

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

Near Pre-Historic Melpala and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1937

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR

Lyric Theatre

Friday and Saturday—
Dorothy Lamour, Lew Ayers,
Gilbert Roland, Karen Morley,
Lionel Atwill and Helen Mack in
"THE LAST TRAIN
FROM MADRID"

A flaming love drama, set
against the background of
Spain's Civil War. The mad
dash for freedom—the final
chance for escape! Also "Breeze
Rhythms" and "Here Comes the
Zoo."

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday—
"You Can't
Have Everything"

With Alice Faye, the Ritz
Brothers, Don Ameche, Robinoff,
Louis Prima and his Band, plus
a whole screenful of Comics and
Singers, Crooners and Swingers,
Girls and Guitarists, Hot Dance
Band Artists—Everything!
Also "Trailer Life" and "Por-
traits of Portugal."

Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.,
Wednesday and Thursday—
Joe E. Brown and Florence
Rice in

"Riding on Air"

Don't fail to see how Joe and
his girl friend build up a bank
roll for the day when they'll be
one! It's a scoop, particularly
for the Star's editor. Also
"Ladies Day" and "Swing Fever."

Mrs. J. W. Evans entertained
the Tularosa Bridge Club last
Saturday evening at her home.
There were four tables arranged
for the players. Absent mem-
bers of the club were substituted
by the following Carrizozo peo-
ple: Mrs. L. J. Adams and G.
T. McQuillen. The Tularosa
club members were: The Clay-
ton families, Dr. and Mrs. Rob-
inson, Mmes. Jeffries and Gal-
son and Mr. Mix. Mrs. Adams
won the high score. After the
game, the hostess served refresh-
ments.

Father Salvatore will hold ser-
vices at Hollywood Saturday
morning at which, he will unite
in marriage Miss Josephine Tru-
jillo and Fernando Sanchez.

Jim Mauldin is the new agent
for the Albuquerque Journal, 15c
per week, delivered to your
door.

Mr. and Mrs. Floy Skinner of
Nogal were shoppers in town
this Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Peterson and her
daughter Deloris spent the week
in El Paso and Juarez.

The Lincoln County Teachers'
Association meeting is being held
in Lincoln today. See program
on page four of this paper.

Mrs. Ben S. Burns entertained
some of her friends at cards and
tea at the Southern Pacific Hotel
Thursday evening.

Messrs. A. H. Harvey and
Henry Lutz returned the first of
the week from Santa Fe, where
they spent several days on busi-
ness and visiting old friends.

R. P. Hickey was a White
Oaks visitor this Tuesday.

Miss Ida Greer is recovering
from having her tonsils removed.

J. H. Fulmer and John E.
Wright have returned from a
short business trip to Roswell
and the Pecos valley country.

From Father

(Via Cornerstone)

To Son

Odessa (Tex.) News-Times:

When the old Ector County
Courthouse is razed, upon com-
pletion of the new building next
year, opening of the old corner-
stone will expose a most inter-
esting letter, describing the
town of Odessa and this terri-
tory and telling of the people
living here in 1904, written by
the Texas & Pacific Station
Agent for this town at that
time. The letter is addressed to
the Agent of the Texas & Pa-
cific in Odessa at the time the
Cornerstone is opened.

The writer of this interesting
document was J. M. Frame, old-
time Texas & Pacific Agent in
this section, now Agent for the
Southern Pacific at Ancho, N. M.
The man destined to read this
letter is his son, W. P. Frame,
Texas & Pacific Agent in Odessa
today.

It is a strange coincidence
which brings this letter from
Father to Son, for Paul Frame
of Odessa was only four years
old when the document was laid
in the Cornerstone.

J. M. Frame, the father, will
retire from active duty on May
1st of the coming year, after 48
years of railroading. Of these
years, 27 were spent on the
Texas & Pacific in West Texas
at Odessa, Monahans and Pecos.
The son Paul has been station
agent at Odessa since the first
oil flurry in 1926.

Remember when Elmer (Red)
Eaker played Santa Claus to the
kids on Christmas morning at
the old Rolland Drug Store on
Fourth street many years ago?

Mrs. Justo Padilla will arrive
from Tucumcari tonight on No.
11, for a visit with the Saturnino
Chavez, Benigno Gallegos and
Gregorio Pino families. Mrs.
Padilla is a niece of Sat and Joe
Chavez.

Mr. and Mrs. Champ Ferguson
of Capitan visited Mrs. Anna
Brazel last Saturday.

L. A. Whitaker left this morn-
ing for El Paso on a pleasure
trip. Whit took along his high-
ly-polished Kansas City cane to
give it a finishing touch.

The Town Council Proceedings
will appear in this paper next
week.

Frank and Martin Vega are
building a bunk house at the
Dewey Stokes ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame of
Ancho were Carrizozo visitors
yesterday.

Harry Ryberg was a business
visitor today from his ranch
near Coronas, returning home
late in the afternoon.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER

Nobody is indispensable.
Never take love for granted.
History will call ours a dark age.
Quick temper spoils poor judgment.
Certainties breaks down adversity.
Grief for the dead is a form of self-pity.
Laws that clash with common sense
should be nullified.

Candy Premium Offer Bigger Than Ever

LAST YEAR The Outlook gave away a Two-pound Box
of Chocolate Creams with every new subscription or Re-
newals as well. This year, beginning with November 1,
all new subscribers and renewals by our old subscribers
will be given a Two and One-Half Pound Box of Delicious
Chocolate Creams with every subscription. Subscribers
in Carrizozo and vicinity will please call and get your
Chocolates — but where they must be mailed, a post-
age fee of 10c must accompany the subscription. This
fee will apply to Lincoln County. Who will be the first to
test this extraordinary offer, which closes Dec. 24, 1937?
Outside of Lincoln County the postage fee will be 15c.

—Get going, folks; it's our treat!

Masons Elect

At the regular communication
of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F.
& A. M. last Saturday night at
Masonic Temple, the following
officers were elected for the year
of 1938. Worshipful Master, V.
P. Smith; Senior Warden, Eddie
Long; Junior Warden, Don En-
glish; Secretary, R. E. Lemon;
Treasurer, Frank English.
Other officers which will be ap-
pointed by the incoming Master,
will be installed with the regular
officers, the date of which will
be announced in this paper.

Light Up For Christmas

On solicitation by the Business
Men's Club the Lincoln County
Utilities Co. has agreed to make
a reduction to the business firms
on their December light bills. A
reduction of 50% on the light
rates will be made for all excess
kilowatt hours consumed over
your consumption of Dec., 1938.

We trust that our business
men will avail themselves of this
opportunity of adding Christmas
cheer by additional lighting in
their store windows and streets.
—Business Men's Committee.

L. L. Lemon

R. E. Lemon of the Citizens
Bank returned yesterday morn-
ing from White City, Kansas, to
which place he went about one
week ago, on account of the ill-
ness of his father, L. L. Lemon,
85. Shortly after the son's ar-
rival, Mr. Lemon died. The fun-
eral was held at the M. E. Church
and attended by a host of friends
of the family. A choir of six-
teen voices sang several of the
favorite selections of the deceas-
ed and the pallbearers were
schoolmates of his son during
his boyhood days.

He leaves a wife, seven daugh-
ters and one son, all of whom
were present at the funeral and
to all of whom the sympathy of
our community is extended.

Go to Ziegler Bros., Headquar-
ters for Xmas Candles.

Frank Gurney, former proprie-
tor of the old Carrizozo Eating
House, now the S. P. Hotel, was
a visitor from his home in El
Paso Wednesday, leaving yester-
day morning for Santa Fe.

Mrs. Nellie Brannum, who has
been visiting at the home of her
son Linza at Los Angeles, has
gone to Merced, Calif., to visit
her other son, Rufus and family.

Miss Alice Degner is clerking
at Ziegler Bros. Store during the
holiday season.

I. O. O. F. Doings

At a well attended meeting of
Carrizozo Lodge No. 30, Tues-
day night, the First Degree was
conferred on Fred Hendrix by
the second team. The installa-
tion of officers will be held the
first meeting in January and
committees from the three-link-
ages and Rebekahs are working
on a plan to hold joint installa-
tion services. Next Tuesday
night, the second degree will be
conferred on one and perhaps
two candidates. L. E. Kidwell
was also a visitor from Ancho.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

At an ordinary attended meet-
ing Wednesday evening at the S.
P. Hotel, the usual 6 o'clock din-
ner was served after which, mat-
ters of importance concerning
the good and welfare of Carriz-
ozo and vicinity were discussed.
Pres. English informed the club
that the Lincoln County Utilities
Co. will give a 50 percent rebate
on all light bills for the month
of December for all light used
above what was consumed in
December of last year, to the
business houses, to encourage
more light display for the holi-
day season. A vote of thanks
was extended to the company for
such courtesy.

President English and A. L.
Burke notified the club of receiv-
ing announcements of the birth
of boy twins, Roland Leslie and
Donald Leslie, born at Chicago,
Dec. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie
Moline, a former member of the
club. Secretary Blaney was in-
structed to offer the club's con-
gratulations and to wish the two
"huskies" a long life of useful-
ness in the land of Uncle Sam.

At the next meeting the High
School football team will be en-
tertained, each player to be the
guest of some member of the club.

Titworth Co. Offers Prizes

The big drawing of the Tita-
worth Co. of Capitan will take
place on Dec. 23, as published in
their ad on page 8. For every
\$1 cash purchase and for every
\$1 paid on accounts, each will re-
ceive a ticket which will entitle
them to a chance on the draw-
ing. The prizes are listed in the
ad. The Titworth Co. is to be
commended on giving its patrons
a real treat in the different prize
drawings, which is an annual
custom with that progressive
and enterprising firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Rentfrow
of their ranch across the lava
beds were visitors in town Satur-
day, Doyle on business while
Mrs. Rentfrow visited old
Carrizozo friends.



A. L. B.

Memory's Lane

On the bluffs south of Musca-
tine, Iowa, 55 years ago, some
thoughtful owner of the land
had placed a long row of seats
overlooking the Mississippi river,
where a wonderful view of pass-
ing steamboats could be had and
incidentally, it furnished an at-
traction for two lovers who
would wander there on certain
evenings, making it a trying
place. John Rohlander and Faith
Hudson were the lovers. There
they planned as near as young
people can, the future when they
were to be married.

Finally, John was called away
on a business trip which took
him as far as the Atlantic sea-
board. Letters were exchanged
between the two lovers until
John was offered a good clerical
position on a seafaring steamer.
He accepted. At the same time,
he wrote his sweetheart of his
good fortune, promising to write
to her at every saaport. Years
went by until in some mysterious
manner, he was led to believe
that Faith was dead. To seem-
ingly substantiate that, her let-
ters ceased to come, being mis-
directed. After mourning her
loss for another long period, John
married a lady in Jamaica, but
the union becoming unsatisfac-
tory, they parted. Faith re-
mained single.

John remained on the seas, be-
ing transferred from one steam-
er to another, and one evening
when landing at Buenos Aires,
he strolled down to the landing
and seated alone he began to
watch the harbor lights and al-
lowed his thoughts to take him
back to the old lovers' bench on
the bluff at Muscatine. Finally,
two ladies approached and took
the seat next to John and began
to talk. One of them said, "Oh,
those lovely harbor lights and
the lights from the boats coming
and going; how they remind me
of Muscatine, Iowa, years ago!"
The other lady asked, "why?"
Then she told her story as relat-
ed above, while John Rohlander,
her old lover, listened. As they
arose to depart, John begged the
right to ask a question: "Might
I ask your name?" "Faith Hud-
son," she responded. "My name
is John Rohlander," he came
back.

They had both grown old, but
the old love was still alive in
their hearts. Before the steam-
er left port, John and Faith were
married and now she sails the
high seas with him. Did that
meeting after so many years of
anxiety and mourning, just hap-
pen, or was it so ordained. The
reader must answer the ques-
tion: What would be your guess?

Rayburn House returned Wed-
nesday to his home in Laramie,
Wyoming, after a visit with his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.
House. Rayburn recently grad-
uated from the University of
Wyoming, and has accepted em-
ployment with the engine ser-
vice of the Union Pacific. While
enrolled in the University, he
was a star football player for the
'Cowboys,' being a 'regular' at
halfback.

Local Mention

Don't forget to patronize the
Carrizozo Woman's Club Bazaar
and sale of good things for your
Sunday dinner. Foods excellent.
Prices right. Coffee served from
2 to 6 p. m., Saturday, Dec. 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Lupe Gabaldon
and family of Claunch were here
Sunday to attend the wedding
of Miss Prescilla Torres and Er-
nest Lopez.

The Woman's Club meets at
the home of Mrs. Wm. Gallacher
Friday, Dec 17, with Mrs. C. E.
Freeman in charge of program.

Lell St. John of Albuquerque
was here last week for a brief
visit with his mother, Mrs. Pul-
dora St. John and family.

Mrs. Alice French left Monday
for Albuquerque, where she will
spend the remainder of the win-
ter season.

Marshall Atkinson, A. S. Mc-
Camant and Jack Davidson were
here from Corona this week, at-
tending to some legal matters in
district court.

Gregorio Pino has been ap-
pointed as a member of the Lin-
coln County Board of Education
in the place of Florentino Lopez.

Mrs. Maggie Pfingsten and son
Jack were visitors from the No-
gal-Mesa Monday.

Miss Cora Crews of her ranch
near Oscura was a Carrizozo vis-
itor this Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Corn
of Adobe visited their daughter,
Ada Grey and family last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Corbett
are here from Portland, Oregon,
and will spend the remainder of
the winter season in good old
Lincoln County. Mrs. Corbett
was the former Miss Ruth Kel-
ley.

Miss Evelyn Claunch arrived
home Monday from Tulsa, Okla.,
where she had been at the home
of her grandmother, Mrs. W. D.
Biles, for the past two months.
She will remain at home until
after the holidays.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs.
Claude Brannum entertained with
three tables of bridge in honor
of Mrs. Dean Curbello. Those
present were Mmes. Blaney, Al-
bert Roberts, Harry Miller, J. M.
Beck, Louis Adams, Rathmann,
Scharf, Dawey and T. J. Stokes.
Refreshments were served after
the game.

L. A. Whitaker has leased the
Snell ranch, which adjoins that
of his own and has stocked it
with 30 registered Hereford cat-
tle which he purchased from the
McCamant ranch near Corona.

Mrs. L. J. Adams left this
morning for Tucumcari where
she will spend several days with
Engineer Adams, who is running
from that point to Dawson.

Mrs. Ray (Bennie) Jansen of
the Turner hospital was an El
Paso visitor the first of the week.

Lesler Greer took Lee Bragg
to El Paso for medical treat-
ment the first of the week.

Attorney H. B. Hamilton is
here this week from Santa Rosa,
having to dispose of some legal
business in the district court.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"One Brand New Suit" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Take it from me, boys and girls, you can't take it from Bob Kaiser. That is, you may take it from him, but you won't keep it. It's been tried before and it just didn't work.

It all sounds mysterious but it's as simple as A B C. As a matter of fact, it's the subject of today's adventure story—the stirring tale of how Bob Kaiser of New York City got mad about having a brand new suit ruined and fixed the guy that ruined it with both hands tied behind his back.

Today Bob works for the New York Steam company, but on June 7, 1925, he was a sales manager for the United Cigar Stores, running a shop located at Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York. It was on a Sunday, and things were quiet along that section of Broadway. There weren't half a dozen people in sight on the street, and there hadn't been a customer in the store for half an hour.

These Customers Were Bandits.

Then, about noon, a customer came in. He asked for a package of cigarettes and Bob turned to get them from the rack. And as he turned he heard a low, grating voice say: "Don't move—or I'll blow your brains out!"

Bob didn't move, but out of the corner of his eye he could see the man—holding a thirty-eight caliber revolver on him. "It was a hot day," says Bob, "but the sweat that broke out on my forehead just then was cold—ice cold."

The man came behind the counter and ordered Bob to sit down on the floor. That's where Bob began to get mad. He had on a nice, new suit that day and the floor had been freshly oiled. The porter had oiled it the day before, and he had given it an extra heavy dose. If Bob sat



Gagged and Tied, Bob Chased the Bandits.

down on that greasy floor—well—his suit wasn't going to look so new any more.

Bob got mad about it, but he didn't lose his head. He took another look at that thirty-eight and decided that maybe the gangster was right. He sat down on the floor. And about that time, a second gangster, who had been watching outside, came in to help the first.

Ruined Suit Made Bob Angry.

They told Bob to open the safe, and he opened it. The company's instructions, in case of a hold-up, were to give the bandits the money without any argument. The gangsters took four hundred dollars of the company's money and it made Bob mad to see them get it that easily. Likewise, he was still mad about his ruined suit.

When the bandits had the money they tied Bob's hands behind his back, put a gag in his mouth and pushed him down to the floor. A friend of Bob's came into the store and bought some tobacco. The bandits waited on him. When he asked where Bob was they told him he was out to lunch. After Bob's friend had gone the bandits told Bob not to move for five minutes, and left themselves.

But Bob didn't wait even five seconds after those thugs went out the door. With his hands tied behind his back and a gag in his mouth, he leaped up and ran in pursuit of the bandits.

When he got to the street he saw the thugs walking toward Sixth avenue. He tried to yell, but the gag in his mouth was so tight that he couldn't utter a sound. So he started across Thirty-first street after those crooks.

He followed those birds to Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street and there the two bandits split up and went in different directions. Bob lost sight of one man but he continued to follow the other. He trailed him to Thirty-second street and Seventh avenue, and there the fellow turned around and caught sight of Bob, gag still in his mouth, hands tied behind him, trailing along in his wake. At that the thug turned and bolted.

He Literally Fell on the Thug.

The thug ran across the street toward Pennsylvania station, dashed into the Thirty-second street entrance and bolted down the stairs toward the concourse. Bob lit out after him.

Running as fast as he could with his hands tied, Bob dashed down through the main corridor and down the slippery marble stairs. At the bottom of the stairs, right in front of the ticket windows, he caught up with the thug and there a strange battle took place—probably the strangest scrap in all history. Bob fell on the crook, and when I say "fell," I mean that literally. With his hands tied behind his back, there just wasn't anything else Bob would do.

He gave a leap and landed on the crook. And the crook went down. Bob, gagged as he was, couldn't yell to attract attention but the spectacle of a bound and gagged man, legs flailing in the air, rolling on the floor and all over the top of another man attracted plenty of attention as it was. People began to yell and run to the spot. Tom Egan of the station police came running up with the crowd and grabbed the bandit. That bandit was out of breath and pretty badly frightened by his strange experience. He was still wondering what landed on him as they led him away to the calaboose.

Bob got his hands untied then, took the gag out of his mouth, and went back to his store. He had left the door open and a big crowd had gathered about the place. He did a record business that day, selling stuff to people who wanted to hear his story of the hold-up.

The bird Bob caught squealed on his partner, and both of them got seven-year sentences. And the company gave Bob a \$550 bonus, a raise and a vacation.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Bobcat and Lynx
Closely related to the Canadian lynx, which it has largely supplanted in northern United States, the bobcat has the lynx's short temper, exceptional sight, fatal claws. It lacks the lynx's distinguishing tufts of hair on the ears, is slightly smaller and is spotted. It roams eastern America from Maine to Florida, is an excellent swimmer, takes to water when hotly pursued. It preys on all small game, yet has been known to tackle an alligator when cornered.

Killer Whale a Mammal
A true whale, the killer whale, is a mammal. Twenty to thirty feet long, streamlined to perfection, its black back surmounted by a slender, sickle-shaped dorsal fin that causes him to be confused with sharks, the orca roves the oceans in absolute outlawry. His slender flukes propel him at unbelievable speed, and his cavernous sharp-toothed mouth enables him to rend and tear his prey.

English Spoken by Millions
English, spoken by 300 million people, takes second place to Chinese—spoken by 400 million Celestials. Russian, German, Hindu, French and Spanish comes next in that order. Apart from these mother tongues there are countless dialects and patois. Guarani, the Indian language generally used throughout Paraguay, has a vocabulary of well under 1,000 words.

Niobe of Nicotian Fame
Jean Nicot, Sieur de Villemain, was a French diplomat born at Nimes, in 1530. He studied in Paris, was a courtier of Francis II and acted as envoy of Francis II to Lisbon in 1560, whence, having procured seeds from a Dutchman, who brought them from Florida, he introduced tobacco into France.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—"The best laid plans of mice and men" will go off at a tangent, it seems, even when one political party is numerically in supreme control of the national government. President Roosevelt called congress into extra session with very definite objectives outlined, and he repeated them in his regular message on the state of the Union. He wanted crop control legislation for relief of agriculture and he wanted wages and hours controlled by federal statute for the relief of labor. But congress, or a part of it, has turned out to be a balky mule. It has one foot out of the traces already and the driver is having a lot of trouble to keep the animal hitched.

The above is by way of saying that scores of Democratic members of the house and many senators with seats on the majority side have come back from a summer on the hustings quite convinced that it is not popular with the voters to be a rubber stamp. I do not mean by that statement that the President has lost control of his party machinery, or that he can not crack the whip and get things done; I mean that instead of having a few recalcitrants within his own party to deal with, he now has many, and members of congress are about like coyotes—their courage increases as their number increases.

It might be mentioned in passing that at least half a dozen Democratic members of the house have come back from home with plans to run for their party's nomination to the senate next year. The reason given by those with whom I have talked is almost the same in each instance. The incumbent senator who is up for re-election has been too much of a New Dealer. "Our people are calling for something besides rubber stamps." These potential senatorial candidates have records showing opposition to the President in some vitally important New Deal policies while supporting him wholeheartedly in other phases of his program.

No one can say how far this movement will get, but anyone who has observed congresses perform in other cases where the President is in his second term can not dismiss the circumstance as without significance. It is the usual practice for sitting members of the house and senate to stick close to the President, as party leader, in his first term—because they must seek re-election with his support. But now many of them regard President Roosevelt as through and they are starting early to make their record look good to the voters whom they will canvass next year.

These few paragraphs above must serve to introduce evidence of a much deeper fact. In many important places and among many powerful or influential men in congress one hears frequent references and observations to this effect: If Mr. Roosevelt is going to retain his control of the party and carry through on the propositions which he will make from time to time, he must cast aside a part, at least, of his radical advisers and the schemes they concoct.

As I related, the President outlined his objectives for the special session. Two or three years ago, they would have been received by the representatives and senators with loud acclaim, with ballyhoo. But in the first few weeks of the extra session, there has been just as much condemnation as there has been approval.

Nor can we overlook another phase of the situation. Not only have many of the men at the capitol declined to affirm the President's propositions; they have gone in the other direction. They have offered programs of their own. They are prepared to battle for them. In politics, that sort of a thing often has proved fatal to the plans of the man who then occupied the White House. It may not turn out that way this time but there are many observers who are sure the President is going to be forced into accepting some things he did not want or does not want just now.

Take the question of taxes, for instance. Rightly or wrongly, the President is being blamed for the current business depression and criticism of this sort is rolling up like a snowball going down hill. It is being said that two tax levies which were forced through congress are largely responsible. The tax on undivided profits of corporations and the capital gains tax are used as horrible examples of these unsound policies fostered by Mr. Roosevelt. Well, the President is responsible to the extent that he approved of them. They were the product, however, of some of the dozen or so peak-a-boo artists to whom the President frequently has listened as advisers.

I think it has been generally demonstrated that the two taxes in question have been ruinous, especially to the small business. It is equally true, I believe, that business must be given some consideration if it ever is to get on a sound basis again and that it ought to share attention of legislators with labor leaders even though business has fewer votes. In any event, the burdens which the New Deal admittedly has placed on business are serving as the springboard for a part of the Democratic majority. They can properly fight for these things—and easily be too busy to push the President's program through.

So the President's plans have gone astray. They may remain that way, or they may go even further, depending upon how long the backward slide of business continues. Of one thing, you may be sure. Partly through his own fault and partly through the fault of the type of advisers with which he has surrounded himself, Mr. Roosevelt does not have the confidence of as many members of the legislative branch as he formerly held.

It is a little early to attempt a report on prospects for the regular session of congress that convenes in January.

Looking Forward

Yet, since it is quite evident there will be nothing in the current extra session beyond crop control legislation—if even that—I believe we might look forward a bit. One of the things now evident is the position congress will take on relief for destitute and unemployed. I believe I see a battle coming in that direction.

It has been apparent during the last two years that congress was dissatisfied with the relief system built-up by Secretary Ickes and the professional reliever, Harry Hopkins, works progress administrator. The requirements, especially for the Hopkins machine, have been met with what has come to be called "blank-check" appropriations. That is, congress has passed a bill appropriating two billions or three billions or whatever was thought necessary by Mr. Hopkins. It was just as simple as that. Congress had no strings on the money, seldom was told a great deal of the details. It was money to feed and clothe the destitute.

Now, however, some observers think they detect a change. They believe they see signs that congress will put an end to the "blank-check" method of handling relief. As far as anyone knows now, the President again will ask for a huge sum to be distributed for relief through Mr. Hopkins—and that is when the battle lines will form.

Congress, therefore, will be faced again with appropriation demands to provide food and clothing and likely the request for the funds will come from Mr. Roosevelt as heretofore—for a lump sum. If the number favoring the dole grows to any considerable extent, there may be a reversal of policy whether the President wants it that way or not. You see, in an election year (and all house members and 30-odd senators face election canvasses again next year) it is nice to be able to say to the voters that they are receiving something at the hands of their representative or their senator.

Money for Relief

The candidates can justify a break with the President easily, and with business sliding backward as is the case now, there will be plenty of relief needed for unemployed again. The voters can be told that they are being given charge of these relief expenditures and that they no longer will have to watch Washington bureaucrats waste the taxpayers' money. On the horizon, therefore, it is possible to see the line of cleavage between the New Deal and the old line Democrats leading to elimination of the dangerous lump-sum appropriation and a restoration of relief administration into the hands of local authorities.

There is one further consideration in the general relief situation that attracts attention. I think it is reasonable to assume that the far-fung relief machine which Mr. Hopkins has built up is permeated to the core with political appointments. It is only the usual political procedure and is not confined to the present national administration. Assuming, therefore, that there is such a political machine, it is hardly open to question that it is a Roosevelt machine. The picture then becomes clear: since numerous members of the house and senate want to control their own political destinies, they want control of the organizations for relief in their own jurisdictions. Further, if Mr. Roosevelt should want to seek a third term nomination, those Democrats who want to oppose him would be quite powerless if they had to sit idly by and witness Roosevelt delegates picked from their own stronghold.

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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 5 CHRISTIAN REST

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 11:28-30; Hebrews 4:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew 11:28. PRIMARY TOPIC—When We Are Tired. JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Great Invitation. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Christ Gives Us Rest. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christian Rest.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away," so sang Isaac Watts in 1719. One wonders what he might say today! The mad rush of modern life—its relentless drawing of us all into its terrific tempo—leaves us distraught, nervous, over-anxious. Nervous disorders are on a rapid increase, even among children. The condition prevails in the country as well as in the city, although it is aggravated in metropolitan centers.

Let us lay down the burdens of the universe for a bit and counsel quietly about that almost forgotten Christian virtue, rest. Nowhere can the troubled spirit find calm of soul as surely and as quickly as in God's Word—and in the One revealed there, for true rest is I Found in Christ (Matt. 11:28-30).

Rest for our souls is found not in the cessation of activity, but rather in joining with Christ as our yoke-fellow and in going on with him in meekness and lowliness of heart. Most of life's restlessness is the result of pride, of driving ambition to be somebody or to attain something. True humility removes all such disturbing factors.

But we do have a yoke and a burden to bear. Yes, it is true that not all is easy in the Christian life. But as someone has suggested, the burdens are like the burden of feathers on a bird. They may seem to be too heavy for his little body, but as a matter of fact they are the thing he flies with! Such are the "burdens" of Christ.

II. Received by Faith (Heb. 4:3). Those who believe enter into rest. Faith in God through Jesus Christ brings a man into an abiding place that the storms of life may beat upon but can never move. Fair weather followers of Jesus who fall into a frenzy of fear and worry when sorrow or loss comes upon them need to learn to walk by faith. "Be not dismayed whatever betide, God will take care of you," is more than the pious expression of a hymn writer, it is a statement of fact.

III. Rejected by Unbelief (Heb. 4:1, 6-11). "The worst thing in the world" is unbelief—because it effectually closes the door to God's blessing. Jesus could not do "many mighty works" in his home town of Nazareth "because of their unbelief" (Matt. 13:58). Unbelief will keep us from the rest that God has prepared for his people, for it not only hinders men from coming to the Saviour, but keeps them from resting in him after they are saved.

IV. Necessary to Useful Living (v. 11). Only when the follower of Christ appropriates that rest of soul which results from turning from his own efforts and trusting himself fully to Christ will there be that absolute surrender of every detail and problem of life to him which will bring out in daily living the glorious beauty and power of a life at rest with God.

A poem by Fay Inchfawn which has blessed the writer's soul is here passed on, with the prayer that it may help you who read these notes: "Well, I am done. My nerves were on the rack. I've laid them down today; It was the last straw broke the camel's back. I've laid it down today. No, I'll not fume, nor fuss, nor fight; I'll walk by faith a bit and not by sight. I think the universe will work all right. I've laid it down today."

"So, here and now, the overweight, the worry, I'll lay it down today; The all-too-anxious heart; the teasing worry; I'll lay these down today. O eager hands, O feet be prone to run. I think that He who made the stars and sun Can mind the things you've had to leave undone. Do lay them down today."

How true it is that we are prone to bear all the burdens of the universe when God's Word has told us to cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us (I Pet. 5:7). It is a powerful testimony for Christ when distraught and worry-ridden non-Christians see God's children walking steady and true in the midst of disappointments, trials, and sorrows. And the opposite is also true, that failure to trust God is a practical denial of our professed faith.

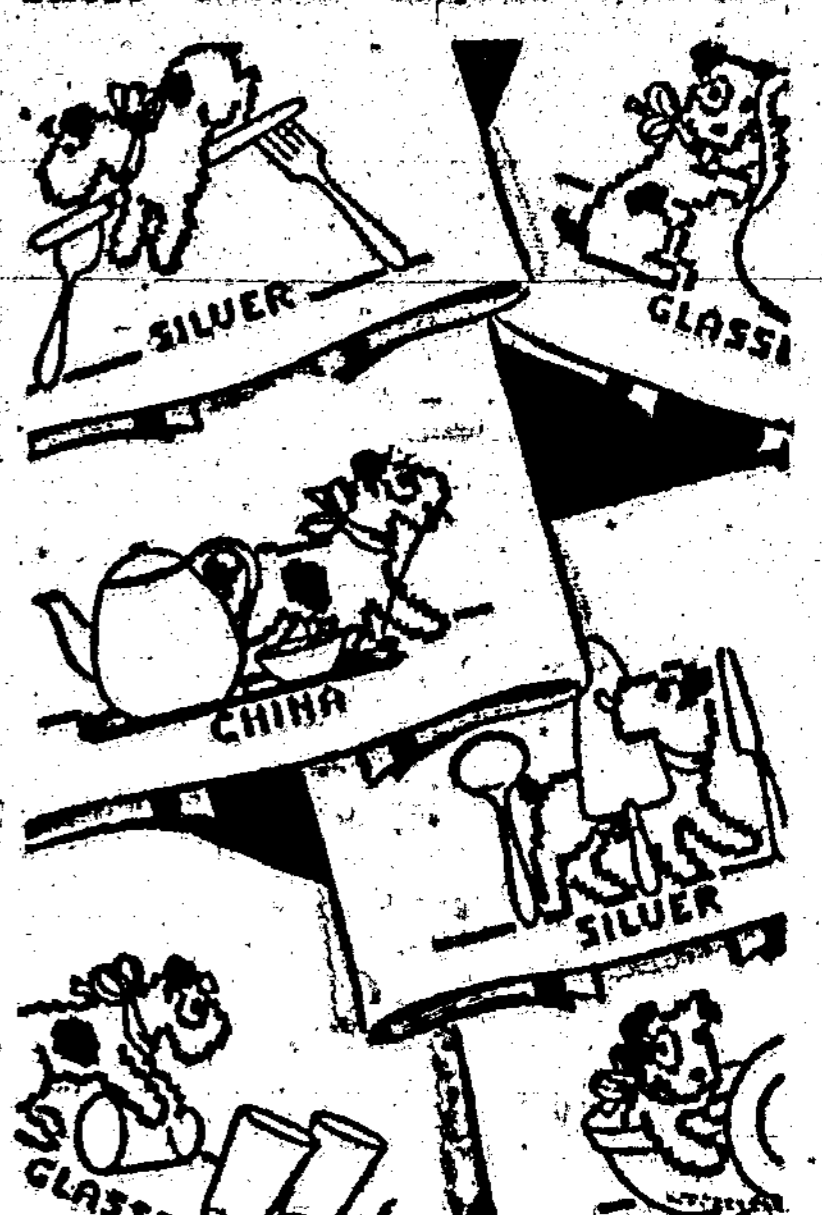
A Good Patriot. To be a good patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.—Bishop Berkeley.

Duty—the command of Heaven, the eldest voice of God.—Charles Kingsley.

All service ranks the same with God.—Robert Browning.

Foxy Little Terrier For Tea Towels

Terry, the Terrier, will dry your dishes with the same "punch" he displays when rolling glasses and hurdling silver. It will make your dish-drying a joy just to see his jolly self on the towels you use. These motifs require so few



stitches, so little floss, they're economical and ideal pick-up work. Single, outline and cross stitch make this splendid embroidery for a gift. In pattern 5748 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 8 1/2 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used. To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to the Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Uncle Phil Says:

Good Deed Is Never Lost. He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

An absorbing "survey" should be a survey of one's own faults. Make a list. If one hasn't much to lose, one can contemplate his misfortune with quite complacent philosophy.

The man whose faults are the kind everyone can talk openly about—and does—is generally beloved. Human nature doesn't change and ought not to; else we wouldn't know how to handle it. Rockefeller had the genius for making money, but he could not impart the secret to anyone else, though he tried to in maxim and precept.

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WNU—M 28-37

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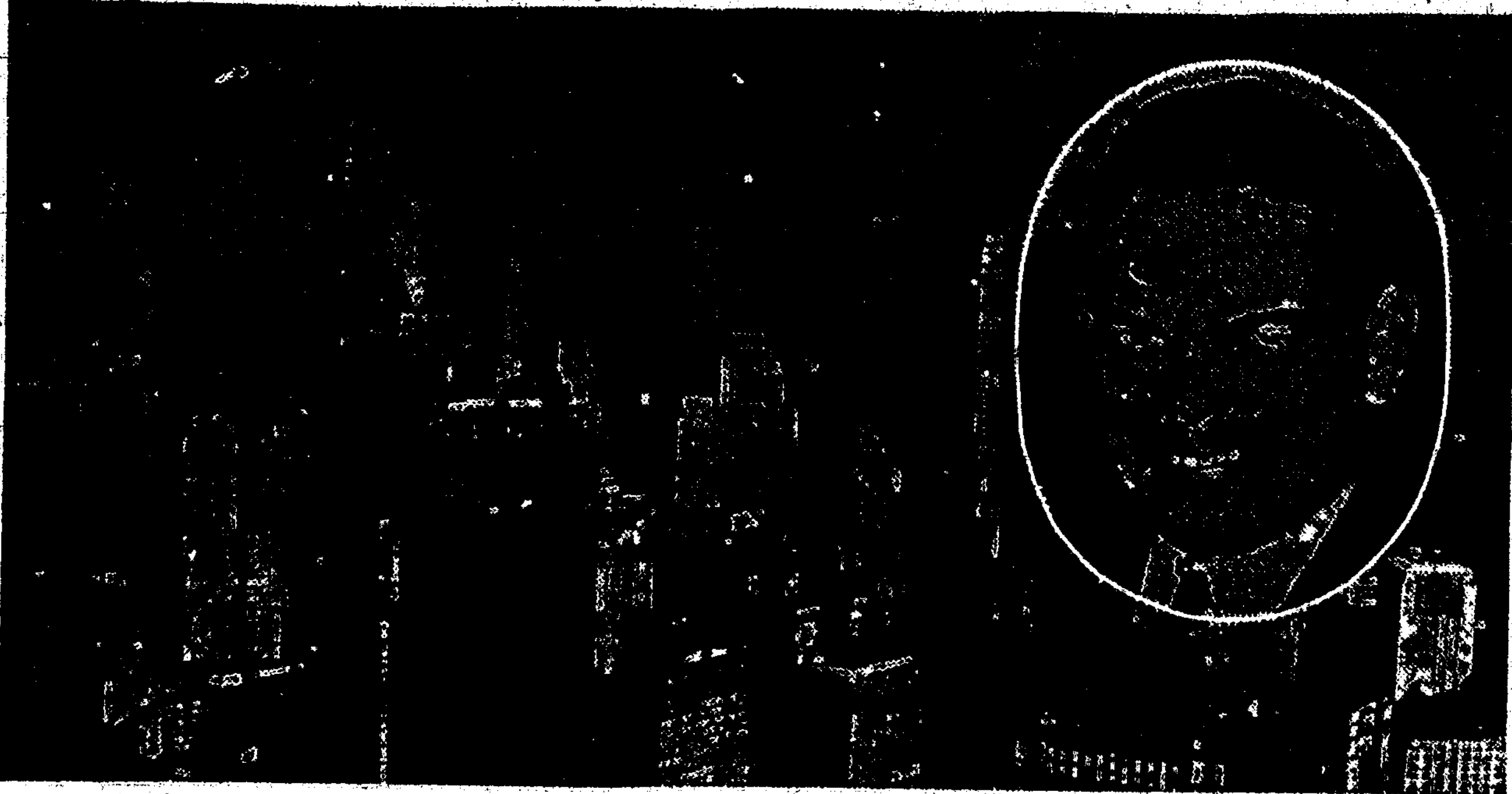
Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy, Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, ruddy complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, the pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes finer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

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DEWEY, THE "RACKET SMASHER"

New York's Aggressive State's Attorney May Be G. O. P. Presidential Timber . . . If He Doesn't "Stumble."



By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

NEW YORK'S racket-busting Messiah may be the Republican party's Messiah as well. A 35-year-old political "youngster" from Owosso, Mich., who stalked both the Tammany tiger and organized crime down Manhattan's jungle, now looms in many minds as the logical G. O. P. choice for White House honors in 1940.

His name is Thomas E. Dewey. He rocket-like career as a special prosecutor for New York city has been in the limelight only two years, but he is almost certain to be offered the Republican nomination for governor next year. If he accepts, if he wins, and if he does not "stumble" in the meantime, Tom Dewey's praises may be sung and re-sung from many a Republican campaign platform in 1940.

Dewey is himself a singer. He graduated from the University of Michigan with every intention of following an operatic career. A Chicago vocal teacher encouraged him to study in New York. While carrying out this advice he took law as a side line, graduating from Columbia university in 1925. Now he manages what is facetiously called a "singing school" for Manhattan's hoodlums, an institution where the greats and small-try of gangdom are urged to "talk."

Started With "Waxie" Gordon. Dewey's career as a Nemesis of organized crime began when George Z. Medalle, widely known trial lawyer and United States attorney for lower New York, encouraged the young barrister to enter his office. Dewey's efforts brought the notorious "Waxie" Gordon to justice in 1933. It was in this case that the Michigan school-boy first displayed his talent for unorthodox legal procedure. He arrested Gordon and the other principal defendants before his office had sufficient evidence to hold them; he pinned his hopes on witnesses to be secured through secret raids.

"Waxie," a beer baron whose power rivaled that of Al Capone in Chicago, had an income of \$1,616,690 in 1930 and 1931, according to internal revenue officials. Like his colleagues in the racket, he kept few records. Dewey's investigations probably taught Gordon more about his financial standing than he ever knew before.

For a short period late in 1933 Dewey was United States district attorney for lower New York, Medalle having resigned. A successor was appointed by President Roosevelt and the Owosso lad went back to private practice, a field which was netting him about \$50,000 a year when he accepted the Herculean task of cleaning Manhattan's Augean stables in 1935. That job paid \$16,695.

Grand Jury on Rampage. It started with a non-conformist grand jury, an independent bunch of rascals who defied the Tammany district attorney and set out to get at the bottom of a crime business that was mulcting New Yorkers out of millions of dollars each year. They got plain mad when witness after witness refused to testify, fearful of punishment at the hands of gangdom's gunmen. Several deliberate tests convinced the jurors that there were underworld spies in the district attorney's office.

While press and public chafed at their inaction, the jury asked for a special prosecutor. District Attorney Dodge rejected all their nominees, including Dewey, whose inhospitable treatment of "Waxie" Gordon had not been forgotten. It was Governor Lehman's intervention that caused Dewey's eventual appointment on June 23, 1935. The war had started.

When Charles "Lucky" Luciano heard about Dewey he dubbed him a "boy scout." So did "Tom the Bull" Pennochio and Little Davy Bettino, who were among Luciano's henchmen. From his splendid apartment atop the Waldorf-Astoria Luciano ruled New York's rackets, but he was a man of mystery whose name must be whispered even

among those few colleagues in crime who knew his identity. The rest of the huge mob reported to subordinate henchmen, and no questions asked.

Must Start at the Bottom. Dewey had decided to overlook the prostitution racket, temporarily at least. Prostitution had been the chief interest of unsuccessful "clean-up" campaigns in the past; to strike against it now might cost what little public confidence he had obtained. But in the end he followed tradition. When you can't get information about those at the top, you must start at the bottom and work up. Prostitution was at the bottom, the most commonplace of the rackets.

Dewey did not know Luciano was the kingpin. He may have had a hunch, even though Luciano was "Mr. Ross" at the Waldorf-Astoria and was a most inconspicuous character. Just as he ensnared "Waxie" Gordon by making raids on the strength of evidence which might turn up later, so did he "put the finger" on Luciano.

In the early morning of February 1, 1936, twenty higher-ups were seized in a raid so secret that it gave the underworld a bad case of jitters. Next day came another swift, secret raid that brought 125 shrieking, kicking women to the Woolworth building "singing school."

The first real break came through Dave Miller, a small-time racketeer who "sang" because his heart was bad and he wanted to be home with the wife and kids. Then came the



Florella LaGuardia, New York's reformist mayor, another man whose Messianic qualities have not been overlooked.

women, whose vocal chords warmed up under the promise of protection. The evidence gradually took shape; the phantom Luciano came to light as a flesh-and-blood character. He was secretly indicted in March.

Big House for "Lucky." "Lucky" fled to Hot Springs, Ark., where he was nobly indicted when arrested. Returned to New York, he was slapped in The Tombs under \$350,000 bail. When the trial arrived, Dewey made it clear that he was not after prostitutes and other underlings.

"I want the big shots. Luciano, sitting away up at the top in his apartment at the Waldorf as the czar of organized crime in this city, and his assistants who, like him, lived on the earnings of these women's bodies."

Luciano drew 30 to 50 years and his assistants were given equally strong terms. If what remained of the gang planned revenge on state's witnesses, they were dissuaded by the judge. He threatened to demand the maximum penalty if any of Dewey's "singers" were harmed.

A climax to the campaign against organized crime arrived November 2, this year, when Dewey was swept into the district attorney's office over his Tammany opponent. It was a triumph over the spoils politics which has gagged New York justice for years. To vanquish Tammany, Dewey's victory was a sting almost as severe as any. Florella LaGuardia's re-election on the Reform platform, whether the tattered tiger will recover its strength by the time next year's gubernatorial election rolls around,

remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the nation's Republican eyes are looking to the Empire state, from whence cometh their strength.

G. O. P. Gives Blessing. Meeting in Chicago immediately after the New York city election, members of the Republican national committee unofficially placed their blessing on Dewey as a young man likely to go places. Among his supporters are Representative Martin of Massachusetts, Col. R. B. Creager of Texas, Daniel E. Pomeroy of New Jersey and Mrs. Ralph A. Harris of Kansas. Chairman John Hamilton and Senator Borah have been equally enthusiastic.

Others, quite logically, look upon Mayor LaGuardia as good G. O. P. presidential timber. But the "little flower" would not gather rural votes like he gathers them in New York. He is short, pudgy, outspoken. He has an Italian name, which falsely connects him with the Fascism he so roundly denounced in his recent battle with Hitler. That a man of Florella LaGuardia's strength and ability should suffer because of these personal matters, is indeed unfortunate. His Reform administration has been just as Messianic as Tom Dewey's racket-busting.

But whether it be Dewey or LaGuardia, the Republican party sees its victory in New York's gubernatorial election looks favorable, they say, with Tammany licked and New Deal Democrats either sullen or indifferent. But the undeniable truth is that LaGuardia's remarkable victory is due in large part to his alliance with the new Labor party, an alliance which may or may not function in the state election.

He's Typically American. Dewey's typical Americanism should preclude the necessity of such strange bedfellows as Labor and the Republican party bunking together in a wholly unnatural brotherhood. For Dewey is a man who—say his supporters—has the background, family connections and unsullied political record to insure popularity.

He came from a family of editors, his grandfather, George Martin, having founded the Owosso Times in 1887. Grandfather Dewey was a Vermont product, a third cousin of the admiral who "took" Manila harbor. Tom Dewey's boyhood was that of any other midwestern child, part of it spent in his dad's newspaper office. At the University of Michigan he didn't join a fraternity but was telegraph editor of the Michigan Daily and made a name for himself in vocal work.

While studying music and law at New York he met attractive Frances Eileen Hutt of Sherman, Texas, a grandniece of the Confederacy's Jefferson Davis. Miss Hutt was a mezzo contralto, and a good one. She climaxed a stage career by carrying the prima donna role with George White's Scandals in 1927. Next year she married Dewey, who by this time had permanently tabled his operatic ambitions in favor of the law.

Just as Mr. and Mrs. Dewey are typical Americans, so are their children, John Martin, two, and Thomas Edmund, Jr., five. They're the kind of youngsters you'd like to believe represent a cross-section of America's coming generation. Whether he becomes a candidate for governor or President, Tom Dewey is probably destined to live the rest of his days on the public payroll. Right now, following a post-election rest in Bermuda with Mrs. Dewey, he's planning big things for the state's attorney's office.

The famous "singing school" will be continued and in all probability many more New York hoodlums will receive vocal instruction from its capable instructors. The prosecutor's office will be open 24 hours a day, every day in the year, Dewey's men will be "riding the tail of the police wagon," in his own words, gathering evidence before the criminal's trail can cool.

Perhaps, by such tactics, the Owosso "boy scout" can continue the record he established as special prosecutor—conviction of 71 of the 73 racketeers he brought to trial!

"Plant Engineering" Would Produce More Satisfactory Crops

Botanist Proposes Use of Growth Hormones

Los Angeles.—"Plant engineering" as an important aid to enterprising horticulturists was forecast by Dr. Frits W. Went, botanist of the California Institute of Technology, in an address here.

The speaker's play on words does not refer to mechanical engineering in the common sense, however. The distinguished plant physiologist really meant literally what he said, viz., the constructive engineering of living plants, with the aim of producing more satisfactory crops. Nominally this may mean the making of big plants where only little ones have hitherto grown; but actually by indirect reaction the plan may bring improvement in quality as well.

The time-honored methods of improving on Nature's forms of vegetation, such as seed selection and hybridization, have well-known limitations. The plant breeder often produces trees with superb quality of fruit, but with poor yield, poor resistance to pests, disease or harsh climate, and worst of all, dwarf growth habits.

Would Use Growth Hormones. At this point Dr. Went proposes to use growth hormones, which are potent organic chemical compounds that may happen to be missing in the case at hand. He considers it not impossible that a vegetable dwarf of choice quality may be led to develop to unprecedented size. If hormone treatment can be made to solve the problem of size and rate of growth, then much greater freedom is allowed to the expert in pollination and hybridization.

The hormone may be administered in the manner of either soluble chemical fertilizer or spray, or by soaking parts of plants or seeds. Unlike fertilizers, the hormones are applied only in extremely dilute form. For example, the rare chemical indoleacetic acid, which has exhibited high hormone potency, may be mixed with as much as 10,000 parts of water for use in soaking cuttings, which one wishes to root rapidly and vigorously.

Hormone application has reference to certain cases where it is not practical to propagate a plant from seed. Such varieties are of course commonly grafted or budded upon robust seedling plants. Unfortunately the graft junction often seems to constitute at least a partial barrier to growth hormones which should be passing regularly from roots to tree-top. As a result many grafted plants are somewhat dwarfed. Artificial application of hormones thus provides the remedy, assuring adequate growth.

"Loose" Protoplasm Has Rhythmic Flow of Higher Life Tissue

Philadelphia.—Protoplasm, the material basis of life, shows even in a "loose" state something of the same kind of rhythmic action that is found in heart tissue and other muscles with nervous systems to guide and co-ordinate their contractions, so states Prof. William Seifriz of the University of Pennsylvania, in Science.

Professor Seifriz has for years made a special study of one of the most familiar forms of "loose" protoplasm, the slime-molds or myxomycetes. These are close to the very bottom of the scale of living things, and consist simply of masses of naked protoplasm without cell walls or any other visible organization.

In this "loose" protoplasmic mass there are constant streaming currents, as indeed there are currents in all protoplasm within living cells of higher life forms. In time-lapse motion pictures taken by two French colleagues, Drs. J. Comhandon and P. de Fontbrune of the Pasteur Institute at Garches, Professor Seifriz has seen how the flow in a myxomycete sets evenly in one direction for 40 or 45 seconds, then reverses and sets in the other direction for an equal period. When the protoplasmic flow is outward, the slime-mold mass contracts, when the flow is inward, it expands.

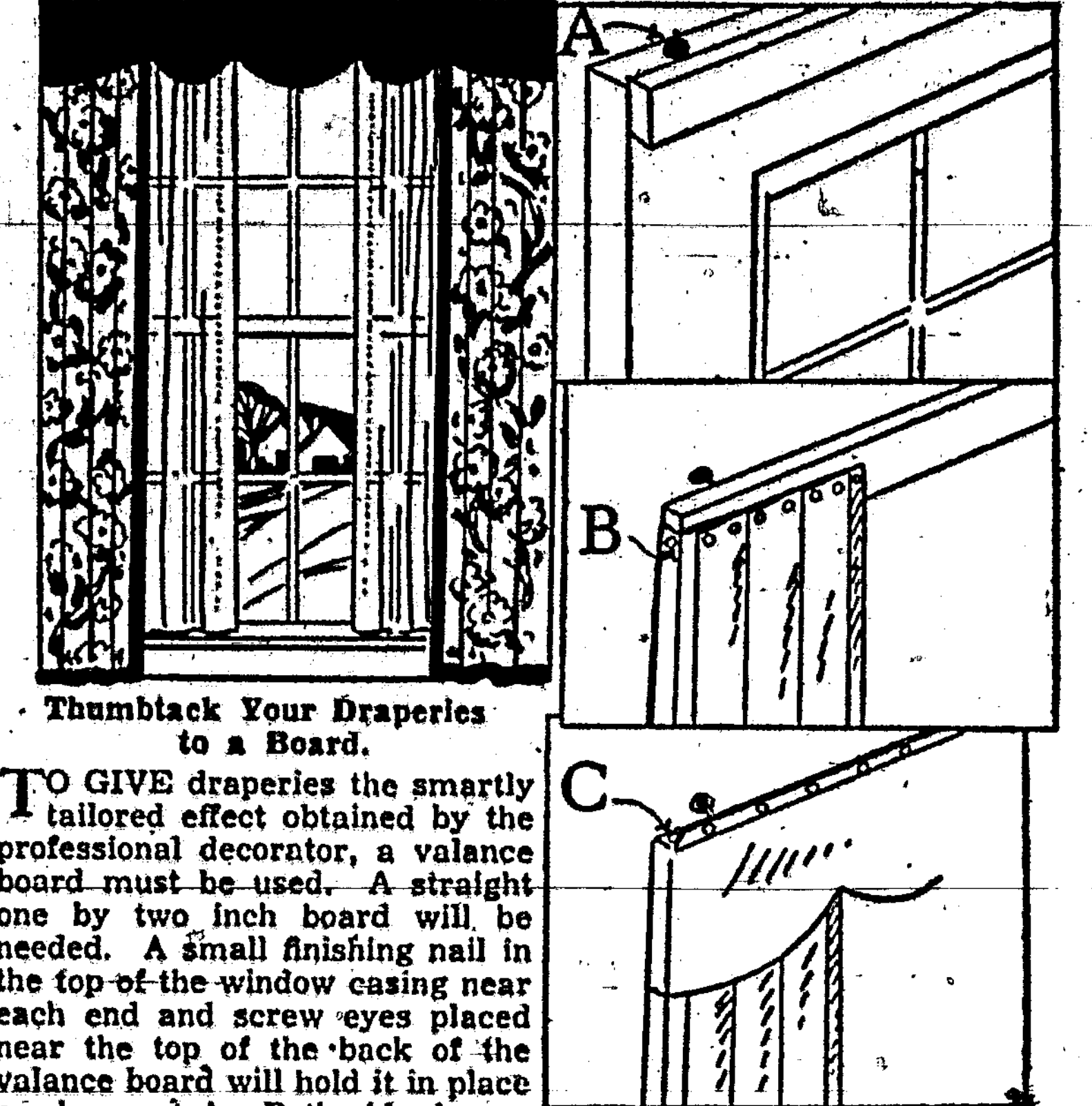
This, among other observed properties and phenomena, is taken by Professor Seifriz as evidence that protoplasm even in its simplest, least "organized" state, is no less truly alive than are some of its more complex forms.

Slow Lightning Found. Pittsfield, Mass.—K. B. McEachron, General Electric engineer here, reports that he has found "slow" lightning that produces no thunder when its leisurely bolts traverse the sky.

Gas From Prickly Pear. Waltair, India.—The prickly pear, considered a public nuisance in India because of its prevalence, is now being used to create a combustible gas having a heating value nearly half as great as ordinary coal gas.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Thumbtack Your Draperies to a Board.
TO GIVE draperies the smartly tailored effect obtained by the professional decorator, a valance board must be used. A straight one by two inch board will be needed. A small finishing nail in the top of the window casing near each end and screw eyes placed near the top of the back of the valance board will hold it in place as shown at A. Both side drapes and valance may be thumbtacked to the board and then be quickly hung all at once by hooking the screw eyes over the finishing nails. Think of the advantage on cleaning day! Just lift board and all off the nails and take outside for dusting.

Tack the side drapes to the board first as at B, arranging fullness in flat pleats. In making the valance, allow enough material to fold around the ends of the board as at C; then tack it along the top, stretching it just enough so that it is perfectly smooth.

The valance shown here is made of glazed chintz and matches the edges of the side drapes. The glass curtains may be hung just inside the window frame or to the bottom of the valance board.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of

Home Heating Hints by John Barclay Heating Expert

IT DOESN'T pay to neglect your heating plant when you know you have a good fire but the heat is below par. You run up fuel bills and make for yourself a lot of trouble and worry which could be avoided.

There are literally dozens of things that make a "sick" furnace refuse to deliver sufficient heat, and unless you are familiar with heating plants, it will pay you to call in a competent furnace man. For instance, the check damper may be placed wrong; the turn damper may be out of position; the regulator may need adjustment; there may be caked soot in the smoke-pipe or on the heating surfaces; radiators may be wrongly pitched; draft may be partially choked; a loose bolt or a rusty joint may be wasting heat.

Those are just a few of the common things that can keep a furnace from delivering enough heat. If you cannot locate the cause quickly and easily, don't take a chance on wasting fuel money. A service man will "spot" the trouble promptly and soon put your heating plant in comfortable, healthful, economical working order. Send for him immediately. WNU Service.

Keats' Epitaph
Keats asked that the following inscription be placed on his grave: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

CONSTIPATED?
What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



THE OUTLOOK

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

Congress—And The Average Citizen

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Although Congress thus far has achieved little in its special session, the American public sees, in current indications, several rays of hope.

From various statements emanating from Washington, the average citizen is encouraged to believe that Government is beginning to think of him as the man for whom it actually exists.

Washington, for example, is giving thought to the great army of American consumers—which includes more than 129,000,000 members. Instructions have been issued to determine why the costs of food and necessities for all the people have risen so markedly in recent years.

It is giving thought to the average citizen as a worker. Efforts are being made to supplant guesswork with actual facts and figures on the numbers of jobless, and the reasons for their unemployment.

It is giving thought to him as a wage-earner. Efforts are being made, by some members of Congress, to strike the shackles from the wrists-of-private enterprise, and thus encourage employers to expand those productive activities on which all payrolls depend.

It is giving thought to him as a taxpayer. Efforts are being made, by some Congressmen, to cut the waste in government which has boosted public debts, public deficits and public spending to heights that take now a terrific toll from all workers, in taxes both direct and indirect.

It is giving thought to him as a citizen and constituent. Many Congressmen are now tuning in on his voice, even though it means sending a less eager ear to bureaucrats who demand huge checks, drawn on the public account, for fresh and often impractical experiments.

All these things are still promises. But, despite earlier disappointments, the American public continues to hope they will be fulfilled. If not, it's a fair guess that a lot of Congressmen are going to be asked the reason why.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico
In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Walter H. Buckius, Deceased, No. 392.

To Mrs. Flora B. Warner, Mrs. E. L. Ott, Mrs. Maryan Bostwick Townner, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Timmons, and Division 31 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Mrs. Maryan Bostwick Townner, Administratrix of the Last Will and Testament of Walter H. Buckius, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Administratrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1938, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., as the hour and day for hearing of objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Maryan Bostwick Townner as such administratrix, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the Administratrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. Mex. Witness the Honorable Marcel C. St. John, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 15th day of November, 1937.

(Seal) Edward Fenfield, Clerk.

FOR SALE—National Geographic Magazines, 1908 to 1936. Excellent condition. Cheap.

J. D. Campbell, 1216 Main Ave., El Paso, Texas.

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HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

FEW 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 each before marriage than after. Bewise. If you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife.

For three-quarter wives, Mandaco has told another how to "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 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 "Smiling Through."

FOR RENT—Rooms: .50 cents per night for transients. Rates for regular roomers furnished on application.—Mrs. R. E. P. Warden.

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Agent for the Albuquerque Tribune

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Easy Terms

ARTHUR CORTEZ
Fort Stanton, N. M.

Beware Kidney Gorms If Tired, Nervous, Aching

Are you one of those who get aching pains in your back, neck, and joints? Do you feel tired and nervous? Do you have aching muscles? Do you have aching joints? Do you have aching nerves? Do you have aching blood? Do you have aching organs? Do you have aching cells? Do you have aching atoms? Do you have aching molecules? Do you have aching quarks? Do you have aching leptons? Do you have aching gluons? Do you have aching photons? Do you have aching neutrinos? Do you have aching electrons? Do you have aching protons? Do you have aching neutrons? Do you have aching quarks? Do you have aching leptons? Do you have aching gluons? Do you have aching photons? Do you have aching neutrinos? Do you have aching electrons? Do you have aching protons? Do you have aching neutrons?

ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?

MEY, because they are not, are never understood a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell out the rest of the time.

No matter how your back aches—how your nerves strain—don't take it out on your husband. For three-quarter wives, Mandaco has told another how to "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 ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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Machineless
Permanent Waves
\$7.50

Bee's Beauty
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Bee Johnson,
Thelma Peters

Defect in Speech
Speech defects occurring in children may be caused by disorders in the emotional life, says Calvin T. Ryan in a Myeta Magazine article. Among the causes he lists: lack of understanding of parents, inconsistency of treatment, laxity in discipline, dependence, dominance on the part of the parent, a too closely planned schedule, influence of a too dynamic personality, overanxiety, quarrel, partiality, irregularity in the hours, and tardy discipline.



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THE Gas REFRIGERATOR
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HERE'S a thrifty present. A gift your family will enjoy for years to come. A new 1938 Servel Electrolux! It will give you permanently silent operation, will actually save enough to pay for itself. See the beautiful new Servel Electrolux models today at our show-rooms.

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Carrizozo, N. M.

LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES



POWEL CROSLY, JR., PRESIDENT OF CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION, AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN BOUGHT AN OLD BATTERY, A BATTERY FAN MOTOR AND SOME ODDS AND ENDS FOR \$25 AND BUILT A HORSELESS CARRIAGE OF HIS OWN.

LODGES

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

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

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially Invited,
Nora Phipps, W. M.
Jeanette Lemon, Sec'y

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

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

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls
Worthy Advisor—
Agnes Degner

Recorder—Evelyn Claunch.
Mother Advisor—Mrs. Dan Elliott.
Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 80, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
O. T. Newton,
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.
Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

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

"Jane Withers" Turbans for Girls and Kiddies.—Burke Art & Gift Shop.

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Lv. Carrizozo 8:30 A. M. Ar. Roswell 12:00 Noon
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See them while the assortment is complete
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4 cups of
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You'll like the way it keeps your back, stomach, and inside clean! Eliminates the left-over food and helps you back, ease headache, indigestion, etc. Garfield Tea is not a miracle worker, but it CONSTITUTIONS bothers you, it will certainly "do wonders!" Use one 3/4 of teaspoon every day. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES OF GARFIELD TEA CO., Dept. C, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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rizozo, New Mexico.

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Inc., Capitan, N. M.**

As Congress Meets

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

As Congress meets in its current special session, the American people look hopefully to Capitol Hill for relief from the many problems which have troubled them through recent months.

For from Washington and elsewhere have come many signs more or less optimistic in nature.

They indicate:
That members of Congress, fresh from human contacts with the men and women back home, will be guided by the wishes of those constituents, rather than by the demands of officeholders and politically-appointed bureau chiefs.

That Congress will again assert a sense of its responsibility under the government of balanced powers established by our Constitution.

That Congress will remember that taxes are paid out of the earnings of the men and women who labor, and that every dollar flung recklessly into new and odd experiments is a dollar out of a wage-earner's envelope or a homemaker's budget.

That Congress will realize that the solution of unemployment lies not in jungles of diagrams and figures, but in encouraging the enterprise which creates employment—and with it national progress.

That Congress will insist that ours is a government of and for all the people, and not for groups and classes favored on the basis of how many votes they represent.

This, say commentators from Washington, represents the spirit of many Congressmen after their healthful contacts with the folks at home.

America will hope it is an accurate picture. And Congressmen should hope so, too. For on the judgment of those folks at home, depends ultimately not only re-election to Congress, but the progress of our nation as well.

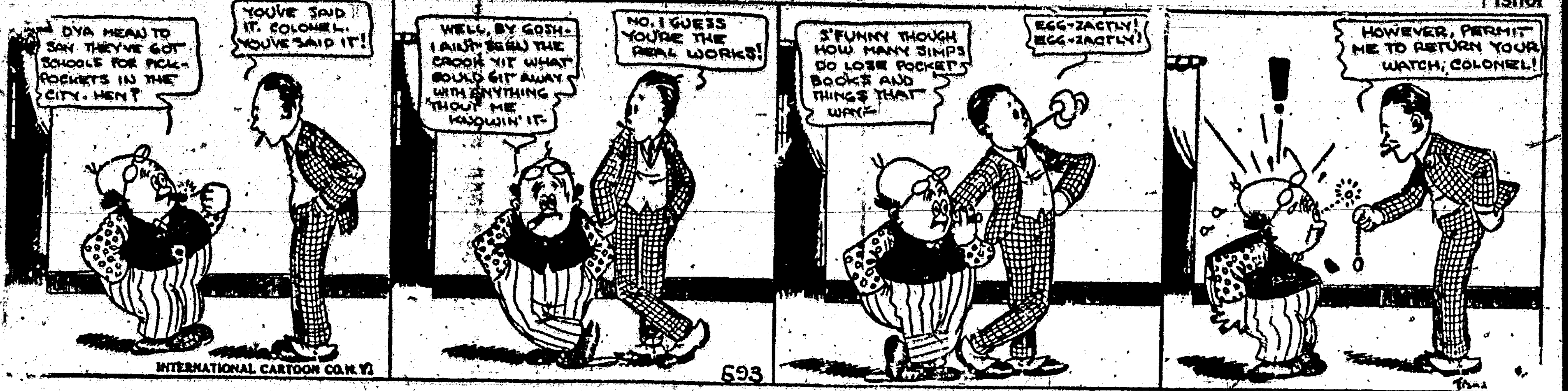
Politicians may talk and threaten, but it is the people who make the decisions and cast the votes.

This is something for Washington to remember—as Congress meets.

Better Days Now

"Is there any truth in the gruesome saying, 'From marriages in May, all the bairns die and decay'?" has been asked. None. The saying arose in older times because infants born in February stood a poor chance, owing to lack of knowledge of infant welfare.—London Times

Raising the Family— Could Henry have attended that School?



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Corner, Stanton & Mills

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DECORATED \$1
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Our checking accounts pay their way—
Help make your bank a safe bank.

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At Carrizozo Pool Hall**

Half soles and heels, Men \$1.
Rubber Heels
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Taps alone .15 and 2
Cowboy Boots, 3 soles, heels \$1.
Complete soles and heels 2.
WORK GUARANTEED
Give me a call and be Satisfied
C.O.D. Orders Accepted
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Box 84, Carrizozo, N.M.

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GREETINGS**

Buy and Use Them

Protecting homes was a duty of the town crier in early days. Christmas Seals also protect homes from tuberculosis.

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Motor Truck Line**

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

General Trucking Service

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Carrizozo Outlook Office

WISE

The wise and pleasant way to relieve a cough due to a cold is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds: Black or Menthol-54.)
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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Come in and see them while the assortment is complete

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

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Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass at 8 and 10 a. m.

Baptist Church
Rev. Vandiver, Pastor

Sunday School—promptly 10 o'clock. Mrs. Spoles, Supt. Church services each 1st and 3rd Sunday morning at 8 o'clock—and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Members are urged to attend and visitors invited to all services. The Baptist W. M. U. meets each 1st and 3rd Wednesday at the Baptist Parsonage from 2:30 until 4 p. m.

Methodist Church
Rev. R. A. Crawford, Pastor

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

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And all intermediate points reached by our Lines. Contract hauling solicited.

BUSTER BOONE
Local Phone 51

Notice to Trespassers

The land northwest of town known as the Ray Lemon ranch is posted against all hunting and trespassing. Violators will be punished according to law.
N19-D10
R. E. Lemon

She Saves Animal Lives—

VIRGINIA KNOWLES, twelve who spends most of her time helping in the Miami animal hospital of her father, D. V. Knowles, is believed the world's youngest veterinary student. Her unusual aptitude for the fascinating work of mercy is readily apparent, whether she be "shooting" a pill down a dog's throat (as shown, at right), helping Dad treat a four-footed patient for skin trouble (below) or administering anesthetic for a canine surgical operation (pictured in circle). Trained since she was six, Virginia now is a "specialist"—in skin disorders.



Picture Parade

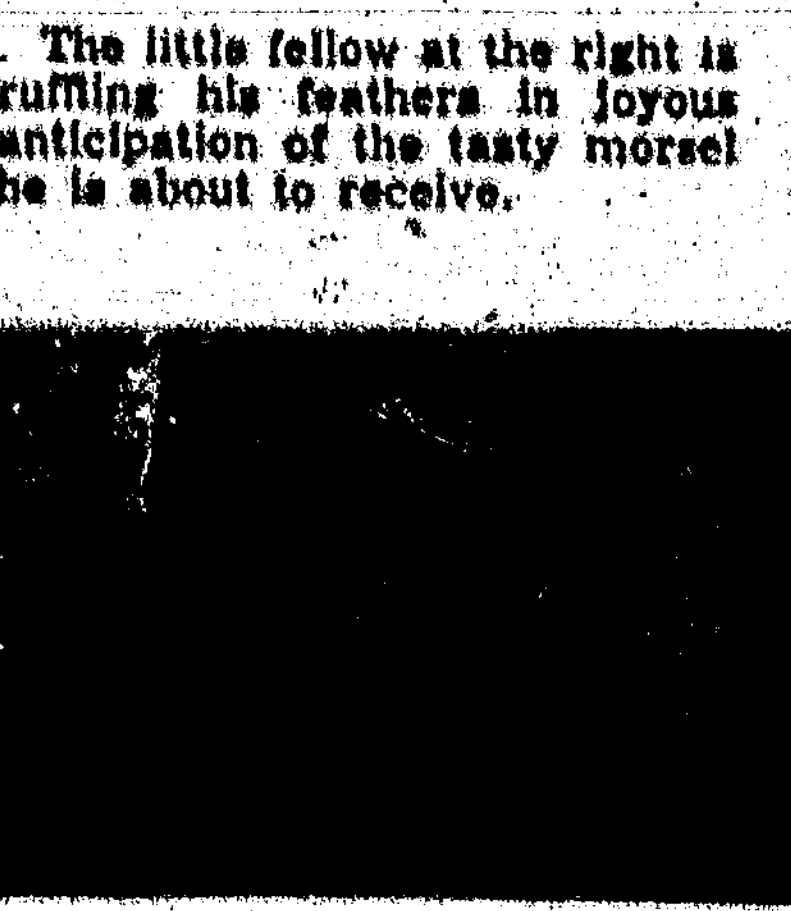


—He Rescues Baby Birds

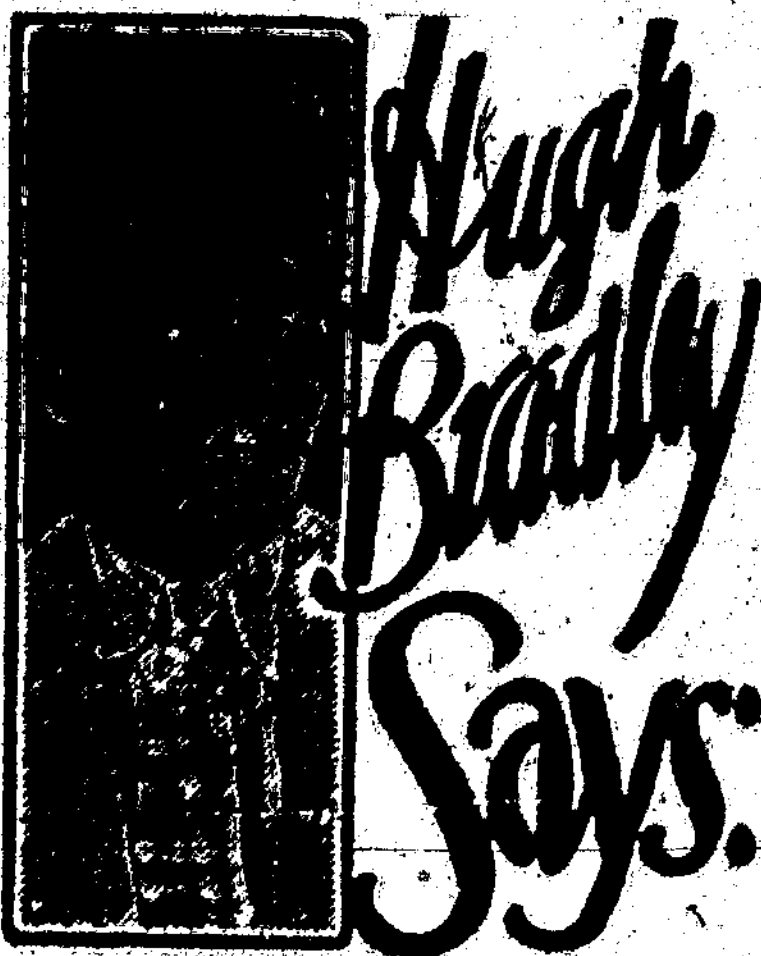
WAYWARD offspring of the world-famous mission swallows of San Juan Capistrano (Calif.) are the objects of Father Arthur J. Hutchinson's mercy. Faced with the problem of fledglings that fall from their nests in the mission ruins and become injured, the Padre enlisted the help of Mrs. Reyes Yorba, guide, and formed a tiny "hospital" on a shelf near the mission gate. Here the kindly bird doctors maintain a routine as rigid as that of any well-organized infirmary. Several times a day the little feathered patients are fed hamburger from the tip of Mrs. Yorba's finger. This is washed down with water from an eyedropper. Wounded legs and wings are carefully massaged at regular intervals. As a result, the fledglings never fly with their parents to seek food, but stay in the mission gardens, where they are protected from harm.



Perhaps the friendliness of Father Hutchinson (left) is what brings the swallows back by the thousands, on the same day, March 19, of every year.



The little fellow at the right is ruffling his feathers in joyous anticipation of the tasty morsel he is about to receive.



Clint Frank, Rams Leading Performers in Football World

SOME day I am going to learn to say "No" in the manner of those big personality boys whose square chins adorn the success ads. Meanwhile it looks as though I am hooked again. On the desk there is the regular weekly assortment of invitations to serve (gratis) on various committees to name the sports greats of the last eleven months. Obviously, such a task should only be undertaken by those supremely confident that they are divinely guided. With millions of boys and girls straining muscles daily for the sake of Alma Maters, or merely for the fun of it, a lone mortal's a sucker for thinking he has a chance to guess right. Nevertheless, having always been a pushover for guessing games, I have been devoting the last two and three-quarter minutes to the requests. Herewith are the answers: Best football player of the year—Clint Frank of Yale. Best Eastern football team—Fordham. Best football team—Fordham. Best amateur athlete—Johnny Goodman. Five greatest athletes of the year—Henry Armstrong, Clint Frank, Don Budge, Charley Gehring, Johnny Goodman.

UNTIL 600 millionaire stockholders were overcome by their own ineptitude, Madison Square Garden was the biggest name in the prize-fight business. Watching the show at the St. Nicks the other night and listening to the oldtimers' gossip, I was reminded, though of something. It is that boxing never could have prospered in New York save through the diligent efforts of the small-club promoters.

St. Nicholas Palace Rich in Memories

In recognition of these men, the ambitious kids willing to chance beatings and small purses for the sake of future fame, and the fans who long have supported them so loyally, I am starting a new series. Other fragmentary sketches, written in the attempt to catch the spirit of these Bulwarks of Boxing, will follow from time to time.

St. Nicholas Palace (this year renamed the Royal Windsor)—It was here that Diamond Jim Brady, a regular ring-side patron, jumped up from his seat to present Ted Kid Lewis with a diamond pin from his tie after one of Lewis' swell brawls.

A boisterous place it was soon after it came into being 34 years ago. Jim Buckley heaved a cop out of the window one night when boxing was banned in New York and the law tried to stop one of Buckley's membership shows. An injunction, granted by the late Mayor Gaynor, permitted Buckley to run his shows, and he refused to let anything prevent him from doing so.

Many a pickpocket was loose in those unballowed days, too. It was here that Joe Humphries jumped into the ring one night when two battlers were heaving leather. "Better keep your hands in your pockets, boys. You, too, Al Smith," Joe roared. "A couple of boys from downtown just walked in."

When Willie Jackson Fought Johnny Dundee

Of course, there were more dignified proceedings upstairs, just as there were down in the basement, where Princeton's great Hobey Baker started his hockey career.

Jimmy Johnson brought Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran here first to attend local fight fans with their skill and speed. Gunboat Smith, in his debut at St. Nicks, hit his opponent so hard that the fellow's left shoe went flying through the air.

Abe Attell used to come here. Stand with the gambling gentry in the back and wager all the bobs he could on himself. After a hasty visit to the dressing room, rush into the ring and give one of his greatest exhibitions.

Willie Jackson fought here. Life has not been entirely kind to Willie. He gets in on Annie Oakley's new when he visits fight clubs. But once he drew over \$10,000 against Johnny Dundee at this club. A guy had to be good to draw that kind of money. But good ones were always fighting at the St. Nicks. Jack Blackburn, trainer of Joe Louis, got his start here. So did Max Baer, Joe Rivers, K. O. Brown, Jack Dillon, Mike Gibbons, Tom Kennedy, Leach Cross and, oh, so many others.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

COMMANDER ANDY McFALL, graduate manager of athletics at Annapolis, thinks the present Bill Ingram is the greatest of all that famous Navy family so far as all-around athletic ability is concerned—Bill's a baseball slugger as well as a smooth basketball guard and almost everybody knows what he can do on a football field—Now that King Clancy has retired Aurel Joliat holds the National Hockey League continuous service record. He's starting his sixteenth season with Les Canadiens—Among other very good reasons why Helen Willis will not turn pro is the fact that tennis promoters will not offer enough money. They say she would be a good draw with the Park Avenue trade on a one night stand but would flop on the road—Herb McCracken, former Lafayette football coach, now devotes himself to publishing a scholastic magazine and scouting Columbia for Stanford. He rates Mayberry of Florida as the best back he's seen in years.

Wrestling moguls are in the midst of a new under-cover peace conference. This time they claim order can be established in their pretty profession if the Dusek boys are left out in the cold—Bill Stewart, National league umpire and Chicago Black Hawks manager, is the only American born hockey boss but he is not the only American citizen. Detroit's Jack Adams took out his final papers last summer—"Funny thing about that touchdown we scored against Navy," says Columbia's Sid Luckman. I yelled: 'C'mon, gang, let's go 75 yards for a touchdown.' And we did."

Fudge Hefelfinger, all-time Yale great, picks Hector Cowan of Princeton as the best lineman he ever saw. He calls Bum McClung of Yale and Willie Heston of Michigan the best backs... Chuck Good, whose dad writes sports for the Toronto Star, will play center for the Bronx (hockey) Tigers this winter.

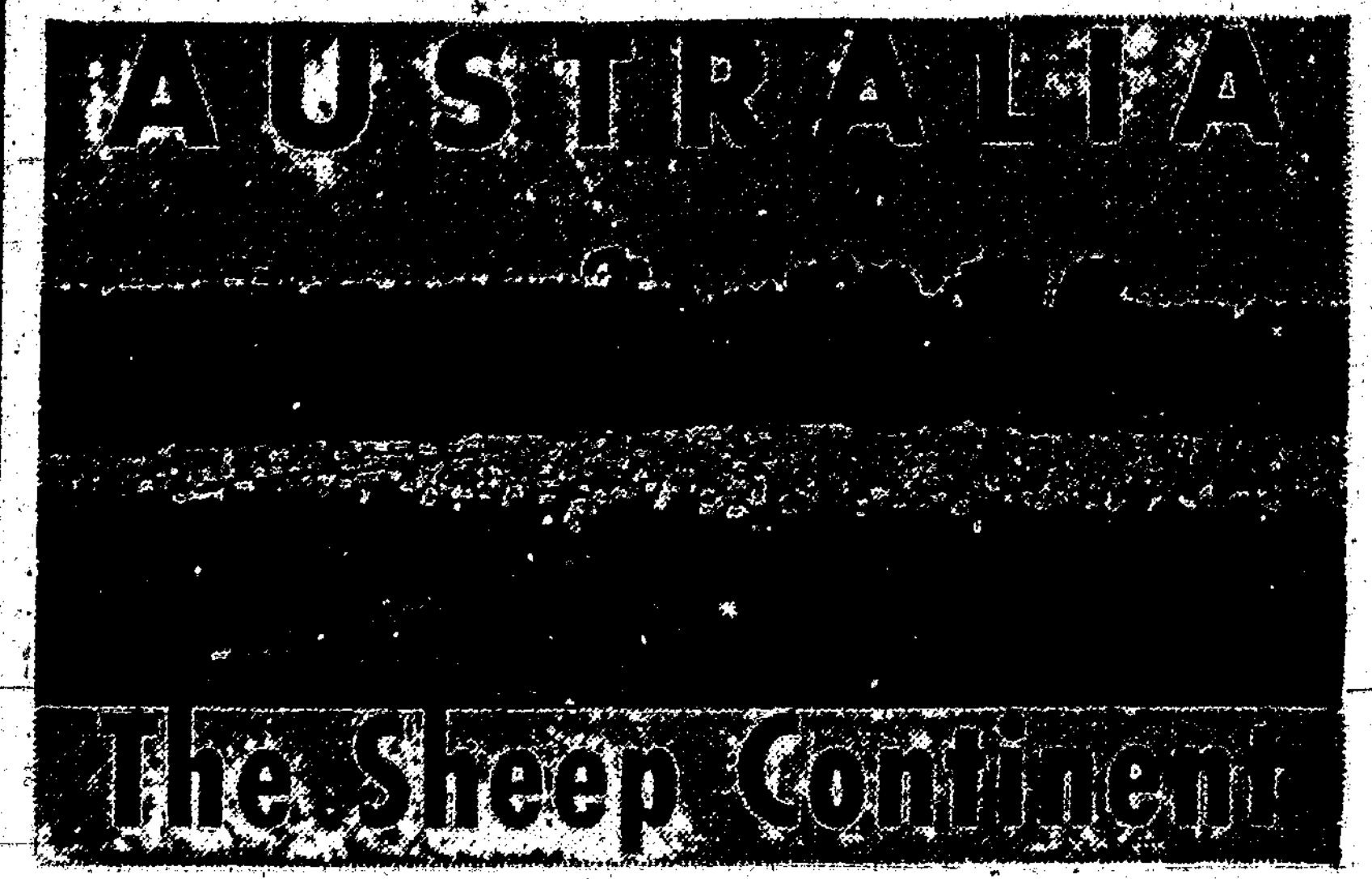
Cuyler Slated for Syracuse Manager

Word is out that Kiki Cuyler will manage Syracuse in the International league next summer... The reason for Minnesota's failure to score more often was the absence of Ed Widseth's down field blocking. The big fellow really wiped 'em-out-last-season, just as he recently did for the Giants. Although the jobs pay \$25 a night plus \$6 for expenses, referees shy away from Canadian-American Hockey league assignments. Too many fans like to heave pop bottles in too many of the towns... Harry Morrissey, the celebrated race starter, who died last week, liked to be called a "commencer."

Breaner, flashy Flebe back who lost out at Navy last year because of eye trouble, is expected to star for Stanford in 1935... The Middles stand to lose another budding Grange in Hardin, a husky line-smacker who is having steady difficulties... Harwood, center, and Lenz, back, are the best prospects now with the Plebes... Down in Maryland they say that a 145-pound Washington college scolar named Hugh Gibbons Young could make any team in the country. He is a triple threat who never gets hurt. Backs up a line like a Mallory and runs the 100 in 9.6... Lon Fink, who used to train Gene Tunney and Tony Casoneri, now is doing the same for John Hay Whitney, the boss man... War Admiral and American Flag, both sons of Man o'War, are the only celebrated three-year-olds of the last seventeen years to go through their season undefeated.

Bowling shares popularity with hockey as Winnipeg's winter madness with 120 alleys being grouped in one area near the center of the town—A week or so ago, while mentioning the number of married men among the hockey Rangers, this misinformer clean forgot that Ott Heller became a husband last summer—Informed football men will tell you that the field judge, whose job is the newest of the four, is the most important official operating on the gridiron. If he is as active as Tommy Degan or Shorty Miller, to mention two very good ones, he is always in a position to spot those down-the-field fouls which win or lose games—Joe Medwick broke into professional baseball under the name of Mickey King—New York will bid for the public parks tennis championships for 1935, the World's Fair year.

Notre Dame's first football game was played against Michigan in 1887. The Wolverines came to South Bend a day in advance of the contest so that they might instruct the green Irish as to how the game should be played. They did such a good coaching job that they were led by 2 to 6—Marshall Newell, one of the four men to be placed on Walter Camp's All-America team for four years, was one of the lightest tackle of all time. Fully equipped with a Harvard accent he weighed only 136 pounds—Yale beat Dartmouth, 113 to 0, in 1904, but even at that there were some compensations in being an Indian gridiron warrior in those days. The athletes were fed rare roast beef three times a day and for dinner each of them had two mugs of ale.



Driving Australian Sheep to Pasture.

AUSTRALIA is almost as big as the United States, but its vast face presents a striking contrast to the American landscape. This ancient eroded land mass has no extensive mountain ranges, no great river systems. The granite ridge of Mount Kosciusko, 7,330 feet above sea level, in the southeastern corner of New South Wales, is the highest point on the continent.

For 900 miles along the southern coast there flows not a single river. Many other miles are little better served, as existing stream beds are often dry for many months. The Murray-Darling is the one large river system of the continent. From its source in the Queensland highlands, less than a hundred miles from the coast, to its mouth at the sand reef of the Corang, southeast of Adelaide, the stream travels 2,310 miles. Except for length, however, it is no Mississippi. Its drainage area is much smaller, and much of the water is lost before it reaches the main channel.

Where Australian pioneers in their westward march from the Alleghenies progressively found well-watered fertile lands awaiting their plows, Australian pioneers were baffled by sterile inland areas where they could find not even water to drink.

Lakes that were only colossal salt pans; rivers that were dry or stagnant with brine; and vast rocky and sandy wastes—such were the reports that Stuart, Eyre, Stuart, and other Australian explorers brought back from the interior where their parties had suffered untold privations and harrowing hardships. Leichhardt marched inland and vanished. Burke and Willis perished of starvation on Cooper's creek.

Coastal Belts Are Fertile. But Australia is by no means entirely desiccated. Indeed, along the coastal belts and extending for several hundred miles inland the land is flushed with fertility. A broad band of vegetation extends along the north, east, and southeast edges of the continent, covers a wide triangle in the southwest corner of Western Australia, and blankets most of Tasmania.

Its development is a fascinating story. Here, within the short span of a century, resourceful Australian settlers have carved out farms and pasture lands so big and productive that they help to fix the price of the world's bread and meat and clothing. Here they have reared bustling commercial marts with world-wide interests and growing population—Sydney and Melbourne claim more than a million people each.

Frontiers move farther inland, but even the most conservative authorities estimate that, in already developed lands, the present population could be quadrupled without congestion. A striking feature of Australia today is the concentration of more than 62 per cent of her entire population in the six capital cities and the urban centers. Yet, paradoxically, beyond the cities and extending to the far horizons of "way out back" are found the commonwealth's chief resources.

Mobs of sheep are grazing across endless plains; cattle are bawling beside water holes and kicking up long banners of dust as they move on muster; seas of golden wheat ripple beneath sunny skies; and in eucalypt forests axes ring; and from molelike burrowings in the earth men are bringing up minerals to feed factories and gold to be stacked in the world's treasure vaults. "An improbable dream of a visionary enthusiast"—such was the label that Australia's first settlers attached to the idea that the country might become a prosperous sheep land. Some were positive that the flocks could not thrive on Australian grasses, which are dry during the summer months, and, even if they did, the wool would deteriorate to scraggly hair in the hotter climate of the continent.

How It Became a Sheep Land. But Capt. John MacArthur, one-time of the New South Wales Corps and somewhat of a political firebrand in the infant period of Australia's settlement, thought otherwise. Therein lies the romance of an industry that has few parallels in commercial history. Wool has been to Australia what cotton has been to the American South. Today a fifth of the country's productive wealth is carried

on the backs of her sheep. From the meager flocks with which MacArthur and other pioneers began their systematic breeding, there has grown the amazing total of more than 114 million animals, which supply between a fourth and a third of the world's wool requirements.

The generations of sheep breeders that followed MacArthur's footsteps have taken their flocks over wide areas of the continent. Through increased watering facilities, by means of artesian bores, millions of animals now are ranging in regions once considered useless.

As the world's wool-hungry mills have increased their demands, so station (ranch) owners also have increased the weight and quality of the fleeces.

Today the average clip (including lambs) has risen to eight-and-a-half pounds, twice that of pioneer days; but you see some wrinkle-necked old merino rams that are carrying the equivalent of seven suits of men's clothing on their bodies. In length, fineness, and strength of its fiber Australian wool is unsurpassed.

Life on the Sheep Ranch

A sheep ranch is a complete community in itself. It usually has its own post office, telegraph station, and power plant. Although not on the sumptuous scale of some of the palatial residences of the Argentine pampas, many of these commodious station homes, surrounded by flowering gardens, are perfect in every appointment and convenience. In some respects they are the Australian equivalent of old English manors.

Beyond each central residence is clustered a full complement of barracks and houses for the station hands and families; also stables, blacksmith and machine shops; laundry, butchery, and bakery. And outlying there are the long corrugated-iron woolsheds and stock pens.

Life is unhurried in these nerve centers of the country's chief industry. The manager seldom assigns more than one task a day to his men. Some days they do little, but they are always ready to work long fatiguing hours when the occasion demands.

By the sweat of their own brows most owners have built and managed their own estates. While there are some absentee owners, by far the majority know the meaning of work. Sons, too, grow up in the business. On many stations one finds these young "jackaroos" working to fit themselves to become station managers.

With perhaps forty men under his direction, a manager's life is a busy one. There are always inspection trips to see the condition of water and grass on the runs, repairs to be maintained, and a multitude of other tasks to keep the station going.

Here in the saddle most of Australia's polo players gain their training. The men also find recreation in hunting or tennis.

Culture Is Not Lacking.

The wives of the managers are cultured and many have traveled widely. In the outback it is rather surprising to find people so conversant with the latest books, music, and, of course, the races.

Before telephones and radios came, station life was more isolated. Motorcars and even airplanes in many places have brought distant towns next door.

One of the most remarkable things, as you travel through the sheep districts, is the comparative absence of sheep on the landscape. When you comment on it up in Queensland, a station man explains that he has traveled a thousand miles through one region where there were a million sheep being pastured, yet on the whole trip he has not seen a single sheep!

At Boonoke, where there are about a hundred thousand animals, the plains seem empty. The flocks are broken up into smaller groups and have their own separate runs, but even on the fertile grasslands of that station there is less than one sheep to the acre. In more arid regions the acreage is considerably greater.

As you speed across the rolling plains of one station in an American truck, you see dozens of kangaroos rise up like posts above the grass and then take to their heels as you approach.

Propelling themselves with only their powerful hind legs, with their tiny undeveloped front legs held high, their running seems uncanny. But as your speedometer touches 45 miles an hour, some old kangaroos keep pace beside the car.

There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

© Sophie Kerr Underwood.
WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"All the same," chimed in Miss Towers, "it's Mr. Cayne who knows what they've got. He'd miss a dish-rag if it disappeared irregular."

Towers made a warning sign. "He's got a keen eye, Mr. Cayne, that's a fact. Well, Rachel, I guess I better show you the bedrooms. The missis and I have got to get at that stack of dishes in the pantry."

Mr. Cayne's room communicated with his wife's, it was done in black oak and Jacobean linen, heavy and severe. Rachel noticed that there was only one mirror, a relief from Mrs. Cayne's bewildering panels. Then into Holbrook's room, which looked like a girl's—furniture painted white, a gray rug, rose-colored curtains. But there were shelves full of books and Rachel would have liked to read the titles, for these were the only books she had seen in the apartment. Under Towers' direction she folded the bedcovers, laid out slippers, pajamas and dressing gowns, lit bedside lamps. Holbrook had pale gray pajamas piped with rose, Oriental sandals and a dark rose-red brocade robe—Towers sniffed as he displayed them. "His mother likes him to doll up like that," he commented, "not that he needs any encouraging." Mr. Cayne's pajamas were cotton, his dressing gown a worn and weary dark wool. While they were in his room he came to the door. "Is that the new maid, Bert?" he said. "I want to speak to her a minute."

He waited until Towers had gone back to the kitchen. "How are you getting along?" he asked, anxiously. "Have you noticed anything suspicious?" Rachel tried to be a real detective for a moment. "No. Lena alluded to the thefts indirectly, but Towers signified to her to be quiet. But that was only because I'm a new servant and they're very loyal to you."

"That's what I told Terriss, that's what I told Terriss."

CHAPTER IX

"Where'll we go?" asked Curt. "This being the maid's only day out per week, I want to give her a time. How about the Plaza and a spot of tea-dancing? Look at me, I have a new suit and necktie, I'll almost do you credit."

"I'm afraid I'll run into my madam and her darling child," said Rachel. "We'd better go somewhere not so grand, though it is a pity to waste all your style! You had your hair cut, too, I notice."

"And the barber flung smelly viole, perfume on me before I could stop him. I've aired myself violently since, but I know I'm still a bit whiffy."

"Oh, perfume! Mrs. Cayne is a gale of gardenia, it almost makes me sick sometimes."

"Rachel, I'm glad to see you!" "It's like returning to sanity to see you. That's a strange household, Curt. Or maybe I'm strange."

"You're not strange, my dear—but I think—perhaps, in spite of your looking so smart and sophisticated, you've not had a—shall I say—a great variety of experience. We'll go in here for tea; this is quiet. And you tell me why your Cayne family is cuckoo."

"They're not cuckoo, they're only badly adjusted."

"Badly adjusted to one another? You mean they're unhappy?"

"I don't believe they think they're unhappy."

"If they don't know it, then it doesn't matter. There's no reason why you should care whether they're happy or not."

Rachel backed quickly away from her indiscretion. "No, of course not, but I don't like it."

"Rachel, are you developing a social conscience?"

"Don't make fun of me when I'm enjoying my day out and the lovely soak I had in my own tub and fluffing up my hair and putting on my best frock to have tea with my boy-friend."

"Your boy-friend thanks you for that word."

"I should have said one of my boy-friends, though I gather that in the best servants' circles it is considered bad form to have more than one."

"But what about the burglaries? Nothing happened?"

"Nothing so far. And I don't believe the Towerses did them. Mr. Terriss thought maybe they'd been speculating, or had bought some property, and were stuck for taxes, or were sending money to old parents on the other side, but none of that's true. They've got a great big solid savings account and some government bonds. And the chauffeur and his wife are the same, all four of them are terribly smooty about these little suburban lots some of their friends have bought. They say it's a sucker's game—isn't it funny?"

"Are you sure they're not kidding you?"

"Yes, I am. They like me, Curt, and they think I'm one of them. Be-

side, I've seen the bank books, Lena showed them to me and urged me to begin to save, too. They're really sweet, Curt, they're all concerned over my poverty and thriftlessness. We get along awfully well. And you ought to see me in my uniforms—gray poplin in the morning and a nifty gray taffeta in the afternoon, with a little tricky dotted swiss apron and collars and cuffs. If I had a long-handled duster I could go on the stage, and sing in musical comedy. And my manner is marvelous. Yes, madame, no, madame, of course you're right, madame. When I leave I'm going to get my picture taken in my afternoon outfit. Vinco could sell it to somebody who makes maids' uniforms for a bunch of money."

"I notice that neither your appearance nor your ego has suffered. Apparently you're the belle of the servants' hall. So why all that wall about returning to sanity and a strange household?"

Rachel armed herself with caution. "Maybe you're right about my never having had much experience. And then maybe it's because I'm looking at the Cayne family from within and beneath. But—they're all wrong. The son wants to be an artist and his father won't hear of it. The mother sides with the son and what I've noticed is



"Why Bother About Family Quarrels?"

that they don't sit down and drag all their thoughts and feeling to the surface the way my—mother—and I always did; they hide them and fight subterraneously, scoring infinitesimal points, or else they have raging arguments—and—oh well, it seems so petty and so unnecessary. And it gets them nowhere."

"It's a very usual situation, I should say. You're taking it too seriously. You're there to find out who stole the cigarette box and Mrs. Cayne's ring and not to practice amateur psychiatry. Why bother about the family quarrels?"

She turned the matter away lightly. "I don't really take it very seriously, Curt; but I'm there under their roof and Towers and his wife talk about them all the time and it does seem a pity."

"Lots of things are a pity. It's a great pity you won't have dinner and go to a show with me—there's something I could weep about."

"Go ahead and weep. I am sorry, but Pink and I are having dinner together and afterwards Terriss is coming so that I can report to him fully."

Curt chuckled. "You sound so important and Sherlockish! A full report oughtn't to take so long. How about it if I call up a little after nine? We could take in a late movie and split a herring at a night club. Don't you realize how much I've missed you?"

"How you flatter, mister! I'd love to gad around a bit, but there again—suppose I run into my esteemed employers and they see I'm leading a double life? Not so good."

"I'll call up anyway. You haven't any other date?"

"No." She knew he was thinking of the man she had talked of wanting to evade. She had not seen Oliver Land nor heard from him since the night he had staged his trick to get money from her and she wondered what Curt would say if she told him about that.

He began to talk about other things and kept it up all the way down to the apartment. "Remember, I'll call you up about nine-thirty," he said as he left her, "and I'll find some place not infested with Caynes for us to go."

Pink had just come in, she was on the crest of the wave, her immediate superior in her department was about to be transferred and Pink was heading for his place through a dire mesh of office politics and intrigues. She was far too absorbed in her own affairs to want to know about Rachel's and Rachel

was glad enough of this, for Pink's curiosity once aroused was as far-reaching and thorough as her enthusiasms and her opinions.

Rachel sat still and seemed to listen while Pink sparkled and gesticulated, but she was busy with her own thoughts. The apartment's studied bareness and simple old furniture had never looked so good to her. "I had to learn that by contrast," she thought. "I took it for granted before. Like simple food and Pink's table manners and no heavy perfume about and Pink even when she's raging, isn't thoughtless of other people's feelings. It all belongs together. Curt belongs, too. But most of all Anne. Curt was right, I've had no variety of experience. Well, I'm getting it now."

Terriss was in time, dry and blank as before. Pink gave him one look and came to instant decision. "I'm going over to the Steeles," she said. "Back about half past ten. What time do you have to check in at your job, Rachel?"

"Before twelve. But Curt Elton—"

"Oh—a date with Curt! Well, phone me at the Steeles and say good-by."

A gleam of interest showed in Terriss' eyes as Pink departed. "That young lady is very full of pep," he commented; then recalling himself to business: "Go ahead, Miss Vincent, give me a general outline and I'll take up special points as they come along. Don't tell me what you think, but what you've actually seen and heard. You said over the phone the other day that the butler and cook both have bank accounts. How do you know?"

"Lena showed me their books. They're in the Bowers Savings bank. He has eight thousand and she has over six thousand. They've each got five thousand dollars' worth of government bonds; I saw those, too. They save practically all their wages. They each carry a thousand dollars' worth of straight life insurance to have real nice funerals, Lena said. I wrote down the numbers of the bank books after I'd seen them."

"Have they talked about the thefts?"

"Towers not at all, Lena very little and when she does it's in hints about the disgrace of being wrongly suspected and how, if it wasn't for Mr. Cayne, they'd find another place. They simply worship Mr. Cayne. That I'm sure of."

"But they don't care so much for the missis, hey?"

"No—I don't believe they do."

"She's sharp with them, makes them stand around?"

Rachel chose her words. "She requires a great deal of service and she doesn't realize how much work a few extra orders can make."

Terriss frowned. "Mr. Cayne may be easy for his help to work for, but he makes it hard enough for me. He wouldn't let me crack down on the servants, and he's never let me say a word to Mrs. Cayne nor the young man. Either of them ever speak of the thefts before you?"

"No, not a word. Mrs. Cayne is very careless with her jewelry, she has a great deal of it and leaves it about where anyone could pick up a piece or two. The little safe where it's supposed to be kept isn't locked half the time. Mr. Cayne showed it to me one day when she was out. It's a joke, you could open it with a bent pin."

"Do you think Mrs. Cayne even knows about the thefts? I asked Mr. Cayne, but he made me an answer that was neither yes or no, and showed that he didn't like the question. So I was stopped there."

"Why, I don't know, Mr. Terriss, I never thought but that Mrs. Cayne knew about them, but it's true—she might not."

"Has the son any intimate friends, any young fellow he pals around with who's at the house very

often? Or has Mrs. Cayne got any of these female hangers-on that most rich women have, in and out, familiar, getting presents of her old dresses and the like?"

"Not that I've seen. The son's had young people in twice for cocktails, in the afternoon before his father got home. Mrs. Cayne goes out a good bit, but it's usually to some big beauty establishment, she's—she's awfully interested in keeping fit."

Terriss looked at Rachel with curiosity. "Does she and Mr. Cayne get alone pretty good?" he asked.

"They don't agree about the son, but I only get this second hand, Mr. Terriss, from what Towers and Lena say."

Terriss considered. "The son don't go to school?"

"That's the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Cayne. Mr. Cayne wants him to go to college or at least to a business school and he wants to go to an art school and his mother sides with him, so this winter he's gone nowhere. He's awfully spoiled."

"A rich brat, hey?" Terriss considered again. "If I could only talk plain man-to-man stuff with Mr. Cayne! But he won't stand for it. You're doing all right, Miss Vincent, don't let half as dumb as I'd expected. Now you fly at it for another week and concentrate on the family's friends, specially the boy's. Get their names and addresses if you can, the names anyway. Don't let up on the servants either; they may be slicker than I think, and their having bankbooks don't prove anything. Ask 'em about pawnshops, tell 'em you've got something you want to hock, show 'em an old piece of jewelry or something to back it up. If they give you any names slip right out and phone me what they say. Ask the chauffeur and the hundred too. The whole four may be in cahoots. See if they've got any private phone numbers written down anywhere and copy 'em for me."

Then Rachel said something she had not meant to say, but which she knew, now, had underlain all her answers to his questions. "I don't like doing this, Mr. Terriss. I wish I needn't go back."

"That's what I've been expecting," said Terriss, slowly and gloomily. "I guessed all along it was just a kind of a whim. Young people nowadays got no guts, they don't want to do a job thorough. Any little fancy they take it's a reason for quitting and letting you all down. I've been leery of you all along, Miss Vincent, I didn't believe you could stand the gaff. But I did think you'd last longer than three weeks."

"I'm sorry—" she began, but he waved his hand and went on talking.

"When I was young a job of work you undertook had to be finished, whether it was fun or not. Fun! I'm sick of the word. You thought all this would be a great big lot of fun and now you see there's some actual labor and thinking involved and that scares you. Okay, you can quit right now, in fact you'd better quit if you're that way."

"I didn't mean that," said Rachel. "I only meant—I wasn't looking for fun, and well—I've tried honestly to do what you want, but I don't think I'm any good at it, it seems so hopeless—"

He was tremendously disturbed, his careful mask gone. "It's not hopeless at all. You're doing fine, didn't I tell you so? I didn't intend to speak so severe, Miss Vincent, but I was taken aback, and disappointed! I sized you up to have character! Yeah, character and class! I realize you're not a trained operative, but you got sense! You got a good memory! You know how to get at people. Look at what you've done with that butler and cook in this little time! Don't say you're quitting on me when you're doing so well!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In Step With Santa Claus



KEEPING up with the Joneses is easy—it's keeping up with Santa Claus that has Sew-Your-Own in stitches currently. We got a peek at his wares, though, and frankly we copied some of his artistry. (You can see for yourself there's a "Christmasy look" about today's trio of fashions.) And happily you can do more than look and wish—you can make them realities the easy way: just sew, sew, Sew-Your-Own!

Cute and Cozy. Look your prettiest in leisure or on the job in the lusciously feminine house coat) above, to the left. Made in handsome silk crepe or very lightweight corduroy it is as cozy as a love seat before an open fire. Make it either in the short length (see inset) or regular dress length.

Feminine Flattery. Polish yourself off in a brilliantly styled new frock for the holidays just ahead. Sew-Your-Own's newest success (above center) will be your success once you wear it in the public eye. It is

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Concerning Mirrors.—Never hang a mirror where it faces a glare of light. The back of the mirror should be protected so that no light or water could possibly enter.

Ripening Bananas.—Green bananas can be ripened by placing them in a paper bag and keeping them in a dark closet for a day or two.

Cleaning Brassware.—Brass ornaments should be put into hot soapy water to which soda has been added and scrubbed with a soft brush to remove any polish that may have stuck in previous cleanings. Finish off by rinsing with clean hot water and dry with a soft cloth.

Improving Vegetables.—Sugar, added in the proportion of a fourth of a teaspoon to two cups of vegetables, will improve the flavor of cooked corn, beets, peas and lima beans.

When Mending Gloves.—Slip a thimble on your finger when mending gloves and the darn can be made very easily.

Increased by Advertising

In 1899 the per unit of population value of manufactured products in America amounted to \$89.60. For the year 1929 the per unit of population value of manufactured products had increased to a total of \$579.70. Advertising created the demand that called for the employment of three to four times the number of workers and reduced the cost of products to consumers.

most gifted in its distinctive design, below-waist slimmness, and all-of-a-piece simplicity. Make your version the very essence of chic in sheer wool or satin, in your most flattering color.

A Blouse or Two.

Tops in the fashion picture just now is that friendly little item—the blouse. A completely engaging one is shown here for women who sew. Wear it tucked in or peplum style. And here's a practical idea: you have a choice in sleeve lengths. For variety's sake, why not make the long sleeved model in silk crepe for dress; the short sleeved one in jersey for sports and all occasion wear?

The Patterns.

Pattern 1412 is designed for sizes 32 to 42. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 1/2 yard for contrast. Short length requires 4 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1394 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 1417 is designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material; with short sleeves, 1 1/2 yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

© Bell Syndicate, WNU Service.

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 "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 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 "Smiling Through."

2 GIRLS WANTED

To qualify for entering the leading Beauty School in the West and earn while learning.

Write for our new plan now today BOWNE BEAUTY SCHOOL 436 Commercial Bldg., Denver, Colorado

Aisle of Woman's Dreams

Suppose you knew that one aisle of one floor in one store had everything you needed to purchase!

Suppose that on that aisle you could buy household necessities, smart clothing, thrilling gifts for bride, graduate, voyager! How much walking that would save! How much time, trouble and fretful shopping you would be spared!

That, in effect, is what advertisements in this paper can do for you. They bring all the needs of your daily life into review... in one convenient place. Shop from your easy-chair, with the advertisements. Keep abreast of bargains, instead of chasing them. Spend time in your newspaper to save time—and money—in the stores.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

"If you're not going any place for Thanksgiving dinner, we won't be at home neither." — Greek Comedian with Fibber McGee & Molly on the radio.

To C. E. D.

Mayor La Guardia of New York City is the son of an Italian bandmaster, attached to the Eleventh U. S. Infantry, and a Venetian Jewess.

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

State Chairman John E. Miles urges \$25 a plate Party Dinner. —News Heading.

P. S. — You'll be helping a worthy cause, as the poor (?) Democratic party needs the funds.

President Calls Advisors to Talk Over Business Slump — News Headline. Note — We must be wrong; "prosperity is already here." (So we are informed.)

DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR COMING TO STATE

In the near future; possibly to Carrizozo, as guests at the magnificent A. H. Kudner ranch about eight miles from Carrizozo.

To Chas. W. Storm of Washington, Ind. — The Detroit Symphony Orchestra Sunday night on the Radio played Strauss' "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Perchance you heard this old waltz. It was beautiful; jazz and "swing" melodies; composed mainly of trash, may come and go, but the Strauss waltzes live on forever.

Found — How pink lemonade first originated. During a storm on the circus lot many years ago, some red "lights" (performer's clothes) were blown into a vat of clear lemonade. This gave the lemonade a pink color, and so the commercial use was formed.

DESERT CALL

If rose and purple mists of dawn Had never veiled A distant mountain skyline from my eyes.

Where vast, blue reaches of the heavens fall, Then I would never long for desert paths I've trailed. —Iva Mariotte.

THIS WEEK'S HONOR ROLL GOES TO M. U. FINLEY

Auto smash-ups? Not for M. U. Finley! He has been driving a car all his life (and the boat he has is the latest model tan color Buick). M. U. never drives any faster than ten miles an hour through town. Believe it or not, Mr. Finley has NEVER had an Accident in all these many years.

"I've been in Hollywood long before Donald Duck was an egg." —Ned Sparks on the radio.

OF COURSE YOU KNOW

That there is not any history obtainable concerning the prehistoric Lava Beds. The most ancient Spanish findings contain no record of the eruption.

So — Adios, from the Land of Perpetual Sunshine and Romance.

TO OUR RETAIL TRADE

For the Sixth Consecutive Time For This Season of the Year We are putting on a Prize-Giving Program!

For every one dollar's worth you buy for cash and for every one dollar paid on account, you will receive a ticket or chance which will entitle you to participate in our prize-drawing contest which will take place on or about Dec. 20.

Some handsome prizes will be given away.

Be sure to ask for your Tickets.

Watch This Space

For further Particulars and Announcements.

The

Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Hark Avenue
Machineless
Permanent Waves
\$7.50
Her's Beauty
Shampoo
Bee Johnson
Thelma Peters

The Love Bug Will Get You If You Serve Good Foods

That old Love Bug will get you sure as shootin' If you set a tempting table of appetizing Foods!

You know the old saying about—"The Way to a Man's Heart is Through his Stomach."

Keep alive the romance of your Sweetheart Days. We furnish the Finest Foods the Market Affords!

The Rest is up to You-- Shall We Try It?

"Always, The Best For Less"

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62

J. F. PETTY, Prop.

WE WILL SOON PRESENT THE Two New Ford V-8 Cars For 1938

Here's what we believe is the biggest automobile news of the year—TWO new Ford V-8 cars for 1938. Two distinctive lines, differing entirely in appearance, body size, and other important features. New 1938 De Luxe models are of a completely new design, larger, roomier, and the most luxurious Ford cars ever built. You'll want to get all details.

Be Sure To Visit Us

For Complete Information

Carrizozo Auto Company

A Fine Pounding

A word to the people of Carrizozo and the Baptist Church.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 28, the pastor of the Baptist church and his family were invited to the church building on the pretense that we were to have a singing. When we entered the building, the finest pounding that I have ever seen was looking me right in the face. We have received many poundings, but never one like unto this. We found many of our friends and church members waiting to receive us. We did sing several songs, but who couldn't sing after a reception like that?

We wish it were possible to thank everyone personally for these splendid gifts, but since we cannot, it is our desire to use this means of expressing our thanks to each and everyone. No town could have done a better job at pounding a minister than Carrizozo has done. Permit me to extend to everyone of you an invitation to attend our church. We hold services on the first and third Sunday of each month. —J. C. Vandiver, Pastor.

School Notes

Mr. J. W. Diefendorf, inspector for the North Central Association, inspected our high school Wednesday and reported everything to be of a high degree of satisfaction.

A beautiful colored picture of a turkey adorned the bulletin board of the high school Wednesday to remind the students of the Thanksgiving season. The Junior-high celebrated the event with a program.

The Red Cross drive is well under way. Miss Eliza Hobbie is showing unusual ability in securing new members.

A photographer visited our school Tuesday. Every student had the opportunity to have their picture taken.

Our two days' vacation was welcomed by all the students, and teachers, too.

Prof. J. M. Carpenter, Mrs. Carpenter and daughter Eleanor are spending the week-end at the Carlsbad Cavern and other points of interest in the Pecos valley.

Trade with your home merchant. Sell your pinons at Ziegler Bros. Store, where the biggest market price will be paid.

FOR SALE—Crosley Car Radio; also two-wheel trailer. Reasonably priced.—Leon Dahl, Carrizozo Hotel.

Mrs. Stella Willingham of Corona was a visitor last Friday, renewed her subscription and took home a 2½ pound of chocolate creams.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Myers and baby of White Oaks were the guests Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cook and small son Tommy, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleghorn of the popular Cleghorn Dance Hall in White Oaks were visitors in town this Wednesday. They report good dances and fans well pleased with their entertainments.

Miss Wilma Snow is here from State College to spend the week-end with the home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thornton of Ocala spent last week from Tuesday to Saturday with their daughter Mrs. Moore of El Paso, during which time Mrs. Thornton visited the Eastern Star Chapter with Mrs. Moore, who holds a prominent office in that organization.

Louis Nalda of his ranch across the Malpais and Vicente Del Curto of Socorro were here the first part of the week to attend the meeting of the White Sands Grazing Association.

Ziegler Bros. "Where Value has a Meaning"

Both of them wear STETSONS

Father... Son... there are smart styles for both... Junior Stetsons for the younger generation and Stetsons for their Seniors.



Junior Stetsons \$3.00 Stetsons \$5.00

\$5.00 And Up

MARX-MADE SUITS & OVERCOATS

If you want Real Class—then come in and buy one of our New Marx-Made Suits or Overcoats for Thanksgiving.

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 50

Carrizozo, N. M.



Star Cafe

Meals at all Hours

Short Orders and Special Table Service

(ENCHILADAS Every Friday)

Chicken Dinners Sat. and Sun.

Mmes. C. O. Davis and Evelyn Dixon, Props.

Carrizozo Cleaners Made-to-Measure Suits

The Best in Dry Cleaning Prompt Delivery Service

Be Wise—Trade at Home!

AMERICA'S LEADER AT 4 for 10

PROBAC BLADES

Last Saturday afternoon, the car belonging to Andy Lueras and driven by Joe McBrayer of the Miller service station, crashed into the school bus belonging to Jim Leslie near the Camp Malpais, damaging the two vehicles pretty badly. Mrs. Rob Leslie, one of the occupants of the bus, suffered from shock and slight injuries.

Ben Teller has sold the Chill Parlor next door to the Outlook office to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dragoo, who lately operated a cafe in Socorro. They are already operating the place and invite their friends to call and test the lunch counter and chill service which they are giving at all hours. They have named it the Hamburger Cafe.