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Carrizozo Outlook

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A. L. B. Memory's Lane

Dark shadows hover over Memory's Lane as we write and ghosts of the past appear and disappear as we read our way. In the beginning of this story, let it be remembered that the writer was born a short distance from Liberty, Mo., near the home of the notorious James brothers, Frank and Jesse and was reared in the city of St. Joseph, where Jesse was killed by Bob Ford. I was in the city of Chicago when Ford fired the shot which ended Jesse's life. After the killing, Bob Ford made a tour of the country and told the story of what he called an act of bravery on the stage circuits. He met with no reverse until he visited Boston, Mass., where after making only a portion of his talk, the chief of police stepped on the stage, halted his talk and said: "People in other places might listen to your talk, but you can't drink blood in Boston." That action created a wave of public opinion against him and he gave up his eastern tour and returned to the middle west. About one year after he left the east, the writer and his brother were on our way to work one Saturday morning in the early part of November. It was in Kansas City, Mo. The morning was cold, misty and a heavy coat of sleet covered the sidewalks. As we walked down Main street going east, we met two men. One was very tall; the other, a man of average size. Both were dark complexioned and it was plainly evident that they had been drinking heavily. As we came near to them, the smaller man slipped and fell to the icy sidewalk, but his companion made no effort to assist him. We stooped down and raised the stranger to his feet. Gazing at us with a sneering face which I shall never forget, he said: "I guess I ought to thank you, but I won't—I don't have to—if you know me, you'd know the reason." My brother was a quick-tempered man and I looked for him to upbraid the stranger for his ingratitude, but as I looked into his face, I saw an expression, not one of fear, but of rank astonishment. There it increased my surprise from the fact that he was not afraid of any man. We walked on, but had gone but a short distance before my brother halted and said: "Let's follow those fellows. Their actions don't suit me a bit." We followed on the opposite side of the street, until we saw them enter the police station, and looking over the Kansas City Star of that evening, we came across an article which told of Bob Ford and a companion, whose name it failed to mention, came in early in the morning and held a hurried conference with the police. This story serves to show how near people may come to trouble even when they are making an endeavor to do the other fellow a favor; also it shows just how near we were to Bob Ford, when

School Notes

Irene Hart, Co. School Supt. The County Commissioners have ordered the county offices closed on Saturday afternoons, so beginning Saturday, Mar. 6, the office and library of the Lincoln County School Superintendent will not be open to the public. Richardson boasts of 100% enrollment and attendance for the school month of January. Ruidoso and White Oaks recently gave box dinners and realized nice sums of money from these events. These funds will be spent to secure playground equipment for the schools.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner Show starts at 7:30 p. m. Thursday and Friday - Sally Eilers and Robt. Armstrong in "Without Orders" The story of a giant air-liner. Also "March of Time" and "The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg." Saturday Only - "THE ROSE BOWL." A football picture of the big game. Benefit of flood sufferers. "Spring Night" and Popeye in "Vim, Vigor and Vitality." Sunday - Monday - Tuesday - Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl" Her father is frantic in his fears that she has been kidnapped, when she goes on an unplanned vacation with an organ grinder and his family of kids. "Beware of Blondes." Sunday matinee at 2:30. Night show at 8.

P. E. (Doc) Lacey Dies in California

After a short illness, one of our former residents, Doc Lacey, passed away at his home in Sierra Madre, Calif., Jan. 20, according to word received here this week by Mrs. L. T. Bacot. Doc came to Lincoln County from San Antonio, Texas, a number of years ago and settled in White Oaks, where he married Miss Epifania Lalone. He was employed here at Ziegler Bros. Store and also by the Carrizozo Trading Co. He left here during the late war and after residing in El Paso for several years, moved to California. Mr. Lacey had many friends here who will be sad to learn of his demise. Survivors are his wife, seven daughters, Margie and Birdie, El Paso; Mmes. Wm. Spargur and Paul Waits, Encinitas, Calif.; Mrs. Reuben Cole, June and Jane and one son, Herbert of Sierra Madre, to all of whom the sympathy of this community is extended. Lon Atkinson was a business visitor here from Corona the first of this week. We least dreamed of meeting him. Ford was killed in his saloon on the Texas border and in the same manner in which he killed Jesse James. His brother, Charley Ford, who was with him when he killed Jesse, brooded over the matter so much that he lost his mind and died screaming and under the delusion that he saw Jesse's ghost forever following him. This is a sad and gruesome story, but it was one of the shadows in memory's lane, but has vanished. -Did you get the full import of the narrative?

LYRIC THEATRE

"ROSE BOWL" Saturday Only, Feb. 20 + Benefit Flood Relief Matinee at 2:30. 10-30c 2 Shows at Night - All Seats 30c DO YOUR PART!

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

Greets El Paso Good-Willers As mentioned in this paper last week, a delegation of members of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce, 28 in number, arrived here about the noon hour Monday and were met by 20 members of the local Business Men's Club at the Southern Pacific Hotel. County School Supt. Mrs. Irene Hart and Mrs. Eva Smith of the News were club guests. The delegation was headed by Jack Chaney, Pres. of the E. of C., who made an after-dinner address in which he complimented the local club for its community spirit, and in making mention of highway 54, over which they made the trip, he gave the club the assurance of that body's support in getting a good highway between Carrizozo and Tularosa. Mr. Chaney, President of the local club, F. A. English, welcomed the visitors, paid the delegation several becoming compliments, thanked them for the spirit of cooperation as expressed by the speakers and hoped for a future meeting of the same nature. A. L. Burke, chairman of the reception committee, also welcomed the visitors and voiced the sentiments expressed by President English. In conclusion let us say that our visitors were the best set of good fellows we have had within our gates for many moons. They are not only interested in El Paso, but in this entire section of the southwest. The goodwill visit left the impression with us, that their mission was one of an unselfish nature instead of one of self-gratification. A meeting for the near future is being planned in Tularosa at which time the matter of having highway 54 put through in proper shape will be taken up, in which project we will have the cooperation of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce. There were 27 present at the weekly meeting of the club and 6 o'clock dinner Wednesday evening, including seven visitors, Messrs. W. W. Smith, Wayne Van Schoeyck and Pat Murphy of White Oaks, Gray and Dwyer of the Forest Service, Co. Treasurer O. W. Bamberger and Albert Roberts of the Monte Vista Service Station in our home town. The gentlemen from White Oaks were here in the interest of a good highway to that place, which is of a vast amount of importance to our entire section. The forest service officials were invited for the purpose of soliciting their cooperation in securing recreation areas in the White Mountains and the Hondo valley.

ATTENTION, MASONS

Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. has made arrangements to commemorate Washington's Birthday at Masonic Temple, Friday evening at 8 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged by the committee in charge. All Masons and their families are cordially invited and urged to attend. Word has been received here that the Masonic Lodges of El Paso will put on the "Musical Master" degree at the Scottish Rite Cathedral Monday night, Feb. 22. Masons from all over the Southwest will be in attendance. A delegation from Carrizozo, headed by the Worshipful Master H. A. Gallacher will go from here. This has been the first rendition of the "Musical Master" degree put on by the El Paso Lodge since September, 1924. DDGM Leo A. Riggs is in charge of the program and it is needless to say that all who attend will be amply repaid.

John S. Casey

Robert Casey returned from Taft, Calif., to which place he went a week ago, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Ola Jones, they being called to the bedside of their father, who was seriously ill. His condition improved to the extent that they felt safe in coming home, but Monday morning, he received a wire to the effect that his father was dead. Feeling a sense of safety about his improved condition, Mrs. Jones and Hart left Sunday for New Orleans, as mentioned in another article. When word came of the father's death, Mrs. Jones could not be informed as her whereabouts on the trip were unknown at that time. John S. Casey was born in Pico, Feb. 15, 1895, on the homestead of his parents who came to this section in 1868. He resided here until 1924, when he moved to Taft, Calif., where he was employed in the oil fields as a machinist. He was well known here as a rancher and was at one time a deputy sheriff. He died on February 16, 1937. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Ola Jones and five sons, Bob and V. W. Casey, Carrizozo; V. H. A. H. and Doyle, Taft, Calif.; two brothers, W. D. of Toyahvale, Texas and A. A. of Pico; two sisters, Mmes. E. E. Moore, Balmorhea, Texas and Lillie Klammer, Roswell, to all of whom the sympathy of our county is tendered. A meeting will be held at Baca's Hall next Wednesday night for the purpose of organizing the east side baseball team. All those interested are invited to attend. Eddie Long, popular salesman for the Titworth Co. of Capitan, called on local stores in town on Monday of this week.

Personals

Mmes. Irene Hart, Co. School Supt. and Ola Jones, ex-Supt., left Sunday morning for New Orleans to attend a meeting of superintendents of the National Educational Association, which takes place the first of the coming week. Mrs. Barney Baronsky of Capitan was a visitor in town this Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Sterling were here from the Simpson ranch near Corona Wednesday, returning home in the afternoon. Mrs. Sterling is a sister to L. N. (Doc) Bell. Ed Penfield, clerk of Lincoln County, was here Sunday, the guest of his sister, Miss Julia Penfield, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tompkins. -Alamogordo News. Miss Ruth Bright, R. N., who had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bright for the past two weeks, left Monday for Los Angeles. There will be a session of the Lincoln County Singing Convention on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21, at Lincoln and on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 23, at Capitan. All singers and interested parties are cordially invited to attend and participate. -W. J. Ferguson, Sec. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bright entertained the boys of the basketball team Wednesday afternoon at their home. Joseph Wohlgenuth, prominent barber and lifelong resident of Tularosa was shot and killed in a cafe at that place Tuesday night by a man by the name of Winset. Motive for the shooting is unknown to us. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland returned Monday from a week-end visit with their daughter Helen at Santa Fe. Mrs. Selma Degitz entertained the Carrizozo Bridge Club at the home of Mrs. Albert Ziegler this week. BORN - Feb. 17, at Alamogordo, to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Johnson, a boy, Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kimmons of Oscura. Mother and son are reported as doing nicely. Dishman - Atkinson A wedding ceremony was performed Saturday, Feb. 6, at Carrizozo, uniting Miss Zelfa Dishman and Joe Atkinson. Both are quite well known in this district, having lived here most of their lives. The former Miss Dishman attended State College at Las Cruces, where she was a member of the Zeta Tau Alpha sorority. Mr. Atkinson attended the N. M. M. I. at Roswell. Friends of the couple wish them all kinds of happiness. The many friends of the newlyweds met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Perkins to honor the new bride and groom. Decorations and refreshments were carried out in the Valentine motif. An impressive array of gifts was presented to the couple along with many wishes for happiness and prosperity. Mrs. Perkins was assisted by Mrs. Lee Hancock and Minnie Bea Chappell. -Corona Correspondent.

Corona Notes

E. H. Sloan left Tuesday for Alamogordo where he will spend some time with his son Brack Sloan and family. Mrs. Geo. H. Simpson has received word of the death of her sister, Mrs. Corrine Bruce at Texhoma, Okla., after an extended illness. Mrs. Bruce formerly resided here. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shelton left Monday night for Walnut Springs, Tex., after having been advised of the death of Mr. Shelton's father. Mrs. R. A. Perkins and Frank DuBois were in Albuquerque and Santa Fe Tuesday on business. Mrs. H. M. Belknap has returned from a two-months' vacation spent with her son and his family in New York. A. J. Atkinson made a business trip to Alamogordo last week. Congratulations - Mr. and Mrs. Brack Courson, a son, Calvin Collin, Feb. 8 at Tross, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Jolly, a daughter, Yvonne Marilyn, also in California. Mrs. M. D. Atkinson is spending two weeks at Hot Springs. Mrs. G. C. Brown made a business trip to Roswell Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Porter Stone left Monday for their Carlsbad home after having come up with Mr. Stone's brother who has entered high school here. Mrs. Lea Gray returned Wednesday from a short visit with friends in Vaughn. Mrs. J. W. Owen is visiting relatives in Roswell. Oscura News Elmer Wood visited his brother Albert and family here Sunday. Enoch Dillard and family returned from Nogal Sunday evening, where they spent the weekend. Homer Latham made a flying trip to Carrizozo Monday. We are having a fine rain at this writing, which was badly needed. Mrs. Olive Smithson, our teacher, is driving a new car. Bill Dillard and children are here from Hot Springs, visiting the Buck and Sam Dillard families. The dance given by the Woman's Club of Carrizozo last Saturday night was a decided success, from a combined social and financial standpoint. The committee in charge of the affair report the sum of \$86.55 from the undertaking. Congratulations. Charley Page has given the front of the Carrizozo Pool Hall a nice coat of bright green paint. Let's follow suit and give the town a neat appearance for the coming springtime. More power, Charley! The Enchilada supper given at the Baptist parsonage netted the sum of \$47.00. They were made by Mesdames Spores, Kelley, Cravens and Greer. Attend the American Legion program at Capitan tomorrow night, Feb. 20. Basketball and Dance. See ad on page five of this paper. Let's go! Bill Balow, cafe owner of Ancho, was a business visitor here the first of the week.



Jack Curley Takes You on a Journey Down Memory Lane

Jack Curley, famed sports promoter, is Flashlight's guest columnist today. Flashbacks to the old days contained occasionally in this column, he says, have caused him to go wandering down to memory lane, too.

By JACK CURLEY  
WHEN Farmer Burns, who died recently, rang in Dan McLeod under another name, against Frank Gotch, a lad from Humboldt, Iowa, the two wrestled on a clinder dump bag of the round house for nearly four hours. The best the world's best McLeod got out of it was a draw. It took Gotch several months to get rid of the ashen clinders under his skin.

Do you remember when Eddie Santry won the world featherweight championship? He knocked out Ben Jordan of England in sixteen rounds at Tom O'Rourke's club in New York City. . . . And when Terry McGovern knocked out Santry at Tattersall's in Chicago in five rounds?

Some of the world's greatest fights: Jimmy Barry versus Casper Leon. Tommy Ryan versus Tommy West. Joe Wolcott versus Kid Lavigne. Abe Attel versus Owen Moran. Frank Slavin versus Peter Jackson. Peter Maher versus Joe Goddard. Fedlar Palmer versus Terry McGovern. Jack Dempsey versus Fred Fulton. Gene Tunney versus Jack Dempsey. Jim Flynn versus Carl Morris. All these fights caused gossip for years.

Johnny McAvoy, one of New York's best ring referees, rode as a jockey in Massport, L. I., years before he refereed at almost the same spot. Stanford White never missed a boxing or wrestling ringside at the old Garden down in Madison Square. Harry Thaw came to all the wrestling shows in the new Garden up to the time he settled in Virginia.

Another old-timer missed at all the ringsides is Jim Villepague. He always bought two seats and occupied both. He weighed 335 pounds.

For the first time in many years a wrestling show was staged recently in the Olympia Stadium in London. Several wrestlers familiar to American mat audiences participated on the bill. Carl Fojello, one of America's persistent challengers who seldom gets on a card, journeyed all the way to Liverpool, only to be turned away and not allowed to land. Some previous income tax trouble was the cause.

Frankie Neil, one time bantamweight champion, came from South of the Slot in San Francisco. His dad, who managed him, was somewhat of a soapbox orator. He was a racetrack bookmaker and when betting was slow on the ponies, he'd bellow across the betting ring: "Who wants to take \$1,000 against my boy Frankie?"

Dad took Frankie to England for a twenty-round fight with Tom Bowker. Of course the slugging American fighter lost the decision. Dad, who was one of the early "We wuzz robbed" barkers, yelled all the way home. Chicago heard his voice when the ship was in the middle of the ocean.

"Who was the referee?" Dad Neil was asked. "I don't know his name, but he was some bum bantamweight," yelled back Mr. Neil. "The bum bantamweight happened to be Eugene Carl, millionaire stock exchange member and one of England's greatest arbiters in all boxing history."

"My boy chased Bowker all the way," added Papa Neil, "and when I remonstrated with the referee, he chirped back: 'If you shoot at a bird and miss him, that counts for the bird.'"

Finally a boxing scribe asked Mr. Neil what chance Abe Attel had with Bowker. (Attel was then the acknowledged fastest and cleverest 115 pounder in America. But the Neils and Attels were sworn enemies.) "What?" roared Mr. Neil. "Abe Attel's chances with Bowker—Gee whizz—Attel wouldn't hit him with a handful of shot."

That settled Neil's claim of an unfair decision in England. Thirty-two years ago George Hackenschmidt wrestled and defeated Ahmed Hassan, the Terrible Turk, at Olympia Stadium in London. 17,000 spectators crowded the arena. On the first fall for a flying mare hold Hackenschmidt won in less than five minutes when he pulled Hassan's arm out of socket.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

AL LANG, trainer of Freddy Steele, refers to the world's middleweight champion as "Fishcake." . . . Finn Carlstadt, goalie for the Norwegian Turners, is one of the few soccer stars who wear spectacles while playing. And he always has somebody stand by with a spare pair just in case—

University of Oklahoma wrestlers have a lingo all their own. A "Muscle head" is a wrestler and a "pinky" is a wrestler out of condition. . . . High-class trainers such as Hirsch Jacobs and Bert Mitchell give their riders few instructions. It's usually the phony trainer-touts who whisper sweet nothings in the jockeys' ears while padlock yokels gape. . . . Johnny Kilbane, the former featherweight champion who now manages Jimmy Vaughn, is a versatile gent. Recently he seconded Vaughn in a bout with Freddy Miller at Louisville and then jumped in and refereed the semi-final between Freddie Eller and Henry Firpo.

The Yankees have an eye on L. D. Meyer, the T. C. U. end who scored all his team's points against Marquette on New Year's Day. Texans say the youngster is even better at baseball than football. . . . Likewise the Senators are anticipating the rush by a year or two while gazing longingly at Alex Campanas, N. Y. U. freshman. . . . Joe McManus, who plays such a tidy inside left for the New York (soccer) Americans also manages the Brooklyn (basketball) Visitations. . . . Barly Ty Anderson is the Ching Johnson of the Atlantic City Sea Gulls. Like the Ranger veteran he plays left defense and also like the Ranger veteran he brings down the house every time he goes down the ice.

Ed Wade, whose two points after touchdown won Utah State the Rocky Mountain conference football title, also is center on the basketball team which met Manhattan at Madison Square Garden recently. He runs a turkey farm on the side. . . . Kent Ryan, captain and forward of the same team, is reported the greatest athlete ever produced in the conference, while the only extra bid for fame that can be thought up for the other forward, Sheiby West, is that he is married. . . . Blessed Event, an E. R. Bradley horse that once held a Hialeah Park track record, was left at the post and beaten 100 lengths in a \$1,500 claiming race the other day. . . . The Atlantic City Auditorium, home of the Sea Gulls, is so large that 1,500 customers can be accommodated for wrestling matches in a separate arena built on the stage.

Because some friends read too hastily Bill Barfield, the once great Tiger lineman, wants to go on record as saying "I think the Princeton-freshman football team of 1848 contained the best material that I have seen on a freshman team at Princeton in many years."

Bobby Kerr, former president of the Metropolitan (soccer) league, now is doing notable work as head of the Empire State Junior league. Bing Crosby has an Argentine horse called Subvedo, who is supposed to be able to run a mile in 1:35.

Even Bing doesn't believe that, though. . . . Harry Lenny, manager of Ray Impellitteri, is an accomplished pianist, preferring the classical to the more popular swing music. . . . Dan Parker, the sports evangelist, also is a piano player of note (more than one note, in fact).

Jack Bates, the former Princeton footballer, brings word from Columbus that Charlie Beetham, the unlucky Ohio Stater who should have been an Olympic half-mile ace, is going better than ever. Beetham, who should be an important figure in the big meets later this winter, now assists himself in getting into shape by running up the Ohio State stadium steps.

Al Lattin, the promotional genius behind the world's bowling championships, totos 343 pounds on his six foot two-inch frame and is the heaviest man on the alleys. He throws a 16-pound ball for a 190 average but averaged 295 while winning the Eike's individual title. . . . Dave Shimaw, one of the maple-crushing stars of thirty years ago, now is a successful business man.

Joe Humphrey's favorite song, which he used to sing in his high falsetto voice, was "The Rose of Kildears." The night when the late and greatest of all sports announcers arrived in Detroit to announce the Johnny Rikso-Tom Heeney affair his baggage consisted of a clean collar and two packs of cigarettes. Incidentally when Joe—Al Smith always called him—"Josephus"—was achieving fame, a great quartet of announcers were still in their heyday. Fred Burns and Johnny Duhon passed away years ago. Only Charley Harvey and Pete Prunty remain of that old bunch now.

Most friends of Gene Sarason rate his final round of 88 in the 1932 national open his greatest golfing feat, but Gene himself has a softer spot for the four birdies he got on the last four holes of the Argo Club's open. . . . The 88 brought him \$2,000 in cash, but these four birdies earned him the largest gold price ever won—\$25,000.

Washington Digest National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—I have said in these columns many times that politics is a business. If anybody desires proof of that statement I think I am able now to offer the best possible evidence of the truth of that statement.

Lately, W. Forbes Morgan, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt what politics as a business actually means. He did so in the recent announcement that the Democratic national committee would seek to build up a "war chest" of \$10,000,000 that the vast New Deal party machinery can go on at top speed; that the momentum gained by the successful Presidential campaign of 1938 can be maintained and that the party can continue to function as a cohesive unit through which millions of voters may speak.

It appears that Mr. Morgan will not succeed in getting anything like \$10,000,000 together but it is very significant that he is thinking in terms so large as those mentioned in his announcement. It means simply that the present control of the New Deal party is determined to carry out to the nth degree the theory of its chairman, James A. Farley, only recently reappointed as postmaster general of the United States.

Mr. Farley plays politics in exactly the same manner that he would engage in a "business venture." He takes chances when the stakes are high, he knows his men, his workers, and moreover, he knows how to get the best results out of the material he has. His operations are not unlike the functions of a sales manager of a great concern—he sells what he has to the voters and if any salesman fails to function, Mr. Farley looks for replacements.

We might illustrate the Farley methods further by reviewing some of the methods he employed in the last four years. For, when it comes to raising money, the Democratic national committee, under Chairman Farley, is both businesslike and versatile. It will be recalled how whenever the pretext arose, the Democratic national committee sponsored such things as dinners to which the faithful partisans were asked to buy tickets, usually high priced tickets, for an ordinary banquet. It will be recalled also how elaborate programs of the Democratic national convention were sold by the hundreds of thousands; how those programs were loaded to the gunwhales with advertising of concerns that could not well refuse to buy advertising space; how victory dinners were given, and how finally the inaugural ceremony when Mr. Roosevelt took office was turned into a gigantic political rally that spread itself into every hotel in Washington that had space for great dinners and dances. These things are but a few which demonstrated the Farley versatility but they prove to my mind that if the Democratic national committee sets out to build up a real "war chest," it will accomplish exactly its objective.

The committee set-up is the most pretentious yet attempted by any political organization. It has a large and exceedingly efficient staff of trained men and women and it runs like the well oiled machine that it is. It will cost money to keep that machine running at high speed, but Mr. Farley recognizes how elections are won. His philosophy is that the early bird catches the worm and so, although there is not another election for two years, the Democratic national committee is making ready for that election campaign right now.

Unless the wise political students around Washington are badly mistaken, Mr. Farley will know pretty well when the congressional and senatorial candidates take to the stump early in 1938 just what the last two years of the Roosevelt administration will be like. It goes without saying that he will be prepared for them.

In contrast to the circumstances I have just related, it must be disheartening to witness the feeble, almost futile, efforts that are shown around Republican headquarters. Of course, old time politicians always say that a winning horse can be financed, never a loser. John D. M. Hamilton, the Republican national chairman, rode a losing horse. He came out of the race saddled with a gigantic deficit. Deficits for losing political parties are not as easily financed as United States Treasury deficits these days and so Mr. Hamilton is having his troubles in that direction as well as finding any enthusiasm among Republican party workers.

But that does not excuse the Republican national committee nor Mr. Hamilton. After all, it is to be remembered that approximately 18,000,000 voters cast their ballots for the Republican presidential nominee, Governor Landon of Kansas. That is not a small number, any way you examine it. It is a powerful segment of the American population but it is powerful only to the extent that its leadership develops enthusiasm for the fight and capacity to take it on the chin when victory goes the other way.

Among the New Dealers who can be classified as sound politicians, there is considerable regret at the failure of the Republican leadership to get going. President Roosevelt, himself, would like to see more opposition because it would make his task much easier and would prevent some of the unsound legislation from seeping through congress on account of a lack of opposition. Furthermore, if there were more Republican fight, there would be less chance of splits in the Democratic ranks in congress. Democratic leaders entertain a very real fear of this possibility.

From among the corps of political writers in Washington, I hear much criticism of the Republicans who are variously described as being "dead on their feet." They are certainly doing less than nothing. They have allowed the Democratic national committee to carry the ball on every play; they have offered no publicity by way of criticism of New Deal programs and they have developed no plans at all for reviving the Republican organization or restoring life to the party workers.

I am not saying that Mr. Hamilton is wholly to blame for this condition. He must accept responsibility, however, because he is the titular head of the organization. It would seem, therefore, that unless Mr. Hamilton awakens and shows some fight, there will be fewer Republicans in the house or senate after the 1938 elections than there are now. The national chairman of the Republicans, according to all discussion that I hear, sooner or later will have to start cooking or depart from the kitchen. Otherwise, the 18,000,000 voters which the Republican party has as a nucleus upon which to build will become so badly disorganized, so disheartened and discouraged, that it will be impossible to reunite them.

Part of the Republicans' difficulties are traceable directly to Capitol Hill. I simply cannot understand why Senator McNary of Oregon, continues to serve as Republican leader in the senate when, in the opinion of most observers, he has failed to justify his title in any way. It will be recalled that he did nothing in behalf of Governor Landon's candidacy against Mr. Roosevelt. Nor has he shown either the capacity or the desire to carry on as an opposition leader should carry on since the new congress convened. Again, this is not the fault of Chairman Hamilton. Frankly, I think it is the fault of the few Republicans in the senate. If they had any fight in them, or any faith in their party label, they would insist upon a militant leadership on their side of the senate chamber, small as their number is.

There are much greater signs of fight among the house Republicans. They are trying to make themselves heard, but the preponderance of Democratic strength in the house coupled with the gag rules which have been applied without stint or limit by the Democratic majority, precludes Republican leader Small and his associates from doing very much for their party in the house. Where senators have the privilege of unlimited debate, House members are allotted time and lately the time allotted to the Republicans has been infinitesimal. That, of course, is one of the spoils of victory and the Democrats cannot be blamed for asserting their power.

But the point of it all is that while Democratic Chairman Farley has his team on its toes, full of fight, ready to go, Chairman Hamilton has not even been vocal personally, much less has he been able to stir up fight among his associates. It is a situation from which most anything may emerge. Mr. Hamilton sought and was given a vote of confidence by his own national committee shortly after the election. He cannot say now that his hands are tied insofar as the authority of leadership is concerned. So, it is made to appear that unless the present leaders of the Republicans really enter the arena, unless they show their ability to carry the fight to the enemy, it seems rather likely that new leaders will come from the ranks of the Republicans and the present group will become hapless.

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But the point of it all is that while Democratic Chairman Farley has his team on its toes, full of fight, ready to go, Chairman Hamilton has not even been vocal personally, much less has he been able to stir up fight among his associates. It is a situation from which most anything may emerge. Mr. Hamilton sought and was given a vote of confidence by his own national committee shortly after the election. He cannot say now that his hands are tied insofar as the authority of leadership is concerned. So, it is made to appear that unless the present leaders of the Republicans really enter the arena, unless they show their ability to carry the fight to the enemy, it seems rather likely that new leaders will come from the ranks of the Republicans and the present group will become hapless.

From among the corps of political writers in Washington, I hear much criticism of the Republicans who are variously described as being "dead on their feet." They are certainly doing less than nothing. They have allowed the Democratic national committee to carry the ball on every play; they have offered no publicity by way of criticism of New Deal programs and they have developed no plans at all for reviving the Republican organization or restoring life to the party workers.

I am not saying that Mr. Hamilton is wholly to blame for this condition. He must accept responsibility, however, because he is the titular head of the organization. It would seem, therefore, that unless Mr. Hamilton awakens and shows some fight, there will be fewer Republicans in the house or senate after the 1938 elections than there are now.

The national chairman of the Republicans, according to all discussion that I hear, sooner or later will have to start cooking or depart from the kitchen. Otherwise, the 18,000,000 voters which the Republican party has as a nucleus upon which to build will become so badly disorganized, so disheartened and discouraged, that it will be impossible to reunite them.

Part of the Republicans' difficulties are traceable directly to Capitol Hill. I simply cannot understand why Senator McNary of Oregon, continues to serve as Republican leader in the senate when, in the opinion of most observers, he has failed to justify his title in any way. It will be recalled that he did nothing in behalf of Governor Landon's candidacy against Mr. Roosevelt. Nor has he shown either the capacity or the desire to carry on as an opposition leader should carry on since the new congress convened.

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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 February 14 JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LESSON TEXT—John 10:1-16. GOLDEN TEXT—I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10:11. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Good Shepherd. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Good Shepherd. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Jesus Is Like a Shepherd. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Jesus Our Good Shepherd.

The blind man who had been healed had been cast out of the synagogue because he had given the glory for his healing to Jesus Christ, (see ch. 9). The door to that which stood for all that was sacred to him had been closed. Whither should he turn? Look! here comes someone seeking him. It is Jesus, who now declares that the door which men had closed was no true door at all, for he says, "I am the door of the sheep." Those who professed to be shepherding the flocks and who had cast this poor man out were but hirelings. Now he speaks to the One who says, "I am the good Shepherd."

Someone has suggested that the parable of the good shepherd presents the whole day in the life of the shepherd and his flock, morning, noon, and night, and typifies the ministry of Christ on our behalf in the varying circumstances of life. I. In the Morning (John 10:1-6). Flocks were sometimes kept in the field at night, as was the case on the night when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. But ordinarily they were brought into a sheepfold where many flocks gathered for protection. Thieves would climb the wall to steal sheep, but the shepherd, when he came in the morning to lead forth his flock, entered in by the door. He called out his flock by name and they knew his voice. It is said that only a sick sheep will follow a stranger, which may explain why so many false isms of our day appeal to the sick and lead them away from the Good Shepherd.

Do you know his voice? Have you responded to his call? Will you follow him? Decide now. II. In the Heat of the Day (vv. 7-10). Perhaps the sheep need to enter the fold to rest, if so he is the door. But they may wish to go out to the pasture—again he is the door. Belonging to Christ is not bondage. If any man enter in by Christ, the door, he is free to go in and out, to find pasture, to live for and to serve him.

"The Door." What a striking figure! It is a means of entry, the only way in. Every door has two sides and the side we are on determines whether we are inside or outside—saved or lost. Children used to sing and still do: One Door and only one, And yet its sides are two—Inside and outside, On which side are you?

III. When Night Comes (vv. 11-16). The wolves come out as the shadows gather. They come to kill and to scatter. Where is the shepherd? If he is only a hireling, serving for what may "be in it" for him, he will flee. How perfectly this picture religious leaders who, in spite of their swelling words and ingratiating manners, desert the flock in the hour of adversity. Fair weather friends are they, who disappear when darkness and danger appear.

In the darkest hour Jesus is nearest at hand. He never fails. He has no fear, for has he not tasted the bitter death of Calvary's tree for you and for me? He is the good shepherd. He giveth his life for the sheep. Those who have put their trust in him shall never be put to shame.

Because he has given his life for the sheep we must not forget nor neglect the truth found in verse 16. There are "other sheep" that have not yet been brought into the fold. They must be brought in, and we, on His behalf, must bring them, that there may "be one fold and one shepherd."

Penitence and Mercy Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since though his hand be clean his heart has surely been polluted by the fitting phantom of iniquity. He must feel that when he shall knock at the gate of Heaven no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to an entrance there. Penitence must kneel and Mercy come from the footstool of the Throne, or that golden gate will never open.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Power of Prayer The greatest thing anyone can do for God and for man is to pray. When one understands about prayer, and puts prayer in its right place, one finds that it is the doing that grows out of praying that is mightiest in touching human hearts.—S. D. Gordon.

The March of Life In the search of life don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.—O. W. Holmes.

Household Questions

Fairy Bread—Two cupfuls flour, one dessertspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, pinch of salt, one egg, half cupful milk (or a little more). Make into a nice light dough, and bake as a loaf in a slow oven.

To remove paint from cotton clothing soak the spot in a solution made of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. When spot disappears wash garment in soap suds.

Men's patent leather shoes—dancing pumps, evening shoes, and so on—will last twice as long if they are kept on trees and rubbed with vaseline after use.

When the teakettle becomes discolored inside, it can be brightened by boiling a clean oyster shell in it.

Two parts boiled linseed oil mixed with one part turpentine will make a good furniture polish.

When laundering sweaters or knitted blouses let dry on cloth or bath towel placed on a flat surface. No ironing is required.

A boiled custard poured over peaches or bananas makes a delicious dessert.

Leather book bindings can be preserved by periodic treatments with an equal mixture of castor oil and paraffin.

Pie crusts will be flakier if a tablespoon of cornstarch is added to the flour used for each pie.

Tablecloths that are no longer in use make good cot covers, bedspreads, or curtains if they are dyed to match the color scheme of the room.

Flew Airship in Building

An incredible and unique airplane stunt was staged by Lincoln Beachy at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in San Francisco in 1915. He took up, flew about and landed a fairly large "ship"—within the four walls of the Palace of Machinery.—Collier's Weekly.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just decanting your stomach with warm, foaming alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the bowels. You must get it out. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, greasy, writhing, irritable person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

Thousands of sufferers have found in Adierka the only scientific way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adierka—rids you of gas and cleans out poisons out of BOTH upper and lower bowels. Give your bowels REAL cleansing with Adierka. Get rid of GAS. Adierka does not grip and has no habit forming. At all Leading Drugstores.

The Music of Poetry Poetry is music in words; and music is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat.—F. Fuller.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD MUSTEROLE

Watch Your Kidneys! DOAN'S PILLS

# MURDER MASQUERADE

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN  
Copyright 1934 Inez Haynes Irwin  
WNU Service.

### SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Sagitt, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the second murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Gray, Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter, Caro Prentiss, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Next live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly. Molly was engaged to the murdered man, Ace Blackie. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's secretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret. All but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eight-year-old niece, Sylvia Sard, is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spiney. In it is a tiny log cabin. Next to it is a circular porch, the Merry Mere. This is the day of the masquerade and excitement is high. Mary decides to take Sylvia, who is an unusually observant child. Caro Prentiss and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Soon Blackie, Doctor Marden and Bruce Hexson, a friend of Ace's, arrive. Molly is impatient to leave and they all excuse themselves. At the party Sylvia identifies each of the masked guests as they arrive. Ace comes garbed as Julius Caesar. Molly Eames appears as a Snow Queen, accompanied by a man in armor whom Sylvia identifies as Walter Treadway. They dance together contentedly. Caro Prentiss and Marden arrive dressed in Revolutionary costumes, the doctor wearing a powdered wig. When the guests return to the Spiney, Molly and Walter have disappeared. When Mary Avery leaves the party a little later two, neither Molly and Walter, nor Ace Blackie had returned. Sarah Darbe confides to Mary that someone at the Merry Mere had seen the light in the Little House and returns screaming. She has found Ace Blackie stabbed to death in the Spiney. Mary summons Patrick O'Brien, a local doctor. He had been a schoolmate of hers and she had been his fiancée. He had been the principal in a school of low affairs. Bruce Hexson had come back from the war with Ace. He was a lawyer, a man of private means and had "gone" religion, become a virtual atheist. Sarah tells Patrick that someone had seen the light in the Little House the night of the murder. Patrick reveals that Ace had gone to the Spiney to meet Tony Torriano, his bootlegger, to talk business. He does not believe Tony guilty. He also discloses that Walter Treadway had been in the Little House. He saw the man who had come to Mary's house, unaware of the tragedy. Walter readily admits he had spent the night in the Little House, since he had come to town secretly. Molly and Walter are thunderstruck by the news of the murder. They announce their marriage. It is learned that Ace had been in unusual difficulties. Tony Torriano reveals to Patrick that after he left, Ace had remained in the Spiney and that a woman whom he did not recognize had come there to meet him.

### MONDAY—Continued

"Eames house," Patrick went on, putting another agate. "Paul, Florence and Molly accounted for. The Fairweather house next."

"Flora dying!" I threw in. "And Margaret beside herself with grief!"

"We don't have to think of them at all," Patrick admitted. "Next comes your Little House with Walter—coming back, after the whole thing's over, to sleep. If he had just happened to discover Ace—Oh, but perhaps it's lucky he didn't. With Ace and Molly and him all mixed-up in that love-tangle, nobody'd given him a break."

"Then you come to my house," I took up the count, "with Bessie and Sarah—"

I heard a little voice talking to his doll, as Sylvia, trotting briskly, came into the room.

Patrick's eyes lighted up. "Come over here, young lady," he ordered. He lifted her up and Sylvia snuggled down into his lap.

"Sylvia," said Patrick, "did you have a nice time at the party at the Stows'?"

"Oh, I had the most beautiful time. I danced with Doctor Ace!"

"Sylvia," Patrick asked playfully, "did you see anyone leave the Stow house before the people took off their masks?" And then, before Sylvia could answer him—and a little as though he regretted this whimsical impulse—"Oh Mary," he exclaimed, "that reminds me—"

He slipped Sylvia down from his lap onto the floor. "Run away," he ordered in a gentle voice. "I want to talk to your aunt."

If Patrick had only put his question seriously to Sylvia—I mean if he had listened to her answer, how much we would have been spared.

What Patrick asked, she was. "Mary, what I want you to do now is to tell me all you know about Myron Marden and Caro Prentiss."

"I know a great deal about them," I said in a voice that, to my disgust, contained an acid defensive note. "They're the loveliest kind of people, Patrick!"

"That may all be true," Patrick agreed with me, "but what I want to know now is what you know and all you know."

"You're quite right, Patrick," I admitted humbly, "and I'm wrong. Well to begin with, Doctor Marden has practiced in Paris ever since long before the war. Caro was born in France and has always lived there. This is her first visit."

"How did they happen to come to Sagitt?"

"Friends in Boston recommended it to them."

"Served as surgeon in the war, I believe?"

"Yes."

"No doubt about that, I suppose?"

"Absolutely none. How could there be? In the first place, Doc-

tor Marden is a gentleman and a thoroughbred."

"I'm prepared to agree with you. I'm only asking you—have you any proof of the war record?"

"Only Doctor Marden's word," I answered. "And the fact that Ace Blackie talked World War with him whenever they got together. They were thrilling talks, too, Patrick. I can tell you. And when Bruce Hexson was there, it was marvelous. They never questioned the authenticity of Doctor Marden's war record."

"Well, that's all I wanted to know," Patrick said. "Well I must be getting back to the P. S. Thank you again, Mary, for letting me spill everything to you like this."

"That's all right, Patrick. I hope you do. I hope you come back tomorrow."

"I'll probably be back this afternoon," Patrick declared, taking his hat.

"Oh, one moment," I called as with his swift, light boxer's step, he was hurrying across the piazza. "Bessie's a little worried, I think, and I've been saying to Sarah, so that Sarah would repeat it to Bessie, that I didn't think a woman could have committed this murder. In point of fact, I'm not at all sure." "That do you think, Patrick?"

"A woman might—that is, provided she was big and powerful. I've seen women golfers—well, a woman of the build of Margaret Fairweather for instance. Margaret might—"

His breath died down. The words dried on his lips. He stood staring at me. I stood staring at him. I knew Patrick was seeing the picture I saw—a big woman all in black coming down the path from the Little House. But I am sure Patrick did what I did—blanked that picture. Margaret Fairweather had been in our class in school. We had coasted, eked, picknicked together. Then Patrick said, "I'll be seeing you."

"I repeated, "Come any time you want."

Presently I got up and put on my hat, strolled down the steps



Put on My Hat and Strolled Down the Steps Into the Garden.

into the garden. Sarah Darbe, coming out of the garden with her bunch of flowers for the dining-room table, smiled with a pleased expression. "You're going out at last, Mrs. Avery," she approved.

"Yes," I answered. "Do you realize, Sarah, that here it is Monday and I haven't left this house since Friday night?"

"I know that, Mrs. Avery," Sarah declared earnestly. "And I'm glad you're getting away for a while. I wish you were lunching somewhere."

"I don't feel like that quite yet," I admitted. "In case anybody telephones, I shan't be gone long. I walked down my sloping driveway to the main road. At the road I turned to the left, toward the ocean—eastward, technically speaking. My land runs to the beach, bordering a road, pretty with gumach, wild cherries, wild grape and goldenrod. I turned up the Head, stopped at the first house. I came to, tapped gently on the door with the old knocker.

Neat in her summer print and a big all-enveloping apron, Hannah Hatfield opened the door.

"Hannah had been housekeeper in the Fairweather house for forty years. Her ashen face is as expressionless as this sheet of paper and her dead, pale eyes, despite their furtive glancing, never seem to change. But perhaps Hannah only reflects that strange mysterious quality which, ever since they were young girls, has laid its pall on the Fairweather sisters.

"Good morning, Hannah!" I said. "Oh, Mrs. Avery!" she exclaimed in what I might describe as a full whisper. "To think of it's being you. How glad I am—how glad Miss Margaret will be to see you! What an awful thing to happen on the Head!"

I answered her hushed tone with one equally hushed. "Yes, awful! How glad Miss Margaret's in. I would like to speak to her if I may. I hope Miss Flora is not worse.

Do you suppose she can leave her for a moment?"

"Oh, I'm sure she will see you," Hannah reassured me.

"How are you feeling, Hannah?" I asked casually.

"I'm all right now, but I have been feeling all tucked out. Why the other night—the night of the murder—I was sitting up with Miss Flora and I fell asleep in my chair. I slept like the dead. I must have slept for hours."

"Miss Flora must have been sleeping too," I commented mechanically.

"Yes, Mrs. Avery, she was asleep when I woke up. Will you wait in the living-room, Mrs. Avery, or would you like to go out on the piazza?"

"I'll go out on the piazza, Hannah—I haven't seen the sea for two days."

I made my way through the broad hall to a glass door at the back, the panes of which the sun had transmuted into golden plates. The Fairweather house faces on the road, but the living quarters look onto the sea. The big glassed-in piazza is really an extension of the living-room—what with its couches and tables, books and magazines, crickets and reading lamps. It was in perfect order, as was the rest of the house. Yet there lingered even in this atmosphere, the intangible odor of invalidism—medicines, hot-water bottles, compresses cold and hot—its sinister hush weighted it.

Presently there came a step at my side. "Oh Margaret!" I exclaimed still in my hushed tone, and springing to my feet. "How are you, my dear? And how is Flora?"

"Flora's about the same," Margaret Fairweather answered. "And as for me, I'm always well."

"You look frightfully tired today, Margaret," I said.

And indeed I was horrified at her appearance. Margaret Fairweather is a tall, big woman—powerful, I might say; broad-shouldered with big, fine muscular hands. Only a few years before, she had been our star woman-athlete—tennis, golf, swimming; she was even an expert fencer. But when Flora started on the long road which was to lead to her agonizing death, Margaret dropped every outside interest; devoted herself to her sister.

"I'd like to talk to you, Margaret. Could you walk a little way along up the Head? I wouldn't keep you more than a minute."

"Yes, I think I can," Margaret answered, taking thought. "Flora's sleeping. Opiate of course! I don't want her to hear anything that would disturb her."

We went noiselessly back through the broad hallway and out the front door.

"I'll say it's awful, Margaret," I began, "and no more."

"I'll say I agree that it's awful," she responded, "and no more."

"Does Flora know about Ace?" I asked as we drew away from the house.

"No and never will, if I can help it."

"There's something particular you wanted to tell me, Mary?"

"I wanted to talk with somebody," I answered a little evasively. "Of course, I've seen Mattie and the Gearys. I haven't been to the Eameses yet. Nor the Treadways."

"It's nice about Molly and Walter," Margaret interposed.

"Yes, I'm very glad. I've seen Molly and Walter, but I haven't been to call yet."

"I haven't of course—but then I call on nobody."

"Nobody expects it of you," I reassured her.

"People are wonderful about coming," she said. "Do they suspect anybody?" she changed the subject.

"Patrick O'Brien has just arrested Tony Torriano," I answered.

I looked out on the rumpled blue-green sea. I looked up to the smooth white-gold sun. "Margaret," I said, "I'm going to tell you something. I haven't any right to tell it to you. I'm breaking a confidence. But the arrest of Torriano is only a blind. Patrick does not think Torriano did it. At the moment, it looks as though a woman did."

"A woman!" Margaret repeated lifelessly.

"Yes," I went on hurriedly, "a woman! Torriano met Ace in my Spiney. They had had a quarrel that day over a bill which Ace owed Tony for months. Ace promised to pay him that night; made the appointment to meet him there. He did pay him and Tony got out at once. But Tony says that when he left Ace he saw a woman coming along the path from down over the Head."

"A woman!" Margaret repeated in her lifeless voice. "Didn't he say who she was?"

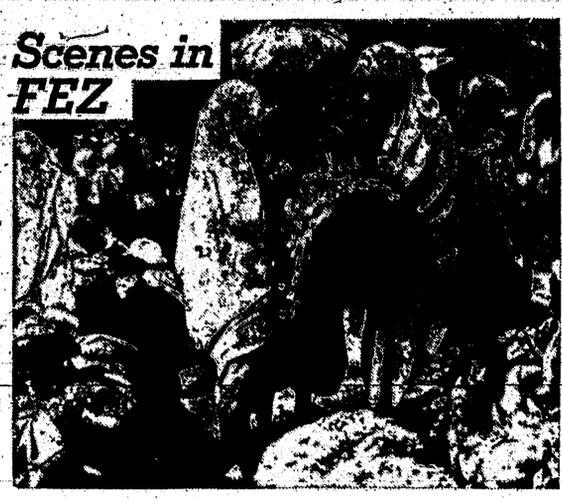
"He couldn't tell. He couldn't see her face."

"A woman!" Margaret repeated monotonously. "Wouldn't it be strange if it turned out that a woman murdered Ace Blackie!"

Luncheon was ready when I returned. Sarah Darbe had rung the bell for Sylvia who, in her accustomed swift hiddability, had come trotting up the path on the very wake of its echoes. Hopstill was striding up and down my living-room.

"I'm glad you took a walk, Aunt Mary," he approved. "And now you must get out of the house as often as you can."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Dickering for Wool in a Fez Market.

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

YOU may stroll through the narrow lanes of Canton, the broad streets of Peiping, the bazaars of Cairo and Stamboul, the climbing alleys of Algiers, and the vaulted souks of Tunis; but Fez, Morocco, so near to the Atlantic ocean, no doubt will seem to you the most oriental city of them all.

A few years ago, it would surprise a visitor to see any but Moor, Jew, or Negro in the crowded souks of Fez. To discover a French officer was a novelty. And it was stranger still to behold a well-dressed European girl standing before a silk merchant's booth calmly feeling a length of rhinny material between finger and thumb.

But now, sightseers are not so rare. Alien women wander safely through the dim and crowded alleys of Fez, where, two dozen years ago, France's sons—officers, soldiers, and civilians—were cruelly massacred. Yet this change has been achieved without harshness or injustice to the native inhabitants. Their prejudices are deferred to their religion and customs not interfered with. No Christians may enter their mosques. No sight-seeing European is allowed to visit their beautiful theological colleges, by the resident general's orders, because of some visitors' irreverent behavior.

There are the shops of the sellers of gold-embroidered belts for women—beautiful girdles, two or three inches broad, of padded velvet heavily worked in gold wire. There are the vendors of leather articles—large, square, red bags with rings by which they are slung like satchels over the shoulders; long fringed bags stamped in quaint designs or worked with colored thread; purses, notecases, triple-folding and adorned with cut-out designs on a colored background. Most of these leather articles smell like polecats!

Buying Heelless Slippers.

In the Street of the Slipper Sellers are stacked columns of heelless babouches, some with fronts beautifully ornamented with gold, silver, or silk embroidery; others just plain yellow leather—dub-a-hel slippers. This Eastern footwear is so speedily worn out that the trade in it should be lucrative. You may chance upon a wild rush of men crowding about some shops, clamorous and holding-out eager hands to snatch at long lengths of babouches thrust one within another. Then you will see them scurrying from these wholesale establishments, for such these booths are, to the shops of the retail merchants.

One rushes up to the grave, bearded vendor sitting cross-legged on his counter-shop floor, and thrusts a yard of yellow slippers at him. The retail man looks at them long and middleman hurries on to the next, to be succeeded by another and another until the squatting figure in the square pigeonhole makes his purchase to replenish his stock.

Such a scene, and an excited mob of women at an open-air auction of wool mattresses screaming out offers, are the two most animated glimpses of native life that the souks can give.

The Street of the Coppermiths resounds with the musical clang of their hammers on the rounded pots. The Street of the Silk Sellers glows with color. The Street of the Brass Workers shines with the golden brightness of the artistically shaped vessels, huge kettles, the stemmed banqueting dishes with their tall conical covers, and the hanging lamps with colored glass sides.

Then there is the Street of the Dyers. Half-naked figures, faces, arms, and bodies stained all colors, stir big earthenware pots of brightly-hued liquids, dip into them or haul out cloths, masses of silk thread, or lengths of flimsy material.

The camera rarely can help the pen in depicting the quaint native life in the souks, so gloomy are they under the shading matings overhead, so incessant the coming and going of the passing throngs that will not halt their hurrying steps.

Beautiful Mosque

There are things of greater moment in Fez than the varied crowds and the fascinating souks. A sudden turn in a narrow covered lane, and you see a wide-open arched door that gives a view into a marvelous mosque, the Karouline. A vestibule glowing with bright-tiled walls and floor, a broad, central, tiled court,

## Home Heating Hints

Avoid Unhealthy Dry Air—Keep Radiator Humidifier Pans Filled With Water.

MANY winter colds are caused by hot, dry air in the home while the season for burning the furnace is on. Heat, of course, absorbs the moisture in the air. This hot air also dries out and damages furniture.

You can easily and inexpensively provide for air-moisture by keeping a "pan humidifier," or hot water pan, filled with water in each room of your home. Designed to hang out of sight on the backs of radiators, these pans furnish water that can be evaporated by the radiator heat and provide moisture for the air in the rooms. This prevents the air from becoming too dry and lessens the chance of catching or spreading colds.

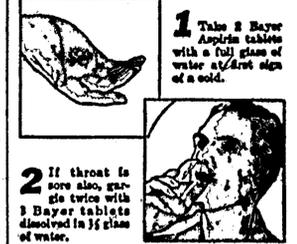
Warm air heating plants are equipped with humidifier pans. All you have to do is to keep them filled with fresh water.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

What You Use  
"It's the ability you use that you are judged by—not the ability you possess."—Ann Grace Chapple.

## Do This FOR A COLD



### Quick Relief with 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Repeat, if necessary, in two hours. If you also have a sore throat due to the cold, dissolve 3 Bayer tablets in 1/2 glass of water and gargle with this twice. The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever, aches, pains which usually accompany a cold. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from soreness and rawness of your throat. Your doctor, we feel sure, will approve this modern way. Ask your druggist for genuine Bayer Aspirin by its full name—not by the name "aspirin" alone.



15¢ FOR A DOZEN  
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢  
Virtually 1 a Tablet

## THE OTHER WOMAN LIVES JUST AROUND THE CORNER

It may seem unreasonable, but most men cannot understand why a woman who is usually happy and loving should have recurring periods when her whole character seems changed. He cannot appreciate the distress the discomfort that all women must endure. He does not know what it is to do housework with an aching back and ailing nerves. All he knows is that other women seem more cheerful by comparison.

Are you such a three-quarter wife?

Don't let the ordeal that all women face cause you avoidable discomfort or endanger your home. Do as so many wise women have—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For three generations one woman has told another how to get "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three crises 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 get "smiling through!"

## CONSTIPATION

Public Enemy No. 1

TO needlessly let constipation keep you miserable is worse than neglect. It is abuse of precious good health. Don't permit it! You may have grateful benefit from the use of Doan's Regulets—a preparation old in name but strictly modern in combination of ingredients that aid liver and bowels to keep the body free of waste. Gentle in action and wonderfully effective and helpful, Doan's Regulets should earn your approval. Be regular with Regulets. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S REGULETS

**THE OUTLOOK**

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

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

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**NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION**

1936 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

**EDITORIAL COLUMN**

**Thy Kingdom Come**

Never, since the founding of this Republic of ours, has there been such an active step toward dictatorship as came over the air and wire a few days ago, when the President of the United States dropped a bomb into Congress asking it to support him in re-organizing the Supreme Court. His plan is purely one which goes far beyond politics—it goes into dictatorship with a vengeance. His plan is to add six new justices to the nine, making the court one of fifteen instead of nine as it now stands.

He says in his request that the five justices who are now over the ages of 70, be made to resign and falling in that, he, the President may have the power to appoint six new ones who will be in sympathy with his views; or in other words, they whom he will appoint must "follow the beans" and carry out his schemes.

The move is made because the Supreme Court declared several of his pet alphabetical departments unconstitutional, which falling of course to suit him, he now wants control of that body so that he will be Lord over all he surveys. In other words, thy kingdom come. If Congress upholds his plan, we might as well give an order for a crown and be done with it, for liberty such as has been guaranteed by our constitution, will be a meaningless word. The overwhelming vote which he received at the last election has caused him to become so intoxicated with power, that he has already laid his plans to suit himself and the people be damned.

The Judiciary Committee has returned to Congress a few of the minor clauses in his proposition and has recommended their passage, but after hearing of that, the President came back by "demanding that Congress pass the full import of his plan without the least shadow of a change." When the news of the President's plan reached Germany, Hitler and his followers applauded the President and said he was working on the right thing. What a spectacle to the free and liberty-loving American people!

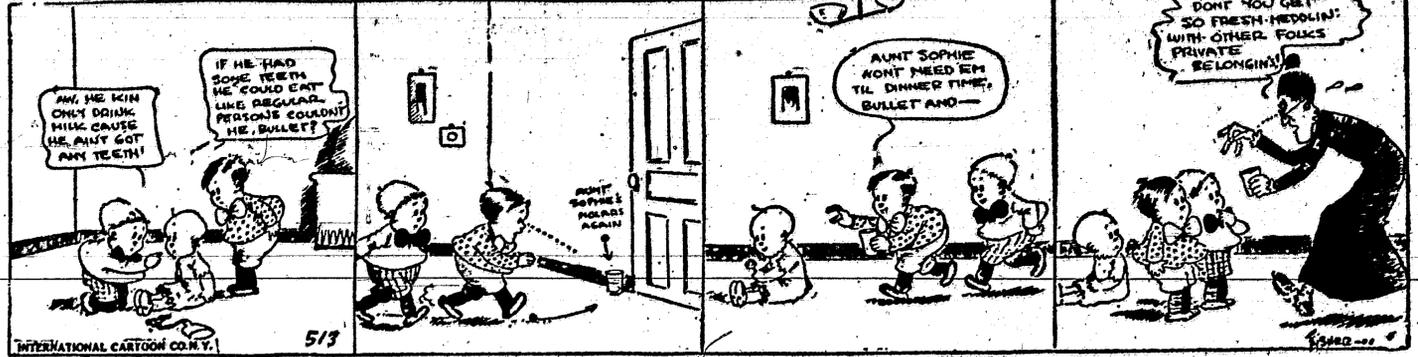
There are many good Democrats in the House and Senate who do not agree with the President, but there is still a majority who will "be on the knee" at the throne to offset opposition of those who are still patriots under the flag.

With Mussolini grinning and Hitler applauding, let us hope that there is still enough good, red American blood in this land of ours to prevent our Constitution from being torn to shreds, and our Supreme Court made a laughing stock for the civilized world.

Think It Over

There is no degree to being "right" but it is a degree to stay sane.

Raising the Family - It seemed sensible enough to the kids



**ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?**

Men, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell cat the rest of the time. No matter how your back aches, how your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus removing the discomforts from the functional disorders which women most endure in the three months 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."

**Steadiness**

**In the Midst of Change.**

Business conditions may change with the times, but sound banking practice cannot depart from its fundamentals—careful judgment, conservation and steadiness.

Lincoln County Agency  
Citizens State Bank  
of Vaughn

Member Federal Deposit  
Insurance Corporation.

**Notice of Final Report and Account**

In The Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico In the Matter of the Estate of Matilda E. Harvey, Deceased.

No. 411.  
To A. H. Harvey, Administrator, and 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 A. H. Harvey, Administrator of the Estate of Matilda E. Harvey, deceased, has filed in the above-entitled Court his final report and account as such Administrator, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 22nd day of February, 1937, 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 A. H. Harvey as such Administrator, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of her 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 Administrator is John E. Hall, Carrizoso, New Mexico. Witness the honorable Marshal C. St. John, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1937.  
(Seal) Edward Penfold, Clerk.

**Help Kidneys**

Don't Take Drainage  
Your kidneys are the most important organs in your body. They filter out the waste products from your blood and excrete them through the urine. If your kidneys become weak, the waste products will build up in your blood and cause various ailments such as backache, headache, dizziness, and general weakness. To keep your kidneys in good health, you should take a course of treatment with a kidney-purifying medicine. This will help to cleanse your blood and restore your kidneys to normal health.

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

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

Methodist Church  
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor  
Church School at 10 a. m.  
F. Eric Ming, Supt.

Sunday Evening Service at 7  
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.  
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday  
Capitan—1st and 8th Sunday  
at 11 a. m. Church School at  
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt

**Baptist Church**

Church services every first and third Sundays of each month, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday morning promptly at 10 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Don't wait for an invitation. The W. M. U. meets each 2nd and 4th Wednesdays from 2:30 to 4 p. m. at the parsonage.

**SHE LOST 20 POUNDS OF FAT**

Feel full of pep and possess the slender form you crave—you can't if you listen to gossipers. To take off excess fat go light on fatty meats, butter, cream and sugary sweets—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess weight. Mrs. Elma Venable of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20 lbs.—my clothes fit me fine now." No drastic cathartics—no constipation—but blissful daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

**The Tourist Inn Cafe**



Invites YOU to come in and DINE Where It is Home-Like and the FOOD and SERVICE Is Different and Better! Mr. and Mrs. W.B. Payne Managers

**In the Probate Court**

State of New Mexico County of Lincoln) as In the Matter of the Estate of Lahoma Lucille Bigelow Burke, Deceased.

No. 440  
Notice of Appointment of Administrator

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was appointed Administrator of the Estate of Lahoma Lucille Bigelow Burke, Deceased, in the above-named Court on January 25th, 1937.

All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to file the same within the time and in the manner required by law.  
Minnie Bigelow,  
Postoffice Address  
J28-F19 Carrizoso, New Mexico.

**THE 25-MILLIONTH**

**F O R D**

**HAS JUST BEEN BUILT**

IT HAS never occurred before in automobile history that 25 million cars of one make, bearing one name, have been manufactured under one management. The 25,000,000th Ford car rolled off the Ford Rouge Plant production line on January 13, 1937.

25 million cars since 1903... more than one-third of all the cars ever built... enough cars to transport the entire population of the United States.

The figures represent a remarkable contribution to the social welfare, the industrial stability and the general progress of our country.

People respect Ford efficiency. They know Ford uses fine materials, the best workmanship at good wages, the most exact precision measurements. They know these things are passed along to purchasers in the form of extra value. Naturally, they like to do business with such a company.

That is the only reason it has been required to produce 25 million cars. Naturally, too, they expect more of a Ford car, more this year than last year—more

each year than the year before. They have every right to. The experience gained in building 25,000,000 cars enables Ford to produce today a really superb motor car at a really low price—with the Beauty, Comfort, Safety and Performance of much more expensive cars.

The 1937 Ford V-8 combines advanced design, all-steel construction, extra body room, and brilliant brakes with a choice of two V-type 8-cylinder engines—the most modern type of power-plant on land, sea, or in the air.

The 85-horsepower engine provides top performance with unusually good economy for its high power.

The 60-horsepower engine gives good performance with the greatest gasoline mileage ever built into a Ford car—and wears the lowest Ford price tag in years.

People expect more of a Ford car because it's a Ford—and they get more, for the same reason. It is undeniably the quality car in the low-price field.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

**Card of Thanks**

We wish to extend our deepest appreciation and thanks to the many friends for their many kindnesses and the lovely flowers during the long illness and death of our beloved father and grandfather. Also we wish to thank Rev. Bell for the beautiful sermon which shall always be remembered.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Degner and family.

**Nice Assortment of**

**Valentines**

at all prices  
Burke Gift Shop

**TYPEWRITER PAPER**

—at Bargain Prices  
600 Sheets BOND, #1  
at Outlook Office

**THE WORLD'S GOOD NEWS**  
will come to your home every day through  
**THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR**  
An International Daily Newspaper  
It records for you the world's clean, constructive doings. The Monitor does not publish crime or sensation; neither does it ignore them, but deals objectively with them. Features for every man and all the family, including the Weekly Magazine Service.  
The Christian Science Publishing Society  
One, Murray Street, Boston, Massachusetts  
Please order my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a period of  
1 year \$2.00 3 months \$1.25 1 month 50c  
Weekly issue, including Magazine Section: 1 year \$2.00, 3 months \$1.25.  
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Sample Copy on Request

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



# Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

## Ancient Ruins Are Found in Utah Close to Trail

### Ceremonial Building and Many Other Houses

Blanding, Utah.—Within 80 yards of a trail over which Zeke Johnson, custodian of the Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah, has walked for more than 20 years, he has discovered a ledge full of prehistoric houses, including that rare find, a kiva or ceremonial building with an almost complete roof and what is apparently the original ladder for entrance still in place.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in repairing the trail between the Augusta and Caroline bridges—two of the three natural arches which the national monument was established to protect—and lunchtime found him in a narrow canyon in which there is little sunshine at this time of the year.

#### Leaky Find on a Cliff

Seeing the sun-bright and warm on a cliff about 30 feet above, he scrambled up to eat his lunch in the sunshine.

"Imagine my surprise," he says, "when I saw a ledge full of houses, within 80 yards of the trail over which I have walked for 20 years. There is one large kiva with the roof almost complete and a fine ladder standing in the hatchway with the small windows still holding the rungs in place.

#### Two Well Preserved Houses

"Besides the kiva," Mr. Johnson continues, "there are two well-preserved stone and adobe houses with no roofs but walls which are in a fine state of preservation. A small barrel-shaped structure abuts against one of the houses. Six or eight rooms with walls of fine masonry but partly torn down also are on the ledge. There is a lot of broken pottery and flaked stone lying around. I picked up six arrow points and several broken ones."

## Roots of Prairie Grasses Grow at Astonishing Rate

Washington.—Roots are formed at the rate of two miles a day by an average clump of one of the wild prairie grasses of the West. When the plant is two years old, it has a total of nearly 320 miles of roots, probing through a mass of soil seven feet deep and four feet square.

These figures on the root "mileage" of crested wheat grass were presented at the meeting of the Botanical Society of Washington by T. K. Pavlychenko of the University of Saskatchewan. Mr. Pavlychenko was born in Ukraine, but for several years has been a Canadian citizen.

#### Crested Wheat Grass Valuable

Crested wheat grass, the subject of his special study, was introduced from western Siberia into the Plains area several decades ago, as a means for combating weeds which were spreading at an alarming rate in the old cattle country. The grass proved to be not only a very successful weed control and a good forage plant but also a remarkably efficient binder of the soil against the wind erosion that starts dust storms.

To make a really thorough investigation of the cord-like roots of this grass, Mr. Pavlychenko undertook a monumental job, combining the patient digging of a geologist with the delicate technique of a surgeon.

## Russians Invent New Musical Instruments

Moscow.—An instrument resembling the organ, which produces sounds of oriental music as well as those of western music, has been invented by A. S. Ogolterova. The octave of this instrument has 17 intervals.

Demonstrated before the Academy of Sciences of the U. S. S. R., the new instrument won high praise. Tass, official Soviet news agency, reports.

Soviet musical inventors have produced interesting results by using electricity to intensify the sound of violin and guitar music. Recent electronic musical instruments introduced include the Emortors, Violons and Squedra.

## Oxygen's Magnetic Property Plays Role in Life

### University of Illinois Scientist Tells How

THAT human life is in some way bound up with the great force of magnetism has long been a speculation of man. "Personal magnetism" is a pseudo-scientific phrase which shows one form of this type of speculation.

At the recent conference at Princeton university on molecular structure, however, a true scientific basis for linking magnetism and life was discussed. And the link appears to take place in the blood and makes possible the body's respiration.

Dr. Worth H. Rodebush of Illinois university's chemistry department, told of the role the magnetic property of oxygen plays in life. Oxygen, he pointed out, supports respiration by permitting the oxidation of the blood's impurities at relatively low temperatures. But if it supported all forms of combustion as it does respiration the whole world would shortly burn up.

#### Oxygen Behaves Quizzically

Something of the paradoxical behavior of oxygen is shown, Dr. Rodebush indicated, by its position in the periodic table of the chemical elements, where it stands between the inert gas nitrogen, on one hand, and the extremely reactive gas fluorine, on the other. Oxygen, in other words, has a considerable amount of chemical activity and affinity and yet not too much.

"A possible clue to the paradoxical behavior of oxygen is found in the fact," declared Dr. Rodebush, "that, of all the common elementary diatomic gases, oxygen alone is paramagnetic, gathering in a magnetic field, and hence reacts readily with other magnetic materials, such as the iron in the hemoglobin of the blood."

#### Not Easily Explained

Because of the magnetic characteristic of oxygen, explained Dr. Rodebush, it does not react so readily with the non-magnetic substances like cellulose and the hydrocarbons. And thus spontaneous combustion does not occur at ordinary temperatures. Yet within the human body, the reaction between oxygen and hemoglobin, by which the impurities in the blood are burned, takes place readily without raising the temperature above body heat.

## History Is Traced in Adobe Bricks of Old Missions

Berkeley, Calif.—Adobe bricks from ruins of a Dominican Mission in Lower California have preserved evidence of a smallpox epidemic that ravaged the Indian population in 1781.

Two California scientists who have been examining bricks from old missions made the discovery of bones in bricks from San Vicente Mission. It is supposed that builders of the mission must have shoveled in bone fragments from unmarked graves of smallpox victims when they were getting earth to make the brick.

#### Yield Many Clues

Mission bricks are yielding many clues to early western history, according to the two brick investigators, Prof. G. W. Henry of the University of California, and M. K. Bellue of the State Department of Agriculture.

On some bricks are footprints of men, dogs, coyotes, birds; and in other bricks have been found nut shells, leather trimmings, pottery, copper fragments, and seed of plants grown in early days in the west.

## African Skull Gives Man a New Relative

London.—A prehistoric human skull that has come to light in East Africa provides man with a brand-new relative for his proud old family tree.

Enthusiastically hailing the skull as "of the greatest importance," Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, noted British anthropologist, gives his opinion that this early African was an entirely different genus of man from any heretofore known.

Dr. Leakey's verdict, if generally accepted, means that an unsuspected extinct branch of the human race is now known; and that this distinct type of man, low in type, was among a number of genera and species of humans who were on earth, but who died out, leaving only the species Homo sapiens to which all mankind alive belongs.

The skull, which Dr. Leakey has examined in Berlin at the Natural History Museum by special arrangement with the discoverer, was unearthed during the scientific expedition to the Eyasi lake basin in Tanganyika territory.

# Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

## Hello Everybody!

### "Door of Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

TIME and again I've told you boys and girls yarns that—well—sort of proved that adventures happen to you most often, not when you go to some special place or on some special sort of trip, but in the familiar, workaday places that you're accustomed to visit every day of your lives.

It's a tale of subway adventure that we're going to hear today—a story told to me by Matthew Creagan of Jamaica, N. Y. Matt left his home and went down into the Lexington avenue subway one day in 1921—Tuesday, November 13, to be exact about it—and before he got out of it, he had the most hair-raising experience his life has had to offer, either before or since.

Matt started to pay a visit to some friends of his who lived on Staten Island. He went down to the subway platform, and, when the right train came along, he got in the first car. He stayed on the train until it reached South Ferry, and then he started to get off.

#### His Foot Was Caught in the Door.

Matt was the last passenger to get off that car. The door was closing as he went through it. As he stepped onto the platform with his right foot, the door closed in on his left foot and held it tight.

It was the sort of accident that happens once in a million years. You know how those subway doors are built and how they operate. The train can't start until every door is fully closed and automatically locked in place. But in order to save people from being hurt by the doors as they slide shut, they've put a big soft cushion covered by a rubber flap on the side of each one. That cushion has three or four inches of play in it. That three or four inches was just enough to catch a firm hold on Matt's foot, and shut and lock at the same time.

Matt twisted around and tried to pull his foot loose, but it wouldn't come out. Then, suddenly, Matt's heart froze as a far shook the whole train. IT WAS STARTING! The closed locked doors had been the motorman's signal to go ahead!

Matt let out a yell. There was a guard standing between two cars just twenty or thirty feet away, but he didn't hear. The train began to pull out of the station. Matt looked around frantically for something to grab hold of. If he could get a good grip on a post or a handle of some sort, he might wrench his foot loose. He might hurt that foot pretty badly, it's true. But even breaking it clean off would be better than being dragged and taking a chance under the wheels of the car.

#### Dragged Along, Head Downward.

But there was nothing to catch hold of. Matt fell to the platform and was dragged along. The train moved on, picking up speed as it went. Matt let out one last yell as the end of the platform came moving up to meet him, but no one heard that yell, either. And then his body was falling—over the platform's edge—down toward the tracks. In a split second he was HANGING HEAD DOWNWARD from that subway door, while the train bowed along toward the next station.

Matt is short of stature, and for the first time in his life he was glad of it, for his head did not quite reach the tracks. Had he been just a few inches taller, the top of his cranium, dragged over that concrete floor studded with hard wooden railroad ties, would have been battered to a pulp before the train had gone half a block. As it was, that head of Matt's was in danger, from the various obstacles and projections that lined the side of the track.

Matt remembers trying to hold himself tight against the side of the train to avoid those projectiles, as well as the pillars that went flashing by. The train was going full speed now. It was an express train, and Matt also remembers being glad the accident had happened to him downtown, where the express trains stopped at every station.

The next station was Bowling Green, for the train had swung around the loop at South Ferry, and now was on its uptown trip. Would he still be alive when he got there? Matt wondered about that.

#### Unconscious, But Saved.

Something caught Matt's coat—ripped it from his back. A few yards farther on, his vest went the same way. His shirt was being torn to ribbons. The roar of the wheels—terrifyingly close to his head—filled his heart with horror. That upside-down position was causing the blood to rush to his head. He felt weak from the shock of it all. Suddenly, HIS HEAD HIT SOMETHING. A great light flashed before Matt's eyes—and then he was unconscious.

The train was slowing down now—though Matt didn't know it. It was rolling into the Bowling Green station. If the guard opened the door of the car, Matt's foot would be released and he would fall to the track. But the guard didn't open the door. There were no passengers waiting to get on up at that far end of the platform. Doors of other cars opened and slid shut again. But the one that imprisoned Matt's foot remained closed.

The train was ready to roll on to the next station—and there's no telling what would have happened to Matt then—when a watchman, standing on the platform, saw the foot thrust through the door. He took a flashlight from his pocket and looked down into the crack between the train and the platform. There was Matt—DANGLING—SENSELESS.

The watchman notified the guard. The guard opened the door, and Matt's body fell to the track. The motorman blew the emergency whistle, and some men working near the station came and dragged Matt out. He woke up in the Broad Street hospital.

Matt pulled out of it all right—and if there's one thing he's thankful for it's that he's a small enough man to fit in the space between a subway door and the ground without dragging. The big guys can have their six feet if they want it. "The bigger you are," says Matt, "the more things you knock your head against."

#### Famous War Horses

In older times, war horses pulled wagons, chariots and catapults. Later the Arabs bred fine, fleet horses on which they overran most of the Mediterranean world. European knights developed powerful horses capable of carrying a man in full armor. These were the ancestors of our modern draft horses. One of the most famous war horses was Eucaphus, owned by Alexander the Great. Nobody else could ride him. Another, says a writer in the Washington Post, was Marengo, a gentle white Arabian that carried Napoleon through many campaigns. He needed to be gentle, for Napoleon was such a poor rider he frequently tumbled off.

No Textbooks; No Exams. Sarah Lawrence college at Bronxville, N. Y., has no examinations, no required courses, no marks and uses no textbooks. The college is said to be the first to pledge allegiance to experimentation. Acceptance for admission is based on a general intelligence test. The student's progress in her course is recorded by three reports, one by the instructor, one kept by the student's dean and one made by herself.

#### Which Hazel

Witch hazel is not merely a somewhat smelly, mildly alcoholic skin wash in a bottle. That is extract of witch-hazel. The witch-hazel bush, from which the extract is made, grows in our moister woodlands. You would not be likely to notice it in summer, says Science Service, but if you go on a winter hike through the timber it may startle you. It is the only fairly common shrub that blossoms in the winter. To be sure, its flowers aren't in the peony or dahlia class; they are just straggly stars of stringy yellow petals. But they are real flowers and their regular blossoming is from late November to March.

King Had Baptismal Customs. In the year 1347 a Polish king required all of his subjects to be baptized; and the men were divided for this purpose into two companies or divisions. Those in the first classification were named Peter, and those in the second were named Paul. Similarly, the women were divided into two classifications. The first all being christened with the name of Catherine and those in the second with the name of Margaret.

# STAR DUST

## Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

INFLUENCED to a great extent by thousands of letters from fans, Norma Shearer has definitely decided to make more pictures. From New York, where she went to visit Helen Hayes, she telephoned the studio that she would come back soon ready to begin preparatory work on "Marie Antoinette." She chose this story in preference to any other, because she had discussed every detail of its production with her husband before his death. Actual date of production depends on Charles Laughton, because she is determined to have him in the cast and he is under contract to make several pictures in England. It is good to know that we will be seeing Norma on the screen again.

The most encouraging and sympathetic audience any girl ever had while making a film was Alice Marble's when she tried out recently. Carole Lombard was right there on the sidelines making suggestions and cheering.

Some people might think that Alice Marble won enough glory in tennis tournaments for one young girl, but Carole thinks it would be nicer for her to get in the big earnings that come with glory in pictures.

Radio favorites are moving en masse to Hollywood. Harriet Hilliard is back at R. K. O. Milton Berle will be there soon, and very costly it will be for him too because he will have to pay all the expenses of bringing his radio troupe west. And soon Fred Allen will move his broadcasting activities to Hollywood, so that he can make another picture for Twentieth Century-Fox. He will be in "Sally, Irene and Mary," a new version of an old picture which launched Constance Bennett and Jean Crawford on their screen careers.

Those august personages at National Broadcasting company's artists' service have put a new artist under contract and they are fairly swamped with mail asking about her. She is Minnie, the singing mouse, who appeared on the National Barn Dance program, and who will probably be star of a program of her own soon. Minnie was trained by W. W. Lighty, a veterinary of Woodstock, Ill., who noticed that when he was playing the piano, one of the mice he raises for experimental purposes tried to follow the tune.

Paramount is going to defy the fates and attempt to make a picture that has long been a flax in their studio. They started it last year with Marlene Dietrich, and when it was about half-finished, she walked out and declared that she would have none of it. So, Paramount engaged Margaret Sullivan to replace her, and then little Sullivan tripped over a cable and fractured her arm. Paramount still likes the story, once called "Hotel Imperial" and then "I Loved a Soldier" and also they like very much a young Viennese actress named Franziska Gaal, so they are going to attempt to make it with her.

George Cukor, who will direct "Gone With the Wind," is determined to cast some girl who is not very well known in pictures in the lead. One faction at the studio wants Tallulah Bankhead whose tests have shown her to be a brilliant actress, but too old for the early part of the story. Others want Margaret Sullivan. But by far the most promising candidate is a very young and vivid actress on the New York stage named Louise Platt.

ODDS and ENDS—The M-G-M studio is busy pairing off their stars, but just professionally, trying to achieve a combination as sure as the sun. Cary Cooper and Jean Arthur have proved to be. They are going to be Jean Arthur with Robert Taylor, Jean Cooper with William Powell. . . . Bank Warner Brothers and Paramount are trying to get Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence to do their new short play, that are Broadway's biggest hit, as screen shorts. But a radio sponsor is tapping their every bid. . . . Postcard Hoop always maneuvers on footnotes to spend money away from home, because that is the day her husband, Fred Allen, writes his radio script and he doesn't like to be disturbed.

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Cary Cooper and Jean Arthur have proved to be. They are going to be Jean Arthur with Robert Taylor, Jean Cooper with William Powell. . . . Bank Warner Brothers and Paramount are trying to get Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence to do their new short play, that are Broadway's biggest hit, as screen shorts.

But a radio sponsor is tapping their every bid. . . . Postcard Hoop always maneuvers on footnotes to spend money away from home, because that is the day her husband, Fred Allen, writes his radio script and he doesn't like to be disturbed.

Margaret Sullivan Margaret Sullivan. But by far the most promising candidate is a very young and vivid actress on the New York stage named Louise Platt.

George Cukor, who will direct "Gone With the Wind," is determined to cast some girl who is not very well known in pictures in the lead.

One faction at the studio wants Tallulah Bankhead whose tests have shown her to be a brilliant actress, but too old for the early part of the story.

Others want Margaret Sullivan. But by far the most promising candidate is a very young and vivid actress on the New York stage named Louise Platt.

ODDS and ENDS—The M-G-M studio is busy pairing off their stars, but just professionally, trying to achieve a combination as sure as the sun.

## Striking Wild Rose Design in Cutwork



### Pattern 1337

Simplicity of design—simplicity of needlework combine to make these wild roses effective in cutwork. Do the flowers in applique, too—it's very easy to combine with cutwork. Use these designs on sheets and pillow cases—on scarfs and towels—on a chair back. Dress up your own home or make them as gifts. Pattern 1337 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 6 1/2 by 20 inches, two motifs 5 by 14 1/2 inches, and pattern pieces for the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

## Foreign Words and Phrases

Absit omen. (L.) May this bring no evil omen.  
Canaille. (F.) The rabble.  
Doe-a-doe. (F.) Back-to-back.  
En effet. (F.) In effect; just so; really.  
Fidus Achates. (L.) Faithful Achates; i. e., a true friend.  
Hoc tempore. (L.) At this time.  
Punica fides. (L.) Carthaginian faith, treachery.  
Mauvaise quart d'heure. (F.) A bad quarter of an hour; an awkward or uncomfortable experience.  
Nec. (F.) Born so-and-so; i. e., her maiden name being so-and-so.  
In perpetuum. (L.) Forever.  
Ora pro nobis. (L.) Pray for us.  
Qui transibit, sustinet. (L.) He who transplants, still sustains. (Motto of Connecticut.)  
Re infecta. (L.) The business being unfinished.

Faith in Your Ability  
If you are looking for success and you lack faith in your ability to find it, your very lack of faith is the best evidence in the world that you are on the road to failure. A man always travels in the direction of his faith.—V. A.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal  
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Oromulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Oromulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Oromulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Oromulsion right now. (Adv.)

WEAK AND MISERABLE  
Mrs. R. F. Koenig of 111 Roosevelt Ave., Alhambra, N. Y., said: "Everything seemed to upset and irritate me and I was so weak I had barely strength enough to get about the house. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and my appetite was fastened on strength and I felt better in every way."

Buy one of your neighborhood druggists. New size, tabs, 25 cts., liquid \$1 & \$1.50.

WNU—M 6-37

HEARTBURN?  
Its surprising how many have heartburn. Hearted eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.

TAKE MINNEAPOLIS  
Minneapolis, the original milk of magnesia in water form, tastes after indulgence, relieves heartburn. Crispy and tasty. Each water equals 4 teaspoonful milk of magnesia. 24c, 35c & 49c packages.

# The Martyred Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**Lincoln**  
as  
the  
**Loneliest**  
**Man**

"I AM the loneliest man in America." These words dropped from the lips of Abraham Lincoln one evening in 1863, that period which was so dark and unpromising for the cause of the Union.

In March, 1863, writes W. H. Smith in the Washington Post, I heard the incident related to a small group of distinguished men by Bishop Ames of the Methodist church. I do not know if it has ever appeared in print, but if it has, it is worth retelling. The narration took place in the National Hotel, in Washington, in a suite of rooms then occupied by John Evans, territorial governor of Colorado, and father of Evanston, Chicago's beautiful suburb. My presence is accounted for by the fact that Governor Evans was a relative and I had called to pay my respects.

In the group were two or three Methodist bishops, a member of the senate and two of the house. I am sure no one who heard it related ever forgot it, or the impressive manner of the bishop. President Lincoln and the bishop were warm personal friends, and the President had employed the bishop on some delicate mission connected with the war. The bishop said that one evening in June, 1863, he went to the White House to call on the President. The President was in a very despondent mood. Hooker had just suffered his defeat at Chancellorsville. The conversation lasted until a late hour of the night.

The President reviewed the situation at length. The war had been going on for two years, and the North had made little material progress. The bishop asked if he despaired of a final victory. His response was made with great earnestness: "No. I dare not despair when I know there is a God who controls



"I Dare Not Despair When I Know There Is a God."

the affairs of nations as He does those of individuals, but the thought of the thousands who must yet be slain is appalling."

It was then he uttered the words with which this article begins. He said: "I am the loneliest man in America. There is no one to whom I can go and unload my troubles, assured of sympathy and help."

He spoke of the quibbling, complaining and fault finding in congress, and the harsh and unjust criticisms heaped upon him. He spoke with extreme heat of what he

**LINCOLN**  
WISER with the wisdom of ages,  
SHEWER as the man of trade,  
GRIM as the prophets and sages,  
KEEN as a damask blade;  
FIRM as a granite-ribbed mountain,  
TENDER as woman's song,  
GRAY as a scintillant fountain—  
YET WAS HE OAKEN-STRONG.  
Here, the wonder of eons:  
Born into pain and strife;  
Dead, with a thousand peons  
"Deathless, he enters life."  
—Thomas Curtis Clarke,  
in Rural New-Yorker.

termed "that meddlesome body" the committee on the conduct of war.

The President rapidly reviewed Grant's record since he joined the army. He was at Cairo with a small force. He urgently asked permission to move, saying he would win a victory. The consent was long delayed, but it came at last. Within two or three hours his men were on the steamers, and the brilliant victory of Belmont followed.



"Grant," He Said, "Fights, and That Is What I Want."

It was not a great victory, for the forces engaged were not large, but it was a beginning and showed the mettle of Grant.

Back to Cairo, with a larger force he again and again urged for permission to move, and when the permission came he rushed his men to the steamers, and three days later he captured Fort Henry. Not delaying an hour he pushed his small force across the country to Fort Donelson. He was not dismayed by the fact that the force in the fort was larger than his own, but immediately locked the doors on that force. When the rest of his men reached him, by a series of brilliant assaults, he captured, not alone the fort, but an army almost equal in number to his own.

At Shiloh, unlike any other general, he remained to fight after his disaster on the first day, he made no effort to get the remains of his army across the river, but at daylight the next morning became the attacking party, winning a victory. He was now at Vicksburg, and complaints of his delay were many. Only that day two senators had urged Lincoln to displace Grant, but he would not do it. "Grant," he said, "fights, and that is what I want." He said Grant had promised him he would capture Vicksburg by the fourth of July, and he intended to give him the opportunity.

The President, with deep earnestness, then declared: "When he captures Vicksburg, I will find some way to boost him over the heads of all others, and give him command of all the armies. With Grant in command, by Jinks!" (his favorite expletive). "The armies will move and move to some purpose. He fights."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By BETTY WELLS

**MEN** are so perverse. Theoretically they prefer the strong silent woman who never uses lipstick and is always on hand to cheer and comfort without making remarks. But oh dear me, they do take to a whiff of illusive perfume and a smart make-up, and for some reason or other, chirpy little flibbity-gibbs do pick off the nicest husbands.

A man will be the same way about a house. If you ask him for his preferences in a living room, he'll invariably select something as plain and drab as a custom tailor's sample book. Then turn around and adore your bright cretonnes and fresh colors. Take Ethel's husband, for instance—he practically issued an ultimatum that the new living room rug and furniture should be taupe. Ethel's usually the most docile lamb, but for once she went about her business and did as she



Chirpy Little Flibbity-gibbs Do Pick Off the Nicest Husbands.

pleased about their new purchases for the living room.

Powdery apricot broodloom for the floor. . . blue-green, between turquoise and peacock blue, for the walls and wood work. . . a deep cream for the ceilings and for the ground tone of the flowered cretonnes which went at the windows and onto the old upholstered pieces they were keeping. Then the new sofa trigged out in a copper color covering and the new upholstered chair turned out to be just the same color as the walls. In the end the room was just as restful and serene in effect as Ethel's husband had subconsciously had in mind when he specified his dull colors, but it achieved this by so much more interesting a route.

Ethel always depends a log on flowers. To complete the color scheme for any room she fixes up

### The Homey Touch.

The other night we visited a young couple in a very modern apartment house. We were greeted solemnly by a door-man and rode up and up in a silent elevator, modern as tomorrow's newspaper. We felt just a little belittled until we arrived at the door of our friends' apartment. There on a homely piece of string hung a large, old-fashioned key. You see, these young people really meant it when they told us merrily over the phone "the latch key is always out."

To be sure you couldn't have opened their door with that big old key, but the idea gave us a warm feeling all evening. It was a welcome and reminded us of those old time samplers that used to greet guests in cordial terms. They're



We Were Greeted Solemnly by a Door-Man.

back in style for use in Colonial rooms. If you haven't a family attic to get one from, why not make it yourself in cross-stitch. Once you've worked out your pattern you can whizz through it in no time. We saw one we liked particularly. There were small figures representing the host and hostess and even their small son and cocker spaniel, and below was a conventionalized design of their home. The legend on the sampler ran—"You're welcome as the flowers in spring; signed Mary, Jim, Peter and Bing!" All this was done in the gayest of colors and framed in natural wood.

This sampler idea can be carried out elsewhere in the house. The guest room is a very good place for an added courtesy. You might make a simple border, enclosing the rules of the house. The regular hours for meals will be knowledge treasured by a guest. If you're at all clever you might think up rhymed couplets to tell your schedule, as a lady in our neighborhood did. Sample—"And when we feed the man, lazar; We almost never dress for dinner."  
© Betty Wells—WNU Service.

## SOME WAYS TO MAKE FRITTERS

Only a Few of Many Methods Are Worth While.

By EDITH M. BARBER

**THERE** are almost as many ways of making fritters as there are foods to flavor them! All fritters, however, are made with a batter of flour, eggs and liquid. This batter is thin enough so that it may be dropped from a tablespoon into hot deep fat, or in the case of those corn fritters, which are known as "oysters," to be dropped on a griddle like a pancake.

Some fritter recipes call for milk and some for water. I really prefer the water as it seems to produce a more tender batter. Some recipes call for whole eggs, well beaten, of course; others call for a separation of the yolks and whites, and still others for egg whites alone. Salt is used in all the batters and sugar is added if fruit is to be added to the batter.

Whatever recipe you use for fritters which are to be cooked in deep fat, it is very important to have the fat hot—very hot—about 395 degrees Fahrenheit; if raw oysters, clams, vegetables or fruits are combined with the batter. For a plain fritter which is to be served with sauce or sirup, a slightly cooler fat, a temperature of about 375 degrees Fahrenheit, may be used. It takes from three to five minutes, depending upon the size of your fritter, to produce a golden brown on the outside and to have the inside done enough.

With a fish fritter a tartar sauce may be served. With a fruit fritter a lemon or a wine sauce or maple sirup is usually served.

The business woman housewife will find fritters useful, as a main supper dish or as dessert, because they are so quickly prepared and cooked.

### Corn Oysters.

2 eggs.  
3 cups grated corn.  
¾ cup flour.  
Pepper.  
Salt.  
Beat eggs, add corn, flour and seasonings. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-greased griddle and cook like pancakes on both sides.

### Oyster Fritters.

1 cup flour.  
½ teaspoon salt.  
¾ cup water.  
2½ tablespoons melted butter.  
1 egg white.  
1 pint oysters.  
Salt, pepper.  
1 tablespoon lemon juice.  
Mix flour with salt, stir in water gradually and beat until smooth. Stir in melted butter and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Drain oysters, dredge with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Drop one oyster at a time into the batter. Using a tablespoon, drop oyster mixed with batter into very hot deep fat (395 degrees Fahrenheit). Cook until golden brown and drain on soft paper. Serve with tartar sauce.

### Sour Cream Dressing.

½ cup sour cream.  
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar.  
1 tablespoon chopped chives or onions.  
½ teaspoon salt.  
Pepper.  
Paprika.  
Beat the ingredients together with an egg beater and serve with cucumbers or cabbage.

### Cheese Custard.

6 slices bread.  
¾ cup butter.  
½ pound American cheese, grated.  
4 eggs, beaten.  
2½ cups milk.  
¼ teaspoon salt.  
4 tablespoons catsup.

Into a buttered square shallow baking dish place the slices of bread, well buttered. Over these sprinkle evenly the grated cheese. To beaten eggs add the milk and pour this over all. Sprinkle salt and dot with butter and then sprinkle catsup on top. Place this in hot oven and bake about twenty minutes.

### Cereal Cakes With Bacon.

3 cups cold oatmeal.  
1 tablespoon minced onion.  
1 teaspoon minced parsley.  
Salt.  
Pepper.  
Corn meal.  
Bacon.  
Mix the seasonings with the oatmeal and form into small cakes. Roll in the corn meal. Put in a greased baking pan and place strips of bacon on the top. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) until the bacon is crisp. Serve for breakfast or luncheon.

### Cube Veal Steak With Gravy.

1 onion.  
2 slices bacon.  
6 cube veal steaks.  
2 tablespoons flour.  
1 cup boiling water.  
1 bouillon cube.  
Salt, pepper.  
Peel and slice onion, mince bacon and cook onion and bacon together until onion is brown and bacon crisp. Push over to one side of pan. Cook veal steaks two minutes on each side and remove to platter and keep warm. Add flour to bacon and onions and mix well. Add slowly the boiling water in which the bouillon cube has been dissolved and stir until smooth and thick. Season to taste. Serve with the veal cube steaks.  
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## Simplicity That Intrigues



**THIS** is the problem: Sister wants to entertain the Girl Scouts, it's Jule's turn to have the Bid-or-Bi club and Rose insists she can't put off the Laft-a-Lots a minute longer. And each of them has just finished a new dress and is anxious to wear it for the occasion.

### Sister's Choice.

Sister's bit of intrigue is, as you can see, a dress worth wanting to show off (Pattern 1223). It is made of velveteen this time and a little later on she's going to blossom out in a bright crisp gingham version for school. The smart collar, flattering flared skirt and puff sleeves are good reasons for this frock's popularity. It comes in sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 39 inch material.

### Jule's Entertaining Dress.

Jule knows a neat trick when she sees one whether on the table or in a page of fashions, and she didn't miscue in choosing Pattern 1998. She'll wear this snappy shirt frock when she's "it" to entertain and because she chose broadcloth it will look more trim and lovely after each washing. The diagram shows why a few hours is all that's needed to sew this grand number. You may have it in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material. With long sleeves 4½ yards.

### It Was Easy, Says Rose.

They didn't believe Rose when she said she made this startlingly pretty dress (Pattern 1224). She did though, even the buttonholes! However the same stunning effect can be had by sewing the buttons on for trimming only. The elegance of the princess-like lines, the eclat of the heart shaped

sleeves and withal its ease of construction make the question read "How can I help but make this dress?" It is available in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material, plus ¼ yard contrasting. With long sleeves 4½ yards required.

### New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons, and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

## Get LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops

1. Clear your head
2. Soothe your throat
3. Help build up YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE 5¢

## SORE, RHEUMATIC MUSCLES

Say goodbye to heavy liniments and salves that have to be smeared on every few hours to be effective. The new treatment for sore, aching muscles is Allcock's Torosin Paste, that stays on until pain is all gone. One Allcock's Torosin Paste has done more than any other without further thought. The blood is gently drawn to the painful rheumatic area, and the muscles are massaged as you move. No rubbing. Nothing smelly or sticky. Allcock's is pleasant. Buy one, say "oh" when pain is gone. 5 million users testify that Allcock's is marvelous for headaches, arthritis, neuralgic chest pains; 3¢ at drugists, or write "Allcock's, Ocala, Fla. 32" **ALLCOCK'S**

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER LIVING IN WARM IN THE COLD FOR THE BOY WHO AMBUSHED YOU YESTERDAY, PLANNING TO CRUSH HIM ON HIS WAY TO DANCING SCHOOL, YOU DISCOVER THAT HIS MOTHER HAS DECIDED TO GO WITH HIM!

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COMMENTS



L. B.

Hidi Ho, Everybody! Well, it's time for another informal visit with you. Cheerio, while we dish it out!

Writing the material for this Column is just like shaving; tiz hard to get started.

—I say, are you there?—Phone greeting heard in 'Picadilly Jim,' the English motion picture shown at the Lyric Theatre the first of the week.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH HIM?

In Sneedville, Tenn., occurred the marriage of Charlie Johnne, a tall six-footer, 22, to a nine-year-old girl. The parents of child bride are quoted as saying: "They love each other and people should leave them alone." Note—As if a child knew anything of love.

DESERT WIND

I am the Desert Wind!  
I rage and scream as demon mad  
Down Canyons by Bright Angel trail  
By changing lights and pueblos grand—  
The great wind from the Living God.

I am the Desert Wind!  
The gramma grass is green from rain  
I brought from Canyon Diablo;  
No fountain-bright is mine to kiss—  
Spirit of Fire remember me!  
—George L. Lee.

Yea Verily, we haven't had so much wind of late; but our stormy weather hasn't started yet.

The National Broadcasting Company put on a wonderful program of radio, screen and stage guest stars this Monday night for the benefit of the flood-sufferers and Red Cross.

"SOMETHING TO FILL UP THE PAPER"

In every small town there are people who place no value on their local newspaper, except when it will serve their social and commercial interest, "free gratis—for nothing."

The average newspaper man spends about one-third of his life rendering valuable service to his town and community—and he performs that duty without complaining, too often when but little appreciation is shown for his efforts and the service he performs. And that's that!

GIANT MEXICAN BLUE MORNING GLORIES IN EASTERN CITIES

The writer sent some Mexican Heavenly Blue Morning Glory seed to a musician friend in Brockton, Mass., as an experiment. They grew, and my Amigo writes that they were beautiful. He has enough for this season's planting, from the seed sent two years ago.

Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Lucas of Kansas City also report the same experience with the Mexican Heavenly Blue giant morning glory. Mrs. Lucas took some seed back with her, and sure enough they grew, being planted around the west side of the porch in the direct sunlight. They bloomed rather late in the season; and when they did, they were a gorgeous sight. The blossoms were gigantic, remain-

We Carry in Stock:

- |                 |                           |
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| Sash & Doors    | Drugs & Medicines         |
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Our Prices Are Reasonable

- 9x12 Congoleum Rugs at \$5.95. Cook Stoves  
Ranges, Heaters, Glassware, Chinaware  
Enamelware, Etc.

The

Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

A Woman Hung!

Her Head & Said:  
Why not send our cleaning  
to the Carrizozo Cleaners,  
'cause they can clean every-  
thing but a bad Reputation  
and mend everything but a  
Broken Heart  
or  
The Break of Day!  
Carrizozo  
Cleaners  
H-I-L-L

WANTED!

Aluminum—Copper—Brass—Radiators  
Lead—Zinc. 45c for Old Batteries  
Top Prices for Furs - Hides - Pelts  
Jack Rogers, Harris Garage

Excelsior Cleaners  
OF ROSWELL

BEGINNING February 2nd, I  
will be in Carrizozo  
Every Tuesday & Friday  
Licensed Sanitone Cleaner  
Work Guaranteed and Insured

RAYMOND BUCKNER, AGENT

ing open throughout the day. One person made the remark on seeing the porch all a mass of giant heavenly blue blossoms. "The morning glories entwined about the door."

Baseball — The writer remembers the star pitchers Grover Cleveland Alexander and Walter Johnson when they were very ordinary hurlers in the Galesburg, Ill., team. Yours Truly was a small kid then, and didn't have the well-known whiskers.

MISSED N. M. SUNSHINE

Conductor C. C. Whittington and family have returned from a vacation spent in California and other western points. C. C. says (and you may quote him on that) he was glad to get back to the perpetual sunshine of Carrizozo and El Paso. He says they nearly froze to death in California. This Wednesday, Feb. 3, was a warm, brilliant, sunshiny day, with turquoise sky o'er-

—So we come to you from the Land of Dreams,  
From the Land of the Lizard  
and Frijole Beans.  
—Adios, Amigos.

Frank William Lesnett

Last Friday afternoon at the hour of 4 o'clock, Frank William Lesnett, 58, well known, and highly esteemed Carrizozo citizen passed away at the home of his mother, Mrs. A. E. Lesnett, after an illness of several months' duration. The funeral services were held Sunday at the Santa Rita Catholic Church with Rev. Fr. Salvator conducting the same and attended by hosts of friends of the family, many of whom had been Frank's associates in business and affairs of a social nature. The remains were interred in the local cemetery.

Frank William Lesnett was born at Ruidoso, Nov. 8, 1883; was reared and educated in the town of Lincoln and Roswell. In Feb., 1912, he was married to Miss Alma Phillips, to which union three children were born, one dying in infancy. The surviving are Mrs. Bruce Groves, Los Angeles, and Miss Nadine Lesnett of Wichita, Kansas. The two daughters, his mother, three sisters, Mesdames Edith Crawford, Carrizozo; Geo. Dingwall and Allan Johnson, El Paso, and one brother, Milton Lesnett of Carrizozo, have the sympathy of our entire community.

Lincoln Forest Notes

Capitan, N. M.—The 17th Annual meeting of the Ruidoso Cattle and Horse Growers' Association was held at the Lone Pine Ranch on Saturday, Jan. 30. This organization is composed of forest permittees living along the Ruidoso River and is one of the few organizations in the state which is a member affiliated with the State and National Stock Associations.

The organization is very useful to both the permittees and the Forest Service. It acts as an agency for placing the wants and needs of the permittees before the Forest Service and also acts as an advisory board for local forest officers.

Mr. S. W. Land has long been one of the motivating spirits of this group, acting as Secretary-Treasurer for 16 of the 17 years it has been in existence. Mr. Land has also taken an active part in state and national association affairs and is a member of both state and national Forest Advisory Boards. At this meeting Mr. Land was elected president of the Association replacing Mr. J. V. Tully, who passed away in November. Mr. Tully had been president of the organization for a number of years and was widely known and loved throughout this section of the country. It was indeed a pleasure to witness the unanimous approval to the suggestion by Mr. Land to write into the minutes of the meeting the Association's regret at losing one of its most loyal and active members, losing a true friend and neighbor.

At the meeting Gerald Tully and Henry Hale were elected vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively. It is hoped that these young men will add life, zest and new members to the association and that it will continue its fine work for many happy years.—G. J. Gray, Forest Ranger.

Winter Is Here!

Give your order to Nick Vega for good White Oaks Lump Coal

Any amount from 50c up

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

NEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month. You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up earlier before marriage than after. Be wise. If you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife. For three generations one woman has told another how to 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 critical days: 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."

We had known Frank for nearly twenty years and were glad to class him among our best friends. He was kind, courteous, obliging and possessed all the attributes of a perfect gentleman. The many patrons of Ziegler Brothers Store, where he was employed for so many years, will miss the kind face and the friendly smile. —Peace to his ashes.

Louie Nalda, sheepman from across the Malpais, was a business visitor in town Wednesday.

Allie F. Stover was here from the lower valley Monday on some business.

**Ziegler Bros.**  
**INTRODUCING**  
**Our New Spring Line of Dresses**  
**Coats Suits**  
**- DRESSES AT -**  
**\$3.<sup>85</sup> @ \$6.<sup>85</sup>**  
**Are Up-to-the-Minute Solid Color and Print in all the New Spring Shades. You'll be amazed when you see the Lovely Spring Line.**  
**Ziegler Bros.**  
The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

**CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.**  
Sales  Service  
**Before you buy ANY Car at ANY Price, drive the 1937 FORD V-8.**  
**Expert Mechanical Work At Greatly Reduced Prices**  
Gasoline, Kerosene  
Lubricating Oil and Greases

**Economy & Affection**  
Are Big Factors in all Our Lives  
Therefore Women think of what is seasonal in foods as well as in fashions.  
Hot Foods in cold January and February bring to mind—  
**Hot Cakes & Sausage, Hot Cakes & Syrup, Steaming Hot Cereals and fine cuts of Meat, well cooked with a variety of cooked Vegetables and Hot Mince Pie.**  
**ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market**  
PHONE 62 — J. F. PETTY, Prop.

**We Buy any kind of Old Iron \$2.65 per ton**  
**See Jack Rogers at Harris Garage**  
**The Spanish-American Grocery at Capitan, N. M.**  
Buys Copper, Brass, Radiators, Aluminum, Lead, Zinc and Batteries J29-F5