

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

New Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

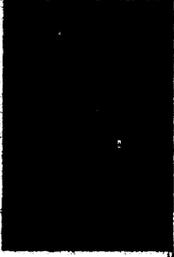
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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1937

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Out-of-the-Ordinary



A. L. B.

Donald Rayon and Helen Rochepart were happily married in Montreal, Canada. Donald was a clerk in a grocery store, but he always had a desire to live in the mountains, where they could be free from the hurry and haste of the big city. In that desire, he was joined by his good wife and having a snug sum saved up, they picked out the site for a home high up in the Canadian Rockies. There, they built themselves a little home and Donald busied himself with truck gardening.

All went well and they prospered. Although some 50 miles from the nearest town, he found a ready sale for his vegetables and reaped a good profit which added to what they already had, made a good nest-egg for their future. One day, a stranger called at the house and asked for something to eat, which Helen kindly prepared for him and after dinner, he and Donald talked about various things, during which time, he made the mistake of telling the stranger of his good fortune in the change and what money he had saved. Moreover, he made the mistake of telling his guest that he had never believed in putting money in the banks, but kept it at home.

On his next trip to town Donald was detained by some business matters and did not return until the following evening. As he came into the clearing which surrounded the little home, his gaze rested on a scene which struck him as would a blow between the eyes. Instead of the little cottage, he saw only a pile of smouldering ashes. Searching the ruins, he found only scattered bones of what once was his beloved Helen. The money of course, was the last thing to think about, but clearing away the ruins as best he could, he came to the vault where all of his life's savings had been kept. It was gone.

There was a light snow on the ground which enabled him to find the trail of the fire-bug and murderer, so crazed with grief he began the hunt. He visited every mining camp in the mountains and at times, he would come across clues, only to lose them again. The search continued for four years. Late one evening, he came to a cabin where the owner informed him that a strange man answering the description of the murderer, had been there the night before and in his sleep, raved about fire and murder. Without waiting for morning, Donald started out in the direction indicated by the old miner. Footprints in the snow aided him and toward the evening of the next day, he came to a cliff overlooking a stream and seated on the bank was the object of his search. Selecting a boulder as large as he could carry he gained a point directly above the murderer and summoning all his strength, he hurled it down.

Lyric Theatre

Show starts at 7:30 p. m.

Friday and Saturday—**"THE PLOT THICKENS"** with Zasu Pitts and Jimmy Gleason. Packed and jammed with laughs, suspense and thrills. A bigger kick than an army mule's. Also selected shorts "A Camp Meetin'" and "High, Wide and Dashing."

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

The Dionne Quintuplets in—**"THE REUNION"**

with Jean Harsholt, Rochelle Hudson, Slim Summerville and Robert Kent. The "Quins" are a show in themselves, but when the Quins' father and the sheriff order sextuplets from the stork, these comedy pals will make you howl. Also "Blus-Blazes."

Don't forget the "Baxookas" at the Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.

Night show at 8.

Malpais Road Work

Yesterday morning, Mayor F. E. Richard received a telephone call from Gov. Tingley that work on the Malpais road would be commenced Monday. Those desiring work will see the contractor as soon as possible. That's the commencement of one of the promises the Governor made when here about ten days ago.

The Freshmen enjoyed a party of dancing and games at Community Hall Friday evening, the music being donated by the GCO orchestra. Mrs. Freeman, the Room mother served refreshments. Almada Bowlin and Zane Harkey won the girls' prizes for the best masked costumes, and Bobby Mackey won the boys' prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Pfingsten of Hondo were business visitors in town Thursday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Burton are leaving on a two weeks' vacation trip spent with relatives in Texas. Then Lowell has accepted employment with the Titworth Co. of Capitan.

Mrs. C. W. Northrup and daughter Ruth came in Wednesday from Alamosa, Colo., accompanied by Mrs. Tommy Cook and small son, Tommy, Jr., who had been on a three weeks' visit at the Northrup home. Mrs. Northrup is Mrs. Cook's mother. They will visit here about two weeks.

Mrs. Grace Harbert Kennedy and niece Miss Orane Kennedy of Ramon spent the week-end with deputy sheriff and Mrs. Hugh Bunch. Mrs. Kennedy is Mrs. Bunch's sister.

Mrs. Forest Cathey and little daughter are here from Tucumcari visiting Mrs. Cathey's mother, Mrs. Minnie Bigelow.

The Home Ec. Club Girls entertained their mothers, teachers and the eighth grade girls Tuesday, May 11, with a tea and exhibit of the work the three Home Economics Classes have done this year. It is estimated that approximately 50 people were served. This tea also served to introduce the girls of the eighth grade to some phases of Home Economics, and to encourage them to select this subject next year.

The dizzy height. The heavy boulder struck him between the shoulders, breaking his neck. Thus was Donald Rayon avenged.

Carrizozo Girl Guest at Garden Party

Tomorrow, at the White House in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Roosevelt will give her annual garden party and Miss Katherine Kelt, Senator Hatch's private secretary, will be one of the guests. During the first part of May of each year, the hostess of the White House gives a garden party and her guests are selected from the ladies in the offices of Senators and Representatives. Miss Katherine's invitation to that important function is a mark of recognition which scores another time for Carrizozo.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

met at its regular 6 o'clock dinner and business session Wednesday evening at the S. P. Hotel with an ordinary attendance. Pres. English in the chair. Road matters, more especially, occupied the attention of the club. Door checks were given out by the manager of the hotel. Mr. Peterson and the drawing was made by his little daughter, Dolores, who drew number 12, which compared with the one held by vice president G. T. McQuillen. The prize was a beautiful revolving desk clock. The presentation was answered by Mr. McQuillen with a short but well worded expression of thanks. There were no visitors.

Odd Fellows' Mother's Day Program

The Odd Fellows' Mother's Day service at the hi-school auditorium was very impressive. Chairman A. L. Burke and his committee are to be congratulated for their splendid arrangement. Music by the M. E. church orchestra was very appropriate and interesting. A quartet, arranged by Mrs. Don English was very excellent. With touching paths the whole program sounded our deepest emotions and feelings of Motherhood, and its glorious benefits. Mr. Burke made reference in a very dramatic way to a number of great men in the nation who had been saved to a clean life by the determined effort and prayers of their mothers. Those appearing on the program were—Orchestra: Messrs. Chavez, Miller, Bright, Burnett, and Chase; Mrs. Ben Burns at the piano; Quartet: Messrs. Meek, Jones, Burnett, Mmes. English and Kelley. Mrs. Don English gave a meritorious reading. Rev. Bell also made a talk. The officers of the Lodge, headed by Mr. Newton, were on the platform, dressed in regalia, which denoted this as the meeting of this great brotherhood. There were nearly 200 present, and many beautiful vases of flowers gave the service an appropriate setting.

—Contributed by Rev. J. A. Bell.

Mrs. Don English left this week for Tucumcari, to attend the graduation exercises of her sister.

Miss Hildane Stover, local hi-school instructor, has accepted a position in the Belen high school for the coming year.

Rev. Bell will preach the Baccalaureate sermon at Hondo Sunday night and there will be no service at the church that night.

Miss Helen Rolland of Santa Fe is here for a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland.

Lyric Theatre to be Remodeled

Mr. and Mrs. Walker of the Lyric are preparing to remodel the theatre so as to make it unsurpassed by any of its kind in the state as far as comfort and convenience to the patrons are concerned. Work has already begun on the basement room below the stage which will be used as an engine room. The walls will be laid in brick and floor in concrete. From the engine room, pipes will extend all over the house which will furnish cool air in the summer time, while by the same process, warm air will be furnished in the cold weather. The ceiling will be lowered and the walls will also be remodeled to correspond with the general improvement of the theatre to make the Lyric second to none as an entertainment resort. In this important undertaking, Mr. and Mrs. Walker have planned to spend \$4000.00. Much credit is due our enterprising theatre people for their progressiveness.

Women's Missionary Society

of the Methodist Church will meet for an all-day quilting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. C. O. Garrison. Each member is requested to bring a covered dish.

John W. Harkey, Shirley Phipps, A. L. and Lewis Burke were visitors at the Bonito Dam Sunday afternoon.

During the past week, this office has received letters from those of our old friends, Miss Belle Ashbrook of St. Joseph, Mo., Mrs. J. E. West and Chas. Heuschele of Houston, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Payne were here Monday from their ranch north of Capitan, to which place they moved after disposing of the Tourist Inn Cafe last week. The Paynes are great ranch people and they never seem to be satisfied when away from where they attend to their cattle, raising of vegetables and enjoying the freedom which ranch life in general affords.

W. J. Ayers and daughter Gertrude were here from their ranch near Ocurra last Saturday, doing some shopping and returning home in the evening.

Deputy County Treasurer Sat Chavez has been assisting in the local bank this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler will leave tomorrow for Kansas City, where they will visit with their daughter, Mrs. Chas. Coplin and family for about three weeks.

Mrs. Frank Maxwell and little son Charles were here Wednesday on their weekly trip to have Charley treated at a local hospital for a nasal ailment.

Mrs. W. O. Garrison left for a month's visit with her daughter Mrs. H. C. Enas and son Verne Garrison in Dallas, Texas. She will attend the Pan-American Exposition while there.

Eddie Long, the general salesman for the Titworth Co. of Capitan, was in town Monday of this week, calling on the local grocery trade.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Garrison were week-end guests of relatives in Amarillo.

Diamond Dust



By Joe Chavez

Carrizozo	Won	Lost
	4	0

A caravan composed of ball players and fervent rooters traversed the Jornada Flats, Socorro bound last Sunday, to give the Sharks their second drubbing before a very orderly and courteous crowd estimated at about three and four hundred people. Being the opening game of the season at that ancient, but beautiful hamlet of succor, the Mayor, Mr. Gallegos, tossed the first ball from the pitcher's box, with Sheriff Knoblock behind the plate and Mr. Munday batting.

Carrizozo went to bat first and no sooner had umpire Pollo given the signal, our boys began to lambast the horsehide to every corner of the lot with the result that our boys put five scores over the pan before the time-keeper had a chance to jot down the third out for the first half. The Sharks were not to be outdone and did likewise against Eddie Rouse, our starting pitcher and scored one more run than Carrizozo. Both pitchers were sent to the showers and replaced by Luercas and Mora, who engaged in a pitchers' duel and the game was anybody's affair until the last out. The game was loosely played, but interest and thrills were never absent during the fray. Lell St. John and Red Huffmyer, the fleet-footed dray dobbins of Lincoln County, were given such nasty runs that they fell exhausted. Lell was chased all the way from first to home and just barely made it. Red was trapped between third and home and had to crawl out of the path of flying spikes.

Alfredo Lopez and Jerry Beltran walked off with batting honors, Jerry getting four hits out of five trips. The fielding luminary was Tony Perea, saving the day for Carrizozo twice with fast double plays, the last one after a wonderful catch when running with his face to the wall. Bello made a crack to the writer Saturday night that Socorro could not even hold its own with Carrizozo playing dominoes, let alone baseball. But to the contrary, we found out that they not only could play ball, but are a fine set of sports when it comes to treating visitors royally. We were entertained all during the game with music from a loud-speaker.

Umpires: Pollo at the plate; Meyer Barnett, bases, Time-keeper: Vigil. Final score: Carrizozo 18; Socorro 9.

Well, fans, Carrizozo undergoes its first real test this summer, when they tackle the Roswell Cotton Ginners on the local diamond at two-thirty. Let's all get out and help the boys win this crucial game.

Estanislao Bello, the 'frowning' sheepman from Claunch, was a visitor last Saturday. But Bello will not 'frown' long—he has that effigy.

Local Mention

Leo Sanchez and his grandmother, Mrs. Marillita Castillo, visited relatives in Albuquerque last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank English of the Carrizozo Hardware Co., spent the major portion of last Sunday at their summer home near the Bonito Dam.

Donald McKay, President of the Junior College at Portales, was here Monday and addressed the Senior Class at the High School in the afternoon.

Prof. Eric Ming is sporting a new 1937 Ford V-8.

Wm. Johnson of Tucumcari spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson and other relatives.

The new quarters of the WPA is undergoing remodeling, the work being done by Truax and Wettstein.

Dr. Rathmann spent Sunday at his mountain cabin above the Bonito Dam. He was accompanied by Jack Harkey.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lemon spent Sunday in El Paso.

Mrs. Geo. Harkness and Walter Grumbles, Jr., left the latter part of last week for Albuquerque, to visit Mrs. Harkness' sister, who is ill in a hospital at that place.

Mrs. Dick Willis, formerly Miss Margie Nickels, left for El Paso last week to join her husband, who is employed by the Southern Pacific railroad company.

Mrs. Esther Spence and son Charles of Santa Fe are expected home shortly. Mrs. Spence is one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sager.

BORN—At a local hospital, May 7, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis of White Oaks, a boy. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris of their Gallinas mountain ranch were guests of relatives and friends at this place over the week-end.

Wm. Nickels, who teaches school at Lincoln, spent the last week-end visiting his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Nickels and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Huntlinger of Vaughn spent last week-end here.

Amos Gaylord of the Nogal Canyon was here the first part of the week.

Jack Cleghorn of White Oaks, who suffered an injury to a finger about two weeks ago, had to have the same amputated the latter part of last week.

Harry Ryberg was a business visitor from Corona Tuesday.

A. F. Stover of Hondo was a business visitor last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Craig were Carrizozo visitors from Ancho last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Shaver and little daughter were here from the Caballo Dam country, spending the week-end with Mack's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Shaver.

Floyd Gibbons



Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Sands of Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Haz-dline Hunter

LIFE wouldn't be worth living if it weren't for its uncertainties. We wouldn't have half so much fun if it weren't for the tricks Fate plays on us every now and then to—well—sort of keep us on our toes.

Here's the story of a lad who had adventure bounce back on him. He is Sidney Smith of Chicago, and Sid set out with a gun one day to give some ducks the adventure of their lives.

But Fate turned the tables, and Sid wound up in the midst of a hair-raising adventure himself.

It was in Socorro, N. Mex., in November, 1906, that Sid took a notion to go duck hunting. He got his friend, Bill Nelson, to go with him and they started out together one frosty November morning to look for birds along the Rio Grande, which runs within a mile of the town.

River Bed Was Full of Quicksands.

The river was low at that time of the year. You could darned near walk across it without getting wet. The dry, muddy bed of the river, ordinarily full of patches of quicksand, was solid, with a hard crust of frozen sand on top.

Sid and Bill reached the river and started to walk across these sands toward the other side where the ducks had congregated. Walking and wading through little rivulets, they came within fifteen yards of the opposite bank, and there they were stopped by a rivulet wider and deeper than the others.

A torrent of water was rushing through it so swiftly that they knew it would be dangerous to cross. Still, they were willing to try it, for all the ducks were on the opposite side of the river. Bill Nelson was a six-footer and weighed about 200 pounds. Fighting his way through rushing water up to his waist, he managed to get across. But Sid, who weighed only 130, couldn't make it. There was nothing to do but turn back. Sid called to Bill to go ahead—that he would wait on the other side. Maybe some ducks, stirred by Bill's shouting, would fly over to his side. He started back to the bank, but by this time the mud had melted the frozen crust on top of the sand. Sid sank in up to his ankles at every step—and sometimes he sank in deeper.

Sid Jumped Right Into It.

The squish, squish of his feet in the mud alarmed him. All that stretch of muddy did look alike, and any minute he was liable to sink into quicksand. He picked his way as carefully as he could, and kept plodding steadily on toward the safety of the bank. And luck was with him. He made the bank.

As he reached it, he heard Bill Nelson shouting, somewhere on the other side of the river. "Sure enough," he says, "a heavy flight of ducks rose from the opposite shore and started for my side of the river. They seemed to head for a slough about a quarter of a mile upstream, and I started toward it, working my way through dense thickets that covered the bottom lands. I was almost there when I came to a cut about four feet wide.

"The ground on my side of it was firm, so I jumped across. As I landed I instinctively bent my knees in preparation for the jar I expected and—"

And that movement saved Sid Smith's life! Sid jumped—and he landed in a mess of quicksand. Had he landed feet first, he might have gone in up to his neck. As it was, with his knees bent, he fell half backwards. A wider surface of his body hit the sand, and he went in to a point half way between his waist and his armpits.

Says Sid: "It wasn't possible for me to work myself out of my rubber waders. I soon found that out. I began reaching out with my gun, gathering in every branch or twig I could. As I drew them to me I piled them under my arms. My movements were slow and careful as I could make them, for I knew only too well that every violent motion I made would only serve to make me sink deeper into the quagmire."

Bill Heard His Distress Shots.

But in spite of all his care, Sid was sinking into the quicksand. With the twigs and branches under him, he lay back, spreading his weight over as wide an area as possible, and began to fire his gun. Three shots—closely spaced—a distress signal that he hoped Bill Nelson would hear and recognize.

But what if Bill didn't hear it? What if no one heard it? It wasn't a pleasant thought, and Sid didn't like to think about it. Sid waited ten minutes and fired three more shots. And all the time he was sinking, slowly—steadily. Seven times he fired that series of shots. For seventy minutes, as nearly as he could judge it, he sent out signals. And on the last try he heard an answering shot.

Or was it an answer? Sid hoped so. By that time he was buried up to his armpits. Only his arms and shoulders were above ground. He fired three more quick shots in answer to the one he had heard—and when that was done just one shell remained. If that last shot was an answer, he might have a chance. If it wasn't—if it was only the shot of a hunter shooting ducks—well, then Sid might as well give up and resign himself to one of the most horrible deaths known.

Rescue in the Nick of Time.

The gun was useless now. Sid rolled his coat up, tucked it under his right arm. He laid his gun out at arms length and placed his hands on it. Anything to distribute his weight. Anything to keep him alive for an extra few seconds. He might need those seconds—if help came.

He began shouting then, at intervals, hoping to guide someone to the spot. Still he kept sinking. For fifteen minutes he kept up his shouts—and then, suddenly, he heard Bill Nelson's answering voice.

In two minutes, Bill was on the spot Sid had jumped from. In a few minutes more he had a good-sized branch under each of Sid's arms. And with that to start on, it wasn't long before Sid was out again. Sid was safe—but the experience has left its mark on him. "From that day to this," he says, "I have had to exercise my will power to force myself to wade streams or to walk along the banks while hunting or fishing."

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Some Men of Years Ago

Had Wonderful Memories

Some men who lived long ago possessed extraordinary memories, observes a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

Magliabechi, of Florence, was called "The Universal Index and Living Cyclopaedia" and died in 1714 at the age of eighty-three. From all accounts he could recite from memory everything he had ever read or heard.

Then there was P. J. Beronicius, who knew by heart Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, both the Plinys, Homer and Aristophanes. He died at Middleburgh in 1876 so was alive in Magliabechi's time.

A man named Andrew Fuller was said to have been able to repeat 500 lines without a mistake after hearing them read twice. It was not even necessary for him to read them to himself as in the case with so many memory-men.

Fuller could also tell, either backwards or forwards, every shop sign from the Temple to the extreme

end of Chesapeake, London, and the articles displayed in each of the shops.

Another man, named Thompson, could repeat the names, trades and particulars of every shop from Ludgate Hill to Piccadilly after walking the distance once only.

Finally we have the case of a memory-man named Woodfall who could carry in his head a complete debate, and repeat it, word for word, a fortnight after it had been spoken.

Aesop's Fables

Aesop is a little more than a shadow of a name. He was a slave from Samos, who probably lived in the sixth century before Christ. His fables were of a political nature in the time of the Greek tyrants, when unvelled speech was dangerous. Two hundred and fifty years later Demetrius of Phaleron collected a large number of fables and called them by Aesop's name. These were turned into Latin by Phaedrus, but it cannot be said definitely that any of them originated with Aesop.

HARRY V. WADE

With a Hand on the Wheel



Steering with his elbows while he lunched on a quarter of a watermelon, he broke through the window of an apothecary.

By HARRY V. WADE

AN INTERESTING character among the Public Menaces who have infested the traffic of the country in recent weeks was a motorist in Alabama. Steering with his elbows while he lunched on a quarter of a watermelon, he broke through the window of an apothecary and pulled up in front of the prescription counter. As he pointed out to the judge, he never lost control of the watermelon.

At Harvard, a Bureau of Traffic Research has studied motorists of this ilk and concludes that if we all drove alike our highways would be less fraught with peril. That is, by using technique common to all, one could anticipate the antics of the oncoming dePalma and plan accordingly. The thought is to select some motorist with no blot on the driving catechism, and remold the rest in his image.

Harvard may have trouble converting some of the harder cases, like the citizen of St. Paul, found to be speeding in a car that had defective brakes, a dead-headlight, an arrangement of wires in lieu of the ignition key, one missing front spring, a tire lashed to the stern with binder twine and '36 license plates taped over last year's. When asked about it by the court he said that he was discouraged.

It was in Maine that a defendant, still partly under the ether when carried before the judge, remarked, "Your Honor, a tree stopped in front of me." Again, in Southern California three sailors, hailed to the bar for driving in a large, free-hand manner, were asked "Which one of you boys was driving this rig?" A spokesman for the three replied, "Why, none of us, Judge. We were all sitting in the back seat."

For Blind Motorists.

The Cambridge group will have its hands full with a type of motorist who goes illiterate the very minute he grasps a wheel. In Michigan, seven of these in two years sped past a large, garishly lighted stop sign, with mixed results. When last heard from the authorities there had promised to erect a new warning, in Braille.

The playing of the wilder musical instruments in closed academies must be discouraged at all cost. In a collision of two such near Hamilton (Ontario), it was found that a Scotch passenger—a piper—had been cut off in the middle of "Bonnie Dundee." However, the bag-pipes escaped unscathed. So the accident was not a success.

Which leads naturally to consideration of radio and the manner in which its installation in cars has complicated the driving art. Let us study the case of a driver who, being unable to start a motor, begins pushing and tugging at knobs on the dash. While things are going all wrong, he twiddles a button he assumes to be the choke and gets Major Bower "All right—all right." A crack like that could unnerve a strong man for days.

Women Tossky Subject.

Unquestionably speed is a factor in highway safety, but its importance varies largely with the individual. Barry Oldfield, as an example, in driving 1,000,000 feet miles has grazed only one pedestrian, although it has to be considered that a pedestrian grazed by Barney will stay grazed.

The question of the woman driver is one filled with pitfalls for the unwary commentator. Whatever he says, he had better smile when he

says it. Still, it is safe to reveal here that science has about concluded the brains of many of our fair motorists are built upside down. I happened on this fact while watching them back out of angle parking spaces. Woman in the main, though, is no more lethal potentially than the male motorist, except when ogling a month-end sale from a moving equipage.

It is interesting, by the by, to note the irrelevance of the woman traffic violator when confronted with the evidence of her error. A very celebrated lady, when charged with running a light in New Haven lately, gave as an excuse that the officer who pulled her up had used faulty English. While in Massachusetts they ticket you for bad grammar, little is made of it in less rigid communities.

The no-brake school of operators will of course be re-educated in a body. The breed is readily spotted in the traffic flow for a habit of creeping toward a red light at a snail's pace to conceal an absence of brakes—a serious blemish in any machine.

Our Cambridge missionaries will have to deal with suburban really salesmen, cruising about the open countryside and making unmeaning signals for turns, right and left, under guise of pointing out desirable business frontage. They must consider the Midwesterner who drove from Cairo, Ill., to Memphis with a puncture, which is probably a mark for distance on a flat tire, even if you count in this year's office-seekers running on their records.

Some Turn Too Soon.

Harvard will try to make a conformist of the New York husband who tied up a teeming Connecticut artery while kissing the lady at his side, who turned out to be his lawful wife. The court taxed him \$15.40 for this prank, technically described as getting out of line. Men before have got out of line with the little woman, but here the whole background was exotic.

Not much is to be done, though, with the occasional card who makes his curve before the highway does, or tries a neat right turn in the middle of a bridge. Nor about the Frat House tradition of packing 14 brothers into a '28 coupe. There are cases of record in which the bottom layer of passengers in such a vehicle has had to be extricated with acetylene torches and a habes corpus.

Happily the fad for playing "Handies" passed before many drivers had become infected and contributed to the highway shambles. There is, though, a type who at 61 miles an hour will attempt to re-fold an eight-foot road map in the original creases.

Oddly enough, the whole safety equation has become complicated by the amazing perfection of the modern car. With the types now offered the public, it is superfluous to know what, if anything, lurks beneath the hood. To start a motor in the Neanderthal or Haynes period, it was necessary to have the strength of ten, and to keep it moving at all one needed the engineering acumen of Nikola Tesla and the late T. A. Edison. Today, your old Aunt Effie has only to breathe on a starter to touch off 140 horsepower into vibrant life.

The cry will be raised that by seeking to cut all drivers to a pattern, Harvard contributes to that trend to regimentation which lately has reared its ugly head in so many quarters. This fear we can dismiss airy. If there is a place on all the earth where rugged individualism abounds, and will abound till the last r. i. is wound around a phone pole, it is the roads of North America.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, 6 Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for May 9

ABRAHAM A MAN OF PRAYER

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 18:1-32.
GOLDEN TEXT—The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5:16.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Abraham Praying for His Neighbors.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Great Man's Prayer.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Praying for Others.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Ministry of Intercession.

Prayer—how many are the books that have been written on that subject and the sermons preached, and yet how little it is actually practiced. One can attract an audience to hear it discussed, but only a handful will come to pray. We as Christians agree that it is God's appointed way of blessing. We put up mottoes such as "Prayer changes things," or "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and then (may God forgive us) we try to change things ourselves. We struggle with problems when we ought to pray.

The lesson of today, from the life of that great hero of faith, Abraham, stresses the importance of intercessory prayer, that is, the giving of ourselves to pray for the temporal and spiritual welfare of others. In an age characterized by a grasping spirit of acquisition for personal advantage it is like a breath from heaven to read of this man's prayer for others.

I. The Nature of Intercessory Prayer.

1. It is a Privilege. Abraham had been honored by a visit from God. The covenant had been renewed, a son had been promised. The three visitors looked out toward Sodom. God who had thus appeared to Abraham in visible form and had shared the hospitality of his home now extends to him the privilege of sharing in God's purpose. How glorious to be on such terms of confidence with God, to know him and to know his will and purpose!

2. It is a Responsibility. "Abraham stood yet before the Lord"—why? To pray for Sodom and Gomorrah. Privilege and responsibility go together. Those who have audience with the King of kings are there to carry the blessed burden of prayer for others. Are we praying for our children, our families, our church, our nation? If not, who will pray?

3. It is Objective, not Subjective. Some modern "religious" leaders would devalue prayer by making it a sort of spiritual exercise which has only the value of developing our own soul. The prayer room is to them a sort of spiritual gymnasium where the soul develops its strength and a spiritual sense of well-being floods the soul.

Undoubtedly the very fellowship with God which is inherent in prayer is spiritually beneficial, but prayer actually deals with such things as cities, men, sin, sorrow. It concerns men's physical well-being, their material prosperity, as well as their spiritual welfare. It is the means designated by God for the release of his power on behalf of the object for which we pray.

II. Characteristics of Intercessory Prayer.

1. Unselfish. Abraham already had his promise and his blessing. The cities of the plain were wicked, yet he prayed for them. Those who know the spirit of God are not selfish in prayer.

2. Courageous. Note the reverent boldness with which Abraham pleaded the cause of the condemned cities. The Bible reveals that God honored men who had a holy courage. History tells the same story. We celebrate this year the centenary of one who prayed boldly—and believed, and labored—Dwight L. Moody.

3. Perseverent. No one likes a "quitter." Christ spoke of a man who was heard for his importunity (Luke 11:8). See also Luke 18:1-8. Some one has said that when we pray we are all too often like the mischievous boy who rings the doorbell and runs away without waiting for an answer.

III. Results of Intercessory Prayer.

The cities were destroyed, but the righteous were saved. God hears and answers prayer. This is the testimony of His Word, of countless Christian men and women of all ages, yes, of the men and women of our day. We know by experience that it is true—"I cried; he answered." He says to you and to me, "Call unto Me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jer. 33:3).

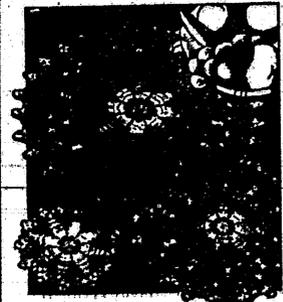
No Reason for Anxiety. Anxiety is the poison of life; the parent of many sins and of more miseries. Why, then, allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand—Blair.

A Long Life. He lives long that lives well, and time mispent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller.

They Also Serve. They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

Star Center Doilies In 3 Useful Sizes

There's an added thrill to luncheon or dinner when the table-setting's of luxurious-looking doilies! Three practical sizes—6, 11, and 15 inch circles—comprise this exquisite buffet or lunch ensemble. And guests will exclaim over the loveliness of the "star" center



pattern. You'll be astonished at the ease with which these charming "dainties" are crocheted. Use mercerized cotton or string. In pattern 5788 you will find complete instructions for making the doilies shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

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

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

Debts of Honor. I pay debts of honor, not honorable debts.—Reynolds.

Iron the Easy Way

GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING
Coleman
SELF-HEATING IRON

The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to wait for the iron to heat. The Coleman is a safe, reliable, portable iron. It is the only iron that can be used in any place. It is the only iron that can be used in any place. It is the only iron that can be used in any place.

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—Wycherly.

Gas, Gas All the Time, Can't Eat or Sleep

"The gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. A friend suggested that I try Adierka. It brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."

Adierka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels while ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowels only. Adierka gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old, poisonous matter that you would not believe was in your system. It relieves heartburn, gas, pains, sour stomach, nervousness and headaches for months.

Justice must tame whom mercy cannot win.—Saville.

ARE YOU WEAK, NERVOUS?

Mr. Oscar Barrett of 911 Queen Street, New York, N.Y., writes: "I was so weak and nervous that I didn't feel like doing anything. I had headaches and other complaints—all due to functional disturbance of the nervous system. After using Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and my appetite was increased and I gained strength and energy. I feel like a new man and my nervous system is now in perfect health."

WNU—M 18-37

Unwanted Things. What you do not want is dear at a farthing.—Cato.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes get in their work—do not act as Nature intended. This is kidney impaction. If, instead, you notice the system and upset the whole body mechanism.

Symptoms may be passing backache, present headache, attacks of dizziness, swelling of ankles, uric acid, uric acid under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney trouble are: frequent urination, frequent urination, frequent urination.

They Also Serve. They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

DOAN'S PILLS

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

IN AMERICA, a lady with a house and no maid usually has an easier life than her sister-abroad who has several servants, and this is because of all the mechanical helps we have to simplify the hard jobs.

But there are no machines for raising babies, and not likely to be any! So, it looks as though we'll keep on being tied at home pretty close during the years when the children need watching, because nursemaids are hard to get and expensively out of the question for most of us.

In certain progressive communities and especially in the larger cities there are nursery schools for pre-school age children. These are actually neighborhood play places with some one on the job watching to see that the children are



There are no machines for raising babies.

safe and happy. These will no doubt be the eventual solution of the problem of the busy mothers who can't be two places at once—in the house doing the work and in the yard watching the children play outdoors.

The nursery school is fairly rare as yet, but we know one neighborhood of mothers who clubbed together and organized a playground for their own youngsters. The way it worked was like this—two mothers would be on duty at a time and all the children of the group were gathered together to play under these watchful eyes. They took it by half-day shifts, and no one woman had to serve but once a week. This left each mother free the rest of the time for her work or for going out. Since the success of the scheme depended on dependable co-operation, each mother made it a point to be on the job when her turn came so that she could feel free to park her own youngsters the rest of the time. Think how many hours of worry that saved—knowing that the children would be in good hands!

The Easiest Way

There's no two ways about it, a buffet service is the easiest way to feed a crowd. And it has an informal camaraderie about it that practically guarantees a good time. No danger of lulls when you're helping yourself to entertainment along with the refreshments and ham. And so all the crabbers-at-lap-suppers should take a back seat. If they had to do the work, they'd get the point. However, it's gracious to make things as smooth as possible for guests as well as hostess and in the interest of that, we offer these tips for buffet suppers:

Lots of little tables—if you entertain this way often, it's a good idea to have several nests of tables. They won't be in the way between times and for buffet occasions, they will provide table tops for the men



A buffet supper is the easiest way to serve a gay gang.

at least who don't manage so well with their plates on their laps since they don't have laps worthy of the name.

A stack of party trays—very fancy ones to get away from the cafeteria touch. But they'll make for less spilling and dropping. Individual salts and peppers, so that each tray can have a set. Saves too much jumping up and down, and they needn't be expensive.

Serving spoons and forks—separate ones for each dish of something good. This will eliminate a lot of confusion.

A big pitcher of ice water—whatever else you have to drink, be sure there's water to drink—and handy. And it goes without saying that it will save you a lot of dither to have enough coffee or tea ready so there won't have to be delays in the middle of the party while you retire to the kitchen.

Napkins big enough for business. Remember that a little cocktail napkin isn't good for much, so when you're serving a hearty supper, have hearty sized napkins to repair the damage of accidents that will happen.

By Betty Wells—WNU Service.

Color Essential

In the composition of a color scheme for a room, it is necessary to have one prevailing, or predominating, color if the composition is to have any coherence or continuity.

COOKY JAR HAS PLACE IN HOME

Great Family Problem Is to Keep It Well Filled.

By EDITH M. BARBER

WE ALL love the cooky jar when we are children, especially, but even when we grow-up cookies out of the cooky jar seem to taste better than they do out of a pasteboard box or a tin container.

If there are many healthy appetites in the family the problem is to keep the cooky jar filled. There are many recipes which are not expensive—and which will produce cookies with good keeping qualities (as far as the cookies themselves are concerned). These may be made in large quantities because they do not get stale.

Spicy cookies are especially good because they ripen as they are kept and their flavor grows even better. They may be either rolled or dropped. In the latter case, they are sometimes called rocks, perhaps because such a thick batter is used that they do not spread. Cookies of this sort usually have raisins or dates in them and often nuts are added.

Molasses cookies may be thin or thick and either rolled or dropped. If they are thin they are known as ginger snaps. Sometimes this mixture is packed in a bread pan and chilled and cut into slices for baking.

Molasses Nut Bars.

1/2 cup shortening
1/4 cup boiling water
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup molasses
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nuts
Put shortening in bowl, add boiling water and when melted add sugar and molasses. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into first mixture. Chill, roll thinly, cut in strips or in fancy shapes, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake about ten minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325 degrees F.

Drop Cookies.

1 cup butter
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon lemon extract
3 1/4 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons water
2 cups seedless raisins
1 cup cut nuts
Cream butter, add sugar and cream together. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir lemon extract. Sift flour with soda and salt and add alternately with the water to the first mixture. Stir in raisins and nuts. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased cookie sheet about an inch apart. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F.

Jumbles.

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 1/4 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
White of 1 egg
Blanched almonds
4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and the egg well beaten. Then add the flour mixed and sifted with the baking powder. Chill, toss one-half the mixture on a floured board, roll one-eighth of an inch thick. Shape with a doughnut cutter. Brush over with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Split the almonds and arrange three halves on each of equal distances. Place on buttered sheet and bake eight minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.).

Sour Cream Doughnuts.

2 1/2 cups cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks well beaten
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sour cream
Sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt and nutmeg together. Beat eggs until light and thick. Add sugar and beat until fluffy. Add cream, then other ingredients and beat until smooth. Turn out on floured board. Roll one-quarter inch thick, cut with small doughnut cutter or form into balls. Fry in deep-fat, 385 degrees Fahrenheit until brown, turning frequently. Drain on soft paper. When cool, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

Sour Cream Cookies.

1/2 cup shortening
3 cups sugar
3 eggs
2 cups sour cream
5 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
Salt
2 teaspoons nutmeg
Cream fat and sugar together, add eggs and beat well. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and nutmeg together, and add alternately with cream. Chill, roll out, cut into rounds. Brush with water, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake about ten minutes in moderate oven (350 degrees F.). They may be garnished with raisins or with halved almonds before baking. Sour milk or buttermilk instead of cream may be used if fat is increased to 1 cup.

By Betty Wells—WNU Service.

STAR DUST Movie Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

EVEN better than having the circus come to town is to find "Elephant Boy" playing at your local motion-picture theater one of these spring days. It is a picture that defies description, for volumes would be necessary to describe the thrilling scenes of vast herds of elephants, the gruesome terror of discontent brewing among the natives of India, the sturdy charm of little Sabu, the twelve-year-old Indian boy who shares stardom with the king of the elephants, the magnificent blending of music with the haunting shrieks of wild animals.

But with all of its other merits, it is the heart-warming friendship of the boy and his elephant that makes one want to go back to see this picture again and again. Robert Flaherty, the explorer-director who hasn't had a picture on our screens since the unforgettable "Man of Aran" made off the coast of Ireland, went to India two years ago and is responsible for "Elephant Boy."

Back to roles that are hot and low down go Bette Davis and George Bancroft in their new films.



Bette Davis

When Warner-Brothers and Bette Davis ended their long court wrangle, they told her all was forgiven, and certainly they must have meant it, for they have given her the best role of her career in "Marked Woman." George Bancroft comes back in a Columbia picture called "Racketeers in Exile," which is a powerful answer to those reformers who said they just wouldn't let us have any more gangster pictures.

For months Sol Lesser has been conducting a search for a Tarzan and at last he found one. Glenn Morris, Olympic champion, will play the role that Johnny Weismuller made famous. Johnny will stay with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, hoping for more civilized parts.

You never can tell what an actor will be asked to do down at the M-G-M studio. You'd think they'd be satisfied to have Clark Gable and Robert Taylor the romantic idols of half the population, but never satisfied, they are making the lads sing in their new pictures.

Doris Nolan was not too pleased over her role in "The Top of the Town" because it seemed to her that she never had anything to do. She felt that she was all but lost among the fancy sets and big musical numbers, which just shows you that actors are usually wrong about what a picture will do for them. Sam Goldwyn took one look at "Top of the Town" and immediately started negotiations with Universal to borrow Miss Nolan for a prominent part in "Dead End." Meanwhile Miss Nolan had gone off on a motor trip with her sister, to take a look at the cherry blossoms in Washington, to dash over the skyway in Shenandoah valley and visit relatives in North Carolina. The good news about the big dramatic role, just the sort she has been begging for, reached her en route.

All the studios are re-making successes of other days, having failed to find new stories that are as good. M-G-M has cast Jean Harlow and Jimmy Stewart in "The Shopworn Angel" which was one of the best pictures ever made when Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll played it. And Lily Pons will play "Kiki" with operatic flourishes, which was not so good when Mary Pickford played it years ago.



Lily Pons

ODDS AND ENDS—Eris O'Brien Moore, who was so good in "Black Legion" is going to play Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola," a part that dozens of prominent actresses had tried out for... Father's two-footed... "A Day With the Quinns" proves definitely that the world's most famous three-year-olds grow more charming and obstreperous every day. They achieved an almost Donald Duckian rage when anyone addresses them by the wrong names... When Ann Southern returned to the R. K. O. studio she found an exquisite crystal reindeer on her dressing table, a gift from Una Merkel who had occupied the room during her absence... Don Wilson of the Jack Benny program is making his picture debut in R. K. O.'s "Missus America"... Albert Collis, famous Belgian portrait painter, says that the most beautiful of all the film stars are Francis Farmer, Merle Oberon, Lillian Rainer, Joan Harlow, Norma Shearer and Kay Francis.

Talk About Smart Frocks



"AUNT ALMA, there's just one thing I don't like about my new dress—it's so attractive I'm afraid Sis over there will appropriate it when I'm not looking. Outside of that I'm crazy about it, and I think you're swell to make it for me. Why—"
"What's this, what's this? If that isn't a laugh, Aunt Alma! Imagine me wanting anybody's dress. Why since you've taught me to sew-my-own I never want anything. I just make it and that's that. This sport dress, for instance, took me only one afternoon."
"I think you do wonderfully well with your sewing, my dear. You'll be making my clothes the first thing I know. I feel especially pleased with my new spring dress and I have both of you to thank for suggesting this style. It does right well by my hips, and it's so comfortable through the shoulders. I guess I should diet but in this dress I feel nice and slender. Don't you see, girls, how important it is to choose a style that's particularly becoming? It's abiding by this theory that gives some women such enviable chic."
Pattern 1280 is designed in sizes 12-20 (30 to 40). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.
Pattern 1233 is designed in sizes 34-52. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The collar in contrast requires five-eighths of a yard.
Pattern 1284 is designed in sizes 14-20 (32 to 44). Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

My Favorite Recipe

Bebe Daniels Film Star
Fruit Salad
Place lettuce leaves on each plate. On this place one slice of pineapple (cut through but left in shape). Over this slice a banana, figs, orange and pears. Put one maraschino cherry or pomegranate seed on top. Use whipped cream or dressing made from the fruit juices sweetened to taste. Copyright—WNU Service.

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KILLS INSECTS
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VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

In Detail
To know things perfectly, we should know them in detail; but as this is almost infinite, our knowledge is always superficial and imperfect.

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Don't take chances with your furniture polish. Use only genuine O-Cedar Polish... First choice of housekeepers the world over for 30 years. Quickly restores lustre, protects and preserves your furniture. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

The SECRET OF THE DESERTED MILL!

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FLASH! MELVIN PURVIS FORMER ACE G-MAN FORMS NEW SECRET OPERATORS' CORPS
Invites all boys and girls to join his new Law-and-Order Patrol!

Comic strip panels showing Melvin Purvis and his secret operators capturing counterfeiters.

Comic strip panels showing the capture of counterfeiters and the discovery of a secret hideout.

Comic strip panels showing the final capture of the counterfeiters and the reward offered.

WELL, MILLIONS OF MARQUETTE, THE G-15 IS UP! YOU TWO CAN USE ALL THAT FACE COUNTERFEIT MONEY YOU PRINTED TO BUY YOURSELVES A COUPLE OF ROOMS IN THE PENITENTIARY!

THAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER OF YOU BILLY—MARRING THAT TRUCK WITH OUR SECRET OPERATORS GUILTY SIGN TO LET US KNOW IT WAS THE COUNTERFEITERS!... HAVE SOME MORE POST-TOASTIES? THEY'RE JUST WHAT MY SECRET OPERATORS NEED AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY!

THANKS, MR. PURVIS—YOU GET IT WILL!

SO WILL I!

FOR BETTER BREAKFASTS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY... CRISP, CRUNCHY POST-TOASTIES!
Here's why millions of families prefer crisp, crunchy, delicious Post Toasties for breakfast every morning! Post Toasties are made from the sweet, tender little hearts of the corn, where most of the rich flavor is stored. And then, these golden-brown flakes are toasted double crisp, so they will keep their crunchiness, appetizing goodness longer in milk or cream.

COME ON, BOYS AND GIRLS! BE A SECRET OPERATOR
IN MY NEW LAW-AND-ORDER PATROL GET MY NEW SECRET OPERATOR'S SHIELD AND MY SECRET OPERATOR'S BOOK CONTAINING SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS... ALSO PICTURES OF ALL MY WONDERFUL TAKE PRIZES! JUST SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW WITH 2 AIR MAIL TOASTIES—TACKLE 100%, ACT NOW!

THE OUTLOOK

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1936 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Don't Sign Petitions

The fellow who thought up the advice, "Be careful what you sign," would be useful to have around—now that the state is being flooded with referendum petitions to halt the Amendments election on September 21.

They say it is easy to get names on petitions, any kind of petitions—and probably this is the reason the Anti-Special Election League has started the referendum. They think it will be easy to get signatures.

It may not be so easy. It won't be easy if the voters will study the question beforehand and figure out the effect of their signing.

They may be signing away a fortune—for New Mexico.

One of the amendments proposes a \$1,250,000 bond issue for the state to provide needed buildings at educational and other state institutions. This \$1,250,000 will provide the state's share for PWA and WPA projects for building. It will mean the spending of millions of dollars in new construction; mean the employment of hundreds upon hundreds of men; mean that New Mexico will get several times its money's worth in badly needed school buildings; mean an extra impetus in bringing back prosperity to New Mexico.

To the salesman, the railroad man, the traveler, signing the petitions will mean that he may be disfranchising himself.

For one of the amendments provides for the absentee ballot. To delay action on this amendment will prevent any possibility of absentee voting in the next general election.

The referendum is directed at amendments removing the time limit restriction on number of terms of office officials may hold—and is purely a political move.

"The people should have more time to study these amendments," says the "antle"—and they say it apparently in what is meant to be in a serious way.

Few people are fooled, however, and even a child knows that if you can't study and make up your mind on a public question in six months, you probably can't make up your mind in six years.

The people should have the right to decide on whether the amendments should pass or not pass—and all the people should have that right, not just 25 percent. The use of the referendum permits a minority of 25 percent to speak for all of us. That's hardly the purpose of the referendum.

The Constitutional way and the right way is to permit everybody to vote, and to vote at the time set—September 21.

To make certain of your right to vote on the amendments at the time set and thus make available the absentee ballot, funds for matching Federal funds, and to exercise your privilege of voting on the term of office amendments, do this—

DON'T SIGN THE REFERENDUM PETITION!

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Mrs. Deborah Peebles

Deborah Lounette Breese was born in the state of Ohio on Jan. 31, 1860. Was married to Elijah William Peebles Dec. 23, 1884. Came to New Mexico in 1895, settling in the Angus district the following year, making this her home since that date. Born to this union, two sons, Henry Allen and Charles Lewis, who survive their mother.

Mrs. Peebles was a member of and Christian Science Church. She has led a Christian life since her early childhood. The sons and their families have the sympathy of the community.

Fifty Billion Dollars Of Your Money

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

From many observers of the Washington scene have come recent protests that the present Congress seems to ignore various urgently needed measures.

Constructive plans for re-employment, re-organization to reduce the cost and the number of political office-holders, effective steps toward a balanced budget, and numerous other projects, they point out, have made little progress during the present session.

But in one phase of their work, all agree, members of Congress have been far from inactive. That is the introduction of bills providing for spending huge volumes of public funds.

During the few months that the present Congress has been in session, members of the House of Representatives alone have tossed gaily into the legislative hopper more than 7,000 appropriation bills.

"Making allowance for overlapping bills," announced one member of the Appropriations Committee, "more than \$80,000,000,000 would be required to cover all the proposed expenditures."

Fifty Billion Dollars of other people's money.

Of course, neither the Appropriations Committee nor any one else expects all those 7,000 bills to pass. But the casual way in which they are offered, the voluminous list they show, continue to demonstrate the attitude of office-holders toward public funds.

If they—and the public—would remember that all appropriations must come from taxes; if they—and the public—would remember that all taxes fall ultimately on the workers and earners; if they—and the public—would remember that all appropriations bills would be fewer in number—and more modest in their totals.

It is the duty of office-holders, as representatives of the people, to remember these things. And it is no less the duty of citizens to remind their representatives of the facts.

When both groups realize the truth, \$80,000,000,000 may mean as much to office-holders as it does to the man and woman who would be called upon to finance it in the event of their failure—and may be so carefully considered.

Asthma Cause Fought in 3 Minutes

By dissolving and removing mucus or phlegm that causes straining, choking, Asthma attacks, the doctor's prescription dissolves mucus, the cause of your agony. No matter how deep the mucus is, it is completely dissolved. Starts work in a minute. Sleep soundly tonight. Soon feel well, years younger, stronger, and at ease. Guaranteed completely satisfactory or money back. If your druggist is not, ask him to order Miradone for you. Don't order another day. The guarantee protects you.

ELBERT DUDREY
Agent for the Albuquerque Tribune

In the Probate Court
State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Estate of
Charles C. Harbert, Deceased
No. 445

Notice of Appointment
of Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of April, 1937, the undersigned was appointed Administratrix of the estate of Charles C. Harbert, deceased, in the above named court, and having qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Grace Harbert Kennedy,
Administratrix,
A16-M7 Ramon, N. Mex.

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LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
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Regular Meetings 1936
First Saturday
of Each
Month
Harry Gallacher, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each
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All Visiting Stars Cordially In-
vited.
Nora Phipps, W. M.
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COALORA REBEKAH
LODGE
NUMBER 16
I. O. O. F.
Meets second and fourth
Wednesdays of each month.
Nellie Branum, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo New Mexico

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 30, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
Albert Roberts
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.
Regular meetings every Tues-
day night.

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls
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Dorothy Nickels
Recorder—Evelyn Claunch.
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Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays.

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In The Probate Court
State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Estate of
Ed Peters, Deceased. No. 444.

Notice of Appointment
of Administrator.
Notice is hereby given that on the 29th day of March, 1937, the undersigned was appointed administrator of the estate of Ed Peters, Deceased, in the above named court, and having qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Gilbert Peters, Administrator,
Nogal, New Mexico.
John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. M.
Attorney for Administrator.
A28-M14

FOR SALE—Barley Seed and Yellow Dent Corn Seed at the Wilbur Coe Ranch near Glencoe.

This week, May 2nd to 8th is National Music Week. There will be a musical program Friday night, May 7, at 8 p. m., at the Methodist Church. The church orchestra under the direction of Mr. Chase will play several numbers, assisted by some of Mrs. Burns' piano pupils. Everyone cordially invited. No charge for admission.

FOR SALE:

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Barrel Bottomless Steel Tank
8 feet high by 40 feet. across
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Let's Be Wise

Says This Uncanny Bird

The best advice we ever have heard. Let's trade at home. We have less to pay for the things such as we folks need every day. We all have the feeling we don't want to roam.—We feel much better WHEN WE TRADE AT HOME.

Be Wise--Trade at Home!



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Say "hello" by telephone
if you can't be with her

Long distance rates are reduced all day Sunday and every night after 7 p. m.



4 lbs. Wax & Duster
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Glo-Coat
Pt. 65c
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Johnson Wax Special
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"We Strive to Serve"

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Lincoln County Agency
Citizens State Bank
of Vaughn
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Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs
Your kidneys contain 8 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pop, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Discharge, Cries Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles. Doctor's prescription called **Cystax (Sina-Tax)**. Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystax costs only 25¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



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Carrizozo, N. M.

FREE
4 cups of
GARFIELD TEA
to show you the easy way to
KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

You'll like the way it keeps you back overnight, to the feeling of "rain" to go" fitness and inside cleanliness. Eliminates the left-over waste that holds you back, causes headaches, indigestion, etc. Garfield tea is not a miracle worker. But if CONSTITUTION bothers you, it will certainly "do wonders" in one 25¢ package — or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES of Garfield Tea and Garfield Headache Powder, to GARFIELD TEA CO., Dept. C, Brooklyn, N. Y.

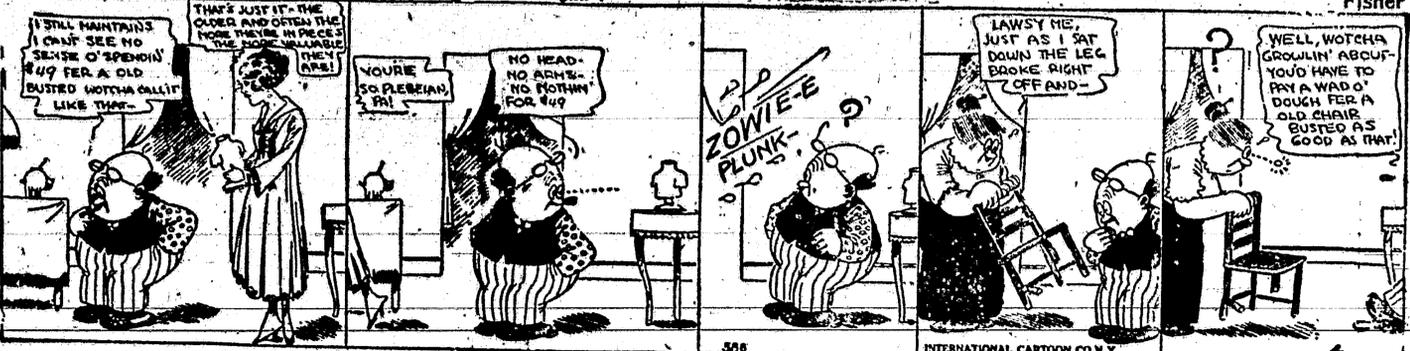
Coming Soon — W. S. Senior Play, "Drums in My Heart."

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

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500 Sheets BOND, \$1
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Raising the Family — According to the dope Gideon ought to be right



Santa Rita Church
Rev. F. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Masses at 8 & 10 a. m.
Evening Service at 7 p. m.
The public is cordially invited.

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 3rd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

Baptist Church
Sunday School promptly at
10 o'clock. Mr. Sperry, Supt. of
Church service each 1st and
3rd Sunday morning at 11
o'clock—and in the evening at
8 o'clock. Everybody welcome!
Members are urged to attend
and visitors invited to all ser-
vices. The Baptist W. M. U.
meets each 1st and 3rd Wednes-
day at the Baptist Parsonage
from 2:30 until 4 p. m.
—Rev. C.B. Brooks, Pastor.

**SHE LOST 20
POUNDS OF FAT**
Feel full of pep and possess the
slender form you crave—you can't
if you lean to gossamer.
To take off excess fat go light on
fatty meats, butter, cream and sug-
ary sweets—eat more fruit and
vegetables and take a half teaspoon-
ful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of
hot water every morning to elimi-
nate excess waste.
Mrs. Elma Venable of Havre de
Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20
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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 "smil-
ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-
ham'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
ordinals of life: 1. Turning from
girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-
paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-
proaching "middle age."
Don't be a three-quarter wife,
take **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND** and
Go "Smiling Through."

Is
**20 Years Old Under The
Present Management**

We take advantage of the occasion to call attention to
outstanding artists and writers who contribute to the
Outlook each week for your benefit and enjoyment.

- William Bruckart
- Harold L. Lundquist
- Floyd Gibbons
- Hugh Bradley
- Virginia Vale
- Inez Haynes Irwin

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RECEIVE**
The Carrizozo Outlook

**SAFETY OF STEEL
FROM PEDAL
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**New
FORD
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Easy Action—Always Dependable!

Most of the people who have bought 1937 Ford V-8s from us investigated brakes thor-
oughly. They appreciated the reliability of the new Ford brakes under all conditions—
the "safety of steel from pedal to wheel." But what opened
their eyes was the easy action! Less pedal pressure is
needed to stop the car. If you haven't tried these new Ford
brakes, you have something to learn. Stop in for a trial.

**FORD
V-8**

CARRIZOZO AUTO CO.
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LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES

**TURKEY
HASH**

**CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS,
SPENT HER GIRLHOOD ON A FARM NEAR
CHARLES CITY, IOWA.**

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Motor Truck Line**

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

General Trucking Service

**AMERICA'S
LEADER AT
4 for 10¢**

**PROBARK
BLADES**

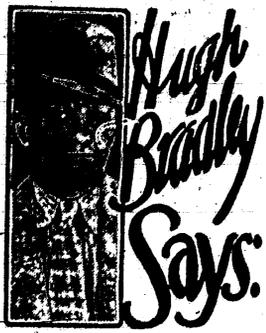
Watches Once Small Clocks
Watches originally were small
clocks and were worn hung from
the girls because they were too
large for the pocket.

First Flows of Tree Branches
The first farm plows were made
of crooked tree branches and
worked by man power.

**HOW OFTEN CAN YOU
KISS AND MAKE UP?**

FEW husbands can understand
why a wife should turn from a
pleasant companion into a shrew
for one whole week in every month.
You can say "I'm sorry" and
kiss and make up easier before
marriage than after. Bewise, 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 "smil-
ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-
ham'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
ordinals of life: 1. Turning from
girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-
paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-
proaching "middle age."
Don't be a three-quarter wife,
take **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND** and
Go "Smiling Through."

The P. T. A. will hold their
last meeting of the school year
in the H. S. Auditorium at four
o'clock on Friday, May 7. New
business will be election and in-
stallation of officers. Everyone
is urged to be present. Mrs.
Ola Jones will make a talk on
her trip to Alaska. —Miss Ward,
Reporter.



Hugh Bradley Says

Bob Feller Is Shy; Publicity Has Not Swelled His Head

THEY said the kid was upstairs in his room but that it would be a good idea to hurry for it was about time for he and Weatherly to start out for the night. They seemed to say that the young man was a bit of a holler—and at a tender age of eighteen—but it seems he is nothing of the sort.

"Yeah, we're startin' out—Stormy and me," said Bob Feller. "But come in. Yeah, we were goin' to the movies. Go every night—we're bugs about the movies. Me—I like Westerns, specially Hopalong Cassidy. Stormy does, too."

The two young Indians sat down. Weatherly is small and pudgy and twenty-two, but looks even younger than Feller. They have been roommates ever since Feller joined the club. Feller's father stipulated that his boy must be roomed with a young man of good character before he'd sign any papers. Every one agreed that Weatherly was the answer.

"We get along great," said Stormy. "Like the same things, like to go to bed early. We're gonna have a small apartment in Cleveland this summer."

Feller was sitting silently. He is a shy youngster, terribly afraid that people will think all this publicity has gone to his head. Everything he does is studied, on or off the field.

His dad visited him at New Orleans and some one asked if Pop would spend much time in Cleveland this summer.

"No, Dad doesn't like big cities," he said. "If I have a good year, though, he'll probably do a lot of visiting. But if I have a bad one I'll probably do a lot of visiting myself—to Van Meter."

He pitches three-quarter fashion now, but doesn't wholly approve of the plan.

"I'd like to be a pitcher like Walter Johnson," he said. "He pitched side-arm, didn't he? And he lasted a long time didn't he? Well, I think I should pitch side-arm, too. That's the way I threw back on the sandlots and I did all right there. It's my natural way of throwing."

"How many do I think I'll win? I just wouldn't say, couldn't say. I'll be satisfied if my average is as good as it was last year."

Last year in his short time with the club he won five games, lost three. If he averages a victory a week he'll come up with twenty-three decisions.

Business Manager Slapnick's recent statement that Feller would pitch once a week doesn't meet with his heartiest approval.

"Why, back home I used to pitch three times a week," he says, "and it never bothered me."

Never Tries Bean Ball but Batters Beware!

Some one suggested that perhaps the American league was a little different than the sandlots of Iowa.

"Well, not to me, it's not," he replied. "All I do is rear back and let it go, whether it's in a sandlot game or up here."

Some one also wondered if, when he improved his control, the batters wouldn't gain more confidence.

"I just won't improve that much," he said. "I never tried to hit a batter in my life, but, after all, getting out of the way of a ball is their business, not mine."

"What about Hubbell, what do you think of him?"

"I guess he's the greatest pitcher I've ever seen," he said. "He must be the best. I know I never saw a ball do the things he can make it do."

Then some one asked him if he had a girl back home and the meeting sort of broke up.

"Well, sort of," he said. "But we'll discuss that later."

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: THE Yankees figure Detroit is the team to beat this year. They insist Cleveland is over-rated and that Bob Feller can be beaten by a combination of waiting him out and bunting. The best National league club, they say, is the Cubs. Players, by the way, gossip that times have not changed in Cleveland. When Walter Johnson was manager Billy Evans tried to run the team. Now Cy Slapnicka, who succeeded Evans as business manager, is trying to do all the thinking for Manager Steve O'Neill. 95 per cent of the horsemen racing in Florida last winter voted against that Australian starting gate with which New York's turf overlords opened the season at the Jamaica racetrack. Ken Smith, the very able baseball writer, once was a freight agent.

Nasty men insist that all is not sweetness and light among Cornell's football folks. They insist that Graduate Manager Jim Lynch recently called in Coach Carl Snavely to chide him about proselyting activities and that Carl has been doing a bit of lip-biting since. However, chide or no chide, they also insist that poor but honest boys still are getting a looksee from Cornell and that the Pittsfield, Mass., district was well gandered at two weeks ago. John Meketi, Giant rookie pitcher now with Jersey City, is one of the best harmonica players in baseball. Marty Glickman, the Olympic sprinter, is shunning sports for a short time due to complications caused by low blood pressure. Add look alikes—Julius Solters of the Indians and Joe Medwick of the Cards.

Although Temple loses 14 letters wears a graduation Pop Warner smile at spring football practice than he did 12 months ago. Livingston Bland, the eminent sports box-office man, used to pitch for Louisville.

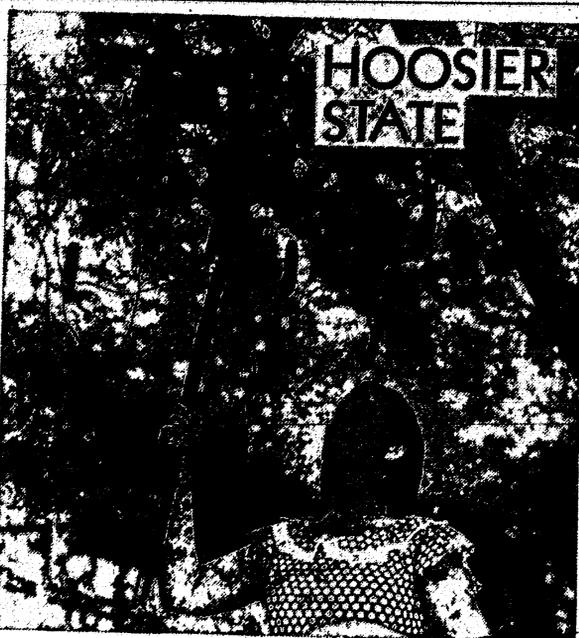
One of the sights at the St. Nick's boxing arena is Jafelo Condon jumping up from his ringside seat and cheering whenever his body-guard, Al Reich, referees. Dave Soden, Brooklyn tax appraiser and ardent sports fan, is being talked about as the next president of his borough. The National league may add Andy Kolk, an umpire let out by the International, to its staff this summer. Pretty good man, too. Because so many customers think he was robbed during the Mountain Light Champion Los Ambers, who previously never had been much of a drawing card, now should be one of the best gate attractions.

Vinnie Richards again has been invited to coach the Australian Davis cup team in preparation for the Aussie's North American zone finals with the United States at Forest Hills May 29-31. His acceptance depends upon whether or not he goes abroad. He offered his services to the Americans but was ignored in favor of George Lott and Karl Kozulh even though Davis Cup Committee Chairman Walter Fate credited the Australians' victory last year to Vinnie's tutoring. Bill Tilden must really be cracking up at last. The other day he remarked that he was tempted to pile all his racket in the center of the court and make a bonfire of them.

Dick Gill, Boston college's gas-house blend, is due for plenty of shoving around on the intercollegiate tracks this spring. Eddie O'Brien and Jim Herbert are reported as still being exceedingly sore over the way he elbowed and jostled the slender Charlie Beetham in a recent meet. Although he is best celebrated as a football center, Ivy league pitchers are worried about the hitting prowess of Dartmouth's Matt Ray. Jake Flowers, who might have been a great infielder if he had not been troubled by ill health during his Dodger and Cardinal days, now has entirely recovered. He weighs 183 pounds and is seeking either to manage a Class B team or play in the International league. Mrs. Payne Whitney, the Greenree lady, must be America's ace turf fan. Her friends claim she reads every single line about racing in every paper and magazine published in this country.

Ken Sandbach, the Princeton quarterback, does turn pro he is more likely to go with Brooklyn than with the Glants. That is because he should get more chance to play with the Dodgers, who need a good quarterback and passer, while the Glants are somewhat averse to shoving first-year pro performers into their regular lineup. Both clubs are bidding for him, though, and it also is gossiped that alumni are making attractive business offers to keep him away from the pay-for-play sport. Col. Matt Winn, the Kentucky Derby impresario, has ten grandchildren. Two of the boys are under sixteen years of age and have viewed eleven Derbies. The colonel, incidentally, first viewed the Louisville show in 1876 from atop his father's grocery wagon.

In spite of the pressure being put upon them, the New York boxing commissioners are unlikely to okay a Ross-Montana bout. Aside from a few little trifes such as contracts signed for other bouts the commissioners figure that Ross, a welterweight, and Montana, a lightweight, have sufficient opportunities for diversion in their own classes.



HOOSIER STATE

Picking Cucumbers Out of the Air at Terre Haute.

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

INDIANA is the sum of its parts. Yet how they differ! Streams of planes, trains, motorcars, trucks, and buses whizzing back and forth across its north and central parts; yet how little travel, by comparison, in the south.

In that industrial region on Lake Michigan which is not Indiana at all but a prolongation of Chicago, nothing but smoke, noise, and moving crowds.

In the south, a serene, unhurried people whose ancestors floated down the Ohio in flatboats, came from the Carolinas and Kentucky on horseback, bringing rifles, axes, spinning wheels.

Look down, in fancy, from a drifting blimp; imagine that here and there, painted on the grounds in huge, white letters, are signboards on which you may read about the audacious men whose adventures made Indiana.

Near South Bend, La Salle camped in 1679. At Vincennes, a century later, George Rogers Clark gained for us the whole Northwest Territory.

That tall shaft of Pigeon Roost Memorial shows where, in 1812, Indians slew a whole white settlement.

East of Evansville, at Lincoln City, is the monument to Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and the boyhood home where her son Abe split rails.

Along the Wabash—the Ouabache of old—are strewn the sites of French fur-trade posts, built in the early 1700's. North of Lafayette, the Tippecanoe battlefield, where Harrison defeated Tecumseh's brother; and, just out of Kokomo, a monument to Elwood Haynes, who in 1894 launched one of America's first "horseless carriages" on the now historic "Pumpkinvine Pike."

In fact and fancy you may see still other markers, showing the homes of such famous Hoosiers as James Whitcomb Riley, Benjamin Harrison, John Hay, Lew Wallace, Joaquin Miller, Booth Tarkington, Albert J. Beveridge, George Ade, Theodore Dreiser, Charles Major, John T. McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, and Willbur Wright; and, up among the scenic lakes of northeast Indiana, in the "Lumberlost" region, that rustic, tree-shaded log-house home of Gene Stratton Porter.

Story is shown on Carter's Map. It sounds fantastic, the idea of floating over a state and reading its life story on giant signboards. Yet, in a vicarious way, you can do it, for there exists a pictorial map, drawn by Les Carter and published by the state conservation department, which shows in graphic detail much that has happened here since Father Marquette saw northern Indiana in the 1600's. This map was our guide over some 6,500 miles of Hoosier highways and byways.

"On the Banks of the Wabash" is the state song. It ought to be; down the Wabash came the French, first whites to settle in Indiana; this stream formed part of their long route from Quebec to Louisiana.

At Terre Haute you see a street crowd watching a tricky machine turn dough into doughnuts, instantaneously. It is hard to believe that in the pioneer days country folks didn't even have matches; if they let their fires go out, they had to ride over to the neighbors' and borrow some live coals.

The sight of girls picking long, green, warty cucumbers out of the air lures you into a 35-acre steam-heated glass house. Inside it smells and feels just like Manila in the rainy season, hot and sticky. A bug's paradise! Swarms of bees are kept, purposely, to pollinate the cucumber blossoms. Not on the ground, but high up overhead like grapes on a trellis hang the cucumbers. Parapling blonds and brunettes reached up with long-handled tools and clipped them off.

Elks' Country Club house, facing the Wabash, stands where Zachary Taylor whipped the Indians in 1812. Parallel with the river is the abandoned Wabash and Erie canal, its grass-grown towpath still visible. An Eagleman—a boat 1845—wrote of a canal trip from here to Ohio. It was not, he said. All day

passengers sat on top the boat, many under umbrellas. Some dived or sang; others read, or watched the scenery go whizzing by as towpath horses pulled the boat at four miles an hour! This Englishman was disturbed that Americans should eat squirrels!

Through pioneer Terre Haute came the old National Road. Over it swarmed the cheering legions—soldiers, settlers, paire schooners, freighters, live stock, boys and dogs—off to conquer the West. Today this early wagon trail, long but a mudhole, is U. S. 40. At Terre Haute it intersects U. S. 41 to form one of America's busiest crossroads.

South of the city hovers the population center of the United States. For the past 45 years it has been slowly wandering across Indiana.

Historic Four-Cornered Track. Trotting horses, harnessed to light sulkes, set world records at Terre Haute. Nancy Hanks, Maud S., Dan Patch, Mascot, Hal Pointer, and Axtell raced here on the historic "four cornered" track in the days of Bud Doble, greatest reinsman of his age. Now a stadium, with night-ball games by electric light, rises where crowds used to cheer-goggled drivers holding tight reins to keep their sweating trotters from "breaking" into a gallop.

Spirits, gunpowder, glass, this town makes them all. You see piles of sand, soda, and limestone fed to big furnaces; then gobs of red-hot glass dropping into a magic machine that shapes the bottles—one every two seconds.

Some men are piling tall bottles into a box car. "Where for?" you ask. "Down to Key West, across on the car ferry to Havana, then east by rail to where Cubans make Bacardi rum."

Oddly self-contained, this region. Local straw makes packing cases; printers make labels, farmers grow vegetables, and cannery do the rest.

Out at Ross Polytechnic boys build toy bridges. Some day, when they're full-fledged engineers, they may build big ones in Bolivia or the Philippines!

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods is one of America's exclusive schools for girls. You see groups riding, clad in smartest saddle-club togs, the horses groomed sleek and shiny, their hoofs oiled. Perhaps some of these girls have descended from women who also rode horses—from Virginia or the Carolinas, over the wilderness trails, carrying babies, dreading panthers and Indians.

Old Timers on the Wabash. Glimpses of the Wabash as you ride south to Vincennes make you think of the French voyageurs, and the wild, half-naked coureurs de bois.

The voyager had a license to trade. But the "push-oler" was an outlaw in that long war for fur between French and English. Like the honest traders, the renegade offered knives, beads, axes, guns, and blankets for the red man's pelts, but cheated when he could.

Traders and boats of all kinds used to swarm on the Wabash. John Parsons, a young Virginian who came here in 1840 to buy land, wrote: "In the fall, 1,000 flatboats will pass down the river, the majority loaded with flour, pork, lard, cattle, horses, oats, cornmeal, and corn on the ear. . . They told me of a flatboat. . . carrying a load of hickory nuts, walnuts and vandelson-hams."

You can't ride along the Wabash, with all its traditions, historic sites, old graveyards and monuments, without thinking of its part in making America.

On a Wabash tributary near Peru is the grave of Frances Slocum, stolen by the Indians as a girl in 1778. She spent her whole life with them, refusing, when finally visited by her own white relatives, to leave the tribe. Pioneer John Parrett of Whitley county advertised that he had paid Indians \$2.50 to release a six-year-old white boy, and that he would keep the boy "till his parents, if living, and chance to see this notice, may find him."

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Must Cut Spending

I have written about this subject many times and I have no regret that I have done so, because for a half dozen years our government has been spending money too rapidly.

The President's latest message reviewing the budget situation indicates that the Chief Executive at last has started his thoughts in the direction of curtailed spending. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's message to congress in which he asked for a billion and a half dollars for relief purposes was characterized by quite a new note of firmness in his discussion of the need for cutting government costs. I think it is fair to say that in previous messages the President gave little more than lip service to the cause of economy in government. His previous suggestions to congress lacked force. Not so with the current call for a reduction in expenses. It had the earmarks of determination—but it yet remains to be seen whether he will insist strongly upon his conclusions when the showdown with congress comes.

The President's message was interesting in several respects beside the note of firmness, mentioned above. He confessed, for example, that there was no chance for a balanced budget in the next fiscal year. There is no chance, he disclosed, even for achieving the "layman's balance." That "layman's balance" ought to be explained for, my understanding of economics does not contemplate more than one kind of budget balancing, namely, income equalling outgo. But Mr. Roosevelt, in his campaign last year and in his message to congress last January, spoke of "layman's balance" as meaning a balance of income and outgo with the exception of expenditures for relief and for retirement of the public debt. I have heard it described in many quarters as a trick balance which I truly believe it should be called since it is not an honest balance.

In the January message, Mr. Roosevelt talked at length about the necessity for business taking on workers who were then on relief rolls. Only in that manner, he emphasized, could there be a reduction in relief rolls.

In the more recent message, the President omitted any reference to the responsibility of industry for reducing relief rolls by re-employing workers. That is not strange. The fact is, according to the government's own records, that industry is taking on workers at a more rapid rate than the administration had expected. But still there is no hope of a balanced budget this year.

So we must look elsewhere for the reason. Instead of one, we find two reasons. The first and most important of the two is the fact that, by whatever analysis you make, the New Deal is guilty of continuing to waste money by hundreds of millions and it was not until a few weeks ago that any serious effort was made to choke off this drain, assuming the current effort is serious.

That statement sounds complicated and dull. It is not either one. The unvarnished truth is that Secretary Morgenthau and the flock of experts, trained only in theory, with whom he has surrounded himself, were unable to calculate what the present taxes would produce in revenue. Or, to say the same thing in a few words: Revenue receipts were far below what the Treasury experts guessed they would be.

Thus, the picture seems to be clear. On the one hand, the President heretofore has allowed the alphabetical agencies to run hither and yon in their money spending spree. On the other hand, the lack of competent financial men in the Treasury again is glaringly shown.

To get back to the question of curtailed spending I should like to call attention to the President's "language in his latest" message.

He said that he proposed to use "every means at my command" to eliminate the deficit next year. That statement sounds strong enough. I question, however, that it can be called a program of retrenchment. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt was content in his message to congress simply to criticize, if not to denounce, extravagant outlays insofar as new commitments are concerned.

During the last few weeks, Mr. Roosevelt has called upon the various agencies of the government for statements of their financial requirements and something of a review of what they have done with previous funds. Considerable ballyhoo accompanied announcement of this survey of governmental requirements. But again, there was no evidence of any real determination by the Chief Executive as to what

Washington.—Several weeks ago, I reported to you the apparent necessity for presidential action in the direction of a curb on spending.

There has been some talk that possibly Mr. Roosevelt's message and promise to use every means at his command for curtailing expenditures may have been intended as a message to his own subordinates that definite orders were to follow; that he intended his subordinates should see where they themselves could lop off spending plans, and could put their own houses in order. I hope it works out that way. On the other hand, I entertain very serious doubt that such a procedure will ever cause such individuals as the impetuous Mr. Harry Hopkins, relief administrator, to cut down on his spending. Mr. Hopkins loves to spend money. He seems to be happiest when he has billions to spread around, regardless of whether the spending plans really accomplish aid for the destitute. I suspect that congress alone can curb Mr. Hopkins and the only way congress can do so is by declining to appropriate extra money for him.

What I am trying to say in using Mr. Hopkins as the "horrible example" is that Mr. Roosevelt has taught his subordinates to spend money as freely as they can. To a considerable extent, he has let congress have a taste of new spending morsels and what politician does not like to spend money? Therefore, the President is confronted with the necessity of educating both his own subordinates and congress to the new order of conserving taxpayers' money. If he does not accomplish this, we will be saying in another six months what we have said many times—that we are confronted with national bankruptcy.

I cannot believe that the budgetary situation looks any different than it did last January. The difference in the picture is that Mr. Roosevelt at last has begun to see some of the dangers in the situation which he either failed to see or elected to ignore last January. There were few who believed in January that the tax receipts were going to amount to the estimate given congress by the President. The fact that they have fallen short of his calculations by four or five hundred million is a serious thing but it is not so serious that a remedy can not be worked out. The remedy, it seems to me, is a simple use of a simple practice among Americans: When you do not have the money, deny yourself some of the things you would buy if you had the cash.

Mr. Roosevelt's message asking for a billion and a half for relief served to get the collective mind of congress off the Supreme court.

packing plan only temporarily. The relief message caused quite a stir in the house of representatives where there has been a decided move already to continue appropriating huge sums of federal money for relief purposes, but it held the senate off the court question no longer than one business day.

I think there has been no question more frequently asked in my time in Washington than: "Will the President's bill to pack the Supreme court pass?"

I have watched the ebb and flow of the tide of sentiment in the senate constantly since the court packing plan was submitted. As the situation now stands, I believe Mr. Roosevelt has the odds in his favor. There is probably a margin of from five to ten votes on the President's side. Whether that will be the state of affairs when a vote comes, I think no one can foretell because the vote in the senate is going to be close.

Many informal polls of the senate have been taken. The results have varied somewhat. They have varied of necessity because there are many senators who remain non-committal, and who are unwilling at this time to take a position for or against the President's scheme.

One may properly ask why this is. The answer is politics. A good many senators do not know how their home states feel about the plan. That is, they are not able to determine whether there has been a crystallization of sentiment for or against the thing.

Consequently, these senators are trying to wait outside of the playing field until they can tell whether they can be justified in going against presidential wishes or capitulating to the President's command. It is to be remembered that if they turn against the President, they antagonize the administration and particularly the Farley political machine. It is rather unhealthy for a New Dealer or Democrat to oppose the Farley machine.

Another reason why many senators are keeping their own counsel on the court packing scheme is that they believe there will be something in the nature of a compromise come out of the hearings and senate judiciary committee consideration.

Relief Message

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POOR MAN'S GOLD
Courtney Ryley Cooper
 WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS
 Jack Hammond, gold prospector, returns to Prince Rupert after a spree in Seattle and learns that a gold rush is starting as a result of some careless remarks he had dropped at a party concerning a gold discovery. He finds that his partner, McKenzie Joe Britten, has gone on north to protect their claims. Beset, Hammond decides to tell the would-be prospectors how to reach the new gold fields.

CHAPTER I—Continued
 "Well, Annie!" he exclaimed. "How are you?"
 "About the same as the last time I saw you—when we made the rush together into Rouyn, in Quebec."
 "That's right. Glad to see you again, Annie."
 "Thanks. That goes double, Prospector."

Silence followed. For an instant Jack Hammond felt annoyed at this interruption. Then he dismissed her; it was only around the World Annie, who had made every Canadian gold rush of the last twenty years. Around the World Annie, with her lore of frontier knowledge, her inevitable thickness of paint and mascara and garish clothes, her log cabin at the edge of camp with its dance hall, illicit drinks, its screaming phonograph—
 "Living here, are you, Annie?" Hammond asked at last. Around the World Annie straightened. An effluent woman, with what might be called an old-fashioned figure, she groomed a loose fold of dress, and raised a diamond-fingered hand to restrain a wisp of bleached hair, writhing with the dampness of the incessant rain. Then, with a jerk of her head, she indicated a group of dance hall girls who stood in a nearby doorway, as though they had been herded, all of them overdressed.

the spasmodic jerk of her otherwise fine lips, the tenseness of her, the expression of gauntness with which she faced the drizzly square of outside light. A moment more and she was gone.

CHAPTER II

Once in his lawyer's office, Hammond's manner became something like that of a wayward boy, returned from truancy.
 "Hello, Barstow," he said, as casually as possible, and eased into a chair. The attorney looked up. He was a man of middle age, with kindly eyes, which, this morning, seemed strangely troubled.
 "Oh, it's you, Jack," came quietly. "Sit a minute, will you?"
 "No hurry," Hammond picked up a copy of the Prince Rupert paper—and tossed it aside. It was not the edition he sought. The attorney shuffled a mass of legal documents into a container envelope.
 "Well?" he asked quietly—almost unappreciably.

Hammond eyed him. Barstow was usually good for a joke.
 "Stomach out of order?"
 "No." He shrugged his shoulders. "Sore at me?"
 "Why?"
 "For letting this thing get out?" The attorney smiled.
 "That's between you and McKenzie Joe."
 "Oh, Joe's taking it all right. A little caustic, but—"
 "Joe's natural state."
 "Yes," Hammond laughed. There was an awkward silence. The at-



"I Suppose Not," said the Attorney.

torney wiped his glasses, then set crimping the edge of a sheet of legal paper.
 "Not quite myself this morning," he apologized. Then, abruptly, "I'm not much good at telling people things that hurt."
 "Bad news?"
 "Nothing that concerns Joe or you. Some one who was in here just before you came. I had to be pretty frank—and the truth in this case is fairly rotten."
 "That's always tough."
 "Yes, to cut the foundations out from under somebody—destroy illusions; paint things exactly as they are. Especially with a woman."
 "A young woman, wasn't she? Rather good-looking—poorly dressed?"
 "Oh, you saw her?"
 "We passed on the stairs. She looked pretty well cut up. Client of yours?"
 "Well," the attorney hesitated. "Not exactly—sort of a volunteer client—that is—" With an effort, he assumed an attitude of brusque interest. "What are you in here about so early in the morning?"
 "Joe left a note for me. Gone north—guess you know that. He's traveling light, without many supplies. Afraid somebody will jump our claims. Wants me to follow as soon as I can with a couple of dog teams and a complete outfit. That newspaper stuff."
 Barstow smiled.
 "Get it all out of your system down there in Seattle, did you, Jack?"
 Hammond stirred uneasily.
 "Well, that depends on how you look at it. Personally, I feel great about it. But someone else might just think I had been on an ordinary drunk."

"The newspapers gave you quite a play."
 "I've been hearing about that ever since I landed. It's rotten in a way—if I started a lot of tenderfeet into that district."
 "Oh," Barstow, elbows on his desk, steeped his fingers. "I don't think it's done so much damage. Just began the rush a little earlier—it would have come anyway. What happened in Seattle?"
 "I met a girl I was in love with."
 "One of those first-night affairs?"
 "No," Hammond put out his hand, holding it a few feet above the floor. "I've been crazy about her since I was that high. Kay Joyce. Her father used to be president of the Sunnatchee Bank and Trust. He died about a year ago. We used to live down the street from each other. Rather, at an angle—I lived by the alley."
 "Childhood playmates?"
 "No." A serious expression had come into the young prospector's eyes. "She'd never have anything to do with me."

"I don't quite understand."
 "Her father was the big banker. My father was a switchman, set of work most of the time. My mother took in washing."
 Barstow looked out the rainy splashed window.
 "Oh, yes, I remember. The newspaper mentioned that—of course it was romanticized. The poor boy went away, worked his way through college, looked for gold, found it, came back to Seattle, and accidentally met the girl? He had loved for years—"
 "Only it wasn't accidental," supplied Hammond. "A friend took me out there—Timmy Moon, he's an aviator. Not working at it just now. I understand; something wrong with his plane. But no matter; we'd met up and of course—you know, home for the first time after all those years—I asked him what ever became of Kay Joyce." There was a moment's pause. Hammond rubbed at his hot face. Then he looked up, a queer, burning light in his dark eyes. "You know, Barstow, it was the funniest feeling to ride up to that old house in an automobile and get out and walk right through the gate."
 "Where you had played as children."
 "Played nothing; that old granite block of a father never would let me inside the yard. You couldn't blame the kid for smothering me with him telling her not to associate with ragtags."
 "I suppose not," said the attorney, staring at his law books.
 "It was funny in a way. Timmy had called up the house, but he hadn't said whom he was bringing out. Kay didn't recognize me for a minute; I'd have known her anywhere."
 "Naturally."
 "Well, for awhile I wished I hadn't come. You see, I'd always dreamed of that house as the grandest place in the world—one of those old-time building-block places, with turrets and a slate roof—"
 "I know the kind."
 "And Kay was a bit distant at first; you know, hard to pick up the thread after all these years. Then, just for fun, Timmy pretended to have forgotten his handkerchief. So he reached for mine. I had a moosehide bag full of nuggets in that pocket—"
 "You'd fixed it up that way."
 "Of course. So, out came the nuggets with the handkerchief and spilled all over the floor. You should have seen us! Again he rubbed feverishly at his face. "Everybody down on the floor, helping pick up those nuggets."
 Barstow eyed him, a gentle appraisal.
 "That helped considerably, didn't it, Jack?"
 "Oh, yes. Naturally, it led to questions and something I could talk about. Kay and I got along simply great after I found my tongue. Queer, isn't it, how a person will have an idea all his life, that if he could just be free to talk to a certain person, all her false ideas of him would fade away? You know. Everything divided us when we were kids; social position, money, and all that. We didn't even go to the same school. But I never wanted anybody but her—I've never thought about anybody but her. And I knew that if I could just get together with her, without that old chisel-face of a father around—"
 "I judge from the newspaper accounts that you got along famously."
 Hammond stared.
 "Where in the world did they get all that stuff?" he asked, then was silent. His brain had spun for a moment, suddenly to halt, highlighted upon one particular recollection. It was the Crystal Castle in Seattle, with persons crowding around Jack's table. He could see Kay's outstretched hands as her fingers toyed with scattered, pebble-like nuggets, where he again had tossed them from the heavy moosehide pouch to the tablecloth. Persons were asking questions, all sorts of questions; now Hammond remembered a young man with a newspaper stuffed in one pocket, who queried him with particularity.
 "We did the town," he said. "I guess some newspaper man must have barged into our party."
 "Evidently. He got the story about as you've told it. Even to the farewell down at the dock."
 The telephone rang. Barstow turned to answer it: Jack did not notice. He was back in Seattle, with the big red sun coloring the waters of the Sound, with the whistle of the S. S. Aleutian sounding its warning for all passengers ashore. And he stood at the foot of the gangplank, with Kay close to him, telling him that she wasn't afraid of life in a new raw mining camp. Then there was Timmy Moon, rubbing at his pudgy face and rattling on about how they'd all be up as soon as good weather came and he could get his airplanes fixed. And Mrs. Joyce, the mother, thin, angular, amusingly acidulous, poking a dead cigarette out of its long, green holder only that she might insert and light a fresh one.
 The receiver clicked on the hook. Barstow turned back to his client.
 "So they're all alone now, just the girl and her mother."
 "Yes, except for an old friend of the family. Oh, I shouldn't say he was old in years—a little more than my age. A geologist; the old man was interested in a lot of mining down in South American countries. This Bruce Kenning used to look after a lot of stuff down there for him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AROUND the HOUSE

Garbage as a Compost—Garbage and vegetable matter of all sorts buried underground will in time rot into excellent compost for use on lawn, garden or field.

Dust-Proofing Pictures—Has the dust got into your picture frame? It should be examined periodically and new brown paper backings should be stuck on to make it dust-proof.

Colorful Apples—If apples are put in water containing a little lemon-juice a few minutes before cooking, they will keep their color.

Angel Cake—One cupful of white of eggs, one and one-quarter cupfuls of granulated sugar. One cupful of flour. One-half teaspoon cream of tartar. A pinch of salt added to whites before whipping; flavor to taste. Cook in a very slow oven. Yolks of the eggs may be used for mayonnaise.

When Washing Paint—Add a little turpentine to the hot soapy water. It greatly simplifies the job and makes much less "elbow grease" necessary, especially when the paint has that rather greasy film caused by the fumes from fires or gas stoves.

Oiling Household Machinery—A little oil applied when needed will keep household machinery working longer and always ready for work. You can use cooking or salad oil to lubricate small cooking equipment.

Bechamel Sauce—Melt a quarter cup butter in saucepan, add one-quarter cup flour, stir until smooth. Add gradually one and a half cups of highly seasoned chicken stock while stirring constantly. Add one-half cup of hot cream and beat until smooth and glossy.

Courteous Behavior

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fuller.

Get Rid of ants

Ants are hard to kill, but Peterman's Ant Food is made especially to get them and get them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 50¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Silent Lies
 The cruellest lies are often told in silence.—Stevenson.

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

ADVERTISING is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the key-stone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

FIRESTONE TIRES AND AUTO SUPPLIES SAVE MONEY IN EVERY FARM OPERATION

EVEN though the prices of farm crops are advancing, the best way you can make more money is to SAVE IT in production costs.
YOU SAVE 25% in fuel costs and 25% in time by putting Ground-Grip Tires on your tractor and all wheeled farm implements. They ride and pull easier and reduce repair bills.
YOU SAVE because one set of Firestone Tires will fit several implements. Your Implement Dealer or Firestone Tire Dealer has a plan whereby he will cut down the wheels on your present implements to a uniform diameter and weld a flat, steel rim to the end of the spokes. And by the use of Firestone Demountable Rims the tires and rims can be taken off one machine when not in use and applied to another.
YOU SAVE because Firestone Ground Grip Tires are built with EXTRA construction features.

Ground Grip Tires NOW for your cars, trucks, tractors and all wheeled farm implements and make money by reducing your cost of production. See your Implement Dealer, Firestone Tire Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store TODAY.

The Farmer's Choice FOR RURAL HIGHWAYS

IT REALLY doesn't pay to drive on tires after the "non-skid" is worn off—in fact, the last 1,000 miles of wear in a tire are only worth about 38¢. Why take the risk of a dangerous skid or perhaps fatal blowout when new Firestone Standard Tires cost so little?
 More and more farmers are buying Firestone Standard Tires because they get the benefits of Gum-Dipping, the Firestone patented process that counteracts internal friction and heat which ordinarily destroy tire life. They get longer non-skid mileage and unusually low cost per mile with dependable SAFETY.
 It is almost unbelievable that so much tire could be bought for so little. Firestone developed this tire primarily for rural highway use and a tire of first grade quality could only be made to sell at these low prices by building them in

FOR CARS	FOR TRUCKS and BUSES
4.50-20 \$ 8.70	6.00-20 \$19.00
5.25-17 11.00	7.00-20 34.00
5.25-18 11.40	7.50-24 45.00
5.50-17 12.50	8.25-20 57.00
6.00-16 13.95	9.00-20 71.00

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tremendous quantities. That's why you SAVE in first cost and in cost per mile. You also SAVE yourself from accidents because they give greater protection against dangerous skidding and blowouts.
 Farmers everywhere are making Firestone Dealers and Firestone Auto Supply and Service Stores their headquarters for all automotive supplies. You get greater values in everything you buy and you get all your needs in one place—including tires—tubes—batteries—spark plugs—brake lining—fan belts—car radios—home radios—garden hose and garden tools—seat covers—light bulbs, and more than 2,000 other useful articles. You can be sure when you buy Firestone products you are getting the greatest value for your money. If you have not received the new 1937 Firestone Auto Supply Catalog, write for it today—address Firestone, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.
 Listen to the Voice of Firestone, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Radio Network.

HOME RADIOS Complete line electric or battery operated cabinets, gramophone, speaker, Airplane deal.

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BRAKE LINING Quick, sure stop for cars, trucks, buses. Gives longer service.

BATTERIES Patented design features insure long life.

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COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Como 'sta, as we say in Spanish. You're looking well today. How's the Missus and little Sammy? Glad to hear it.

Writing the material for this Column is just like shaving—it's hard to get started.

"I like an egg," says the owner of new false teeth, "because it is so easy to chew."

That reminds me—While the writer was playing Trombone in the hotel orchestra up north in Potoskey, Michigan, we had a cornetist who also played violin. He enjoyed playing violin, because he said, it 'blew' easier than the cornet.

LYRIC THEATRE HAS GOOD SHOWS

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walker, managers of the Lyric Theatre, certainly have been showing some marvelous productions of late. Shirley Temple was seen in "Dimples" the first of this week. All who witnessed the picture were of the unanimous opinion that it was one of the best, if not the best, movies in which they had seen the darling starlet. Manager Walker has numerous other excellent pictures under contract which will be seen shortly—Paramount, 20th Century Fox, M. G. M., etc.

THE REAL CAUSE

Of unemployment in America will be found in the million dollar day spending at Albany, N. Y.; in the \$7,000,000,000 a year budget at Washington, and a public debt of \$35,000,000,000. The man who earns \$1,000 a year must pay out from \$154 to \$186 of his income in taxes.

If he could spend one-half, even, of that assessment, there wouldn't be any unemployment in this country. He would be able to buy more goods, and the demand of goods creates the demand which puts men back to work.—Think it over.

Senator Vandenburg Asks Accurate Census of Unemployed. News headlines. Note—We'll say that there are a vast amount of people without employment right now, despite the singing of that ditty, "Happy Days Are Here Again."—Ain't it so? Si, Senor.

"I just wish I wuz the editor, I'd tell them a thingertwo," complains a local man. How often do we hear this. Note—Our columns are open to the public—but be sure and act the man; in other words, Sign it.

F. D. R. will intervene to prevent strikes. Headline.—Are you telling us; what's the hurry?

Again we see that Roosevelt issues a warning against high prices. He demanded they raise prices, and now that they are on the incline, he yelps, "I told you so."—How does he do it?

ONE OF US IS DUMB

A certain local professional man has been endeavoring to teach the writer for nearly 20 years how to roll a cigaret, but to no avail.

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

We Carry in Stock:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Cement & Plaster | Stock Feed |
| Lime | Poultry Feeds |
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Garden Tools, Plow Points, Horse Collars, Etc.

We are closing out an assortment of Ladies' Dresses in Summer, Cotton Materials, Skirts, Blouses and Pajamas. Values up to \$2.00, while they last—98c.

Our Prices Are Reasonable

The Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Always-The-Best-For-Less At The Economy

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| Stamped Baby Beef | Fresh Vegetables |
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| Sirloin Steaks | Peaches, Apricots |
| Pork Chops | Blackberries, Pears |
| Pork Roasts | Pineapple & Apples |
| Country Style Pork | Canned Fancy |
| Sausage, Hamburger | Fruits, Vegetables. |
| | Fruit Juices |

Hostess Cakes—Surebest Bread

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62 — J. F. PETTY, Prop.

Brickley—Bishop

On April 17, in the city of Livingston, Texas, Miss Ruth Brickley of Carrizozo and Harold Bishop of Livingston, were united in marriage with the pastor of the local Methodist Church conducting the ceremony.

The bride was born at Willard, N. M.; graduated from the Carrizozo High School, being second in her class. She graduated from the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque with B. S. Degree and major in music. She was employed for a time in the First National Bank of Carrizozo of which her father, E. M. Brickley, was cashier. Afterwards she was employed as clerk in the office of the County School Superintendent under Mesdames Oja Jones and Irene Hart. She has a host of friends in Carrizozo and elsewhere over the county, who will wish her a happy and prosperous future in her new life.

The groom is in the employ of the Union Gas Company of his home town and belongs to one of the foremost of families in that community. The newlyweds were recipients of many presents from admirers at Carrizozo as well as in Livingston, where the happy couple will reside.

Dan Conley was here from Roswell this week and on Monday he made a business trip to Albuquerque, accompanied by Juan Chavez.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabino Vidaurri and daughter, Mrs. Sally Ortiz, spent the week-end in Albuquerque.

Mrs. Daisy Craft returned the first of the week from different points in California, where she visited old friends.

Mrs. Andy Padilla, who has been quite ill of late, is much improved at this writing.

Ziegler Bros. "Where Value has a Meaning" Penn-Craft Hats For Men—The Smart Choice



Let the smart appearance of a Penn-Craft convince you of its style. And let the months of hard wear that it will deliver convince you of its ingrained quality.

\$5 Penn-Craft Hats (Division of John B. Stetson Co.)

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The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

NOTICE!

Due to the passing of House Bill No. 99, it becomes necessary for us to raise prices to comply with the new law, which governs prices in the State of New Mexico. Beginning May 1, 1937, Carrizozo barbers' prices will be:

Shave, 25c; Haircut, 50c; Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, 50c; Massage, 50c. Other prices in accordance with the law.

Signed: M. G. Peckham
Alfredo Lopez

According to Hill, the tailor, the Ferris Wheel will go up and down at the Midwest Shows

'ZOZO BOOT SHOP



Repairing of all Kinds Cowboy Boots made to order All work Guaranteed!

G. H. DORSETT

In the Probate Court

State of New Mexico) ss. County of Lincoln) In the Matter of the Estate of Charles C. Harbert, Deceased No. 445

Notice of Appointment of Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of April, 1937, the undersigned was appointed Administratrix of the estate of Charles C. Harbert, deceased, in the above named court, and having qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Grace Harbert Kennedy, Administratrix. Ramon, N. Mex.

Eugene Northcutt of Artesia spent the week-end with his brother Belmont and aunt, Mrs. R. L. Huffmeyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Vega and the children spent the week-end in Tularosa, visiting relatives and returning home Sunday evening.

FIRST CHOICE



In less than a year—FIRST CHOICE ABOVE ALL MOTOR OILS IN THE PACIFIC WEST

A NEW STANDARD OIL FOR NEW CARS