two human intellects for long. We got another kind of a trap the next day. It was a mean-cruel trap designed to catch its prey by the leg or nose and put an end forever to his activities. But it was of no more service than its predecessor. Mike simply found a means of extracting the bait without harming himself—though he must have had a bad second now and then, for we could hear it click when he was tampering with it with a noise like that made by a pair of long when a stick of firewood slips from them and they snap together.

Well, we were beaten. But we bore in mind that man, being a creature of intellect is not to be defeated by a poor, dumb, resourceless denizen of the wild. We found a guide in the village and asked him to come down and see what could be done about it.

"Bring your rifle along," said Bill, "if it is powerful enough to shoot through the planks of the ceiling. You can pot him when he scampers across the floor."

"I don't need no gun," said the native. "I bring 'em back alive. Ketch 'em first an' kill 'em afterward is the only way to work with them squirrels. I've pot about a thousand of 'em to bed around here."

He arrived the next day, with a number of devices, all designed to lure a wild animal into their portals which would promptly close upon it and leave it a helpless captive. He explained his workings, and we were lost in admiration of his ingenuity. That night he baited it, set it in the loft and departed saying:

"You boys can get him in the morning. He'll be there all right."

We heard no sound during the night, which was probably why we got our first good sleep since we began adventuring. I rose early and climbed to the loft. There was the trap, and inside it was Mike.

I called to Bill, who roused himself and came up half asleep. He had a club in his hand.

"You stand at the mouth of the trap and open it," he said, "and I'll do the rest when he comes out."

"Why not just take him out into the woods and give him his liberty," I said. "He's only followed his natural instincts."

"Natural instincts be hanged. If he followed his natural instincts and was big enough he'd eat the two of us. I've got to get some sleep, and if we don't kill him right here and now he'll come back a hundred miles to begin his work all over again."

Look at him, he's looking for the nearest hole to run down if he gets out, which he won't."

"You look at him. Look at him now," I said.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE
ONE of the best of the many special Christmas broadcasts this year will be one that brought pleasure to thousands last year—Lionel Barrymore's appearance on the airwaves on Christmas evening with a dramatic version of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

The part of "Scrooge" has always been one of his favorites. And his performance last year was received so enthusiastically everywhere that CBS staged him to a five-year contract. Whether he likes it or not, he's become a tradition!

There's one man in Hollywood whom all the male stars go out of their way to be friendly with—and all because they don't know when they may take a shot at them. Not a shot with a camera, either—a shot with a gun. His name is Sid Jordan, and you've seen the effect of his work in a lot of pictures. In "The Prisoner of Shark Island" he nicked fragments from the stone walls of Fort Jefferson just over Warner Baxter's head. In "Loyals of London" he shot bits out of the decks of Nelson's flagship. And when you see "Banjo on My Knee," you'll see Joel McCrea swimming the Mississippi with shots hitting the water near his head—shots fired by Sid Jordan.

After Fred Allen appeared in "Thanks a Million" he declared that he was through with acting in the movies. Radio was enough for him (it should be, since he writes his programs as well as acts in them). So he turned down a contract to make more pictures and retreated to New York in good order, with "Town Hall Tonight" his main activity.

Now he's been talked into changing his mind. He's signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, and so has his wife, Portland Hoffs.

The Spanish revolution has seriously affected the lives of Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera. They had planned to adopt Mr. Parera's four-year-old niece, who lived near Madrid, but for some time now they have had no word of the child, or of Mr. Parera's mother, brother and two sisters.

It seems pretty funny, but it's true. When Anna May Wong arrived in Shanghai six months ago for a visit she could not speak a word of Chinese. Now that she's off for London she speaks it very well indeed—but in England she's not likely to need it.

There's still a lot of argument going on about Leslie Howard's performance in "Hamlet" on the New York stage. Hollywood stars arriving in New York make a bee line for the theater; whether it's good or bad, they want to see it for themselves. The general public seems to feel the same way.

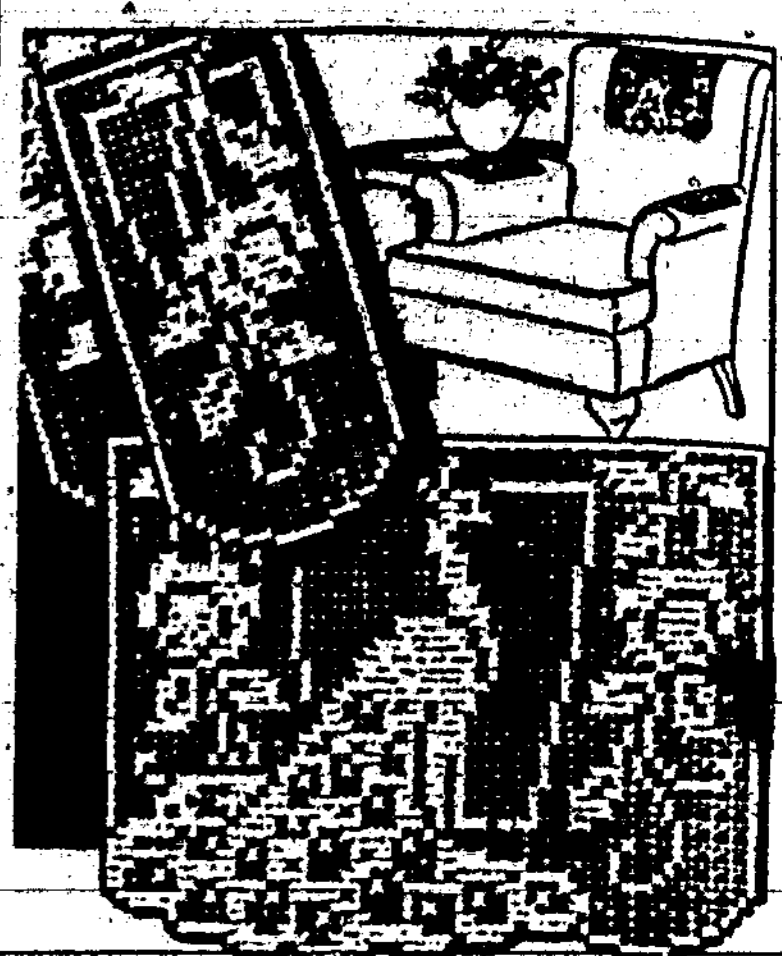
The dramatic critics, with a few exceptions, have taken their axes to the Howard "Hamlet." They feel that it's pretty bad, and have not hesitated to say so. Mr. Howard has been moved to defend himself in curtain speeches. This "Hamlet" production has been dear to his heart for a long, long time, you know. Apparently he was not prepared for the roasting the critics gave him. But anyway the box office receipts are good.

Screen idols, undaunted by what happened to them the last time they spent a vacation in New York, plan other ones there in the immediate future. Their principal hazard is autograph hunters. It's a curious thing about autograph hunters; they seem to have a sixth sense that tells them when a celebrity is in the vicinity. It's hard on the celebrities, of course, but take it from me it's harder on the friends or relatives of the famous ones, who have to stand by and wait while the signing goes on. The fans just elbow them out of the way. The expression on Mrs. Gary Cooper's face while her husband obliges the fans is something to remember!

Olds and Ends . . . Honor Rhodes, who leads that Wednesday night Community Sing on the air, comes from Indiana to New York to do it . . . Slim Summerville has a new five-year contract . . . You'll like Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Love on the Run" . . . John Boles, Texas horn, has become a member of the staff of the Governor of Texas . . . When Zsa Zsa said for England she wore that gorgeous pink coat of hers—the one of the most beautiful in the world—what the really thought so that later she could see it to her daughter?

Nelly Bly's World Trip
Elizabeth Cochran was the famous Nelly Bly who began a trip around the world in November, 1890, for her newspaper, the New York World, to demonstrate the feasibility of the adventure recorded in Jules Verne's novel, "Around the World in Eighty Days." She made the trip in 72 days, 6 hours and 11 minutes, using steamboats, railroad trains and horse vehicles exclusively. Miss Cochran died in 1922.

It's Easy to Crochet This Set of Lace Filet



Pattern 5520
A bit of humble string—this gorgeous peacock pattern—and presto—you're the proud owner of dainty filet lace chair sets, scarf ends, or buffet sets! Fascinating needlework, the K stitch sets off the design effectively. Even beginners will find this pattern an easy way to add to their prestige as needlewomen. In pattern 5520 you will find instructions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Aggravate, Exasperate

A fever, or a misfortune may be aggravated, but a person. The person, perhaps, exasperated or provoked. To aggravate, from the Latin aggrava, "to make heavy," is to intensify, and applies only to conditions of fact. Provoke, which calls forth anger, and exasperate, which heightens (or roughens) anger already provoked, allude to mental states. A patient may be so irritated that his condition is aggravated. Here to aggravate is to make worse; to irritate is to annoy, provoke.—Literary Digest.

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Coleman SILK-LITE Mantles, made especially for use on pressure mantle lamps and lanterns, give you more light and better light. Their triple lock weave makes them stronger—they last longer. Cost less to use. They are made from high quality rayon fibre, specially treated with light-producing chemicals; correct in size, shape and weave to provide more and better light—without severe shocks.
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LADIES—Copy names, addresses for mail order firms. Good Try. Experience unnecessary; no canvassing. Write, stamped envelope, to: Classified Department, 1225 New York Ave., N. W., Wash., D. C.

CONSTIPATION

Unrelenting Enemy of Health

"HOW are your bowels?" The doctor asks this important question because a primary need of good health is for the bowels to regularly pass off the waste of metabolism. Every doctor knows you cannot be well, feel well or look well if you allow constipation to hinder your daily evacuation and thus prevent your body cleanliness. You should know why! Let a bad condition continue? Try Doans' Regulets. They are mild and effective, act as a digestive and hepatic stimulant, increase the flow of bile and relieve temporary congestion of the intestines. Be regular with Regulets. For sale at all drug stores.

DOANS REGULETS

"Quotations"

I have always felt that religion was something to be lived, not discussed.—Mary Pickford.
It is so much easier to be enthusiastic than to reason.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
No one can doubt that China is one day destined to be among the most powerful nations.—Pearl S. Buck.
I think women are giving up men's knees about life and stepping back to the home.—Queen Marie of Romania.
Youth will be served. Middle-age should be.—Francis Bacon.
The people who make wars never have trouble getting the money to do it with.—Gen. Stanley E. Butler.



FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERZ CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Diving to Death" By FLOYD GIBBONS

LET'S dive right into this one with Diver and Distinguished Adventurer Walker Kayes of New York City. And remember that we're not only diving deep down into the treacherous currents of the St. Lawrence river—we're diving head first into the River of Adventure, too.

What was Walker Kayes diving for in the St. Lawrence? Sunken treasure? Nothing of the sort. It isn't always the glamorous jobs that furnish the big thrills. Divers do a lot of prosaic work in between those treasure hunts you read about, and Old Lady Adventure has a habit of piling it onto the lads when they're doing a routine job and are least expecting it. Walker was inspecting bridge foundations for a railroad. In August, 1933, he was looking over the underpinnings of the famous Victoria bridge which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

Went Down in Dangerous Current.

I said that Adventure always hits you when you're least expecting it. Maybe I'm wrong in this case. Walker knew he was going to have trouble with the Victoria bridge—at one spot anyway.

"I was inspecting the piers on the Montreal side," he says, "and at this point runs a treacherous rapid which had taken the lives of two bridge workers only the previous summer. The noses of the piers reach too far out from beneath the bridge to enable us to lower a protecting screen to stop the current. All we had to work with was a small platform, just large enough for two men and the diver, built on the nose of the pier down close to the water. The pump, worked by hand, was up on the bridge and the air line passed down the pier. A short steel ladder was lashed to the platform to enable me to descend."

That's the picture. Now watch it move. Walker, looking like some strange sort of robot in his air-filled rubber suit and round ball-like steel helmet is ready to go down. It is eight o'clock in the morning as he steps onto the ladder and little does he realize that at twelve noon—four hours later—he will still be down under the river fighting a life and death battle with a racing tide. Step by step he goes down, hugging the ladder to keep from being swept downstream. Now his helmet vanishes under the surface, and we dive down after him to see what happens.

"The current is always less at the nose of the pier," says Walker, "so I planned to examine that first, then attempt to come up along the side of the shoulder. After looking at the nose, I started upstream, lying flat on my stomach to resist the current. I had moved about six feet when, suddenly, I was struck with locomotive force. A cross-current had caught me and was whirling me away from the pier—out toward the middle of the stream!

Helpless in the Boiling, Foamy Water.

"In an instant I was spun around like a fishing troll—crushed by tons of roaring water. It all happened so quickly that the tender had no chance to snub the line.

"I was utterly helpless. I couldn't see, for the water was a boiling mass of foam, and I could no more control my movements in that current than if I had been a chip of wood. But helplessness wasn't the worst of it. An ever-present thought in the mind of the diver is the danger of the suit inflating and blowing up like a balloon if the head gets knocked lower than the rest of the body. The minute I began to roll, I jammed my head against the air release valve to deflate the suit. I must have done it with too much force, for the small, brass shaft of the valve bent and would not work properly. In the meantime, I was hurled downstream and wedged into a rock fissure which, for the moment, saved my life."

Tons of water were pounding against Walker, knocking the breath out of him and threatening to crush his body. Then, to his horror, he found that water, trickling in through the broken air valve, was slowly filling his suit. He began trying to communicate with his tender. The roar of the water made the phone useless, and when he tried to signal by jerking the line the current made it almost impossible to feel the jerks. From the all but unintelligible signals that did come through, Walker gathered that his tender wanted him to move down with the current and be hauled in at the back of the pier. He fought his way out of the fissure.

His Suit Inflated and Blew up.

In an instant he was picked up by the roaring water and spun around like a top. Then the dreaded "blow-up" came. His feet shot up in the air and his head down as the suit inflated like a balloon. His helmet banged against the rocks. Water splashed around inside it. He was worse off than before. And in that terrible current there was the imminent danger that his slender life-line would part.

"That line," says Walker, "was tied around my chest, and the force of the current bent me backward. The corselet collar was forced against my neck, strangling me. After what seemed hours, a heavy rope was sent down to me. The life-line was taut as a violin string, and all they had to do was loop the rope around it and the force of the current carried it down. But now I realized that I was very weak and everything depended on getting that rope around me and securely tied. It took me half an hour to get that rope tied in a simple clove hitch, and then I was completely exhausted. I gave a jerk on the rope to signal the tender, prayed for the breaks, and waited.

Safe After Four Hours' Struggle.

"I didn't mind dying so much, but the loneliness was horrible. After an eternity I felt strong jerks on the rope and realized I was about to be pulled in. It was now or never—and I had about an even chance of getting out before the suit burst or I was broken in two by the current. But it was a strong, steady pull—much steadier than I thought possible. Then, suddenly I was out of the water—safe again. My men had borrowed a winch from some telephone linemen working on the bridge, and it was that which had pulled me out with such an even, rapid pull. It was a surprise to Walker's tenders to see him alive. He had been under water, fighting for his life, for FOUR HOURS. A few minutes longer, and he would have drowned—drowned inside his suit by the water that trickled through the air valve. "My boys' faces were chalk white when I came out," Walker says, "but my own, blue from strangulation, must have looked worse than any of them."

©—WNU Service.

Mule, Jennet and Zebrula.

Of animals which owe their existence to man the mule and the jennet are the oldest examples, and no one can deny that the mule is a most useful creature. Hardy as a donkey, strong as a horse, sure-footed and tireless, there is nothing like it for rough country traveling. Its success caused the production of the zebrula, which is a cross between the horse and zebra. The zebrula is as strong as a mule, but livelier and even less liable to disease.

Sydney Harbor

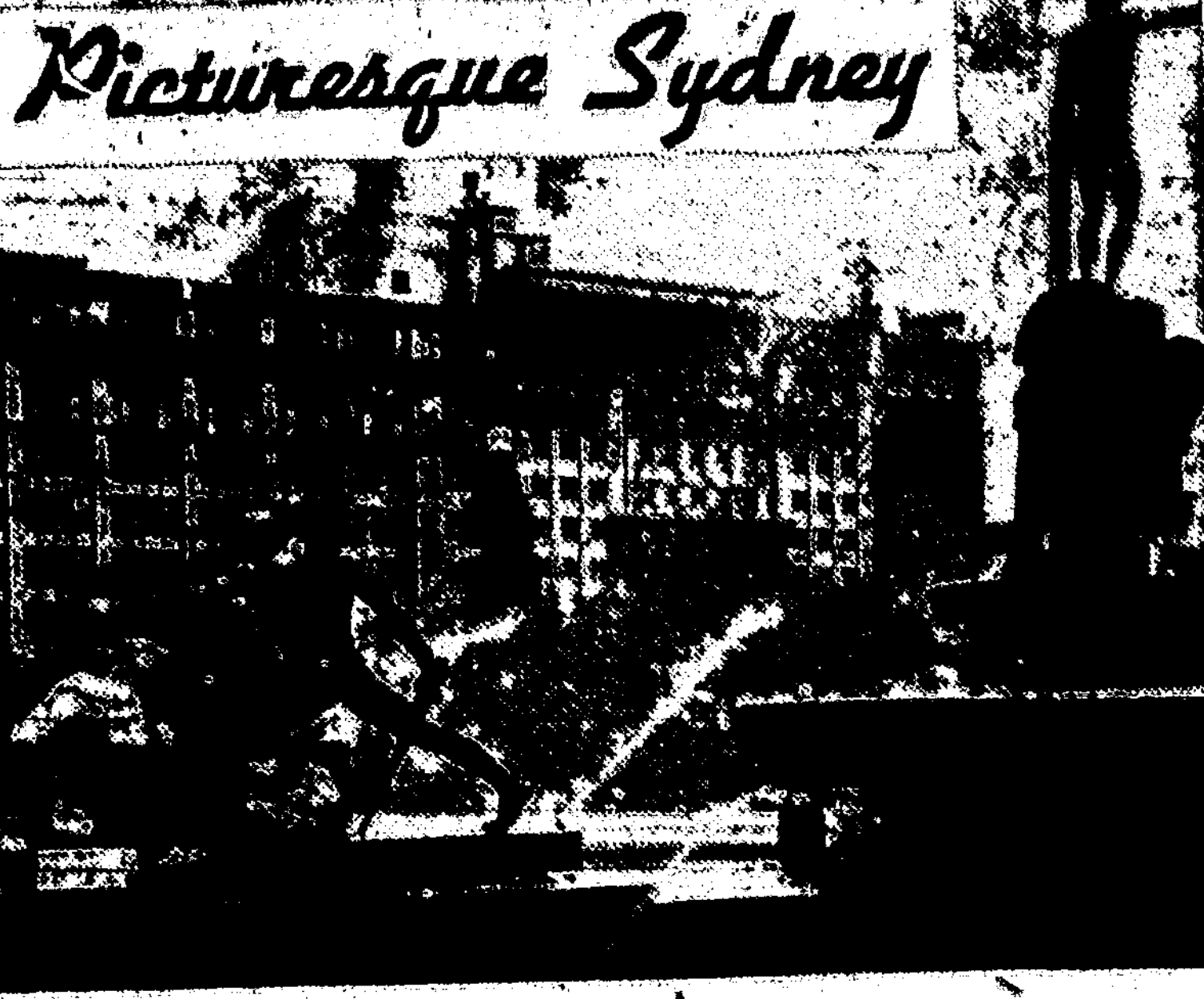
Sydney harbor is a huge haven for ships. The entrance is not imposing. On the contrary, it is so unimpressive that early navigators did not recognize it as a harbor and sailed past to go into Botany Bay. The entrance is less than two miles wide and lies between North Head and South Head, two rocky promontories so placed that they seem to meet and mingle when viewed from the sea at most angles.

Task Well Done

Have you known the satisfaction that comes with a task well done? Of course you have. Every farmer knows that when a field has been well plowed, a fence properly built or the live stock made comfortable, he can end the day in a satisfied mood and go to his night's rest with a greater peace of mind than if he knows he has shirked a duty or slighted a job in the day's routine. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a good motto to follow.

Came From the Canaries

Some five centuries ago the little olive and brown serin finches of the Canary Islands were introduced in Europe by roving Portuguese and Italian sailors, and selective breeding in the hands of patient, devoted peasants, from the Alps to the Scottish highlands has evolved the many varieties of today, in yellow, buff, orange, green cinnamon, white, blue, fawn and the copper red and black.



Archibald Memorial Fountain, Sydney

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

MAGNIFICENT panorama

is Sydney, capital city of New South Wales, Australia. Trade cubes and tall apartments crown the ridges overlooking the bay. There are no Manhattan-like cloud piercers, however, for Sydney has limited her skyward growth to 150 feet, yet position gives impressiveness. Homes sprawl over promontories and spill down the hillsides to the water's edge—a harbor-girdling band of red-tiled roofs and flowering gardens.

And the harbor! "Our harbor," Sydneyers proudly call it, although on maps it appears under the prosaic name that Captain Cook gave it—Port Jackson. Its multiple arms and innumerable bays and coves loop and snuggle among the hills—intimate, lovely, utilitarian.

From an airplane cockpit this water maze is even more striking than from steamer deck. Its compass is 22 square miles, but so ir-regular to walk or sail nearly 200 miles to go around its shores. No other harbor is more mingled with the city to provide play space and a haven for the world's rich argosies.

Sleek ocean steamers, rusty freighters, crowded double-decked ferries, speedboats, fussy tugs, and trim, billow-sailed yachts carve frothy white paths on its ultramarine surface. Commerce also throbs beside several of the bays at engineering works, dockyards, wheat silos, ship-coaling yards, and some 14 miles of wharfage space.

Harbor Bridge Is Colossal Like a rainbow over the port is the mighty arch of Sydney Harbor bridge. At the time it was opened to traffic, in 1932, forty million fares annually were being collected on cross-harbor ferries.

A constant stream of motor, train, tram, and pedestrian traffic now crosses the 160-foot-wide roadway hanging high in the air from the 1,650-foot span, which at its highest point loops 440 feet above water level.

Of momentary note in this swiftly changing age of the world's "greatest" engineering triumphs is the fact that Sydney Harbor bridge is the longest and widest arch-suspension-type structure that man has yet attempted.

Oceanic steamers tie up at Circular quay in the shadow of this colossal of steel and stone. The genesis of trim Circular quay was Sydney Cove, where the city was born in January, 1788.

The American Revolution, only a few years before, had denied to England a place for her "undesirable" subjects. So to this nook, in "the finest harbor in the world in which a thousand sail in line might ride in most perfect security," came Capt. Arthur Phillip of the English navy when Captain Cook's much publicized Botany bay had been found unsuitable for habitation. His little fleet of 11 ships bore 778 prisoners, together with officers and marine guards.

It should be recalled that "convicts" of that period included many minor offenders and those who fell into political disfavor.

Beginning of the City

Here Captain Phillip became governor and superintended the carving out of a small settlement beside a "stream which stole silently through a very thick wood." Would that he might stand at the water front today and look up the commercial canyons and at the ships moving in and out of port!

Much more would be the awe of some of the less visionary officers who wrote reports back to the homeland, stating that the colony couldn't even be self-supporting in a hundred years! Here is a city where the goodly governor and the officers now may issue dinner invitations without the request, "Bring your own bread!" Phillip himself visualized his settlement developing with streets 200 feet wide but his ideas were ignored and the city expanded without any definite plan.

Other governors came and went, contributing little or much to Sydney. Notable among them was Governor Macquarie, the "building governor," who held the reins from 1809 to 1822.

Assisting him in his comprehensive building scheme was Francis Howard Greenway, a convict, who became the official architect with the magnificent salary of three shillings a day. Greenway's labors en-

dured, as attested by St. James' church, the Conservatorium of Music (designed as Government House stables), and other structures still doing service.

One commissioner from England, however, complained that the 75-cents-a-day architect was making "too great a sacrifice of time and labour to the purpose of ornament and effect!"

In 1851 came a gold strike in New South Wales. A rush was on. From all over the world arrived seekers after fortunes, as in the California rush of '49. As in our West, many of the diggers later became settlers. More men, more wealth, and more trade boomed Australia. So, too, did Sydney grow.

A City in Transition

Today old buildings are being demolished to make way for new; riveters beat a tattoo on gaunt steel skeletons of tomorrow's new shops and offices; a pathway is being mowed through two blocks to extend another thoroughfare.

It is a city in transition. Sleek modern buildings of concrete and polished stone surround but do not engulf a Renaissance town hall, a Byzantine market, fine Gothic churches, a Tudor castle government house, and an Ionic art gallery. The florid art Victorian appearance, however, is rapidly disappearing.

Neon lights proclaim night clubs, theaters, and motion-picture "palaces." Last year Sydney played to crowded houses its first all-Australian musical comedy.

American institutions have touched the city. Milk bars, or soda fountains, fruit-juice stalls, and light-lunch restaurants have become popular. But a drug store is still a "chemist shop" where only drugs are dispensed, and one buys cigarettes from a tobacconist.

One large department store has devoted extensive floor space to a restaurant, where more than 6,000 luncheons are served every business day, besides providing special cafeterias and dining rooms for its 4,000 employees. Throughout the suburban districts, gasoline stations (petrol pumps) have sprung up. One even rejoices in the name of "Ye Auto Drive Inn."

Sydney's streets in the down-town business section are becoming painfully cramped for the heavy traffic that surges through them.

Great Wool Sales

The Royal Exchange is the largest wool selling center in the world, having displaced London, which held that position for many years. More than a million bales of the golden fleece are auctioned off every year. In addition, there are salesrooms for tallow, hides, sheepskins, and other pastoral products.

A wool sale is a fascinating thing to watch. Foreign buyers, Australian milling groups, and local wool scourers fill the amphitheater on each sale day. Catalogues are provided, in which are numbered and classified the different lots to be sold. The wool is previously put on display for inspection at local brokers' show stores, so that the selling is done only by number.

At the auctioneer's call for bids two dozen men may jump to their feet, barking figures and signaling with their hands.

On Saturday afternoons the harbor and Sydney's flying squadron attract doctor, lawyer, business executive, bus driver, dock hand, and shop-keeper.

Some devotees are in sweaters and shorts, hauling at balls; others are in flannels, watching from the decks of trim motor craft; hundreds line the rails of special ferries that follow the race; the mid-harbor islands and foreshores along the course are vantage points for still others.

Like a flock of white winging gulls, the competing craft tack and skim over the water. With all canvas piled on in a fresh nor'easter, it is a beautiful sight.

During the long summer season thousands of the city's sun worshippers resort to the beaches and swimming pools. Nature has provided Australia with 11,000 miles of coastline, along which are innumerable golden-sanded beaches. Around the harbor and along Pacific-laved coast in the immediate vicinity of Sydney there are twenty beaches to choose from.

At two of these beaches, Bondi and Bronte, 19,000,000 annually—counting repeaters—go to "shoot the breakers" and frolic on the dazzling sands. A hardy, bronzed lot they are; these brilliantly suited children of the sun.

Making a Choice—

Independence and Loneliness or Dependence With Ties of Affection

TO MOST persons there comes sometime in their lives the opportunity for a choice between independence and loneliness or ties and affection. The wise mature person thinks long before choosing the former above the latter. There are many young people, however, who feel so sure of themselves and their ability to "get along all right" that they are irked by the least restraint. They throw it off, only to discover later in life that affection is worth the curtailing restraint and dependence entailed. Companionship has been their portion up to the time of their decision that dependence is what they must have, at any cost. They have no idea of what loneliness means.

Separation.

The adult who is separated from his family because of distance, domestic estrangement, or who has outlived the other members, realizes to the full what it means to be alone. It is when estrangement causes the separation that there are times when the aloneness is bearable or agreeable, but these times are interrupted by hours when the feeling of loneliness creeps over him (or her), and companionship, though with but a small degree of affection, is craved.

Individuality.

Human nature is so constituted that people cannot live in the same atmosphere and always see eye to eye. There is wisdom in this plan. Individuality would be quelled if what any person thought (however beloved) could always be accepted without dissent by those around him (or her). Nor can actions of even those dear to us, in-

variably meet with our approval, whether expressed or unexpressed.

It is when we learn to permit personal differences without ensure that companionship, in the home or out of it, develops best. Even when children are young, they must be allowed a modicum of such freedom or when older they will long to break away, and if they do then there is loneliness in store for the youth, and sadness left in the home.

Divorce.

Married couples, when they contemplate divorce, have the choice between independence plus loneliness, or dependence, each on the other with affection restored, or remaining less than could be desired. It may be there is incompatibility, but it should be remembered that no two persons, married or single, can live together under the same roof and always be congenial. However, this does not signify that at heart affection is gone. Separation means loneliness for one or both of them.

Families.

Within a family there is sure to be some dissension at times—young folk may quarrel and adults dispute. But when these times are over, the ties of affection, the associations that intertwine, and the fabric of their lives so closely woven together, should prove a firm foundation for continued companionship. The door to loneliness should remain barred.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Ad libitum. (L.) At will; as much as one pleases.

Bambino. (It.) A little boy; more especially the Christ child.

Cela va sans dire. (F.) That goes without saying; it is obvious.

Desunt caetera. (L.) The rest is wanting; the citation is incomplete.

Salus populi suprema est lex. (L.) The welfare of the people is the supreme law. (Motto of Missouri.)

Laudator temporis acti. (L.) One who praises bygone times.

Naivete. (F.) Native simplicity.

Quantum libet. (L.) As much as you please.

Rara avis. (L.) A rare bird, a strange prodigy.

Majestatsbeleidigung. (Ger.) High treason.

Elixir vitae. (L.) Elixir of life.

Pari passu. (L.) With equal pace; side by side.

IF YOU'VE the gift of Giving for the love of that alone, Expecting no return for gifts or kindness you have shown; If you've the grace of Gratitude, can see, when day is done, A vision in the sunset of tomorrow's rising sun; Yours is a fairy garden, that is fed by hidden springs, Is lit by fairy sunlight and fanned by fairy wings. —"W. P." in Chambers' Journal. Compliments are the fuel to inspiration.

SOOTHING TO TIRED EYES

Modern living puts such a strain on the eyes that more and more people are finding Murine and evening toilet routine. Murine gently and pleasantly relieves irritation, washes away the eyes are watery and inflamed by a cold. Murine is a physician's formula containing 7 ingredients of proven value in proper care of the eyes. In use for 40 years. Today—44 Murine at your drug store.

MERCHANDISE

Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

ALB ALKALINE LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

FOUR TEASPOONFULS OF MILK OF MAGNESIA IN ONE TASTY WAFER

MILNESIA WAFER MILNESIA WAFERS THE PERFECT ANTI-ACID The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers 35c & 60c bottles 20c tins

For Sale

Twenty-five acre farm; a part of which is in orchard—the remainder in farming land. A portion is under irrigation. 2-room house. Two water rights; one of which is permanent. See or write—Leopoldo Gonzales, San Patricio, N. M., or Judge Elerdo Chavez, Carrizozo, N. M. D11-J17

**Tacos
Tamales
Enchiladas**
Saturday & Sunday
Also American Dishes
U & I CAFE
LELL ST. JOHN, Prop.

For Sale or Trade—Good riding horse for Ford Pick-up. Apply to L. A. Whitaker, Country Club.

FOR SALE—Two-room adobe stucco house and two lots 50x130 feet, in Capitan.—Mrs. M. A. Pierce, Capitan, N. M. D25

Benny Sandoval was a visitor from Camp Capitan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Corn of their ranch near Adobe visited relatives and friends here Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey Pacheco were visitors from Arriba last Saturday, where Mrs. Pacheco teaches school.

Mr. and Mrs. M. U. Finley spent Saturday and Sunday in Roswell as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Nixon at the Nixon Hotel. M. U. incidentally defeated Mr. Nixon playing golf, by the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Vega, daughter Bertha, Mrs. Josefa S. Vega and Joe Chavez were business visitors at Capitan on Monday afternoon.

ANNOUNCING

To all Our Customers and Friends, that we will have drawing for prizes on Dec. 23, in our Store at 2:00 P. M. Three prizes will be given:

- 1st Prize—Large, Overstuffed Lounging Chair
- 2nd " —All Cedar Chest, made in Capitan
- 3rd " —42-Piece Dinner Set—42-Piece

You still have an opportunity to win one of these prizes. Do your Christmas shopping early, pay cash or pay your current account by the 10th of the month. Get tickets and BRING them in for the drawing on the above given date.

We have a nice Christmas assortment of merchandise. Something for every member of your family.

Don't forget the Kiddies' Toys!

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

I Trade at Home

H-I-L

Quick Service
Superior Workmanship
"The Biggest Little Cleaners in New Mexico"

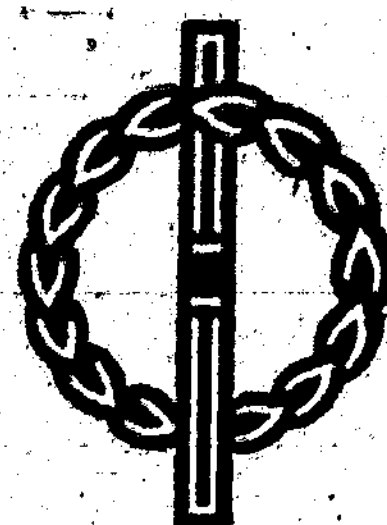
Notice!

No Trespassing, Hunting, Hauling off Wood and Posts from my pastures.
Wm. W. Gallacher.

Gene-Tailor-Shop

Cleaning & Pressing
Alterations
Corona, N. M.

D18



Ziegler Bros.

On this page you will find a number of Exclusive Brands of Christmas Gifts which will help you to make your friends happy. Buy at Ziegler Bros. and know they are right!

For Women	For Men
Kayser Hosiery, 79c to 1.25	Stetson Hats, \$6.00 to 9.00
Kayser Bloomers, 60c to 1.00	Marx-Made Suits, 22.50 to 32.00
Kayser Gowns or Pajamas 1.95 to 3.00	Phoenix Ties, 65c to 1.00
Kayser Slips, 1.25 to 2.25	Wilson Bros. Pajamas, 1.65 to 5.00
Reymo Hand Bags 1.25 to 2.35	Wilson Bros. Shirts, 1.65 to 2.00
Stetson Kid Gloves 1.85 to 2.50	Stetson Dress Gloves, 2.25 to 5.00
Castle Lounging Robes 2.50 to 6.50	Shanhouse Leather Coats 7.85 to 15.00
Dorothy Perkins Bath and Face Powder, 1.00	Justin Cowboy Boots, \$15 to 21.00
Dolgeville Lounging Slippers, high as 3.00	Freeman Shoes, 5.00 to 6.50
Dresser Sets 1.65 to 5.00	Wilson Silk Hose, 50c to 1.00
Linen Box Handkerchiefs 65c to 1.25	Bradley Allen-A Sweaters 1.85 to 8.50
Evening Dresses 7.00 to 12.50	House Slippers, 1.50 to 3.00
	Kady Belts, 65c to 1.00
	Comb & Brush Sets, 95c to 2.50
	Leather Billfolds, 65c to 2.50

Here are just a few of the many Christmas Gifts that you will find at---

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

WIND WILL FURNISH THE POWER For your Zenith FARM RADIO

LONG DISTANCE FARM RADIO

50c A YEAR POWER OPERATING COST

FORGET YOUR BATTERY TROUBLES

No more A, B or C Batteries to buy. These sets run from a single Groll storage battery.

ONLY \$9.50 DOWN

NOW — WITH STARTLING NEW FEATURES

Come into our store on your next trip to town. See, hear and operate the Zenith Lightning Station Finder, the New Voice-Music High Fidelity Control, Split-Second Re-locator and other big improvements

found only on a Zenith. Discover how you may enjoy your radio ten hours a day . . . the thrill of receiving Europe . . . South America . . . the Orient, on your own farm.

Ask about the Special Wind-Charger Combination Purchase Plan . . . You pay only \$15 for the De Luxe Wind-Charger . . . only \$10 for the Utility Model . . . when you buy it with your Zenith Farm Radio.

New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co.
—Gustav C. Kroegel, Mgr. Phone 114 Carrizozo, New Mexico

America's Most Copied Radio . . . Always a Year Ahead

Ziegler Bros. pay you the highest market price for Furs, also Hides and Pelts. 2c

5c, 10c, 15c, 25c Toys

Largest line, lowest prices, in the city, at DOERING'S STORE D11-18

The Ladies of the Eastern Star will have lots of good things to eat at the Carrizozo Hardware Company Dec. 19. Don't forget the date. Drop in for a Good Cup of Hot Coffee. It

M. C. St. John, Lorenzo and Bertha Garcia made a business trip to Alamogordo Monday afternoon.

Ray Berna and Clements Padilla were visitors from Capitan the first part of the week.

Prospero Gonzalez was a business visitor from Glencoe this Tuesday.

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico) County of Lincoln) ss. In the Matter of the Estate of Cornelia P. Sanchez, deceased. No. 482

Notice of Appointment of Administratrix
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, at the regular November, 1936, term of the Probate Court in and for Lincoln County, New Mexico, was appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Cornelia P. Sanchez, Deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same within the time and in the manner required by Law.

Roseita S. Brady, Postoffice address, San Patricio, New Mexico. D18-J18

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Before you buy ANY Car at ANY Price, drive the 1937 FORD V-8.

Expert Mechanical Work At Greatly Reduced Prices

Gasoline, Kerosene

Lubricating Oil and Greases

For Your Christmas Feast

Fancy Cornfed Turkeys

- Cranberries
- Celery
- Olives
- Avocadoes
- Relish
- Fresh Oysters
- Shelled Nuts
- Stuffed Oranges
- Fresh Dates
- Persimmons

Fresh Mince Meat—Canned or Fresh Pumpkin

Leave Your Order for that TURKEY! (Dressed or Alive)

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

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