

LARGEST COUNTY
CIRCULATION

Near Pre-historic Malspa
and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE
HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in
Lincoln County

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Out-of-the-Ordinary



A. L. B.

We are more or less, superstitious, whether we are willing to admit that falling or not. But here was one of the most uncanny conditions of which we ever heard. It happened about 30 years ago near the big passenger station at Pittsburgh, Pa. At a certain switch point in the track, every engine that passed over it would derail. In such a prominent place and faced with such dangers, local mechanics were put to work and as far as they could ascertain, they had the switch point in perfect condition. They watched carefully when the next engine passed over, but the same trouble was still there. Experts were summoned from all over the state but none of them could locate the trouble. Strange as it might seem, no cars would follow the engine in the derailing. Only the engine would leave the track; therefore, nobody suffered from the freakishness of the mystery. Finally, they set in a new switch directly alongside the old one and it worked all right, but one day an engine got on the old track and went over the point as smooth and perfectly as it could have gone. Others tried it with the same good results. It was used continually for years never again giving trouble. What caused this trouble will never be known. To this day, in the railroad yards, the old story is kept alive by crossing watchmen and train crews.

High above Salt Lake City, Utah, in the wild regions of the Rocky Mountains, two old men have worked without ceasing for the past 40 years in hunting for a lost treasure. John Evans and Martin Tulege, both of whom are now past the 80-year milestones. John had a dream over 50 years ago, that hidden in the mountains at the spot where they have been working, was a buried treasure. He told his chum about his queer dream and with his curiosity aroused he joined John in the hunt. They have tunneled under a mountain without coming across anything out-of-the-ordinary, but they have never ceased and now at the zero hour of their lives, they perhaps still believe they will find it. If they don't they may find it on the other side of the rainbow, where, we are told, rivers of crystal water and banks of shining gold, await as treasures and where the weary are at rest. Where weavers of lurid dreams in this world may find that after all, the magic pot of gold will be the reward of those who have striven so long to find it.—Who knows?

Bert Pfingsten was a business visitor yesterday from the Hondo valley.

Frank Maxwell and family were here yesterday from the Claunch-Gran Quivira country.

Personals

Otho Lowe, formerly of the First National Bank of Carrizozo but now cashier of the American Bank of Carlsbad, and Mrs. Lowe were here this week visiting relatives and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. James were here from the Kudner O—O ranch Wednesday. Mr. James is preparing to grow alfalfa on the lowlands and as a test, has already sown ten acres. The flow of water with which the lowlands will be irrigated is more than sufficient.

Mesdames W. T. Lumpkins and Vernon Mosier were here from Capitan Wednesday evening. Mrs. Mosier is the proprietress of the Capitan Style Shop and Mrs. Lumpkins is her clerk.

Lieut. and Mrs. G. P. Ward left Wednesday for McAlester, Okla., to visit Mrs. Ward's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hanchette.

W. R. Lovelace, Sr., was a business visitor from his ranch near Corona yesterday and while here, made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame of Ancho were business visitors in town the first of the week.

Visitors from Nogal this week were: Mr. and Mrs. Floy Skinner, Jesse May, Rich Hust and Judge Peacock.

Mrs. Lilly Klassner of San Patricio was a visitor in town several days this week.

Miss Clarita Lujan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lujan of Stockton, California, was married to Jesus Valverde at that place last week. The bride was born in Carrizozo.

The Surest Way TO VOTE IS "NO"

On All the Amendments

Dr. E. E. Cole

Dr. E. E. Cole, 79, former superintendent of the Carrizozo Schools, died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Roy Hamilton at Battle Creek, Michigan, on Aug. 30.

He leaves two daughters and two sisters to mourn his loss. Dr. Cole's wife died here during the time he served as superintendent.

Many Carrizozo people will remember Dr. Cole. He was a pleasant, sociable, Christian gentleman, and made many true friends during his stay in Carrizozo. The above-named survivors have the sympathy of our community.

Carrizozo Business Men's Club

Carrizozo, New Mexico

Dinner and Theatre Party for Wives and Friends
S. P. HOTEL — LYRIC THEATRE
Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1937, at 8 O'clock

Chicken En Fajita — Door Prizes
—Music by the "SAT CHAVEZ" Orchestra—
At the Theatre — Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor
A Crackerjack Good Show
Dinner 75c — Theatre 35c
Good Eats! — Big Show! — Lotta Fun!
Miss This Event — Be Sober
Reservations not later than Sept. 23th
F. A. English, Pres. — Dr. R. E. Blaney, Sec'y
Roy Shafer, Chairman Entertainment Committee

News of Carrizozo Schools

Contributed
The Football Team has their first game with Capitan next Friday. The boys plan on starting off right by winning their first game. The school is behind the team 100 per cent, and we are all anticipating a great season.

The Ancho Bus Students are congratulating themselves on having the finest bus service in the land. But a student from another bus puts it this way: "The whooping youngsters and the big red bus is the most noticeable of all the buses."

25 men reported for Football Friday. New suits were ordered for the team. Now watch for a date of the bid All-School and Community Dance for Athletic Benefit.

The Library in High School is becoming more and more useful every day. Some stringent regulations have been put into use for the protection of library books. Ninety-nine percent of the students appreciate the improvements being made in the library.

A Junior's comment—"Our faculty is made up of pretty good teachers, some of whom are not only good teachers but really seem to want to help a fellow."

Several teachers are beautifying their school rooms by the addition of beautiful bouquets. If anyone is in doubt as to how to arrange a bunch of flowers artistically—they should consult Miss Gerda Smith of the Junior High School Faculty.

Mr. Walker of the Lyric Theatre is making a liberal offer to all grade students. At the end of the first three months he is giving the student in a room, who has the highest standing in class, a free pass to the show for the following three months.

Allie F. Stover was here from Hondo this week attending to matters in district court.

Ben C. Sanchez motored to Albuquerque last Sunday morning and returned late in the afternoon, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Maria Castillo, who had been visiting relatives at the Duke City for several days.

Miss Mary Lewis is the new clerk at the Burke Art & Gift Shop, taking the place of Mrs. Walter Grumbles, who is now in Tucuman.

Judge Numa Fronger, District Attorney Martin Threst, assistant Clayton, Court Stenographer Mrs. Riley and Interpreter Bennett are here this week, holding the regular term of District Court.

I. O. O. F. Notes

At the regular meeting of Carrizozo Lodge No. 30 last week, E. O. Prehm was admitted to membership by transfer, and Deputy Sheriff Hugh Bunch and County Clerk Edward Pennington were the new applicants for membership.

On Tuesday night of next week, there will be work in the DeLatory Degree; a full attendance is desired.

Killed in Car Accident

Last Saturday night, Fernando Sanchez, was returning from a dance at Lincoln to his home in San Patricio, and just before reaching his destination, his car turned over and he died instantly from a broken neck. Saulberry was a cousin to the Herrera brothers of this place.

Meyer Bennett is the court crier in this term of District Court. Rinaldo Mirabal and Porfirio Chavez are bailiffs.

Homer McDaniel was a business visitor from Nogal on Monday of this week.

Carl E. Degner drove to the Gallina mountains Wednesday on some mining business.

Johnny Mackey was here from San Patricio this week, attending district court.

Amos Gaylord was here from Nogal Wednesday. He was accompanied by Richard Hudson, who is doing some assessment work in that locality. Amos reported heavy rains in and near Nogal.

Mrs. M. R. Hendrix was here from Ancho Monday on some business matters.

Mrs. Joe Navarro returned Wednesday from a trip to El Paso.

Mrs. G. A. Stebbins left yesterday for her home in Salina, Kansas, after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Gussie Johnson. The sisters are twins and their birthday fell on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thornton and Miss Cora Crews were visitors from Oscura Wednesday.

This office is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. C. W. Young. She orders her Outlook sent to her new address in El Paso.

Andrew McBrayer, Le 11 St. John and Cosme Gallegos are local men on the petit jury in this term of district court.

Juan Farmer is also a member.

Lyric Theatre

Friday and Saturday—
Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda
"You Only Live Once"

A powerful dramatic story of a criminal, who, inspired by the love of a girl who procures his release, and the stern arm of the law which forces his conviction and condemnation. Also "Mickey's Amateurs."

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday—
Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy in—
"Maytime"

The gayest, loveliest romance ever set to music. Rosier than "Rose Marie".... Naughtier than "Naughty Marietta." Also Navy Film, "India on Parade" and "Bar-Racs Night Out."

Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.

Wednesday and Thursday—
Warren William and Karen Morley in—
"Outcast"

With William Stone and Jackie Moran. The story is adapted from a serial which appeared recently in the Red Book magazine. Also Pictorial and "A Song a Day." Show starts at 7:30 every night except Sunday night.

Lincoln County Frontier Days

The American Legion Posts of Carrizozo, Capitan, Corona and Ruidoso are combining to hold a two-day celebration in Carrizozo on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15 and 16. The Lincoln County Frontier Days celebration will be reminiscent of the old Field Days of years ago, when you could choose the entertainment of your liking, from shaking a wicked leg to bronco riding and so on down the line. There will be events suitable to everyone, both young and old. Read the ad on page 8 and begin to harvest a good crop of whiskers and making your gingham dresses for the occasion. Nothing barred—it will be a hot and "whiskery" affair.

District Court

In the case of the state vs. Mrs. Maggie Pruett, charged with embezzlement of automobile license fees, defendant entered a plea of guilty.

Burch of Capitan and Manfor Chavez of San Patricio were found guilty of the charges of larceny of beef. The juries recommended clemency.

Joe Mirabal, plead guilty to the charge of driving a truck while intoxicated.

In the case of Homer and Halie Rorer, Clifford Borderack and Clifford Wilson, charged with breaking and entering a private residence, the first two named plead guilty and the other two were released.

Candido Trujillo of Capitan was fined \$25 and costs for driving a car without the owner's consent.

In the case of Bud Greshaw, Jr., charged with larceny of horses, the jury is still out after having deliberated 15 hours.

This case winds up the criminal docket for this term.

Judge Fronger will sentence the prisoners this afternoon or tomorrow.

"Maytime," Sunday-Monday-Tuesday at the Lyric, starring Jeanette McDonald, soprano and Nelson Eddy, baritone. See it!

Local Mention

Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Lucas arrived Monday evening from Kansas City, bringing a complete surprise on the A. L. Burke and Phil Bright families. Their visit will be short, as Dr. Lucas must be home by next Monday to fill appointments on several important major operations.

Mrs. Gussie Johnson has returned from a pleasant visit with her mother, Mrs. Miller, at Los Angeles.

Arthur Cortez, the energetic and courteous agent of Radios, Washing Machines and Electrical Supplies, and Mrs. Cortez were business visitors from Fort Stanton last Friday afternoon. Mr. Cortez made this office a friendly visit and said that business was very good with him.

S. P. Operator Elmer Eaker, Mrs. Eaker and the children were El Paso and Las Cruces visitors the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stokes and little son of Monahans, Texas, are here visiting the F. A. English and Dewey Stokes families.

Lesnett Anderson was here from Roswell the latter part of last week, visiting his mother, Mrs. Edith Crawford and grandmother, Mrs. A. E. Lesnett.

Mrs. Wm. H. Nickels has been in Chicago for the past several days where she has gone to wind up her business affairs preparatory to making Lincoln County her future home. Mrs. Nickels has been a violinist with the Chicago Woman's Symphony Orchestra for a long time, and played a farewell engagement with that noted organization Sunday afternoon. She has a large number of violin pupils in Chicago and will arrange for their future instruction under another well-known teacher while there. She expects to get back to Carrizozo the latter part of this week. Mr. Nickels is Principal of the school at Lincoln. They will be at home to their friends after September 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris and Mrs. Nellie Reilly came in from the ranch the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Harris returning on Wednesday and Mrs. Reilly remaining for the week as a guest of her sister, Mrs. Albert Scharf.

George Simpson, Tommy McCamant and John Rowland, caretaker of the Corona light plant, were Carrizozo business visitors this week.

Mrs. M. M. Allison is here from Plainfield, Texas, visiting with her daughter, Mrs. J. E. A. Womack and family.

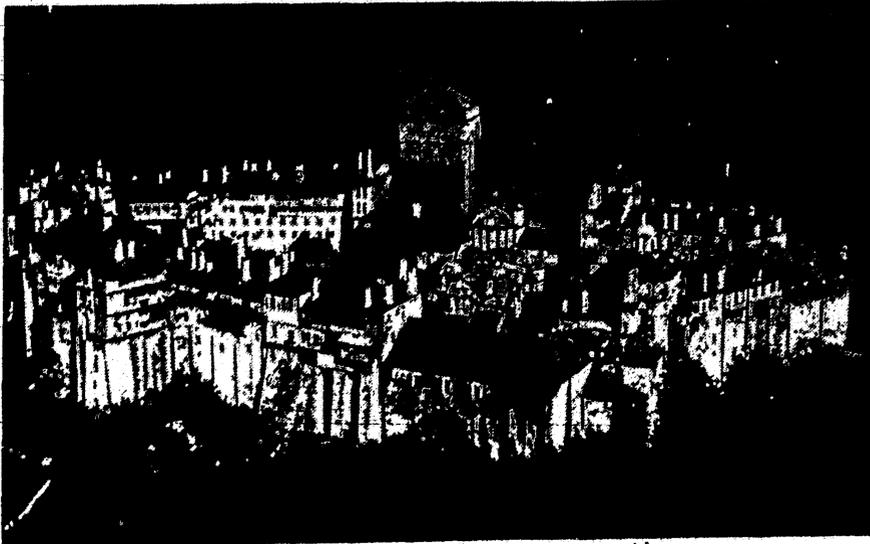
The Roy Shafer and R. W. Bowlin families were in Carlsbad last Sunday and returned by way of the Mescalero Agency and Tularosa.

Mrs. Annie Rogers and little daughter are here from Santa Fe to make this place their future home. Mrs. Mackey is a sister of Mesdames Loida Nalda and Ben Holguin.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Cathey are here this week from Tucuman and will remain for a week or so, visiting Mrs. Cathey's mother, Mrs. G. C. Bigelow and small daughters.

ATHOS—LAND OF MEN ONLY

Special Police Bar Women, Wolves from Holy Community —Capital Called Karyes, Meaning "Nuts to You" in English—Halliburton Explores It



Some of the monasteries are as big as small villages. This one is a third of a mile around the walls. Life is lived there exactly as it was a thousand years ago.

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON
Author of "The Royal Road to Romance," etc.

THERE exists today in southeastern Europe a little country, washed by the Aegean sea, so fantastically different from all other countries in the world that in writing about it I am aware I shall be straining the credulity of my readers to the utmost. So let me assure you at the outset that every word of this story is strictly true, and can be authenticated in any reference book on the subject.

This country is almost a thousand years old, and has a government which has functioned uninterruptedly over a longer span of time than any other government on earth. But in all this time it has never introduced a single new idea in politics, education, or science. The four thousand people who inhabit it occupy the same venerable buildings, read the same parchment books, wear the same style of clothes, lead the same kind of lives to the minutest detail, as their country's founders in the Tenth century. In the midst of progress and evolution it has remained a medieval world.

When we examine it we find, to our astonishment, that every inhabitant is a male—has always been a male since the beginning. Upon its soil only one woman in all its long history has ever set foot. And she remained just fifteen minutes.

No child has ever been born within this country's boundaries. Baby boys may have been brought here and have grown up here, but never once a baby girl.

This country is located entirely on a narrow peninsula. At the point where the peninsula joins the mainland the inhabitants have placed special police whose sole duty is to keep wolves and women from crossing the frontier.

Rams But No Ewes. Not only are all females of the human race rigorously barred—females of any other sort are barred as well. There are large flocks of roosters in the country, but not one single hen—plenty of rams but no ewes—herds of steers and bulls but not a cow can be found. There are thousands and thousands of cats—all tom; innumerable dogs—all male. Only female birds and female insects have been able to fly or crawl—to the state's great annoyance—across the border.

All the four thousand inhabitants wear long black beards and long black robes. Hair-cutting is not allowed. Instead, hair is gathered into a big knot at the back of the neck and secured with hairpins. Baldness is unknown.

The people drink quantities of liquor, but singing is strictly prohibited.

The capital is called Karyes, which, when translated into English, gives it the lovely and mellifluous name of Nuts.

This community is the Holy Community of Mount Athos. On maps it is included in Greek territory, but actually it is as independent as the moon.

East of Salonika the map of Greece shows three long narrow mountainous peninsulas extending like three inflated sausages into the Aegean sea. Of these Athos is the easternmost—thirty miles long and five wide. Its base, however, is so fat and narrow that King Xerxes of ancient Persia, bringing his fleet to Athens for a conquest of Greece, easily cut a canal across the isthmus to save his ships having to round the stormy point. Rising above the point is an abrupt and spectacular peak 6,000 feet high, of pure white marble.

And on the rugged sea-slopes and

shores of this peninsula, placed four or five miles apart, are twenty lonely and isolated communities. Each is enclosed within a huge medieval stone building, walled and battlemented, and built around a court. These communities are monasteries. Several of them were founded between the years 900 and 1000. Several more in the 1100's. The monasteries are giants in size. The largest measures nearly one-third of a mile around its walls. Another is ten stories high. Fortress, castle, college, church, all in one, they were all built in beauty and in grandeur by the outpourings of riches from the emperors of old Byzantium.

It is in these vast religious refuges that the entirely masculine population of Athos lives. . . four thousand monks. And it has been their abots who have passed the unique laws forbidding any creature of the female sex from profaning the holliness of this long-beford heaven.

Noted for Size, Splendor.

Byzantium—now Istanbul—in the year 900 was the most zealously Christian city ever known. The Eastern Orthodox church dominated it completely. But for numbers of citizens in this excessively religious metropolis, Byzantium was not half pious enough. These fanatics, protected and supported by the state, retreated to the wild and uninhabited—and dramatically beautiful—peninsula of Athos. Here, as monks, they turned their zeal into the construction of monasteries.

In the center of each monastic court the monks built a church in the form of a Greek cross. Into these churches were poured the gold and silver and jewels which Byzantium, then mistress of the western world, had wrested from a hundred subject nations. Not pounds, but tons of gold were spread across the ikons and the altars. Huge gold chandeliers hung from the domes; huge gold candelabra, higher than a man, lit the treasuries.

Once these churches were finished, the monks held gorgeous services, conforming rigidly to the ritual fixed by the Patriarch.

That was in the year 950. And what remains today of all this glory? Everything!

Ever flock of gold, every jewel, every ikon, every slightest detail in the services, exist in 1937 exactly as 1,000 years ago.

The first generations of Athonian monks rendered an incalculable service to humanity, for they possessed cultural as well as spiritual strength. Into their monasteries they brought all the previously written books they could lay their hands on. Sixth, Fifth, even Fourth century manuscripts, collected from Egypt and Arabia, Syria and the East, found their way to Mount Athos.

And what has happened to these thousands of scholarly books? Have they been saved?

Nearly every one! But the monks themselves who have preserved all these ancient treasures—what sort of people are they after three generations without women and without children?

They're Done With Women.

To answer that question we must first understand what sort of men come here and why they come. They come mostly because the Eastern Orthodox church in Greece, Russia, Serbia and Bulgaria, has so emphasized the literal bliss of a physical heaven and literal torments of a physical hell, that simple-and-susceptible minded youths (particularly in times past) have fled to Athos believing that only by a life of abstinence and self-mortification can they hope to escape from eternal frying in the fires of hell. With a lot of women around, self-mortification would be much harder.

There are other monks, with ro-

mantically-inclined natures, who have had their souls slain by the infidelity and inconstancy of some woman. With broken hearts, seeking refuge in religion and solitude, they come to Athos. They are through with women and never want to see one again.

One "diabolical demon" who broke the law happened to be (so the story goes) a famous European queen (the late Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who died in 1916), whose country had contributed so generously to the support of the monks that she was given a special permit to approach the front door of one of the biggest monasteries—a favor unique in history.

All went well, up to a certain point. The queen gazed for several moments into the forbidden area where for one thousand years no woman had ever set foot. Then, to the horror of the assembled monks, she suddenly walked resolutely and quickly on through the doorway—just because she wanted to—and into the courtyard.

straight toward the entrance of the church itself—the church where the unspeakably holy relics lay—pieces of the True Cross, girdle of the Virgin Mary, foot of a saint that lived on top of a column for fifty years. The monks were almost paralyzed. They couldn't seize the woman bodily—she was a queen and their benefactress. But every step she took, further wrecked the accumulated holiness of the centuries. The monastery would be cheapened and desanctified in the eyes of all the other monasteries. While the poor abbot, in despair, was wondering what to do, the queen, having seen all she cared to see, came, calmly left.

Male or Female?

The most disconcerting female intrusion of all happened one recent summer.

In June, two young Danes, accompanied by a third young person wearing man's attire and proclaiming to be a male, came with proper passports to the peninsula to make a tour of the monasteries. At the first night's stop the monks looked scrutinizingly and suspiciously at the third member of the party. Was it really a boy—or a girl in man's clothes? As the suspected visitor walked about, into the church and library and every sacred corner, the monks' alarm grew. Most of them had not seen a woman in five—twenty—years, and couldn't be sure whether this was one or not. The "boy" had short hair, but it was strangely soft and fine. His voice was like a girl's, and there was no sign of a beard. . . and yet the figure was a boy's figure.

The poor puzzled monks did not wish to humiliate their visitor if he were a boy by expelling him for being a girl. But neither did they wish to be made fools of, or to have their monastery lose caste, by sheltering what seemed to be a female. They tried every possible ruse, every trick, that might reveal the sex of their guest. They even set spies to watch the most intimate manners of the troublesome visitor. But the visitor was on the alert, remained as enigmatic as ever, and left the monastery before the distracted monks could come to any decision.

The excitement continued from one night's lodging to the next. It even began to precede the arrival of the three Danes. The boy-girl became the scandal, the sensation, the consternation of the entire peninsula. The battle over the sex of the boy-girl raged up and down the slopes of the peak of Athos. The monasteries where the disturbing visitor had set foot, in self defense swore it was a boy. The monasteries not so honored, in a holler-than-thou mood, swore it was a girl in disguise.

To this day nobody knows the truth, but Mount Athos still smokes with the controversy.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart.
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Court Now Liberal

Washington—The Supreme court of the United States has a new member, and to that extent, President Roosevelt has succeeded in reorganizing the highest court in the land. With the nomination by the President of Sen. Hugo L. Black, Alabama Democrat, and confirmation of that nomination by the senate, we find a Supreme court that stands for liberal interpretations of the Constitution by a vote of six to three on most questions.

While it is important, of course, to know that Senator Black, the new justice, is nearly 100 per cent New Dealer, it is much more important to the country as a whole to think of Mr. Black hereafter as being fully aware of the reasons why he was selected to the lifetime job at \$20,000 per year. It is likewise important to remember the reasons why Mr. Black was selected when one examines the so-called balance of power in the Supreme court.

It seems to me that Mr. Black will enter upon his duties next October under one of the gravest handicaps that ever was set upon the shoulders of a Supreme court justice. Because of this handicap, and because of the reasons lying back of his appointment, I greatly fear that Senator Black can never be a great member of a great tribunal.

In the first instance, his record in the senate, covering a period of ten years, has demonstrated to most everyone that he has a keen mind, but the fact remains, and I think it cannot be disputed, the new justice lacks the poise which always has been an attribute of outstanding judges. I hope he has the qualities that will enable him to grow and become a good justice from the legal standpoint; I hope this for the sake of the country as a whole and for the sake of the judicial structure of our government. But after observing him as an independent writer over the last ten years I think I would be unfair to those who read these lines if I did not characterize Mr. Black's as a decidedly mediocre appointment.

Again, the fact that nearly all Washington observers and a very great number of officials do not expect much legal wisdom from the new justice is traceable more to the conditions under which Mr. Black received the honor than to Mr. Black himself.

Let us examine the reasons that lie back of Mr. Roosevelt's selection of Mr. Black. In this case, as in the case of many lesser appointments, the motives, the politics, the underlying objectives have not been stressed anywhere. In order to understand the situation, it is necessary to review several years of history on one line and it is likewise necessary to examine various incidents marking Mr. Black's career in the senate. Out of this maze of detail, certain significant and more or less definite conclusions appear.

Along the one side of the examination we find Senator Black consistently supporting President Roosevelt's New Deal programs wherever and whenever he found them. We note as well intolerance on his part for those persons and those arguments running counter to New Deal policies. Thirdly, we cannot overlook various senate investigations conducted by Senator Black for we know that in most of these he was carrying out orders from the White House. That is, Senator Black was engaged in expeditions of smear, of muckraking, and in needless exposure by way of senate investigations, in order that if there were flashbacks someone other than the President would be in the white light of criticism.

Casting aside many of the assaults on Mr. Black's personal record, and turning to the other phase of the situation that culminated in his selection for the court, it must be plain to anyone knowing all the facts that President Roosevelt had a definite purpose in selecting the Alabama. This phase also requires a bit of review.

Court Split Party

When the President suddenly demanded that congress reorganize the Supreme court and make provision for the appointment of six new justices of his own choosing, he created an enormous split in the Democratic party. He alienated many sections of the South and at the same time provided many old-line southern Democrats with ammunition which they could use to justify their positions in opposing Mr. Roosevelt on many other phases of legislation.

I do not mean to say that all of the southern Democrats turned against the President because that is untrue. There were possibly a half dozen senators from the South and an equal proportion of representatives who are sticking to the President and will continue to support him. That fact, however, does not alleviate the condition. Senator Black was among those

who stayed with the President through thick and thin. He never was an exceedingly popular man among his colleagues. Add to this the capacity of using harsh language in the extreme and one finds that he was not the most popular choice among the senators for the job to which he has been elevated. From various quarters, therefore, I have heard observations to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt appointed Senator Black with full knowledge of the facts I have related. He could and did slap at some members of his own party for failing to go along with him on the court packing plan and some other New Deal legislation like the wages and hours program. He showed certain groups and cliques in the senate and house that he is boss.

Then, in selecting a man from the deep South undoubtedly the President figured it would be influential in pulling back to him some of the support which he certainly has lost among local politicians in the southern states. Views of this test of political strategy differ greatly, but whether he gains or whether he loses on that score, there certainly is ground for belief that the reasons were as I have given them.

There is also another reason for the appointment of Mr. Black. Of course, everyone realized that Mr. Roosevelt would name a man of New Deal leaning. Moreover, everyone recognized that it would be strictly a personal appointment as far as the President was concerned. So the stage was set for appointment of a man of more or less radical tendencies—but no one expected the choice that was made.

Now, the senate long has operated almost as a high class group. Every senator considers his colleagues with great deference and respect. This is senatorial courtesy. Does it not seem quite reasonable then, to consider that Mr. Roosevelt went into the senate to pick a new justice with the full realization that the nomination would be debated in gentlemanly fashion; that senatorial courtesy would tone down the barbs and the darts and the personal attacks that would probably obtain if the name of a private citizen were submitted? I cannot know the President's mind, obviously, yet I have heard these conclusions stated so many times that they cannot be wholly disregarded. New Dealers consider the appointment clever from the standpoint of senate debate, and those opposed to the New Deal called it a smart trick. So there is very little disagreement.

May Solidify Court

I called attention earlier to the effect of the conditions under which Mr. Black enters the court. I think examination of them is vital. They are important for the reasons I have set down and they are important from another standpoint. It is pure conjecture, of course, but I am going to mention the possibility that Senator Black's entry into the court membership may possibly create resentment among the other justices. Each of them will certainly know about all of the various undercurrents, the gossip, and the more or less obvious facts involved in the appointment.

I have been wondering then whether the other members of the court, even liberal members like Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo, may not feel that Mr. Roosevelt has subjected them to undignified terms. I mean by that, is there not a possibility of them feeling that the President is seeking to gain decisions along his own line of reasoning rather than on the basis of justice and law?

As I said, this is pure conjecture. Nevertheless, I think it will be agreed that it is a logical thought, because the Supreme court justices, after all, are just as human as you and anyone else.

Carrying this thought a little further, what will be the effect upon the old conservative members of the court like Justices McReynolds and Butler and Sutherland? Will they regard the Black appointment as a direct thrust at them personally? If they do, it seems to me the logical result would be to make them more conservative than they now are.

I do not mean to imply dishonesty or unfairness to any member of the court. I know some of them personally and I respect every one of them. I merely call attention to these things as among the possible results in the appointment of a man to the Supreme court who may have been not the worst appointment possible but surely, all conditions considered, it was far from the best.

Politically, the Black appointment is likely to enter into the 1938 congressional elections. There seems no way by which the matter can be avoided as an issue. It is only through those elections of senators and representatives that the people can express themselves, and nearly everyone agrees now that the name of Justice Black will enter into numerous state and district political battles.

Hugh Bradley Says

Let Bill Farnsworth Pass on Blackburn's View of Joe Louis

(Willon "Slim" Farnsworth, who devoted 30 years to journalism before deciding to turn to the crasser fields of endeavor, sits in as guest columnist for Hugh Bradley this week. He was a former New York sports editor and is now general manager of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club.)

By BILL FARNSWORTH

I ASKED Jack Blackburn, a great fighter in his day and now boxing instructor and trainer of Joe Louis, just how he figured the Brown Embalmer would have done against former heavyweight champions. His replies are mighty interesting. Here they are:

AGAINST JOHN L. SULLIVAN—"I never saw John L., but I understand he was a stand-still fighter who relied on one punch to win. I am sure that Joe's speed and punching power would have been too much for Sullivan."

AGAINST JIM CORBETT—"Corbett was foxy and Louis would have to tag him. They fought 25-round battles in Corbett's day, and I think Joe would have finally connected in the later rounds. If it went the limit then Joe would have lost the decision."

AGAINST FITZSIMMONS—"Louis would be too strong for Fitz—just as Jeffries was—and strength would have decided this one. Fitz wasn't fast, but crafty, and Louis couldn't have eased up for a second. But he could stop an opponent cold with either hand."

AGAINST JEFFRIES—"Jeff was big but slow. He was a powerful puncher, but Joe punches just as hard and he would have speed on his side. It would be a great fight



until one or the other landed. In this bout Louis' speed would be his ace in the hole."

AGAINST TOMMY BURNS—"Burns was too small. He couldn't punch a lick. I think Louis could name the round in this fight."

AGAINST JOHNSON—"Jack was a great defensive boxer. I have boxed with both Johnson and Louis. Joe throws much more leather and hits much harder. Johnson might stand him off for a while with his great defensive skill but would wilt finally under Louis' terrific punching."

AGAINST WILLARD—"This would be just another Dempsey-Willard affair. Barring size, Louis has everything to make him the winner."

AGAINST DEMPSEY—"This would be a FIGHT. How I'd love to see this one. Two men evenly matched in strength—plenty of it—speed and punching ability. If Joe got the least bit careless it would



be all over. And the same would go for Dempsey if he slipped up for a second. Either could win by a kayo. Purely a matter of who landed first. If it went the limit I think Louis would get the nod on points."

AGAINST TUNNEY—"One would be tough to tag and might stand off Louis until the final bell. I don't think Tunney could fatten Joe as he did Dempsey. With the bob going the limit Joe's harder punching and boxing ability would give him a slight edge."

AGAINST SCHMELING—"Joe has no allibi to offer for their fight last summer—and I will let their next bout give the answer."

AGAINST SHARKEY, CARNERA, BAER AND BRADDOCK—"The records speak for themselves."

When Lefty Gomez steps out of the dugout to go to the box he always puts one foot in the tray that holds the bats. Does it even if he has to push a bat or two out of the way to make room for his dogs. Also it is his proud boast that he never has so dared fate as to step on the third base foul line.

Ty Cobb is just beginning to show interest in reading about baseball. . . During his playing days he said he was too busy. . . Myrl Hoag, Yankee outfielder, has the smallest feet in the major leagues. . . He wears a size four shoe on one and a four and a half on the other. . . The Detroit Tigers are the only team in the big leagues run entirely by catchers, Mickey Cochran, De Baker and Cy Perkins.

Poor Man's Gold

Courtney Ryley Cooper

© Courtney Ryley Cooper.
WNU Service.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"But you will take care of yourself?"

He promised and whirled, calling to a miner to start a rescue squad with canoes to Whoopee.

Then he said to Jeanne:

"Tell the women they'll probably have to mix with the girls from Around-the-World Annie's when they get on the rafts."

Jeanne handed a sack of dried potatoes to a waiting miner.

"Yes, I'll tell them. They've got enough sense to understand."

"And send someone for Kay Joyce—to be sure she gets out of her cottage."

The girl looked up.

"I've already done it," she answered. Hammond turned away.

It was like Jeanne Towers, to think first of the woman who had reviled her.

Just as she had been able, with a pat of her hand, to forgive every blow which Lew Snade had dealt her.

A score of miners awaited him as he came down the narrow street from his cabin after a hasty dressing of his wounds.

"Ready for orders," said one of them.

Hammond replied quickly, "We've got to hit for Loon creek. And start back-fring."

He led the way out of town and up the stream, dropping a man at intervals of three or four hundred feet, at last to present a line nearly a mile long, waiting for the signal.

Hammond gave it, with a shout that was picked up by the nearest man, sent onward, to be echoed and re-echoed.

Makeshift torches blazed, faintly yellow in the brighter glare. Flames leaped to life. Then, with a steadily strengthening crackle, the marsh grass began to burn, while the workers under Hammond followed it slowly, to re-ignite it at spots, and to be ready, once they reached the forest, to apply even more fire if, for any reason, the sweep of this onslaught did not take root there.

It was the only chance that the town had for salvation—to send a fire against the wind and into the forest, that flame might meet flame and thus constrict its area of destruction.

It was slow, choking work. The wind from the main fire was oven hot now; Hammond and his men breathed with difficulty. They worked with wet bandannas wrapped around their faces to shield their nostrils; the bite of smoke and burning pitch cut through, nevertheless. Coughing, gasping for clean air, they went on. Then, as they slowly made their desperate way along the hot, blackened marsh wastes toward the forest proper, a worker straightened suddenly, shouting:

"Somebody's out there in the grass!"

Hammond followed the direction in which the miner had pointed. Deep in the marsh weeds a man had risen and was looking about him in bewildered terror. The light of the forest fire blazed higher, flashing against the heavy layers of smoke and glancing downward through the haze. Hammond's eyes centered. Smoked out from his hiding place, even as a dozen forms of animal life were being smoked out, Bruce Kenning stood out there in a yellowed, inflammable sea—transfixed with fear.

"Come this way!" Hammond shouted thickly. His lips were heavily puffed and painful. "You've got a bare chance! Put your coat over your head and make a run for it!"

For a moment, the man seemed about to obey. He even moved a few feet toward the advancing line of marsh fire, now throwing a ten-foot wall of flame upward as it cracked along its line of defense toward the forest. Then suddenly, he changed his mind; he whirled and made for the smoky outlines of the deeper timber.

"He'll never get through there!" a workman called.

"Afraid not," Hammond answered. "Unless he knows a way to circle the main fire. There's still a half mile or so of bush that isn't burning—he might make the lake."

"Not if it's any hotter in there than it is here." The workman rubbed at smarting eyes.

They were beginning to approach the end of endurance; at last, they were forced to turn back. The heat had become that of a superheated oven. Men were staggering, clawing at their throats. Nevertheless, they retreated with hope; the grass fire had reached the forest; a tree had blazed up with a booming explosion, the fire spreading to other trees about it.

But the hope faded. Even before they had reached the town again, embers were falling there. The wind heightened, blowing the smoke clouds over the huddled little settlement, like great billows of black-red fog. The forms of men now were only faintly visible, as they worked at the burying of stores, or strove to lug down to the lake the possessions they deemed most valuable, their dogs snarling and fighting about them. Then a cry came, high-pitched, frantic.

"Help me, somebody! Help me with my cabin. It's caught fire!"

The effort was useless. In another ten minutes a dozen structures were blazing; the red-black clouds above seemed to have loosed a ver-

itable rain of fire. Heavy embers, as large as a man's arm, and blazing fiercely, were falling thickly; it seemed impossible that a wind could carry anything so weighty. Spruce needles, half burnt, or untouched, drove in upon the town like the pelt of a sleet storm. The night was electric with sparks.

"Get to the lake!" shouted Hammond. "The town's done for!"

He was among the last to go. Up on the hill, the cottage which he had built for Kay was a mass of crawling flame. Farther on, Bruce Kenning's cabin stood outlined, its roof already caving. His own cabin was red with destruction.

Thus he watched his past, its hopes, its dreams, its agonizing disappointments; die to the touch of an all-consuming torch. At last, he turned away, gaunt from physical and mental pain, and followed the other refugees down to the lake.

All that night the airplanes roared above Sapphire lake—the ships which had left with the beginning of the fire, to seek pumps and tanks and dynamite, the ships summoned by Sergeant Terry, the ships of the forestry division. They drummed and zoomed and snarled, like the air force of some hidden army, working high in the clouds, where no one might see.

Smoke had cut off all vision, save that of near-by objects. The wind had lessened its intensity somewhat



It Was Slow, Choking Work.

and brought with its abatement only greater suffering to these refugees, dependent upon the lake for their lives.

Deep in the broad waters, the life rafts, huge affairs each capable of bearing a hundred persons, floated with their clusters of human freight, lying flat on the soggy logs and covered by equally soggy blankets. There was no air as such, save the thin layer which lay close to the water. Otherwise, all was fetid death; oxygen had been almost eliminated. Resin and wood fumes cut the nostrils; heat and smoke poison loaded the atmosphere to a point of suffocation. The person who would escape death or smoke sickness must lie with nostrils only inches from the lake; an attempt to breathe for long the poisonous air above meant fatality.

No one slept. No one even thought of it. The threat of death by flame or suffocation had eradicated even the need of it; sleep is a necessity of peace; insomnia a blessing in time of danger.

Jack Hammond was not on a raft. He lay on a shallow bar, his eyes closed, his head barely above water. All about him were evidences of life; here a dripping hand emerged to wipe at a steaming face, there a man rolled uncomfortably, spurring water as he cooled his hot mouth.

All those who had labored late in the town were here; groans attested to the pain of miners who, struggling too long, had rushed for the lake with their clothing aflame. Now, with the touch of water aggravating the torture of their burns, they had no surcease. They could only lie and suffer and wait. Here, too, were the dogs; many, bushy-wise, waiting philosophically. Others, impatient, broke at times from the water, only to return whimpering.

Daylight had come; it meant little in the way of visibility, save for a few moments when the wind freshened again, whipping away the smoke long enough to permit a fleeting view of the surrounding country. The town was gone, except for smoldering log-squares where cabins had been. But over on the Alaskan side—

"Wouldn't you know it?" a miner asked sarcastically, as he raised his head for a moment to look about him. "Everything we've got in the world gone—but Around the World Annie's dance hall wasn't even touched!"

Yet everything was not gone. The shallows of the lake were spotted

with possessions, where hurrying refugees had thrown them, hopeful for rescue at a later time; tents, bedding, pieces of homemade furniture, tar-covered hams and bacon, cans of desiccated food, blankets, mattresses, even bunks and rustic bedsteads and chinaware were scattered indiscriminately about in the water to await sorting when danger was gone. That time was yet distant.

The wind lessened again, the smoke lay thick and deep. An airplane motor sounded, swiftly approaching. For a time the ship circled, in long banks, as its pilot strove to find a break in the blanket of invisibility beneath them. Then lower it came, searching desperately; at last it showed faintly through the deep-brown haze as the aviator spotted the rafts and made certain of clear stretches of water where a landing would not endanger life. Again the ship banked. Then it seemed to drop flat to the surface of the lake, splashing water in great waves as it bounced eerily along, settled in long surging leaps, and finally taxied toward the shallows.

It halted, motor idling. The cabin door opened. A forerunner swung out to a slippery pontoon.

"Where's Jack Hammond?" he shouted to the dripping miners, who, wet hands to their nostrils, had half risen from the bar. Jack waved. Then, hands to his puffed face, he rose and splashed forward, the pilot and forest ranger, each with nostrils shielded, shouting for him to hurry.

He reached the plane and clambered from the pontoon into the cabin, the ranger slamming the door as he followed. The motor snarled with acceleration; quickly the pilot swung about and abruptly sent the ship into the air. Hammond leaned close to the ranger.

"What's up?" he shouted.

"Terry sent me after you. Wants you to take charge of one of the airplane shifts; splitting up the work so we can all get a little rest. Terry's busy below. We're going to head in up here somewhere to try to block off the blaze. Terry says you know the country."

Hammond nodded and was silent, looking out the side of the cabin. They were moving swiftly down the lake; dimly, very dimly beneath, were revealed the life rafts. Hammond's eyes searched every one—there was a time when he would have looked thus for only one person, Kay Joyce. But now he found himself wondering which of the huddled patches of gray down there on those giant squares was Jeanne Towers, and if she were safe from fumes or suffocation.

"Got fire fighting equipment?"

"Plenty."

"Hose and tankage?"

"Yeh—and dynamite. Been bringing up a lot of Indians from around Takla lake—they know their business. Ought to; they set enough fires down in that region so they can get paid for putting them out." They were at quite an altitude, but still in fog.

"This smoke goes up plenty high," Hammond said. Even as he mentioned it, he became aware that the air had cleared, that he was breathing deeply for the first time that day. The ranger leaned closer.

"Not smoke; clouds," he shouted. "The visibility's hell. Getting colder—freeze-up probably."

"Hope so."

The forester grimaced. No one hoped that more than he. Then:

"Know any place we could get up here, to start cutting off this blaze? If we can back-fire down below and cut 'er off here, it'll save a half billion feet of timber." That was the job now, to save timber. But in saving it, Hammond knew, lives must be risked, perhaps lives given. He pointed toward Whoopee.

"We can work through the inlet," he said. "The fire missed that. The smoke raised for a few minutes, and I got a look. It's clear."

Thus the grueling task began, airplanes which banked and skimmed the surface of the lake, which took desperate chances, which dropped recklessly downward through the smoke pall to discharge their cargoes, then took off as desperately with no clear knowledge of shore or tree-top line. Wading whites and sloshing Indians slopped off the pontoons to splash ashore and there stand waiting until other chance-taking pilots, Timmy Moon among them, should bring up the long lines of small-bored, lightly-woven hoses, the collapsible tanks and portable pumps which would allow water to be sent thousands of feet into the forest. Boxes of dynamite were unloaded. Sacks were carried out by the bale.

Hour after hour, into the deep night and again to daylight, the dogged task continued with short respites for rest as the shifts changed. Dynamite boomed and trees crashed to earth. Long, ragged lines of men, gasping for clean air, waving wet sacks monotonously, attacked the smoldering earth.

The air grew hotter, more horrible. But suddenly Hammond paused in his commands and looked up, blinking. He put out his hand, swiftly retrieving it, close to his eyes.

"Snow!" he shouted. "It's started to snow! Keep going, fellows! We've got help from upstairs!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for September 5

GOD REQUIRES SOCIAL JUSTICE.

LESSON TEXT—Leviticus 19:1-18, 32-37. GOLDEN TEXT—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. Luke 6:31.

PRIMARY TOPIC—At Harvest Time. JUNIOR TOPIC—At Harvest Time. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Championing the Rights of Others. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—My Responsibility for Social Justice.

Labor Day—in this year of our Lord 1937—looks out upon a world deeply divided in opinions of what is right and what is wrong in the relationship between capital and labor. Political and economic leaders are talking much of social justice, of a planned economy in which all shall have a full share of the products of labor. Surely, we would all agree that there should be only kindness and justice in all such dealings of man with man. But how to accomplish that result in a world of selfishness and sin, that indeed is the question.

Unfortunately, many of those in the church who have greatly stressed social relationships have forgotten that the true foundation for such teaching and living is the preaching of the gospel of redemption. In reaction to their impossible position, others who have faithfully preached the necessity of regeneration have forgotten to stress the need of the expression of regenerated life in the social relationships of man. We need God-given balance, with a proper reflection of gospel truth in honest and helpful living. God wants his people to show that they belong to him by

I. Providing for the Poor and Needy (vv. 9, 10, 14, 15).

When Jesus said, "Ye have the poor always with you" (Matt. 26:11), he referred to one of the responsibilities which thoughtful and considerate men have always gladly borne, but which has been a constant problem to both individuals and nations. We have dealt with it in our day on a broad and supposedly scientific basis, but those who are closest to it are quick to admit that we have even now an imperfect solution. In the days of Israel, the poor were fed by the purposeful leaving of gleanings in the field—which the needy were free to gather as their own. Thus they had the joy of helping themselves even as they were being helped by others, and, in the final analysis, by God himself.

II. Guarding Another's Reputation (vv. 16-18).

Gossip is a destructive means of breaking down the good standing of another. It is a sin all too common in our day, even within the circle of God's own people. Tale-bearing and evil-speaking are a blight on our social and religious life. We should put them away.

Akin to this common and awful sin is the bearing of grudges and the seeking for revenge, neither of which serves any good purpose.

III. Honoring the Aged (v. 32).

Old-age pensions undoubtedly have their place in our complicated social life, but it is evident that they would be entirely unnecessary if men and women had in the fear of God honored "the hoary head" and "the face of the old man," even as God gave command to Israel.

IV. Loving the Stranger (vv. 33, 34).

The man who knows what it is to have been a stranger, and to meet with love and protecting care, should never forget to go and do likewise. Living, as many of us do, in great cities makes this somewhat of a problem, and yet one sometimes wonders whether the bustling city is not often kinder to the stranger than the little community, which makes him feel like an "outsider."

V. Being Honest in Business (vv. 11-13, 35, 36).

No stealing, no false swearing, no defrauding, no withholding of wages, for all these things dishonor or "profane the name of thy God."

A good motto to hang up behind the counter or over the desk in a business house is found in the words of verses 35 and 36. False bottoms, trick scales, short measure—oh, yes, they are against the city ordinance, and you will be fined if you are caught. But remember, they are also an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The closing verse of our lesson reiterates that important truth: In carrying out the tenets of social justice we are not simply being humane and kind. We are observing the statutes and ordinances of the Eternal One, him who says, "I am Jehovah."

Being Ours in Faith

It is good to know that in whatever country we are found, and under whatever sky, we are, through faith in the divine Saviour, members in the same body, sheep in the same fold, children of one home.

Pay Up Our Debts

Debt comes under the eighth commandment. It hangs a millstone round the neck of the man or woman who incurs it. It corrodes honesty.

They're Cinches to Sew



YES, the sewing bug will get you, if you don't watch out, young lady! And when it does there will be a hum in your life (and we don't mean head noises). Right now is the time to begin; right here is the place to get your inspiration. So all together, girls: it's sew, sew, sew-your-own!

Inspiration Number 1.

The vivacious model at the left is the number 1 piece for your new autumn advance. It calls for taffeta, embellished, as you might expect, with grosgrain. You may use vivid colors too, Milady, for Fashion has gone color mad this fall. Reds of every hue, bright blues, lavender, warm browns, all are being featured in smart avenue shops along the Rue de la Paix.

Morning Frock. For most of us, each day demands that a little work be done. Sew-Your-Own appreciates this and the need for frocks that are practical, pretty, and easy to keep that way, hence the new utility frock in the center. Five pieces are its sum and total; seven mornings a week its cycle. Any tubwell fabric will do nicely as the material—try one version in printed rayon.

Tailored Charm. The waistcoat used to be a gentleman's identification, but, alas, like many another smart idea, womankind has copied it. Here you see an attractive example of this modern contraband. Not only does it have suavity, but it is entirely feminine, as well. The exquisite waist line, sweet little collar, and puff sleeves, make this a number you can't afford to pass up.

PRIDE

By Frank A. Garbutt

PRIDE can be a man's greatest asset or it can be a fatal weakness. Which is it with you?

How often have you heard some pompous individual proclaim, "It is evident you don't know who I am," or words to that effect. You can be sure that there is a man with a false pride who doesn't amount to much, even to himself. It is a safe bet that he is self-important, overbearing and that he will selfishly take any unfair advantage that less belligerent and less disagreeable people will let him get away with.

The man with the right kind of pride will not push himself forward, will not take advantage of any position he has been able to create for himself and does not consider that he is entitled to any special consideration.

When we see a man whose pride is publicly in evidence we can be sure we see an inferior individual.

When we see a man who is properly proud we see a man who is retiring, unassuming and trustworthy, whether he be rich or poor.

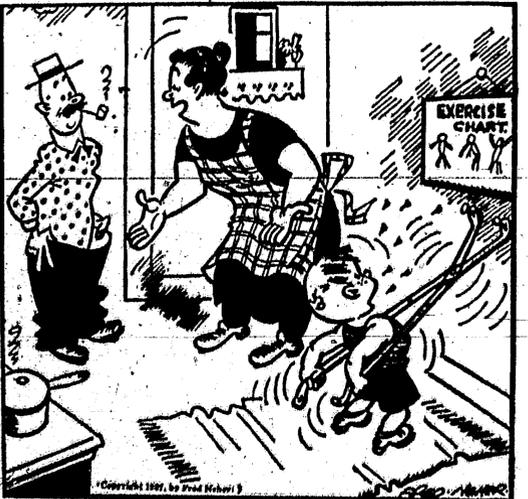
One man's pride will cause him to live beyond his means in order to impress his neighbors. Another's will cause him to starve rather than accept charity. Discard false pride.—Los Angeles Tribune.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



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THE OUTLOOK

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

Balanced Powers In Our Government

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Although the Seventy-fifth Congress ended its sessions many days ago, America continues to hear vigorous discussion concerning what it accomplished or failed to accomplish.

In much of this discussion there is a deep note of disappointment. The average citizen has seen few signs of effective steps towards reducing either the cost of living or the cost of government—both of which bear so heavily on his earnings. He has observed little evidence of constructive action to widen the scope of employment opportunities—on which rest our greatest hopes of recovery.

To many American citizens various other needs appear to have been forgotten during the eight months of debate.

But one phase of Congressional activity has aroused widespread interest. This was the effort of many Congressmen to assert their authority as the people's representatives and the people's voice in government. To a degree seldom seen during recent years, Congress, during its past session, fought for the independence of the Legislative branch, which makes our laws; the Executive branch, which administers them; and the Judicial branch, which interprets them.

It was this balanced form of government which, historians agree, contributed so greatly to the success of the Constitution whose 154th anniversary we celebrate this year.

It was this balanced form, with its safeguards for all citizens, which enabled America to make so notable a contribution to the history of human liberty and government of, by and for the people.

If members of the Seventy-fifth Congress have succeeded in strengthening that principle and the Constitution which perpetuates it, their sessions have not been in vain.

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Notice of Pendency of Suit

In The Third Judicial District Court of the State of New Mexico Within and for Lincoln County.

W. J. Price, Plaintiff
vs.
Joe Heney impleaded with the following named defendants against whom substituted service is hereby sought to be obtained, to-wit: Edd Welsher, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs of Edd Welsher, deceased; John H. W. Laskowsky, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs of John H. W. Laskowsky, deceased; Mrs. John H. W. Laskowsky, if living, if deceased, the unknown heirs of Mrs. John H. W. Laskowsky, deceased; The unknown heirs of Tom Trimble, deceased; and All unknown claimants of interests in the hereinafter described premises, adverse to the plaintiffs, Defendants.

No. 4492 Civil

The State of New Mexico to the above named defendants, Greeting:

Notice is hereby given that W. J. Price as plaintiff has filed his complaint in the above named court and in the above numbered and styled cause of action against you and each of you; that the general objects of said action are to quiet the said plaintiff's title in and to the property described in the complaint in said cause, said property being the Thomas Jefferson Group of eight unpatented mining claims, the Eldrado Lode Mining Claim and the Tom Pain Lode Mining Claim situated in the Jicarilla Mining District, Lincoln County, New Mexico, embracing a part of sections 25 and 26, Township 5 South, Range 12 East, N. M. P. M., and to establish plaintiff's estate in said title against any adverse claims of the defendants and each of them and to estop and bar the defendants and each of them from having or claiming any right or title to or interest in or lien upon said property.

You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 9th day of October, 1937, judgment will be rendered in said cause against you by default.

The name of plaintiff's attorney is John E. Hall, and his postoffice address is Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 25th day of August, 1937.
(D. C. Seal) Edward Fenfield,
County Clerk.

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KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out acids and poisons is through your kidneys. If your kidneys are not working properly, you will feel tired, nervous, and have a headache. You will also have a bad taste in your mouth and a dry, itchy skin. You will feel that you are not getting any sleep and that you are not enjoying life. You will feel that you are not getting any work done and that you are not getting any pleasure out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any happiness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any peace of mind out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any rest out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any refreshment out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any strength out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any vigor out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any energy out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any power out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any courage out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any confidence out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any hope out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any faith out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any love out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any mercy out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any kindness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any gentleness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any meekness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any mildness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any sweetness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any goodness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any beauty out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any grace out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any glory out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any honor out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any praise out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any respect out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any esteem out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any reverence out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any awe out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any fear out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any terror out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any dread out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any horror out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any grief out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any sorrow out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any pain out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any suffering out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any death out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any life out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any hope out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any faith out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any love out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any mercy out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any kindness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any gentleness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any meekness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any mildness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any sweetness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any goodness out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any beauty out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any grace out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any glory out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any honor out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any praise out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any respect out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any esteem out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any reverence out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any awe out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any fear out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any terror out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any dread out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any horror out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any grief out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any sorrow out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any pain out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any suffering out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any death out of life. You will feel that you are not getting any life out of life.

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Defect in Speech

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

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G. H. DORSETT

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HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"What's in a Name?"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, when old Bill Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" he didn't seem to think that names made very much difference. But I guess Bill could find plenty of people to give him an argument on that subject. One of them is John T. Smith of Ozone Park, N. Y.

John Smith isn't such an unusual name, when you come to think of it. Nor was John such an unusual sort of a fellow. At the time this story opens—around April 1, 1935—he was working as a plumber's helper for a large concern that kept its own medical staff.

One day, while threading a piece of pipe, John cut his finger. That isn't an unusual occurrence, either. But add these things all up together, and they'll give you the strangest doggone predicament that ever a man got into.

John paid no attention to his cut finger, but two or three days later it had begun to swell up a bit. His foreman took a look at it and told him he'd better report it to the company doctor.

The doctor was pretty busy. He looked at John's finger, asked him his name, and told him to get the necessary papers from his boss and report at the hospital. "I'll notify the hospital you're coming," he told John. "Be there at eleven o'clock."

Sent to Hospital for Small Operation.

John got the necessary papers from his boss and showed up at the hospital on the dot of eleven. He had had an infected finger before, and knew pretty well what was done about it. They froze the finger, slit it open with a lance, banded it and sent you on home. But it seemed to John that this hospital took a lot more trouble over a sore finger.

A nurse took John's name and said, "Oh yes, we're expecting you." She told him to take a seat in the waiting room, and there John waited for an hour. Then the nurse came back and took him upstairs, opened a door and led him into a room. A few minutes later another nurse



"All I've got is an infected finger."

came in with a bed jacket. "Take your clothes off and get into bed," she told him.

Well sir, it began to look to John as if someone had made a mistake. "Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asked the nurse. "Of course we do," the nurse replied. "Well then what's all this fuss about?" John wanted to know. "Oh, we do things right in this hospital," she said. And with that she left the room.

John was ready to agree with the nurse. Here was a big, luxurious private room, a swell looking nurse, and all kinds of service, over nothing but a sore finger. Do things right in that hospital? You're doggone tootin' they did. John undressed and got into bed. By that time it was three o'clock, and the boss would be wondering where he was. When the nurse came in again he asked her how long he'd be kept there. "Why," said the nurse, "YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE OVER NIGHT!"

They Wouldn't Listen to John.

"I thought she was kidding me," says John, "but I found out different. In a few minutes in came a doctor with a third nurse. The nurse jabbed a needle into one of John's fingers, but it wasn't the sore finger. John tried to tell her she had the wrong one, but she snapped, "I know what I'm doing," and John shut up. After a while he said, "Say, do you know what's the matter with me?" The doctor said yes. The nurse paid no attention at all. She thrust another needle into his arm and shot in some sort of drug. The drug made John feel tired. He wanted to go to sleep, but by that time he was pretty sure something was wrong. He was beginning to get scared.

The drug dulled John's brain, but he fought off the drowsiness that was coming over him. Two more nurses came in with an orderly who was pushing a table on wheels. They put John on the table and wheeled him off to an operating room. John roused himself from the stupor the drug had put him in and once more he asked, "Are you sure you know what's the matter with me?"

"But my voice was weak," John says, "and they paid no attention to me. I began to feel sick as well as weak. I could see all sorts of instruments laid out on the tables around me. The orderly wheeled my table under a big flood light. The nurses began getting ready a lot of bandages. Then I knew something was wrong. They were going to perform some sort of a BIG OPERATION."

And Did the Doctor Laugh Then!

"I looked for the doctors. There were three of them, talking together in a corner. That was where I made my last desperate effort. I was almost passing out from the effect of the drugs I had been given, but I managed to raise one arm and motion one of the doctors over.

"That doctor was the only one who would listen to me, and thank God he did, for another nurse was coming over with the ether and in another minute I would have been unconscious. I said, 'Doctor, are you sure you know what's the matter with me? Are you sure you've got the right man? What's all this fuss about anyway?—All I've got is an infected finger.'"

Well sir, the doctor lifted the sheet that they'd thrown over John and took a good look at him. Then he started to laugh. But it wasn't any laughing matter to John. He had almost gone through an operation he didn't need!

John never did find out what they were going to do to him. Maybe they were only going to take an arm or a leg off. Then, on the other hand, they might have been going to do something really serious. But what he does know is that his name got him into that jam. There are just too doggone many John Smiths in the world, and our John Smith had almost got himself cut open on account of another John Smith's ailment.

When the doctors got through laughing they told one of the nurses to dress John's finger. Then they put him back to bed. They told him he'd have to stay there all night because of the drug they'd shot into his arm. But as soon as the nurse was out of the room, John put on his clothes and beat it out of the hospital.

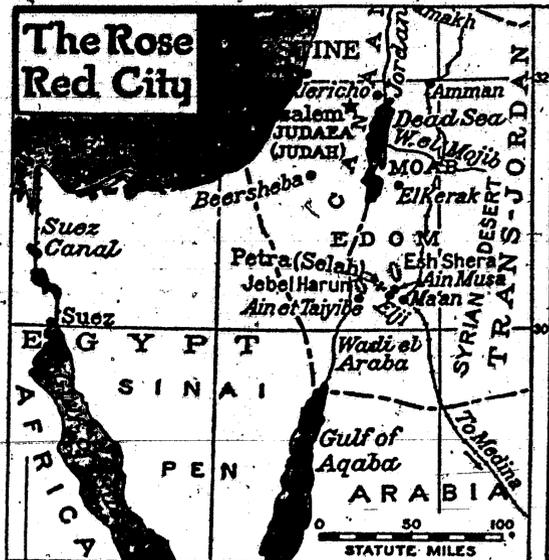
There were too many John Smiths in the world to take any chances. Any minute they might bring another one in, and then they were liable to have John down in the operating room again, sharpening up the knives and breaking out the ether.

God's Gift to Haydn.

The famous composer, Haydn, once asked how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description, answered, "I cannot have it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I seek Him with a cheerful spirit."

Much Dust in the Lungs

There is precipitated in the lungs of the average man during the course of a single year more than 1.3 pounds of various dusts. The average dust fall in a large city is approximately 300 tons per square mile per month, according to an investigation. An adult takes into his lungs more than 500 cubic feet of air each day. This air, in passing through the respiratory organs, which are constructed as a perfect filter, precipitates practically all of its dust with the incidental germs.



Petra in Old the Eastern Path.

Old Petra Now Accessible to Travelers After Many Centuries of Oblivion

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

PETRA, silent city of the forgotten past, halfway between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba, exerts a magic spell upon the minds of those fortunate enough to know it. Its single and weird approach, through a deep rock cleft more than a mile long; its temples, numbering nearly a thousand, cut into the living rock of stupendous cliffs and showing Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman influence; its high places, courts, libation basins and altars where the ancients worshiped; its amazing color, the work of Nature lavish with ocher and all shades of red—all these are mysterious, enthralling.

"The rose-red city, half as old as time," has a history that began long before histories were written. Near it have been found worked flints of the Late Chellean period, millenniums before recorded dates. It's first written history is found in the Bible; for the land about it was Mount Seir of old (now Esh Shera), home of the Horites, cave dwellers whose progenitor was Hori, the grandson of Seir. These Horites are first mentioned at the time of Abraham in connection with the subjugation of the land by Chedorlaomer.

For centuries Petra was a rich caravan city, a veritable crossroads of the ancient world. The Arabian peninsula was a network of caravan routes, over which passed the products of Africa, Arabia, and India to the valley of the Nile, Palestine, Phoenicia, and the Euphrates-Tigris valley.

Deserted When Rome Fell. Goods were brought to Petra for storage and for transshipment in every direction. So important was the city that the Romans built two roads to tap its wealth. When Rome fell, however, its doom was sealed. Abandoned save for a few desert tribesmen, who lived miserably in its caves, as some of them still live, Petra passed from the notice of the outside world, remaining in oblivion for more than a thousand years.

In 1812 the Swiss traveler, John Lewis Burckhardt, disguised as a Bedouin sheik, reached it and returned to tell of its mysteries. It had then become sacred ground to the Arabs, and danger menaced any infidel who approached it.

In the century after Burckhardt few explorers attempted to visit it. Not, indeed, until after the World War was it accessible to any save the most intrepid; and even now visitors cannot enter it save under protection of armed guards. With a comfortable camp for accommodation of guests during the summer months, Petra at last is open to serious travelers.

The trip from Jerusalem to Petra and back once required about a month of arduous caravan travel through country infested with lawless Bedouins. Construction of the Mecca railway from Damascus to the sacred city of Medina was a first step toward opening the country, and later a highway from Jerusalem to Ma'an and a smooth dirt road from Ma'an to Eilat brought motor vehicles within two miles of the ancient city. Airplanes, too, now carry passengers to Ma'an, bound for Petra.

When the British cleared the way for automobiles between Ma'an and Eilat, the Bedouins rose in open revolt, complaining that the road would deprive them of their income from renting saddle animals to Petra visitors.

Warfare ceased, several persons of both sides losing their lives. After the government had crushed the rebellion by armed force, the Bedouins received assurance that the road would not be extended beyond Eilat, and that their horses and mules would be hired under government supervision for the last part of the journey.

Thus the Bedouins have kept modern transportation from actually infringing on the silence of long ago and preserved for Petra a measure of its isolation.

How to Reach the Ruins.

However you travel to Petra, whether by railroad from Damascus, a method almost disused; or by car from Jerusalem, the most practical way; or by air, the latest innovation, all routes converge on Ma'an, a thriving abode village girdled with walled gardens of palms, figs, and vegetables, and surrounded by flat, chalky white desert. There is an English school here, and visitors are often amazed to find that many of the Arab youths understand and speak English.

From Ma'an you drive northwest by car, passing the spring of Ain Musa, to Eilat. Here a happy crowd of Bedouins, with emaciated riding horses and pack mules, await your arrival.

Descending first by slippery trails over limestone rock, you follow the bed of Wadi Musa to a mighty barrier, the eastern range of the red sandstone mountains that enclose Petra. Wadi Musa deepens. It seems that you are entering a cul-de-sac, but here Nature has rent the range asunder, cutting a narrow opening. For this long slit the Arabs have coined the name Es Siq (a cleft).

Through it the fountain and flood waters flow in winter, and after traversing the precincts of Petra city, find their way into Wadi el Araba by another greater gorge, the Wadi es Siyagh.

Through Bab es Siq.

Approaching the gateway, Bab es Siq, you pass through a small suburb of Petra, without the precincts of the fortified city. This was a city of the dead, as was most of what is left of Petra. Objects of interest are tombs of the pylon type, cut from the solid rock, but, unlike the facade monuments of Petra proper, blocked out to stand apart as buildings.

Here, too, are scattered white sandstone hummocks, rock domes into which large numbers of small chambers have been cut without faces.

Many of like character are found on the less accessible mountain tops. They are believed to be the troglodyte homes of ancient people who lived on Mount Seir before the descendants of Esau made Edom of it.

The Siq is 6,000 feet long as the crow flies and considerably longer as it winds. Once it was all paved, and channels were cut into its precipitous sides to lead the spring water into the city. It is 20 feet wide in its narrowest parts and expands to not more than two or three times this dimension. Its sides are stupendous, making men mere ants by comparison.

In no place may you see far ahead, crooks and corners preventing. A streak of blue sky like a twisted ribbon is all that is visible of the heavens.

Your horses slip over the great boulders that choke this ancient avenue, your Bedouins chanting their weary and melancholy notes.

After 30 minutes of this bewitching seclusion, you strain your eyes for a first glimpse of the vision you know awaits you. Even though you watch, it bursts upon you as a surprise.

The Siq ends abruptly in a cross-gorge. From the face of the cliff opposite the Siq mouth El Khazna has been carved out, a temple to an unknown deity. It peeps at you at first, you see a little more, and then it bursts upon you in all its beauty.

This cross-canyon has been called the "Outer Siq." The name "Lower Siq" may fit it better. Its walls are equally precipitous. To the south its valley floor rises abruptly to the mountain top on which the Great High Place of Sacrifice is located. Steps have been cut at no little expenditure of energy to make pass the ascent of the worshiper. To the north the Outer Siq expands, opening into the Petra basin.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

SAMUEL GOLDWYN is taking boys again for succeeding where many other motion picture producers have failed. He has made a new version of an old picture that is even better than the old one—and the first "Stella Dallas" was the best picture of its year, some twelve years ago.

This picture is frankly a tear-jerker, the story of a millhand's daughter who married a gentleman, but could never become a lady. But "Stella Dallas" was fine and courageous enough to see to it that her daughter had a chance to become one of her father's set rather than hers. Barbara Stanwyck gives a sincere and gripping performance as Stella.

If you would rather laugh than cry, Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox are all ready for you with two mad musical extravaganzas. Paramount's contribution is "Artists and Models" and it stars Jack Benny. Twentieth Century's new one is "You Can't Have Everything," and in it the Ritz Brothers are madder and merrier than ever, Alice Faye sings sad songs and Don Ameche is a pleasant hero. Funny part about this picture is that you will adore Phyllis Brooks who plays one of the most unpleasant parts you have ever seen—a soubrette whom everybody in the cast loathes with good reason.



Alice Faye

Gene Autrey sets a pace that it is tough for other cowboys to maintain. New producers expect them all to sing. Buck Jones hasn't fallen for vocal lessons yet, but he has hired a heavy for his new picture, "Sudden Bill Dorn," who can warble Western ballads with the best of them. His name is Harold Hodge.

Anna May Wong, who will return to the screen this fall under the auspices of Paramount, playing a sort of female Charlie Chan, spent her time meanwhile playing summer theaters in the East. At Mount Kisco, where Frances Farmer had made a tremendous hit, Anna Mae made a decorative and charming "Princess Turandot" in a play adapted from the opera of that name.

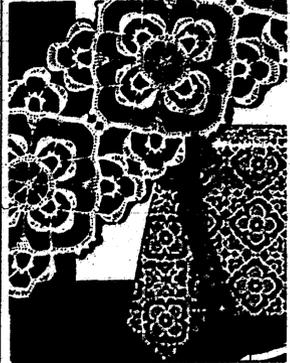
Dorothy Day, one of the famous clothes models who worked in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938" came to New York for a brief vacation, and when she returned to Hollywood, she learned that she had a brand new name. Mervyn Le Roy, who gave her a contract to make pictures for him decided that Dorothy Day was not a good name because there are several actresses and two authors already using it. He is going to bill her as Vicki Lester, the name of the character that Janet Gaynor played in "A Star Is Born."

When you saw "I Met Him in Paris" you must have wondered why Robert Young fled from such an attractive wife as the one played by Mona Barrie. Well, she explained all when she arrived in New York recently to rehearse for a stage engagement. It seems that there were long scenes that explained their differences, but the picture was too long, and Mona landed on the cutting room floor. She hopes for better luck in the picture that she just finished, James Cagney's "Something to Sing About." She plays a comedy role, a sort of female Mische Auer, and she had so much fun doing it that she doesn't see why Grand National had to pay her a salary.

ODDS AND ENDS—Everybody remembers Frances Farmer's success in "The Test of Miss York" were responsible for the revival of busies in "Easy Venus," whose songs are so popular on the air that her start dancing in the same ballet with Myrna Loy... Burgess Meredith used to sing in the same church choir with Lanny Ross... Eddie Center sets his lunch between scenes on the set these days, because he uses his regular lunch box to keep over to the antique store he has bought to see how business is going... The Claire's Sunday night radio dramas on NBC's Blue network are growing so popular that maybe she won't come back to make radio pictures, after all... Gene Cooper has staged a search for the old cowboys who used to work with him in Western dramas... Because the love-sneaking Betty Davis will have to stay away from the Warner studio for a month, most of the time in a darkened room.

Bit of String and But One Square

Luxurious lace of undreamed of beauty is this for tea or dinner table! A crocheted hook, some string and the clearly stated directions of this easy-to-remember pattern are all you need to get started. Though the finished piece gives



Pattern 5845.

the effect of two squares, it takes but one 5 1/2 inch "key" square, repeated, to give this rich effect. Here's loveliness with durability for years to come whether your choice is a cloth, spread, scarf, buffet set or other accessory. In pattern 5845 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Cuba Independent

On May 31 of 1936 a new treaty between the United States and Cuba was ratified. This treaty superseded that of May 22, 1903, and abandoned the right of the United States to intervene in the internal affairs of Cuba under the so-called Platt amendment.

Under the authority of this treaty the United States had intervened on five occasions. The republic of Cuba is therefore completely independent of the United States.

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel. For three generations one woman has sold her soul to "Vegetable Compound" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature lose up the system, thus removing the discomfort from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three orders of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age." Don't be a three-quarter wife. Take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Soiling Through."

WNU—M 35—37

GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin, Firm and Smooth the Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

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

SPECIAL OFFER

—For a few weeks only Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 60c. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milsa Water (the original Milk of Magnesia tablet)... both for only 50c! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECTED PRODUCTS, Inc. 406-408 West Street, Long Beach, Cal., U. S. A. Enclosed find the coupon which will send you your special introductory combination.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....



Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

How Long Will Our Fuel Supply Last? Here's the Answer

There's Plenty of Coal, but Oil's Running Short

New York.—Unless new methods of obtaining and processing petroleum are developed, America may begin to feel the cramping hand of an oncoming oil shortage in from 10 to 20 years. This is the verdict of Dr. Arno C. Fieldner, chief of the technologic division of the United States Bureau of Mines.

Dr. Fieldner outlined the present resources of the nation's fuels.

Of coal America has plenty, said Dr. Fieldner. Enough to last hundreds and perhaps a thousand or more years. But natural gas and oil obtained by present methods may be exhausted in less than a century, he warned.

Trend Favors Coal.

Here is the significant forecast of Dr. Fieldner on America's future fuels:

Coal will continue to be the chief fuel for the generation of public utility and major industrial power. While improved burning of coal might tend to decrease consumption and the further development of water power may be expected to increase, Dr. Fieldner sees an increasing demand for total energy needed by the country so that coal's relative position should be favorable. Moreover, after 10 or 15 years oil resources will become more difficult to exploit, so that the trend will be the increased consumption of coal.

"Tomorrow's power and central heating plants will burn any kind of coal completely and efficiently," said Dr. Fieldner. "There will be no smoke, no dust, and no sulphurous gases emitted to the atmosphere."

Heating Costs Remain Steady.

No substitute for metallurgical coke has appeared, continued Dr. Fieldner. The coke-oven industry should expand. Regulations prohibiting the waste of natural gas and the urge for additional markets will lead to the construction of more long-distance pipe lines which already go from Texas to Chicago and to Detroit. Gas will find industrial and domestic use and will displace oil as well as coal for fuel in some places. As natural gas approaches exhaustion gas from coal will take its place.

Dr. Fieldner sees a further use of automatic coal and gas heating of homes and believes improved insulation will permit heating at about the present costs, despite the inevitable advances in the price of the fuel.

While oil-fuel Diesel engines on railroads may be expected to increase, Dr. Fieldner foresees coal retaining its preeminence as the fuel for freight traffic throughout the age of oil and natural gas.

Three-fourths of the world's shipping is now powered by oil fuel. Oil, in fact, has energized marine transport.

On the crucial question of gasoline supplies for automobiles, Dr. Fieldner regards present pessimistic fears of a shortage by 1945 as unjustified. Such warnings, he points out, have been issued regularly since the automobile came into use. Scientific research, both in cracking heavy oils to yield more gasoline and the reverse process of polymerization where gasoline is created out of lighter gaseous vapors, should hold the production to levels of demand, states Dr. Fieldner.

Maybe There's Something to Scotch Way After All

Minneapolis, Minn.—Maybe there's something in the thrifty habits of the old Scotchman after all, at least in the case of soap. A little soap and lots of water makes a weak solution, is better than a strong soap solution for washing away dirt.

In the American Chemical Society's Fourteenth Annual Colloid Symposium held at the University of Minnesota here scientists were at last able to explain why.

Studies of Prof. Ernst A. Häuser, H. E. Edgerton and W. B. Tucker of Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a high speed camera showed that the basis of the better cleaning was the formation of drops of a liquid and the accompanying phenomenon of surface tension. Ingenious silhouette pictures of falling drops were shown by the MIT scientists which reveal knowledge having applications in dyeing, tanning and other practical matters beside the washing behavior of soap in solution.

Here's How to Find Out if Dentifrice Hurts Your Teeth

Uncle Sam Tests 25 Brands in Placing Order

Atlantic City.—With a nickel and a piece of glass you can make a simple test that will tell you whether your favorite toothpaste will scratch the enamel of your teeth.

The test is one that the United States government requires for all toothpaste purchased and it was described at the meeting of the American Dental Association here by Drs. Wilmer Souder, physicist, and Irl C. Schoonover, chemist, of the national bureau of standards.

Uncle Sam buys large quantities of toothpaste. When an order for some 14,000 dozen tubes was contemplated, a committee was appointed to write specifications for a safe and effective cleanser for the teeth. These specifications, now adopted for use, were reported here.

Must Not Contain Poison!

Safety for the tissues of the mouth and the teeth was the first consideration of these men when they met to decide what must be contained in Uncle Sam's toothpaste. Next came the question of efficiency in removing foreign materials from the teeth. Last in importance was the matter of flavor or perfume.

A toothpaste must not be excessively either alkaline or acid, it was decided. It must not be caustic. It must not contain arsenic or other poisons. It must have a preservative that will insure that it keeps in good condition until used.

Twenty-five popular brands of toothpaste were tested against the specifications as adopted for use in government purchasing. More than half failed to meet the requirements, Drs. Souder and Schoonover said. Hardening, separation of ingredients, and fermentation or spoiling were the most common faults. Some showed signs of chemical attack upon the tube container, and that was considered undesirable.

How to Make Test.

Ten toothpastes among those tested failed on the test for scratching. This test, as developed at the national bureau of standards, can be used by anyone who wants to be sure his dentifrice is not scratching the enamel of his teeth. A piece of glass and a piece of alloy metal of the size and hardness of a five-cent piece are all that are needed for the experiment. First test the glass for hardness by rubbing the edge of the metal piece over it to be sure that the metal alone does not scratch the glass. Human enamel and glass both vary in hardness. The grade of soda-lime glass used in a non-corrosive microscope slide was found to be harder than any of the enamel tested.

Place some of the toothpaste to be tested on the glass and rub again with the coin. If scratches result, then you may expect scratches on your teeth.

Ventilating Experts Seek Way to Ban Odors From Rooms

Swampscott, Mass.—Engineers may discuss ventilating and air conditioning and use their layman-baffling "cfm's" to describe the flow of air, but what most people want to know is what to do about odors when they think of ventilating.

In the meeting of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers here, two scientists from Harvard's school of public health disclosed their studies about odor removal from rooms and auditoriums.

Prof. C. P. Yaglou and W. N. Witheridge showed that there is a characteristic human smell which can be detected in a room after the occupants have left it. This human odor is apparently highly complex, unstable and rapidly breaks down; but there is a certain minimum amount of the odor left in a room which will last for days until it is thoroughly ventilated. The findings show that where numbers of people gather large rooms should be used, for great size acts as a sort of reservoir of odor which allows the initial decrease in intensity of odor to occur harmlessly.

High Heels for Glamor? Cleo, Helen Wore Sandals

Kansas City, Mo.—Outstanding glamor ladies of history, Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, wore sandals, not high heels.

This thought on shoe psychology was presented here to the American Home Economics association by Miss Ruth Kerr of the Cal-Tanners' association.

Declaring that it is a task for the engineer and the physicist, to adapt the facts known about foot balance to shoe design, Miss Kerr said: "No positive findings have yet been made to establish exactly what happens to the static shoe when it is united with the dynamic foot in action."

FOOD VALUE OF RAW VEGETABLES

Adequate Diet Requires Good Portions Daily.

By EDITH M. BARBER
EVERY once in a while the "natural" food fad puts in an appearance. The theory is that man was meant to partake of foods in the state which nature provides. Primitive man, without doubt, preserved life on a diet of fruits, nuts, roots and other vegetable foods, supplemented by a certain amount of raw meat. His teeth, however, were not strong enough to masticate meat in this form. As soon as the use for cookery was discovered, man became much more certain of the preservation of his life and consequently the development of civilization began.

Through the Middle Ages and even later we find that raw vegetables were looked upon with suspicion. Physicians warned their patients against them. Country people, however, especially the peasants, discovered that the greens which grew wild in profusion in the spring provided a remedy for the swollen joints and skin diseases which a diet of salt meat and fish and bread, the staples of their winter diet, produced. "Sallets" became popular among all classes.

Today the adequate diet includes a goodly portion of raw vegetables and fruits for the sake of minerals and vitamins which they provide more liberally than when they are cooked.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.

- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1 sliced cucumber
- 1 cup diced beets or 2 tomatoes
- Lettuce
- 1/2 cup French dressing
- 1 bunch young onions
- 1 bunch radishes
- 2 hard boiled eggs

Mix the cabbage, cucumber and beets or tomatoes with the dressing and let stand in refrigerator half an hour. Arrange lettuce in a salad bowl and on this place the vegetable mixture. Garnish with radishes, onion tops and sliced hard boiled eggs.

Spiced Peach Salad.

- 12 peach halves
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 6 cloves
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Mayonnaise
- Lettuce

Cook the vinegar, cloves, cinnamon and sugar together three minutes and pour over the peeled peaches. Chill several hours. Drain. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

Glazed Carrots.

Scrape carrots, slice and cook in a small amount of water with a dash of sugar and salt in a heavy covered utensil until tender. When tender, place in a sauce pan with two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of butter. Cook over a low fire until sugar is melted.

Cocktail Sauce.

- 1 cup ketchup
- 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon tobacco sauce
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon horse-radish
- 1 tablespoon celery, finely minced
- 1 tablespoon onion, finely minced
- Salt

Mix ingredients thoroughly and serve with oysters, clams or any sea food.

Cucumber Sauce.

- 1 cup sour cream
- Salt
- Paprika
- Vinegar
- Two cups sliced cucumbers
- One pimento

Whip the cream, season to taste with salt, paprika and vinegar. Add the cucumbers and pimento. Cut into thin strips. Sweet cream may be used if extra vinegar is used.

Cucumbers in Oil.

- 30 six-inch cucumbers
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 2 cups salt
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 1/4 pound mustard seed
- 2 quarts vinegar

Wash and slice cucumbers without paring. Soak in hot water and salt overnight. Drain, place in crock or jars and cover with other ingredients, well mixed. If kept in crock keep covered and stir occasionally during the winter.

Butterscotch Pie.

- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
- Pastry

Mix the eggs, sugar, corn syrup, salt and nuts together. Pour into a pastry pan which has been lined with the pastry. Bake in a hot oven 450 degrees F., ten minutes, then reduce heat to 325 degrees F., and bake until the filling is firm, about fifty minutes.

- Shrimp and Celery Sandwiches
- 2 cups shrimps
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 1/2 cup capers
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- Bread
- Butter

Use cooked, fresh or canned shrimp and mince very fine. Mix with other ingredients and season well with salt and paprika. Spread between slices of buttered bread and trim crusts.

© Neil Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Ask Me? Another

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. Who was the greatest woman financier of all time?
2. In the "only child" in a family superior, as compared with a child who has brothers or sisters?
3. What is the proper way to address a letter to the President?
4. From how many acres up is considered a farm?
5. What trees are said to build islands?
6. How many miles can a man walk an hour?
7. Who was Casabianca?
8. What makes a violin's tone, the varnish or the wood?

Answers

1. Hetty Green had the reputation of being the greatest woman financier in the world.
2. Psychologists find that the "only child," aged five, in a family is apt to be superior in health, intelligence, play habits and other points, as compared with a child of five who has brothers or sisters.
3. The President, Washington, D. C. Salutation, Sir, or informally, My Dear Mr. President.

4. In taking the census, anything from three acres up is considered a farm. No tract smaller than this is recorded as a farm unless it produces \$250 in crops annually.

5. Trees that actually build islands and create extension of coasts are the mangroves, common seaside trees, found in profusion on shallow shores in the American tropics and subtropics. They collect mud in their tangled roots.

6. In 1928, N. Altmani of Italy walked 8 miles, 568 yards in one hour.

7. Louis Casabianca was a French revolutionist and naval officer. At Aboukir bay, in 1798, he was in command of the Orient, which caught fire. He refused to quite his ship and his young son refused to desert him. This event is the basis for Mrs. Hemans' poem.

8. It has been found that wood fiber, not varnish, has a vital effect on violin tones.

Household Questions

Removing Shine From Serge Suits.—Some of the shine can be taken off blue serge suits and coats by sponging lightly with vinegar before pressing.

Wash Light Bulbs.—For better light—don't forget to wash the dust off electric light bulbs and fixtures occasionally.

To Avoid Burns.—It is annoying as well as painful to burn your fingers when removing the lid from a hot pan. To avoid this keep a spring clothes peg on the stove and use this as a clip for picking up the lids.

A Tasty Salad.—Open a jar of beet pickles and add them to plain lemon gelatin. Topped with mayonnaise or salad dressing, this makes a tasty salad. Chopped celery or cabbage may also be added.

Spread for Hot Breads.—Some honey mixed with a bit of cinnamon is a good topping for hot breads. Spread it on before baking.

WNU Service.



LOADING RUBBER ON SMALL BOATS IN LIBERIA FOR TRANSPORTATION TO OCEAN FREIGHTERS

From the Firestone plantations in Liberia comes an eye-opening supply of the world's finest rubber. Money saved here and in manufacturing and distribution enable Firestone to sell a safe, firm-quality tire at lower prices.

Why FIRESTONE MAKES A SAFER TIRE AT A LOWER PRICE

PRICES AS LOW AS \$6.40

Firestone STANDARD

FOR PASSENGER CARS

4.50-20 \$8.70	5.50-18 12.95
4.50-21 9.05	5.50-19 13.10
4.75-19 9.55	HEAVY DUTY
5.25-18 11.40	4.75-19 11.75
5.50-17 12.50	5.25-18 14.25

Firestone SENTINEL

4.40-21 \$5.65	4.75-19 \$6.70
4.50-20 6.05	5.00-19 7.20
4.50-21 6.35	5.25-18 8.00

OTHER SIZES PROPORTIONATELY LOW

Firestone COURIER

4.40-21 \$5.43	4.75-19 \$6.37
4.50-21 6.03	5.00-19 7.20

OTHER SIZES PROPORTIONATELY LOW

IN THE Firestone Standard Tire, you get extra value in the form of extra safety. Firestone can build a first-quality tire made of top grade materials and sell it for less money, because Firestone controls rubber and cotton supplies at their sources, manufactures with greater efficiency and distributes at lower cost.

YOU GET EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS—eight extra pounds of rubber are added to every 100 pounds of cord by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process.

YOU GET EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES—because under the tread are two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords.

YOU GET EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING—because the tread is scientifically designed.

YOU GET LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE because of the extra tough, long-wearing tread.

Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign today by letting the Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store equip your car with a set of new Firestone Standard Tires—today's top tire value.

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON SMOOTH WORN TIRES! DO YOU KNOW

THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children—and a million more were injured?

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to smooth, worn, unsafe tires?



JOIN THE Firestone CAMPAIGN To-Day

Firestone

Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

We shall endeavor to put a little expression in this column—in other words "to crack down on it."

—And R U Listenin'?

F. D. R., STUMP SPEAKER

News comes from Washington that Democratic leaders, worried by strife within the party, predicted that before Roosevelt's Congressional strategy is successful, there must be harmony within the ranks of the Democratic Congressmen, and also the party in general.

It is said that a reconciliation would be impossible and that the President would "take the road" this fall to seek to defeat the Congressmen who opposed him.

WEEK'S BEST STORY

After China and Japan are engaged in actual conflict which caused the loss of thousands of lives, now comes F. D. R. saying for them "to lay down their arms and behave themselves."

As the Dutchman says: "Dot's nize, boys; don'd fight."

'GRASS' RAINS MONDAY and TUESDAY

"One good rain beats watering with a hose for two weeks or more," comments an observer.

May we remind you who are in search of work, that there is a crying need for cotton pickers in the Las Cruces country right now, according to Rex Sherwood, district manager of Re-employment service.

— But here is the joker: A "Reliever," if he takes work of any kind, his "relief" automatically ceases. — Democratic friends, aint we right?

FEEDBAGGERS?

"My husband, he's a heeg shot; he's on Relief," conversation overheard the other day.

KILL THE EDITOR

Kill the editor, roared the sponger, too
Whose subscription was long, long due.

Kill the editor, the vain subscriber yelled,
When his name once graced his wheat mispelled.

Kill the editor, cried the politician who
Found out what the press could do.

—Not wishing the Editor any hard luck; no, Senor.

There are numerous verses to this poem along the same line, i. e.: the wedding write-up we failed to run, the contribution submitted by a small town wisecracker which didn't appear, etc. Inasmuch—We printers dislike to set poetry; so that's that.

John L. Lewis Says New Deal Betrays Labor.—Demos Facing Party Split.—Patton Says Election Officials Must Serve Without Pay (in fall election)—News Headlines.

—Like Jim Farley says, "What are you gonna do about it?"

—So, Adios, from the Land of Enchantment, Turquoise Sky, Rich in History's Lore — and Cool Nights.

WE CARRY IN STOCK

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Galvanized Roofing | Paints and Oil |
| Barbed Wire | Pipe Fittings |
| Ball-Macon Fruit Jars | Floor Oil |
| Jar Lids & Caps | Sash |
| Fly Spray | Doors |
| Charcoal | Screen Doors |

Just Received a Shipment of Men's Suede and Leather Jackets, Men's and Boys' Wool Jackets

Buy your School Supplies Early

Our Prices Are Reasonable

The

Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

SEE US FOR DEPENDABLE

Used Cars

- 1934 Sedan
- 1934 Tudor
- 1933 Chevrolet Pickup
- 1931 Ford Truck
- 1931 Chevrolet Truck

Carrizozo Auto Company

A Neat Appearance Wins Confidence. Give your clothes a chance to speak for you. Let us clean them Regularly. Licensed Sanitone Cleaner.

Twice Weekly Service—Tuesday and Friday

Excelsior Cleaners

OF ROSWELL
RAYMOND BUCKNER, AGENT



It's quite a job planning 1100 meals a year and having variety on the Menu. Therefore, we wish to make shopping a joy for our customers by suggesting—

Ready prepared Luncheon Leaves, Baked & Baked Ham, Fresh Beef, Pork, Poultry and Fish. Canned Fish & Meats—Fresh Seasonable Vegetables and Fruits. Makings for delicious beverages.

Hostess Cakes—Surebest Bread DAILY

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 42 — J. F. PRATT, Prop.

Prospero Gonzales

Last Friday at his home in Glencoe, Prospero Gonzales, prominent citizen of Lincoln County, passed away after being in ill health for several months. Mr. Gonzales was a highly respected and honest man and his many friends will miss him and extend to his survivors their heartfelt sympathy. His brother, Leopoldo, preceded him in death a few weeks ago.

FOR SALE:

Reposessed and Reconditioned Electric and Battery Radios First Class Condition

ARTHUR CORTEZ
Fort Stanton, N. M.

The August number of the "New Mexico Freemason" has a very interesting contribution by G. S. Hoover of Capitan.

FOR SALE—Malpais Tourist Camp. Very reasonable for cash. Inquire of Mrs. Prior at Camp.

The Citizens State Bank had a new coat of paint put on this week.



Burke's Art & Gift Shop

John Rowland is taking care of the Corona Power Co.

Notice of Sale of Property

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the cabin lately occupied by Mrs. W. F. Hangan and situated about 200 yards northwest of the postoffice at Ruidoso, New Mexico, upon certain land belonging to the Cree estate, will be sold at public auction in accordance with law at the front door of the postoffice at Ruidoso, on the 11th day of September, 1937, at 10:30 a. m., to satisfy a claim of \$150.00 due as back rental to which will be added costs of this sale.

Signed: Charles M. Cree
Gerald E. Cree
A20-83

Attention, O. E. S.

There will be a Basket Picnic held at Keller's ranch home on the Nogal-Mesa on Saturday, Aug. 28, to commemorate the birthday of Robert Morris, founder of the Order of Eastern Star. Come and bring well-filled baskets.

—Committee.

Dance at White Oaks Friday, Aug. 27

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleghorn wish to announce that on Friday evening, Aug. 27, they will give a big dance at their new hall in White Oaks. Music will be furnished by Sat Chavez and his "Gloom Chasers." Refreshments may be had, and lunches served throughout the evening.

Male Help Wanted—Steady Work—Good Pay. Reliable Man Wanted to call on farmers in Lincoln County. No experience or capital required. Make up to \$12 a day. Write McNeese Co., Dept. S., Freeport, Illinois.



Burke's Art & Gift Shop

Jon Sanchez and daughters of Sierra Madre, Calif., are here this week visiting friends and relatives. Mr. Sanchez is a brother-in-law of Fred and Louis Laloue and is an old resident of this county.

Ziegler Bros.



See Yourself in a

PENN-CRAFT

(Division of John B. Stearns Company)

Take a look at yourself in this new Penn-Craft that's making style history this Fall. See its smart swing in brim and crown \$5

Labor Day Dance

Sponsored by American Legion

Community Hall—Sept. 6

Music by 'New Mexico Ramblers'

\$5.00 PRIZE \$5.00

To Holder of Lucky Number on Ticket

Nicely Decorated Hall

Adm. \$1.00

Picnic at South Fork of the Bonito

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Snow and son Malcolm of Fort Worth, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Carpenter and daughter Eleanor, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snow and daughter Wilma and John Allen Bell held a delightful picnic yesterday at the South Fork of the Bonito. Eugene is a cousin to Albert Snow of the New Mexico Light & Power Co. and the family were here on their way to places of interest in and near the cities of Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

There was a good attendance Wednesday evening at the regular meeting and six o'clock dinner at the S. P. Hotel, with F. A. English presiding and Dr. R. E. Blaney in the secretary's chair. Visitors were: J. M. Carpenter, Supt. of Carrizozo schools, Messrs. Grissom, McTague and Boardman, the last three named gentlemen representing the Corona schools. Activity in road matters of interest received the attention of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris of their ranch in the Gallinas mountains were Saturday visitors in town, calling on relatives and friends.

Pat Murphy of White Oaks and Johnny Walker shipped a carload of cattle yesterday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Shaver, daughters Nellie and Thelma made a trip to Caballo, N. M., to visit Mack Shaver and family for a few days; Caballo being Mack's headquarters with the State Highway Department.

SEE OUR JUNE PRESTON R. K. O. Film Star School Frocks

SIZES—8½ to 16½

Burke's Art & Gift Shop

Project Engineer and Assistants Here

F. E. Kleiner, Project Engineer, W. O. Blythe, Wade and Lloyd Miles, assistants and associates are here directing the work of the State Aid Project No. 126, North, East and West of Carrizozo. They have headquarters in the Outlook Office, where the Project Engineer and his Aides may be interviewed by anyone desiring information.

Remember It Up
Inquire in the help man can yield to

What You Want How You Want It When You Want It

For anything in the line of printing come in and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right