

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION
Near Pre-historic Malspa and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"
Oldest Paper in Lincoln County
8 PAGES

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

VOL. XXI — NO. 29

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1937

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR



A. L. B.

The Indian Love Chant

It happened in the dreary Black Hills country in the middle 70's, that after many battles with the U. S. soldiers, the great Indian chief, "Rain-in-the-face," was surprised in his village on the Little Sioux, or as it was called in earlier days, the Cannon Ball river, by a large company of soldiers under the leadership of General Meade. Although caught in a trap from which they could hardly hope to escape, they fought gallantly until the daring chief with but a handful of followers shot his way through the lines and although badly wounded, the little band made its getaway to safety.

The Indian village was in ruins. The teepees had been riddled with bullets. Bodies of the braves lay thick upon the ground. Darkness was coming on and orders were given to camp just outside of the dilapidated village. Sentries were stationed around the camp with orders to shoot as soon as they saw a figure of a man approaching. Time wore on with only weird cries of the night birds heard by the sentries. The Indian burial place for the dead could be plainly seen in the moonlight. The sentries were almost asleep at their posts, when the one nearest the graveyard, saw a figure of a horseman silently approaching the place for the dead. He signalled the sentry nearest to him and they watched to see what it meant. They hid in the bushes and when the figure came into view, they recognized him—it was Rain-in-the-face.

Cautiously he rode until he came directly under the high burial rack which held the remains of his baby son, who had lately died. There Rain-in-the-face paused, sitting on his horse, he raised his hands above his head, threw back his head and as he did, they could plainly see that he was muttering a prayer to the Great Spirit. His prayer finished, the great chief, said to be the most gallant in battle of any who had ever gone before him, chanted and crooned an Indian lullaby to the soul of his beloved little son. With tears streaming down his brown cheeks, and in that anxious, pleading, loving and heart-broken attitude, Rain-in-the-face disappeared as silently as he had come. Thus did the great warrior reveal to the silent watchers his double-nature. The man who feared nobody in battle and ruthlessly slayed his adversaries, yet had the tenderness of heart to show his grief and love for his baby son. The sentries hadn't the heart to shoot, so they allowed him to go and made a lasting agreement never to divulge what they saw that night in the pale moonlight—and they never did until after the death of the great warrior.

Juan Baca has been acting as night marshal this week, relieving Marshal Rokey Ward, who is out on a deer-hunt.

Man Killed at Ancho

Wednesday afternoon about 5 o'clock, at Ancho, Clovis Sanchez shot and killed Homer Winn, a ranchman of that locality. The cause of the shooting was, as near as we can learn, arose from a quarrel between Max Chavez and the deceased. The men engaged in a fist fight. Sanchez, it seems, according to the testimony at the coroner's jury, seeing that his friend was being beaten in the fight, fired the shot that killed Winn. There was some conflicting testimony to the effect that Winn had come to the Sanchez house to create trouble and drew a knife.

There is some mystery surrounding the whole affair, and at this time, it is impossible to get the "low-down" on positive information at the sheriff's office. Sanchez and Chavez, the man who fought Winn, were brought here and bonds fixed, Chavez at \$300.00 and Sanchez at \$7,500.00. Chavez secured bonds, but Sanchez, at this writing, has failed to secure his.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Bell and family left this morning for Farmington, where the Reverend will assume his new charge. One son, Stirling, remained here and is managing Camp Malspa for Albert Snow.

Nick Vega is the possessor of an imported Mexican cock, of the fighting variety. Can he fight? He will fight a bull equal to the best treader!

The regular meeting of Odd-Fellows' lodge was well attended Tuesday night.

If Columnist Tingley can make Democratic voters out of subscribers he will be doing good and don't need to worry about what the editors say. Wouldn't it be something if Cyrus McCormick should wake up some morning to discover he was publishing a Democratic paper?

Several Lincoln County boys have enrolled in the local CCC Camp, besides many others from Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Gumm stayed over here Wednesday evening on a return trip from a tour of old Mexico back to their home in Denver.

Gus Grossmiller of the Coyote pumping station was a business visitor in town this Thursday.

Cubic Clayton, assistant district attorney, was here from Tularosa Thursday to investigate the shooting and killing of Homer Winn at Ancho Wednesday evening.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
BY ALFRED BIGGS

Facts dispel fancies.
You can't win if you're afraid to try.
Science, music and art know no nationality.
You may play a good game and still be a poor sport.
The vices of today often are the virtues of tomorrow.
You can't separate true knowledge from modesty.
Only ignorance measures values by money standards.

Candy Premium Offer Bigger Than Ever

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

—Get going, folks! It's our treat!

Beam—House

On Saturday, Oct. 30, with Judge Herdo Chavez officiating, Mrs. Carolyn Beam of Wichita, Kansas, and J. W. House of Carrizozo were united in marriage. Mr. House is in the signal service for the S. P. and ranks high in that profession. They have already settled down to married life and have become permanent residents of Carrizozo. The best wishes of their friends in Carrizozo and Wichita are tendered.

D. L. Jackson, one of the old mainstays of White Oaks, was a business visitor in town last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Baca of the New Mexico Sentinel, was here from Albuquerque Monday, soliciting subscriptions for that paper.

Sally Ortiz is having an addition built to his home on the east side, Jim Gatewood doing the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Johnson have returned from Liberal, Kansas, where Pete was injured a few weeks ago in a train collision. Pete had both legs broken. He is doing nicely, but will have to return to Liberal in a few weeks for further treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Roberts left last Sunday for Corona, Marvin returning, while Mrs. Roberts remained with her mother, Mrs. Stella Willingham for this week, during the time of cattle shipping.

The Carrizozo teachers are attending the Teachers' Convention at Albuquerque this week.

Leandro Vega came in this morning with a ten-point buck, killed yesterday at Church mountain. Leandro hasn't failed in the last seven years.

This office received word from E. J. Dodge, formerly manager of the Southern Pacific Hotel here, who is now managing a like enterprise for the company at Inlay, Nevada. Mrs. Dodge joins her husband in sending his kindest regards to their many Carrizozo friends.

The Harkeys, John and son Fay, brothers Earl and Elvin, were in yesterday from the mountains. They each had bagged a wild turkey spiece, and had gone back to bring in a deer spiece. Leave it to the Harkeys to get theirs.

Walter Riggs had a hunter guest here from Oklahoma City. On the first day out, the Oklahoma man killed one of the largest black bears killed in these regions for many years.

Farewell Party

The girls of the Chum Society gave a farewell party for John Allen and Gordon Bell, who leave this week—and for their new home at Farmington. The party was held at the home of LaWana Conley. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing, after which the girls served coffee and cakes. Those attending were: The Bell boys, Jack Clausch, Charles Snow, Charles Carl, Frank Perkins, Robert Gable, H. B. Nelly, Lukie Smith, Richard Dow, Audrey Lamb, Lois Smith, Josephine Dow, LaWana Conley, Mary Lou Phillips, Hon. Light and Louise Degner, Mary Frances Thomas, Jack Chiffer and Kathleen Smith. Chaperone for the party were Mesdames Degner and Conley.

ATTENTION, MASONS

All Master Masons are invited to the regular communication at Masonic Temple, tomorrow night Saturday, Nov. 6.
Harry Gallacher, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Sec'y.

Mrs. Vance P. Smith of Oscura, who was ill for a portion of the week, is improving nicely at this writing.

T. E. Kelley, as far as we are able to understand, was the first to get his deer. He went over to the Oscura mountains and before three hours had elapsed, he killed a fine young buck.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McFadin of the Monte Prieto ranch near Gran Quivira, were business visitors in town this Tuesday. They were enroute to Ancho to visit friends.

Brack Sloan and son Mark of their ranch near here, were business visitors in town several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kent and nephew L. L. Norton went to Santa Rosa last Friday to attend the funeral of Mr. Kent's cousin, Eldon Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. (Shorty) Moore and baby, who now reside on the old Haskins place near White Oaks, were shoppers in town last Saturday.

Joe Chavez assisted at the Lincoln County News office for a couple of days last week and again on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Isaac Marquez of Tucumcari spent the week-end with the Saturnino Chavez family.

T. A. Spencer shipped some cattle to eastern markets the first part of this week.

Lyric Theatre

Friday and Saturday—George O'Brien and Cecilia Parker in—

"Hollywood Cowboy"

An outdoor action picture with the "kick" of a "Bucking Bronc. Also Shorts, "That Man Sampson" and "The Graveyard of Ships."

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday—Robt. Taylor, Barbara Stanwick and Victor McLaglen in—

"This is My Affair"

The story is taken from Liberty magazine, and deals with one of the most unusual dramas in American history during the last days of Wm. McKinley's tenure of the White House. Also Shorts, "Red Hot Music" and "Digging It Around the World."
Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.
Night show at 8:00.

Wednesday and Thursday—Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in—

"Woman Chases Man"

One of the nuttiest Comedies ever dreamed of—and used for laughing purposes only. Also "Mickey Mouse" Cartoon.
KEEP YOUR Coupon tickets for "GOBBLER NITE," Nov. 24

The Petty Economy Grocery & Market is undergoing some remodeling; the front counters are being removed, making the store almost a "Self-Serve" establishment.

Members of the local Baptist Church are making preparations for the coming of their new pastor, Rev. Vandiver and family. The Parsonage is being re-painted on the interior, and in a short time will be completed. The ladies of the church, as usual, are directing the work.

Mrs. Chloe Fisher of the Fisher Lumber Co. of Capitan, was a business visitor in town Thursday of this week and while here, made this office a pleasant call.

Ziegler Bros. Store is having the shelves in the grocery department made lower and more convenient. The shelving is painted a brilliant color of white. The work is being done by Clerk Ben Sanchez.

G. T. McQuillen, manager of the local telephone station, returned yesterday from an extended pleasure trip to different places in the east and Canada. On Monday of this week, this office received a card from him dated at Frankfort, Ky., with a picture on the reverse side of "A Typical Kentuckian," a southern Colonel holding a large glass of mint julep. We know you had a good time, Mac, and you certainly deserved it.

Will Kelt, sons John and Harry have returned from Kansas City, where they went to ship their cattle last week.

Mark Sloan killed a deer in the Oscura mountains Wednesday, weighing 265 pounds. If Mark doesn't win that Kelley rifle, it will be a wonder to us.

Local Mention

Miss Katherine Rowland, daughter of Floyd Rowland of the City Garage, came up last Friday from El Paso, to visit friends here for a short time.

On Armistice Day, Nov. 11, at Capitan, at 7:30 p. m., Major F. M. Kleckner of the N. M. Military Institute will be the principal speaker. The Major comes well recommended and the Capitan post invites all Legionnaires and their friends to this Armistice meeting.

Father Salvatore solemnized the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Chavez at the St. Rita Church last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Abeysa, daughters, Misses Otila and Sarah Vega, were visitors from Capitan Monday evening. Otila teaches school at Rabenton.

Misses Marie Six and Lucile Everett, teachers and Coach Lewis Thomas of the Capitan schools were Carrizozo visitors last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sandoval of the Kuder O-O ranch were visitors in town Saturday.

Mrs. M. C. St. John, the children, Mrs. Pulldora St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Padilla returned Sunday evening from Albuquerque, where they spent the week-end visiting the Leil St. John and Sam Martinez families and Judge St. John, who has been in the Veterans' hospital for the past ten days. Judge is improving from an eye ailment and will be home this week.

The children of Mrs. Chana Dolan left for Tucumcari last Saturday to spend the week-end with their father, Pat Dolan.

American Legion Post No. 11 and the Ladies' Auxiliary will give a big dance Saturday night, Dec. 4. All proceeds will be used to entertain the needy children of Carrizozo and vicinity on the night of Dec. 22. A Christmas tree and all the trimmings—toys and gifts for the kids. Remember the dates.—Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gallacher and Mrs. Lonnie McClintock made a trip to Albuquerque last Sunday and returned Monday.

Jose Otero, prominent wool-grower of the Capitan-Eucinoso country, was a Carrizozo business visitor the latter part of last week.

Senior Carnival and Dance at Community Hall Saturday night, Nov. 13. Read the ad on page 8 and make arrangements to attend—have a good time and help the Seniors.

Wayne Richard did some grading on the streets of the east side with the new county grader the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Skinner were El Paso visitors for a couple of days last week.

There will be a big dance at the Carrizozo Country Club tomorrow night, Nov. 6. Music by the Abilene Red Skirts.

Mrs. Walter Grumble and daughter Virginia were here from Tucumcari to spend the week-end with relatives and friends.

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Downhill Toward Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn, fellow adventurers, that socks me right smack in the weakest spot I've got. You know, I am not afraid of mice, and I don't go around nights looking under beds for burglars. Some day I might even get used to being shot at or torpedoes, or chewed up by man-eating kangaroos. But height—altitude—elevation—anything more than two inches off good, flat, solid ground—just about scares me to death.

Today, reading a yarn from Adventurer Eric K. Frank of Fallsades Park, N. J., I got a dose of altitude fever I couldn't very well avoid.

It was quite a few miles away from here, boys and girls, and quite a few years back. The episode that is scaring the pants off of me happened on Winsel-Burg mountain in south Germany in the year 1927. Then, Eric Frank was one of a party of hardy souls who had gone out with a guide for a skiing jaunt on the treacherous slopes of the Winsel-Burg. They had been climbing up steep paths, edging their precarious way along narrow, ice-covered ledges, skirting treacherous cliffs and dodging dangerous pitfalls. Finally they came out on a broad slope covered with hard-packed January snow, whose vast, glistening expanse reared itself high up the mountain side, and here the leader called a halt.

One of the Party Was Missing.

Four hours is a long time to be climbing. That bunch of ski-pushers hunkered right down in the snow for a rest—started opening up knapsacks—got out their lunches. They were all set for a nice quiet little meal in the peace and stillness of the great outdoors, but they forgot that old Mother Nature, for all that she is a quiet old dame, can be cruel and murderous when she has a mind to.

The knapsacks were open—the lunches out—some of the crowd had started eating when the guide remembered a precaution highly necessary in those regions where people get lost from their parties, fall down cliffs and get stuck in crevasses. He started to check over the people in his charge to make sure none of them were missing. He counted the gang twice, frowned, counted them again. Then, his face pale and his voice shaky, he announced that the party was short one man.

Eric Frank had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach when he heard that announcement. "I was filled with fear," he says, "and I know everyone else was too. I pity anyone who gets lost in those moun-



Eric Yelled to Him to Stop.

tains. Either he starves to death, freezes to death, or ends up at the bottom of a gorge with his bones broken." He put away his lunch un-eaten—strapped on his knapsack, and started out with the rest of the party to search for the lost man.

Riding Fast to Sure Death.

For two hours they hunted, doubling back on their own tracks, trying to find the place where he had left the party. Finally, they spotted him—a rapidly moving speck, far off to the left—a man on skis, hurtling at express-train speed down the side of the mountain. It was a sight that should have brought joy to that anxious little party of searchers, but it only filled them with a new and awful fear. Unfamiliar with the country, the man on skis was riding STRAIGHT TO HIS DESTRUCTION. The slope he was careening down so merrily ended in a steep, towering cliff. If he wasn't stopped before he got to the bottom, he would be dashed to pieces on the ice-covered rocks below.

Eric thrust his feet into the toe-straps of his skis—told his comrades he was going to try to head that poor devil off. "You can't do it," his friends told him. "He's too far gone. Nothing on earth could reach him in time. You'll only go over the cliff yourself." Eric didn't even hear the last of it. He was on his way, shooting down the mountainside in the direction of the doomed man—and the threatening, ever-nearing cliff.

The man ahead had almost a two-mile lead when Eric started. He'd need all the speed he could muster to close that gap in time to save the poor fellow from the cliff. He raced along down the mountain, knees bent, head and chest thrust forward to lower the wind resistance—using every bit of strength and skill that was in him.

Saved by Eric's Desperate Measure.

He was careening along now at forty miles an hour, the rush of cold air in his face making his eyes water so that he could hardly see. He crouched lower and stepped up his pace. Now he was making forty-five—forty-eight—fifty—and slowly gaining on the man ahead. About half a mile from the cliff's edge, he caught up with his man—motioned to him to halt. Then his heart sunk as the fellow waved back at him and kept right on going.

Eric yelled to him to stop. The wind ripped the words from his mouth and carried them away up the mountainside. He tried making motions again, but you can't make many motions balanced on a pair of skis going fifty miles an hour. The edge of the cliff was only two hundred yards away now. There was one chance left and Eric took it. He whipped up his speed, passed his man, and flung himself headlong in his path.

There was no mistaking that gesture. The friend braked his skis, slowed down, fell in a heap over Eric's bruised and lacerated body. When he got up again—saw the edge of the cliff only fifty feet away—his face turned white as the snow that had nearly carried him to his death.

And after that, boys and girls, came one of the briefest conversations on record. The lad Eric had saved stood up, looked down at that gaping declivity before him, and in a weak voice said: "OH." Eric didn't say anything. After all, what was there to say?
©—WNU Service.

Cymbalism

Most people regard the cymbals as an unimportant instrument in an orchestra, but some of the most striking effects are obtained by them. Unless the note produced by banging them has just the right timbre they are useless, and manufacturers regard the production of perfect cymbals as a hit-or-miss affair. But there is one cymbal maker, according to London Tit-Bits Magazine, who guarantees the right tone every time. For centuries his family have made cymbals, and he possesses a secret tempering process which makes them sought after by every famous orchestra in Europe and America. Although he employs dozens of assistants, the tempering of every pair is done by him.

Corn Beans to Colonists

The first Europeans to recognize corn's importance were the English colonists on our Atlantic coast. Wheat they tried and it failed them; and when the very existence of the Massachusetts and Jamestown settlements hung in precarious balance during those first hard winters, it was corn that saved them. Capt. John Smith forced every family of his little band to plant corn. They were rewarded handsomely. Like the sparse crops of the first dawn of civilization, it became a means of exchange, a form of money. Surplus corn built up trade and commerce, encouraged the growing stream of immigrants crossing the Atlantic, and opened the gates to wealth and prosperity.

Machines Test Heart, Probe Lung



Picture Parade

MEDICINE, like industry, has benefited by the advances of the machine age. Here the camera portrays a few of the ways machines aid in the battle for health. Above: An electrocardiograph testing the current generated by a patient's heart, in Philadelphia. Results of the test are measured on the indicator shown.



Radium poisoning has been cured by the machine above, which also detects amount in body.



Such painful afflictions as arthritis and rheumatism are treated by the articulator, machine pictured here. Miss Virginia Jones of Philadelphia is receiving the benefit of ultra short waves and exercise.



The patient shown has some foreign object in her lung. In the hands of an expert surgeon, the bronchoscope, which contains electric light, probe and hook, will get it out.



While an "iron lung" or respirator make it possible for him to breathe, this New York paralysis victim is entertained by sympathetic musicians. The "iron lung" has saved scores of lives.



This ultra-violet lamp cleans up erysipelas in three or four days.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for October 31

THE MORAL ISSUE IN THE DRINK PROBLEM

LESSON TEXT—Romans 13:12-14; I Corinthians 6:9-11; Galatians 5:16-24. GOLDEN TEXT—Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.—Galatians 5:22. PRIMARY TOPIC—My Neighbors. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Greatest Law. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why Is It Wrong to Drink Alcoholic Beverages? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Moral Issue in the Drink Problem.

The title for our lesson is well-chosen—"The Moral Issue in the Drink Problem."

First, let it be clear that there is an issue. Those who have business, social, or political connections with the liquor traffic would like to have us believe that the repeal of prohibition settled the matter once for all. But let us be sure of this fact—the liquor problem is at our very door, and it must be met.

In the second place, many would have us think that the matter of drunkenness is a social, political, or even a physical problem, without any moral implications whatever. But those who are informed know that even the supposedly innocent beer is inextricably tied up with vice and crime. A prisoner in a federal penitentiary writing before prohibition was repealed said, "Criminals hail with delight . . . the return of liquor via the beer route and the greater license that the return of the saloon will inevitably bring. With the return of beer will come open prostitution and gambling." His words were true.

I. Drunkenness Is a Work of Darkness (Rom. 13:12-14).

Just as there are darkness and daylight in the physical universe, so there are two contrasting spiritual realms, of darkness and light.

Men "loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil," according to the Lord Jesus. (See John 3:19.) This spiritual realm of darkness is directed by "rulers of the darkness of this world" (Eph. 6:12), and their purpose is "spiritual wickedness." With the "works of darkness" the believer is to "have no fellowship" (Eph. 5:11), but is to "reprove them" and bring them into the light where their true nature is made manifest (Eph. 5:13).

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," and those who have fellowship with him "walk in the light." (See I John 1:5-7.) Drunkenness is a work of darkness. It separates man from God and makes him fear the glorious light of his countenance. The solution for that awful condition is revealed in v. 14. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

II. Drunkenness Is a Work of Unrighteousness (I Cor. 6:9-11).

No drunkard "shall inherit the kingdom of God" (v. 10), and the man who takes his first drink has put his foot on the path that leads to the drunkard's grave. Of course no man plans to go that far, but the fact is that such is the tragic conclusion for hundreds of thousands of men and women—damned-for-time and eternity by drink.

Again in this passage we have the answer to our problem. Not reformation, not education, not culture (desirable and useful though we recognize these things to be), but being "washed," "sanctified," and "justified" in "the name of the Lord Jesus and in the Spirit of God." Try that on your town drunkard. Thank God, it works!

III. Drunkenness Is a Work of the Flesh (Gal. 5:16-24).

The flesh—that is our bodies ruled over by self-will as opposed to God's will—is revealed in the Scriptures to be thoroughly bad, and in opposition to God. Consider the appalling list of the works of the flesh in verses 19 and 20. And note that in the midst of them stands drunkenness.

It is the lowest in man that responds to intoxicants. Little wonder that the Brewer's Journal came out right after the election of 1932 with the statement that "not one tenth of one-per cent of American youths know the taste of real beer. We must educate them." In other words the normal taste of an intelligent person would revolt at the stuff, but once give it a chance to stir the lusts of "the flesh" and the victim is caught.

Once again, note the antidote—live in the power of the Holy Spirit, and the flesh with its lusts is crucified (v. 24). How shall we have the Holy Spirit and his power in our lives? By taking the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Saviour.

Words Without Action
Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy—that which should be spent in action, spends itself in words.

Killing Time
People partial to this crime of killing time might be pardoned if they'll only kill their own.

Kindness
Kindness is a language the dumb can speak, and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

A BIT OF FUN



Take All

Old-Fashioned Girl—All my life I've been saving my kisses for a man like you.
Modern Young Man—Well, prepare to lose the savings of a lifetime.

A scientist says that fish shrink after death. Not when it's an angler who lands them!

School's Out

Professor—Now if I were to be flogged, what would that be?
Class (in unison)—That would be corporal punishment.
Professor—But if I were to be beheaded?
Class (still in unison)—That would be capital.

First Step

"Today's my wife's birthday," said the manager to his assistant. "I want her to be very happy when I go home this evening. Can you suggest anything?"
"Yes, sir; I'd suggest you remove that lipstick from your ear."

When a girl wears her heart on her sleeve, is it a call to arms?

His Idea

Mrs. Smythe took her husband to a mannequin parade. An evening gown worn by an extremely pretty model attracted her attention.

"That would look nice at our party next Saturday," she said, hoping her husband would buy it for her.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Smythe. "Why not invite her?"

HEADACHE REMEDY STARTS WORKING IN SECONDS



THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST
Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is dissolving. This speed of dissolving enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "fishing" for the headache and soothe pain a few minutes after taking.

All people who suffer occasionally from headaches ought to know this way to quick relief.

At the first sign of such pain, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Sometimes if the pain is unusually severe, one more tablet is necessary later, according to directions.

If headaches keep coming back we advise you to see your own physician. He will look for the cause in order to correct it.



virtually 1 cent a tablet

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

REMEDIES

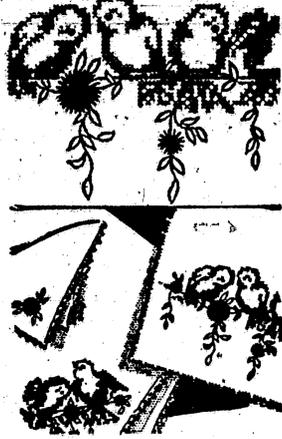
NEVER BEFORE! NEVER AGAIN! To introduce our Concentrated Health Foods, we make this starting offer! Vegetables, Equalizers! General Tonic! Alkalizers! 100 Capsules \$1. Hurry! Barry Pacific Co., Distributors, Box 366, San Diego, Calif.

WNU—M 43—37

MAGIC CARPET

It doesn't matter what you're thinking of buying—a bar pin or a baby grand, a new suit for father or a set of dining-room furniture—the best place to start your shopping tour is in an easy chair, with an open newspaper. The best of a page will carry you as swiftly as the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights. From one end of the shopping district to the other, you can rely on modern advertising as a guide to good values, you can compare prices and styles, fabrics and finishes, just as though you were standing in a store. Make a habit of reading the advertisements in his paper every week. I bet you save time, energy and money.

A Happy Family of Bluebirds for Linens



Pattern No. 1524

Take the Bluebird family "under your wing" and embroider their five plump images on whatever household linens you'd like to make really colorful.

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

Please write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

It Took a Child to Stump the Prof

"All it wants is practice," pointed out the professor. "There is no earthly reason why each of you ladies and gentlemen shouldn't use your left hand with the same dexterity as your right."

With a piece of chalk he began to draw a figure, using his right hand, then finished it with his left. "There," he said, "I defy anyone to mention a single action which I can perform with my right hand and which I can't do equally well with my left."

Silence; then a small voice: "Mummy," it said, "can he put his left hand in the bottom of his right-hand trouser pocket?"

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes build up in the bowels and press on nerves, irritate the tract. The nerve pressure causes headache, a dull, lary feeling, biliousness, loss of appetite and sleep.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You feel tired, out, grossly and miserable. You feel tired out, grossly and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the G.A.B. 2. You must clear the bowels.

By His Own Merit For he seems to me to be the greatest man, who rises to a high position by his own merit and not one who climbs up by the injury and disaster of another.—Cicero.

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, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it.

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

Washington Digest National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—There is much talk among the Republicans, both for and against, concerning the proposal to hold a general party conference early next year.

The question has many angles and in consequence many pros and cons already have been advanced. In natural consequence also, some very well-known Republicans have taken definite decisions, either for or against the plan which has the approval of men like John Hamilton, chairman of the Republican national committee, and former President Herbert Hoover.

The issue will be fought out at a meeting of the national committee early in November and probably there will be such a convention early in 1933.

As I have said, there is argument on both sides but after discussing the situation with many Republicans, it appears to me that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

Many times in these columns, I have expressed the conviction that a strong minority party, whether that party be Republican or Democratic, is a very healthy condition for the country as a whole.

I cannot speak from a Republican standpoint any more than I can speak from a Democratic standpoint. Nevertheless, from the position I attempt to follow as an observer of national affairs and long range national policies, it does seem that the Republicans ought to quit fighting among themselves and get together to oppose that which the present minority in this country finds objectionable in President Roosevelt's policies.

In advocating this action, I am not motivated as much by my belief in and support of some of Mr. Roosevelt's policies as I am in my disagreement with others of the program to which the New Dealer has adhered.

A strong and vocal minority will insure the retention of rights and powers in the hands of the people where they belong and at the same time it will compel Democrats to stick together in carrying out sound policies proposed by the President.

That latter statement may sound paradoxical. I think it is not. I make the statement because I know how many times the gigantic Democratic majority in congress has fought over trivialities and because I know how many times sincere opposition to unsound policies has met with defeat without the country knowing the reasons for that opposition.

Taken all in all, therefore, I believe it is an obligation upon me as an observer of national affairs to declare in favor of a movement by the minority party that will result in a concentration of its power for the good of the nation.

And what, one may ask, should be the creed of the minority party next year?

Well, as I see the picture, the Republican party must be the conservative party in the United States. What of the Creed? President Roosevelt and his New Dealer cannot avoid being the radical party.

Proceeding from that premise, therefore, there can be little argument that the principles which the Republicans advocate should be drawn from principles of governmental policies that have proved sound. That is to say, the Republicans cannot afford to attack Mr.

Roosevelt on everything he has done, but they can tear him politically limb from limb with constructive proposals to take the place of those things he has done which represent discouragement, deceit and disaster to the country's economic life.

There will be no gain for the Republicans in 1933 elections if they attempt to ride two or three different horses as they did in 1932. For example, they cannot do as Candidate Landon did, to wit, call for a balanced budget in one speech and advocate being Santa Claus in another; they cannot blow hot and cold, and, therefore, they must be either conservative or radical.

It seems to me the Republicans can probably plan for an immediate balancing of the national budget. In that connection, they can with justification demand curtailment, if not entire elimination, of many governmental functions inaugurated under the New Deal. They can offer constructively a proposal to legislate out of existence some 20 or 30 federal agencies for which there never has been and is not now any excuse for their existence.

Another question that is crying for attention is the huge national debt, now at \$37,000,000,000, the highest in history.

That debt must be reorganized and placed on a basis that will permit gradual liquidation of it. The Roosevelt administration has done nothing regarding the debt except to build it higher and higher.

If the Republican party wants to do a constructive job it ought to set to work to examine all of the statutes enacted by congress in the last ten or twelve years and especially those enacted in the haste of the emergency with a view to repealing or many of them. Some can and should be rewritten to make them workable. Those statutes placed on the books by the Roosevelt administration constitute outstanding evidence of the lack of opposition. We all know many of those bills were written in executive departments and sent to congress with instructions to pass them unchanged. Bad legislation has resulted many times and a checkup surely is indicated.

As regards legislation now on the statute books, it seems to me we will never have sound prosperity until certain laws that increase production costs are eliminated. I mean by this that there are numerous laws which have the effect of widening the spread between the price of the raw materials and the price of the manufactured products. Legislation of this kind is bound to force down the prices paid to the producers and, in my opinion, the results are beginning to be reflected on products of the farm.

Probably the most delicate question with which the Republicans are confronted relates to wages and hours of labor. Business interests have been shortsighted. Too many times employers have overworked their employees and have shown but little consideration for the rights of labor. The result is that labor is demanding consideration in the shape of protection at the hands of its national government and the Republicans, whether they desire to or not, must take a stand.

Among other principles upon which I think the Republicans as Then, There's party surely can agree is that there is too much government in business. The government itself is engaged in many lines of commerce and industry and it is breaking down private enterprises in countless ways. I regard the function of government as a thing to be confined to matters and enterprises which individuals cannot do as individuals. We might use the postal service as an example. No one would be so silly as to say that the postal service could be operated satisfactorily in any other way than as an agency of the federal government.

In contradistinction to the postal service, however, we can point to such things as the building of model homes for private citizens. I think the government has no business at all in that field. This is so; first, because of the tremendous waste accompanying any governmental operation and, second, for the reason that private persons who are holders of funds whether the amount is great or small recognize real estate mortgages as sound investments. I need not mention the red tape or the politics that can choke up any such thing as a government housing development.

I could go on and mention numerous other general principles upon which there can be honest differences of opinion. It is upon these questions where differences are honest and not created for political reasons that the Republican party should express itself. It ought to do this if it is going to be representative of opposition sentiment.

Leon Campbell and Dr. Theodore E. Sterne of the observatory staff say no mathematician can possibly anticipate the irregular changes of brilliance. Their research has also eliminated the belief of some astronomers that there have been important and widespread evolutionary changes of increase or diminution among these long-period variables.

Clusters of Stars Whirl About Other Celestial Groups

New Discoveries Show Milky Way's Structure

Cambridge, Mass.—Important new clues to the structure of the Milky Way have been found at the Harvard observatory where officials announced discovery of a new type of astronomical sub-system in the universe.

The new system consists of a giant cluster of some hundreds of stars which revolves about a still larger cluster, much as the earth travels about the sun. Astronomers here say it presents the first positive indication they have had that these tremendous clusters may be connected with one another by gravity to form independent sub-orders within the galaxy.

The discovery, made by James Cuffey of the Harvard observatory staff, was the result of numerous extremely accurate computations of the distances from the sun of nine galactic star clusters in the constellation Auriga, the most comprehensive and exact measurements of these distances ever made.

The two clusters the research showed to be companions are those known as Messier 38, which has a mass about 500 times that of our sun, and NGC 1907, which is about 75 times the mass of the sun. The smaller one, it was found, revolves about the larger cluster with the time required for one complete revolution estimated to be about 80,000,000 years.

Colors Determine Distances. A painstaking study of the colors of nine-star groups in Auriga led to the conclusion that these two clusters constitute a system. The colors of stars in clusters are used by astronomers to determine their distances and Messier 38 and NGC 1907 were found to have very similar characteristics. Thus they were shown to be about the same distance from the sun, approximately 28,000 light years. In space they are only 24 light years apart.

A third and still larger cluster, Messier 36, is also believed to be physically connected with the other two groups for it too is about 28,000 light years from the sun. It is about 150 light years from the first two.

Bulls Given Credit for the Dairy Yield of Their Daughters

Washington.—Bulls are given milk and cream-ratings in a new publication of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Not that the records were directly established. Modern agriculture has done a lot of remarkable things, but as yet milk production remains a monopoly of the feminine members of the herd. Nevertheless the honors accorded to bulls in dairy breeds are based strictly on yield records.

The trick is done by studying the yields of daughters of the sires in question, comparing them with the yields of their own mothers made under similar conditions, and crediting the gain, if any, to the influence of "pa's" folks. Thus if ten daughters of a given sire gave a milk-yield record of 10,000 pounds for the test period, while their mothers have a comparable record of 9,000 pounds, the thousand-pound difference is chalked up to the credit of the sire. This process is called "proving."

A proved sire with a good record as shown by his daughters' production performance is naturally in demand for the improvement of other herds of milk cows. In the department's list many animals are recorded as having died before the proof period could be completed. But many of them leave sons, which are sought after as suitably aristocratic alliances by owners of blooded dairy herds.

A list of this kind is as important to the dairy industry as the Almanach de Gotha is in European social circles.

Chance Rules Flarings of the Variable Stars

Cambridge, Mass.—Science's many futile attempts to predict the changes in brightness of the heavens' blinking giants, the long-period variable stars, have been ended by the explanation of two Harvard astronomers that only the law of chance governs their irregular flarings and fadings.

Leon Campbell and Dr. Theodore E. Sterne of the observatory staff say no mathematician can possibly anticipate the irregular changes of brilliance. Their research has also eliminated the belief of some astronomers that there have been important and widespread evolutionary changes of increase or diminution among these long-period variables.

A Trio of Triumphs



THE way to day-in, day-out chic for the woman who sews, is shown in today's attractive new three-way plan. It goes deeper than the surface, you see, in the presentation of a sleek new slip. Ah, and it gives great thought to the surface, too, as you can't help but note in the two wing-side models. This is one triangle every woman who sews should want to know all about.

Spleen New Model. As shipshape as a Parisian streamline fashion and, in its own role, as important—that's the little number at the left above. It does wonders to give one that up and doing feeling that's handy to have around the house in the morning. You can repeat it time and again without fear of being repetitious; without losing your fondness for it. Anything in gay cotton: shantung, print, gingham, crash, will do nicely for this one.

A Congenial Slip. Beneath a well-groomed surface hangs a perfect fitting slip! That's an old and honest notion and one Sew-Your-Own abides by religiously. Today's five piece version is as easy to put together as it is congenial to your comfort and outward superbness. Make two while you're about it: one with a plain top for everyday, the other with a bit of frou-frou for dress-up occasions.

Deft Design. The "girl in the little green hat" wears a dress with many tucks in this her latest picture. It is the dress for you, Milady, to star in at familiar Fall festivities. Deftly but definitely it gives you emphasis where you want it; soft pedals worry-areas. No more willing and able frock than this was ever designed and it can be yours so easily. Thin wool is a smart material and it fits this frock's personality to a T. Let's sew and be seen places this Fall. Okay?

The Patterns. Pattern 1389 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, or 4 1/2 yards, with long sleeves. Pattern 1938 is designed in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder straps, and 1 1/2 yards of edging for finishing upper edge.

Pattern 1392 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric.

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

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

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Take it to any radio dealer. See the new 1938 farm radio. Choose the radio you like best, and ask your dealer how you can save \$7.50 on the purchase of a new battery radio equipped with a genuine Wincharger.

Wincharger turns FREE WIND POWER into electricity, brings "big-city" reception to farm homes. Utilizes "D" batteries. Ends expensive recharging. Provides plenty of free electricity to run your radio as much as you want for less than 50¢ a year power operating cost.

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Beauty Culture Opportunity for girls with special personality to enter leading beauty school in the West and earn while learning. Investigate our original business plan today. This ad is good for \$5 tuition credit.

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"Does yours say 'Mama' too?"

THE OUTLOOK

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

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
1930 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Where the Tax Burdens Fall

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Current reports from Washington again quote Congressional leaders as favoring a brake on the rising toll of taxes.

Despite earlier disappointments, the American people will hope eagerly that, this time, the promises are translated into action.

Why? Because, as recent events emphasize, high taxes are clipped out of every worker's earnings, in the form of higher costs of living.

And for this indirect levy on the average citizen's pocketbook they give little in return.

Heavy taxes raise the rent of houses—but they add neither room nor comfort.

Heavy taxes jump the price of land—but they add nothing to the crops it can grow.

Heavy taxes boost the costs of fuel—but they add nothing to the amount of heat or power it produces.

Heavy taxes inflate the price of food—but they add nothing to its nutritive values.

Heavy taxes increase the cost and upkeep of equipment—whether on the farm, or in the home or factory. But they add nothing to the work it can perform.

Wherever applied, heavy taxes take much and contribute little. However disguised, they are still produced in "the sweat of the man who labors."

All citizens realize that a reasonable volume of tax income is necessary to the proper functioning of government. But they also realize that when raised to unreasonable heights, taxes become not so much a necessity as a burden.

They ask their elected representatives in Congress to realize this too—and to act upon that knowledge.

Bonito Inn and "Billy the Kid" Curio Shop

Mrs. Edna M. Laramie and Mrs. Bernice Dryden wish to announce the opening of Bonito Inn at Lincoln. Meals are served daily, with special chicken or turkey dinners on Sundays and Holidays. They will be glad to cater to private parties.

The "Billy the Kid" Curio Shop, run in connection with the Inn, carries, in addition to the curios typical to the southwest, a line of craftwork made by the patients at Fort Stanton. When down that way, it will be worth your while to stop and look.

COPYING Photographs a Specialty. Submit your work for inspection and estimate. We guarantee our work.—Mrs. L. O. Wrenching, 119 West Foster, Pampa, Texas.

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

Notice

All parties are hereby warned against Trespassing, Hunting or Fishing on what is known as the John Roberts ranch 7 miles east of Carrizozo. Violators of this legal notice will be prosecuted according to law.

Were Prince Alberts In the "nifty nineties," most United States senators wore Prince Alberts. The frock coat was a symbol of statesmanship and a beard was the mark of a man of maturity and substance.

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500 Sheets BOND, \$1
at Outlook Office

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

NEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month. You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up easier before marriage than after. How? If you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife.

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

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

Burke's Art & Gift Shop

NOTICE

All persons are warned against trespassing, hunting or fishing on my property known as the Fred Neighbauer ranch about 14 miles southwest of Carrizozo. Violators of this legal notice will be prosecuted according to law. Signed: John W. Harkey. O22-N12

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

—And Then Kneezes
The resolution to avoid an evil is seldom till the evil is so far advanced as to make avoidance impossible.—Marty.

January Floods Reveal Strength of Red Cross

Aid Given 1,062,000 Persons Through Set-Up by Agency

The elasticity and scope of Red Cross disaster work is shown in a recent report on Red Cross relief measures during the unparalleled Ohio-Mississippi Valley flood of this year.

At the height of the emergency Red Cross relief offices were established in 132 inundated counties and in 148 counties where refugees were cared for, the report stated. Eight regional headquarters offices controlled the 223 county offices, and were in turn supervised by the National Red Cross in Washington, D. C.

A statistical summary of persons aided by the organization indicates that the floods constituted the greatest peace-time emergency ever faced by the nation. The Red Cross gave some form of assistance to 1,062,000 men, women and children. From January to August hundreds of trained workers helped by thousands of volunteers administered to the sufferers.

A Red Cross rescue fleet of 6400 boats was organized, according to the report. Emergency hospitals established totaled 300 and 3600 nurses were assigned to flood duty. In more than 1,000 refugee centers the victims of the flood were sheltered, clothed and fed. Through the Red Cross medical health program and the work of public health agencies sickness was kept to normal for the time of year in all inundated areas.

Because of its disaster experience the Red Cross was directed by the President of the United States, who is also president of the Red Cross, to coordinate the effort of all federal flood relief groups. Government and Red Cross officials met daily at the Red Cross headquarters building in Washington to plan relief measures and prevent duplication of effort.

"We were fortunate in having 56 years of disaster relief experience to call upon in meeting the emergency," Admiral Gary T. Grayson, chairman of the Red Cross, said.

It was found that 97,000 families composed of 434,000 persons had to have their resources supplemented or an entirely new start provided by the Red Cross, the report stated. Red Cross emergency aid and rehabilitation assistance was as follows: rescue, transportation and shelter for 42,000 families; food, clothing, and other maintenance for 193,000 families; building and repair for 27,000 families; household goods for 90,000 families; medical, nursing and sanitation help for 15,000 families; agricultural rehabilitation for 10,000 families; other occupational aid for 3,000 families and other types of relief for 4,000 families.

"Credit for this largest peace-time relief operation in the history of the nation must go to the American people who contributed a Red Cross relief fund of more than \$25,000,000," Admiral Grayson said.

During the year the Red Cross gave aid to the victims of 108 other disasters in 36 states, Alaska and the District of Columbia. The Red Cross financed the majority of these relief operations from money contributed through memberships during the annual Roll Call last November, since it is only in case of large scale disasters that a national drive for relief funds is made.

This year the Roll Call is from November 11th to the 25th. The Red Cross seeks a greater membership to meet its disaster relief and other service obligations during 1933.

Last year Red Cross Chapters gave vital help to 120,000 needy families.

Red Cross Replaces Farm Family Losses

The Red Cross gave agricultural rehabilitation to 10,116 farm families following the severe eastern floods of last winter. Types of aid included feed, seed, livestock, farm tools and machinery and other items essential to agricultural productivity. More than \$59,000 was expended by the organization to meet these requirements. In addition to occupational assistance, rural families hard hit by the flood waters were rescued, clothed, fed and sheltered by the Red Cross. Where it was necessary the Red Cross repaired and rebuilt out-buildings, barns and other structures. Medical and nursing care were provided and homes furnished.

Red Cross agricultural rehabilitation benefited nearly three times as many families as received all other types of Red Cross occupational rehabilitation combined.

Labor's advocacy of the Red Cross program is attested by recent state meetings from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America. "Red Cross aims and purposes are highly commendable and deserving of the support of all classes of people," said Mr. Green.

"The activities and services of the American Red Cross satisfy a great need of the people, and I strongly urge that it receive the unqualified support of all during its annual Roll Call for members," Mr. Lewis said.

LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES
Kessler
GIMBEL BROS.
GUESS JULES IS DOIN' PRETTY WELL IN 'TAPESTRY DEPARTMENT!!
THERE GOES JULES SIS. IN HIS HORSE AN' BOGGY!!
JULES E. MASTBAUM, PRESIDENT OF THE STANLEY COMPANY OF AMERICA, AT PHILADELPHIA, WORKED IN GIMBEL BROS. STORE IN DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, WITH THE PRIVILEGE OF USING ONE OF THE COMPANY'S DRAY HORSES ON SUNDAY.

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A. F. & A. M.

Regular Meetings 1936
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R. E. Lemon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STARS
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REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially Invited.
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Jeanette Lemon, Sec'y

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

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

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls

Worthy Advisor—
Agnes Degner

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

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 30, I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

O. T. Newton, Noble Grand
W. J. Langston, Sec'y-Treas.
Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?

MIN, because they are men, can't have understood a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell out the rest of the time.
Do wonder how your back aches—how your nerves ache—don't take it out on your husband.
For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus removing the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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Repairing of all kinds
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G. H. DORSETT

In the Probate Court
State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Estate of
Prospero S. Gonzales, Deceased.
No. 452.

Notice of Appointment
of Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that on
the 6th day of September, 1937,
the undersigned was appointed
administratrix of the estate of
Prospero S. Gonzales, deceased,
in the above named court, and
having qualified as such, anyone
having a claim against said es-
tate is hereby notified to file the
same within the time and man-
ner required by law.

Telefona M. Gonzales,
Administratrix.

John E. Hall, Attorney for
Administratrix,
Carrizozo, N. M. O22-N12

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

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

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Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

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Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday
Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday
at 11 a. m. Church School at
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Germs If Tired,
Nervous, Aching**

Are you Run Down, Nervous, suffer Aching
or Swollen Joints? Do you Get Up Nights, or
suffer from Burning Passages, Frequent
Headaches, Leg Pains, Backache, Dizziness,
Painful Urination, Loss of Appetite and Energy?
If so, the true cause often may be germs
developed in the body during colds, or by
bad teeth or tonsils that need removing.
These germs may attack the delicate mem-
branes of your Kidneys or Bladder and often
cause much trouble. Ordinary medicines
can't help much because they don't get to the
germs. The doctor's formula **Cystex**, now
stocked by all druggists, starts fighting Kid-
ney germs in 3 hours and must prove entirely
satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the
medicine you need or money back is guar-
anteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cystex**
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Professional Ethics

People who have availed themselves of the medical or
surgical skill of a trained doctor, or the legal ability of a law-
yer do not attempt to keep facts of their case away from
him. In truth, they know that his "professional ethics" will
not permit him to reveal this information.

And Banking

People making application for a loan from their banker
should realize that the banker is governed by just as rigid a
code of ethics. He asks many seemingly personal questions,
not to be inquisitive, but to satisfy himself of the need for
the loan and your ability to repay it when due. He is in fact
trying to help you secure a loan. His information will ever
remain secret, you may rest assured of that.

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leader in the nation's church work. Dean Lundquist has
been active in teaching youthful groups for years, thereby
acquiring an insight into the needs of these people for
understandable explanations of Bible passages.

In view of his accomplishments in church work, it is
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weekly Sunday School lesson is being used in almost
every community of the nation. As teacher or student
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Dean of Faculty, Moody Bible
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ARTHUR CORTEZ
Fort Stanton, N. M.

In The Probate Court

Of Lincoln County
State of New Mexico
In the Matter of the Estate of
Camillo Nunez, Deceased.
No. 450

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the
undersigned was on the 23rd day
of August, 1937, appointed ad-
ministratrix of the estate of Ca-
millo Nunez, deceased, by the
Honorable Marcial C. St. John,
Probate Judge of Lincoln Coun-
ty, New Mexico.

Therefore all persons having
claims against said estate are
hereby notified to file same with
the clerk of Lincoln County, New
Mexico, within six months from
date of said appointment, or
same will be barred.

Dated this 4th day of Oct. 1937,
(Signed) Ramon Nunez,
Administratrix.

James M. H. Cullender,
Rowell, New Mexico.
Atty. for Administratrix. O6-23



Zuppke Gives His Recipe for Making an All-American

BOB ZUPPKE, whose Illinois team tied Notre Dame, provides the world's best definition of an All-American football star. To produce one he says you need "a man who can run, weak opposition, and a poet in the press box."

Although he has won five World series games and has beaten them four times the Giants still insist Lefty Gomez is not quite much as a pitcher. They admire Red Ruffing's ability to pitch to spots and say he was the best Yankee to face them.

Jack Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle, was here recently and now the boys say he was offered Al Weill's job as Hippodrome and Garden matchmaker. It still seems one of the main requirements of a Garden matchmaker is the ability or willingness to be bred every week.

Informed Philadelphians insist politics has become all important in the making of Penn's football teams, that the Yale massacre was no surprise. Friends report Tony Lazzari, who still is in line to manage the team next season, as saying all Cleveland's Indians need is a second baseman and a catcher to make them terribly tough for the Yankees to trim.

Experts Study Method of Stopping Di Maggio

Joe Di Maggio stands farther back from the plate now than he did when he joined the Yankees. This has caused smart baseball men who observed the World series to wonder if the old Coast league method of occasionally getting him out might not be effective once more.

Lefty Gomez is such a determined sports fan that he even pays his way into wrestling shows. Colonel Jake Ruppert can develop the best ball clubs and throw the worst parties of any one in the world.

Bill Terry and Travis Jackson don't see how Keller, Newark's hard-hitting outfielder, can miss being a Yankee star in 1939. Keller, by the way, played across the river all summer but never visited New York until Colonel Ruppert tossed a victory dinner for the Stars after their Little World series triumph.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

FRIENDS insist Walter Hagen will be back in this country next summer for one more fling at the big golf tournaments. One of them, who recently visited with him in Europe for several weeks, says the Hagen now is in better shape than at any time during the last seven years.

While Yale is weeping about a sad Frosh football squad Coach Johnny Gorman rejoices concerning the best Cubs ever seen at Princeton. Ninety-four young Tigers, including 15 prep and high school candidates are out for the team. The best of them is a husky named Jackson from Exeter.

The Red Sox will be torn apart during the winter with only Cronin, Jack Wilson, Higgins, Grove and McNair being fairly sure of their jobs while the club looks for a slugging outfielder, a top-flight catcher and a few winning pitchers. Incidentally, Business Manager Collins continues to get most of the blame from Boston's citizens who consider Angel-Owner Young Tom Yawkey more to be pitied than censured.

At Fordham they say both the White House and Jim Farley tried to arrange a football meeting between the Middies and the Rams. But, although it would have been a sellout and Navy is almost as greedy as West Point, the Sailors begged to be excused. After various pleas they were quoted finally admitting that Fordham was "just too good."

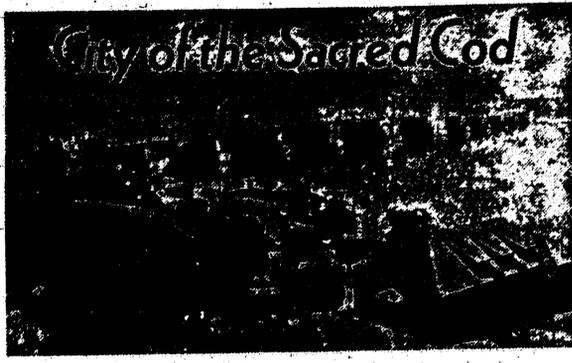
Mack's Illness May Keep Him Out in '38

Connie Mack is a very sick man and may not be able to resume managing the A's next spring. But the Macks are long lived.

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Some Reasons Why Boston Can High-Rank Among American Cities

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. GEOGRAPHICALLY, Boston is the trade and population center of rich, industrial New England. A few minutes' ride from Faneuil Hall are more than 5,700 factories and over 25,000 stores of one kind or another.

Boston does not flaunt these distinctions; yet seek and you find she has America's largest drydock; the world's greatest fish-freezing and storage plant. Here is a center of America's paper, wool, textbook, and cotton-manufacturing industries, and the second port in America in volume of ocean-borne passenger traffic.

Her deep-channel harbor, whose modern piers connect with rails and highways, is one of the most accessible on the Atlantic seaboard; it has 40 miles of berthing space and deep water to accommodate the largest vessels.

When "Boston ships" traded hardware for California hides before the days of '49, the shoe and leather industry of New England began. Today, a large share of all hides used in American leather and shoe factories is bought and sold inside one square mile of old Boston, where even in the middle of the street you catch the acrid whiff of newly tanned leather.

In Bombay is an old American icehouse. It dates from the period, beginning 1895, when Boston skippers took cargoes for sale in Jamaica, Cuba, Brazil and India. Now high-grade electrical machines, which include refrigerators, rank among Boston exports.

Boston's pioneer place in the import and processing of tropical things is still hers. She and her neighbors make more than a third of all America's rubber shoes; the trade name of one cocoa made here has been a household word for generations. Jute, burlap, goatskins, fleeces, bales of cotton, sisal, fruit, sugar, coffee, all pass this way.

Ask how long skilled workers have served in the same plants; hear how many generations of a given family have worked at the same trades, and you begin to account for the vitality of Boston industry. Here is pride in good work, inherited knowledge, genius for craftsmanship.

Made-Banana a Staple Food

John Hancock probably never saw a banana. At the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition, in 1876, curious crowds gazed in wonder at a bunch of them. Now everybody, from Quoddy Light to Golden Gate, from Key West to Alaska, knows their smell and taste.

Boston's United Fruit company makes the banana, once a rarity wrapped in tinfoil, today a staple American food. Yet its greatest feat is not in distribution, but production. About its success in turning jungle into rich plantations and its conquest of tropical disease, piles of fat books are written. All that is far from Boston, yet it was a Boston man, Andrew W. Preston, who conceived these incomparable tasks. When he began, long ago, the world banana crop barely equaled what New York alone now eats in a few weeks!

To get bananas the company had to raise them; so it became a vast agricultural concern. Jungle areas cleared and planted total thousands of square miles. When Minor C. Keith, of United Fruit, started his railroad to Costa Rica, a 19-year job that cost more than 4,000 lives from fever, there was but little rail in all Central America. Now the company owns and operates its tracks, trucks, and aerial tramways in 400,000 tropical regions. It has built towns, radio stations, hotels, harbors, hospitals; stores, schools, churches, theaters, playgrounds; shops, warehouses, markets; water, light, and power plants, and workers' homes by the thousands.

Center of Fish Industry

Besides growing bananas, it raises meat, vegetables, and other foods for its armies of workers, and operates sugar plantations, mills, and refineries; grows coconuts, coconuts, and other tropical products; and annually carries some 40,000 passengers on its 87 ships from Boston, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco to 25 different ports between Habana and Cartagena, Colombia. Though Boston, remote from grainfields and ranches, must so far

for bread and meat, she also covers much of America with fish, as well as bananas.

"But what profit might arise?" That was King James' query when Pilgrims asked him, in 1618, to permit them to sail for the New World. "Fishing," they replied.

"So, God save my soul!" he exclaimed. "'Tis an honest trade. 'Twas the Apostles' own calling." There's a reason why the Sacred Codfish is an emblem of Massachusetts; why its effigy hangs now in the statehouse, and has hung, in one assembly hall or another, for more than 200 years. It saved the early settlers from starving; preserved with salt from England, it became their first export; their first source of revenue.

Boston, like Gloucester, catches many other kinds now, from lobster to mackerel, and helps feed the whole United States. And cod is no longer the favorite; haddock is more in demand.

Go for a trip in a trawler. Heading for the Stellwagen bank, the dingdong echo of your radio depth-finder warns you that you are over the fishing grounds, and the big conical net is let go.

Wooden wheels, set on its lower lip, let it roll easily over the ocean floor; big wooden gates at each end, opening outward keep it stretched wide open, so that it scoops up everything that swims or crawls, from "sea eggs" to squid.

"Green," or unfrozen, fish is shipped as far west as Mississippi; frozen fish, really fresh fish preserved by freezing which will keep in perfect condition a year or more, reaches the Pacific coast, while salted and dried codfish, or "bacalao," is consumed as far away as southern Europe, the Caribbean, and the coast of Brazil.

Dawn brings the auction in a big "pit" at the pier's end. Signs on the walls say all bidding must be in English; bids are called in English, but debates rage with confusion of tongues.

Then this big, busy fish pier echoes with excitement. Men in rubber boots, wearing caps with long visors like duck bills, throw fish into rope baskets and swing them to the docks. Others run hither and yon, pushing bright-colored carts filled with fish, followed by sniffing, hard-faced wharf cats.

Bostonians Are Good Sailors

These Boston people love the sea. For generations they sailed it to make a living. Now many sail for fun, yet with all the skill and grim intent of adventurous clipper days.

Be asked to sail in yacht club races, especially if all your racing experience has been on the deck of a mustang, and you hear a new language. On the first day of "soft spots" in the air, of tacking, jiffing, crossing of bows and sterns, and shutting off of the rival's wind, sailing seems a sport not only of odd speech but of mysterious motions.

Then, all at once, you begin to sense these tricks of jockeying with boats. Here is horse racing, but on water! Instead of crowding the other, riding in to the rail to slow him down, you shut off his breeze power. Ship lines are only bridle reins; stiff breezes are spurs, and letting out a spinnaker is merely giving your nag her head.

Fair play and good sportsmanship are ingrained. Inherited English ways and proximity of Harvard, with its generations of clean sport, have fostered this love for games.

Plenty of Sport There

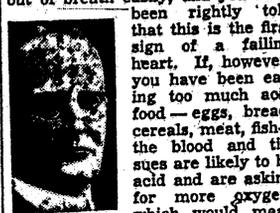
Gymnasiums came early, where circus acrobats and strong men used to be invited to "show off" for the boys. That colorful character in prize-ring history, John L. Sullivan, was born in Boston. Cricket, hockey, boxing, rowing, swimming, high bicycles, and ball players in full beards, Boston fostered them all; yet permitted no league baseball games on Sunday till 1929!

Special "snow trains" leave now, taking winter crowds with skis, sleds, and toboggans, at the first news of heavy snows in the White mountains. Born of the old East Indian battledore and shuttlecock, and introduced into England about a century ago by returning army officers, the game of badminton is now also much played about Boston.

New among Boston sports is midjet motor-car racing. She has a special Tom Thumb track, an oddily formed figure with seven turns. To it, on race days, tiny speed cars are hauled on trucks, for rough-and-tumble contests.

Don't Worry About Heart By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

WHEN you feel a pain in the region of the heart—directly over it, below it, above it or to one side—and you are not doing any work, and it is not after eating a heavy meal, it is not likely that there is anything wrong with your heart.



Perhaps also, you find your heart beating rapidly, perhaps at a rate of 84 to 90 instead of the usual 72 beats to a minute. If you are under any tension or strain, or have just eaten a hearty meal, it is normal or natural for the heart rate to increase.

Your Doctor Can Tell. However the thought is not that you should ignore or tell yourself to "forget" the pain in the chest or under breast bone, the getting out of breath easily or the rapid beat of the heart. The very fact that you have these symptoms and they "get on your nerves" should cause you to say to yourself, "I either have heart disease or I haven't, and I'm going to find out about it."

Fortunately your family physician can tell you in a very few minutes whether or not your heart is sound. And if he finds it sound then you can give the pain, shortness of breath, and the rapidity, even some irregularity, no more thought. And even if he finds some actual heart trouble, does this mean that you are doomed to the life of an invalid till you pass away?

By simple tests—exercise, holding the breath, and others—or by means of the electrocardiograph and fluoroscope, your doctor is able to estimate just what your heart can do "safely." He will give you some simple instructions as to rest, exercise, and food; (medicines) is sometimes given to steady the heart, and also to a great extent to steady the upset mind).

Food Supply in Body Fat. When an overweight individual decides that he or she is going to reduce weight for health or appearance's sake the first and longest step toward attaining the normal figure and weight has been taken.

The second step is to get a thorough examination by the family physician, particularly heart, blood vessels and kidneys. There have been cases of collapse and death following a strict reducing diet which could have been avoided had the overweight undergone examination and taken six months to a year to reduce instead of three or four weeks.

If the physician considers it safe to reduce and supervises the amount and kinds of foods that will be eaten during the reducing period, then there will be no going back to the full diet on the first sign of a little weakness or faintness. This is when so many overweights give up the struggle and if they are not under a physician's supervision they are wise to give up and get a fresh start.

The third step or point to remember is that whether the overweight eats a large or a small quantity of food, his body is going to require just a certain amount. If he eats more than this the extra food will accumulate as fat in and on his body; if he eats less than this required amount of food, the body is going to get that extra food needed from some place. And the place the body gets the extra food is his excess of stored fat.

"From the standpoint of nutrition the increased fat deposits or fat deposits of the body represent so much excess energy; consequently in reducing the weight an attempt is made to call forth these fat deposits. This is done by supplying a diet which has less than the amount needed to maintain the body structure and supply it with the energy needed for its daily work. This compels the body to draw on its reserve energy—the fat deposits."

It is in addition to this the body is required to do more work or exercise, then an even greater call is made on these fat deposits to supply this extra energy. This is the reason that less food and more exercise will always be the ideal method of reducing weight. This method builds muscle (strength of body) and reduces fat (an inactive tissue).

Household Questions

Just for a Change.—If you cannot afford to buy anything new for the house and you are just a little bit disinterested, this fall, try changing the position of the furniture and see if that bored feeling will not depart.

Dried Peel.—It is nice to dry the skins of several oranges and lemons and grate them, then putting them in a glass bottle in the refrigerator to be kept for flavoring purposes. It certainly saves time in the future and one is inclined to use these flavorings in interesting ways if already at hand.

Crab Savory.—1 crab, 3 tomatoes, 1 lettuce, watercress, 1 egg, pepper and salt. Shred the crab meat finely and mix with a little mayonnaise. Wash the lettuce and arrange leaves around and at the bottom of the dish. Place some crab in the center, then season with pepper and salt; add slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg and watercress.

Small Molds for Pudding.—In place of one large basin for a steamed pudding, try several small molds, placing them all in one large sauceman. They will take half as long to cook as one large pudding.

Using Kerosene Safely.—One of the safest ways of using kerosene is to mix it with wood or coal ashes, then use a few spoonfuls of this mixture when starting or rekindling a fire. This can be stored for regular use in a gallon bucket or other suitable container.

Opening Jars.—A strap with a buckle on one end can be used to good advantage in opening glass fruit jars. Run the strap through the buckle and tighten it around the cap. This enables you to get a good grip on the lid.

Spaghetti and Cheese.—A nice way of preparing spaghetti that does not require lighting the oven. Fry one chopped onion and one-half pound ground meat in olive oil until nicely browned. Add two cups tomato puree or sifted tomato pulp, one teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste. When nicely blended serve over plain boiled spaghetti and over the top sprinkle finely grated cheese.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and sets the lungs to work and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product, and the relief you want. (Adv.)

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There's Only One

By SOPHIE KERR

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WNU Service.



SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell her about her real mother, Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish. Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him instead of going to New York to look for a job. Anne decides that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job. Anne leaves provision for Rachel's finances in case of need and leaves for Europe. Rachel, bent on seeing her real mother, looks up Elinor Cayne's number. Rachel learns the Caynes are not yet in town. Pink takes Rachel to dinner at Tom and Rhoda Steele's where she meets Oliver Land, a shabby genteel young man out of work who suggests that she apply for a job as a photographer's model for advertising illustrations. He agrees to introduce her to the head of an agency. Rachel is not entirely happy with Pink Mathews. Her desire to see Elinor Cayne increases. Through Oliver Land she meets Louis Vinco, is hired as a photographer's model and succeeds on her first assignment making her feel her indebtedness to him.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Rachel knew better. Oliver hung around because she liked him; and he liked her, very much; yet it was not as simple as that, Oliver was not a simple person. He might like her—very much—but he might also be willing to take that commission, though he never admitted it outright. Rachel didn't feel that she could offer money to him; if she did and he took it, it would change everything. Men shouldn't take money from women like that. Then Rachel would wonder what difference it made, it was all right to help a friend in trouble; what difference did it make whether the friend was a man or a girl? But something always balked her when she tried to speak to Oliver about money, she didn't quite trust his want, it seemed, though she hated herself for suspecting it, a bit too histrionic.

"Everything seems to be going nowhere, nothing happens that makes sense," she thought unhappily. "I might as well have stayed in Rockboro with Bob Eddis. I've done nothing at all about the one thing I wanted most, nothing." She looked at the clock. She must go to an appointment made for her by Vinco, photographs for an automobile company, she would sit, smiling gaily, in a long red roadster with a young man-model beside her at the wheel, also smiling gaily because (supposedly) with the least amount of gasoline and the greatest amount of ease they were passing all the bigger grander higher-priced cars on the road! It bored Rachel to think of it.

CHAPTER VI

It turned out not to be a bore at all. The man model who sat beside her in the car was quite different from the usual Vinco brand. Rachel thought she had never seen him before but he told her she was mistaken. "I was there the first day you came," he said, "I've been hoping to see you again, but I'm not around very often. My name's Curt Elton. I know yours, you're Miss Vincent."

It reminded her a little of Bob Eddis, he was so off-hand, yet personal in his look at her. He didn't seem like a model, he wasn't slick, he wasn't collegiate, he wasn't handsome and self-conscious. He was plain and rather gangling, with a square face and humorous intelligent eyes.

"This doesn't seem your game exactly," said Rachel, as he opened the door of the car for her.

"It isn't. But Louis Vinco comes from my home town in Ohio and used to go to school with my brother, and when anything comes along where I might possibly be used, he sends for me. He's a good scout, Louis."

They sat for awhile after this, following directions. Rachel tilted her profile and smiled her smiles. Curt Elton kept his hands on the wheel and gazed ahead intently yet confidently, like a good driver accustomed to speeding.

When the long ordeal was over Curt Elton waited while Rachel took off the sport outfit sent for the picture and put on her street clothes. "Will you go somewhere and have a cup of tea with me?—or a cocktail, if you'd rather. I'm hungry and you ought to be. Or are you one of the ladies who never eat for fear of spoiling the perfect figure?"

"I don't know if I'm a lady, I haven't heard the word for so long. But I certainly do eat and I'd love some tea, for I'm dead."

Curt caught her arm as they passed an old-fashioned hotel.

"Let's stop in here, then. This place has good muffins and nice deep-cushioned chairs and they have real India tea, which should always be drunk, Miss Vincent, without any fixings—no sugar, cream, lemon or whatnot."

"Oh, I must have a tiny pinch of whatnot!" said Rachel; and then, "I don't know what makes me so silly. It must be because I'm tired."

It was early, there were few people in the tearoom. The tea and muffins were delicious and at first Curt and Rachel ate in the pleasant greedy silence of hunger. But at his second muffin Curt paused and spoke. "I'm awfully glad you came out with me. It was kind. I was afraid to ask you, really, for fear you'd turn me down."

"Well," said Rachel, reflectively, "it's the first time I've been out with one of Vincent's young men."

Curt stopped her with a shout. "Hey, lay off, I'm not one of Vincent's young men, God forbid. I'm just a country newspaper boy taking a sabbatical year to learn about the big city. And Louis Vinco, the good-hearted guy, throws a piece of easy money in my way as often as he can, because he worries about my finances. I'm not really hard up, but Louis thinks anything less than a plush suite and a private bath with valet attached is squalor. Needless to say, Louis didn't get those ideas in our native village."

"If you don't like being a model and don't need the money, why do you do it?" asked Rachel.

"But I just told you I'm a newspaper man and a comparative stranger in town. I want to know people, all kinds of people, and I



"But What's It All About?"

want to do all kinds of things. This is my year-off. When it's over I'm going back home and edit the paper my father edited." His face clouded for an instant, but he went on: "I'll have a lot of experience and a lot of pictures in my mind to keep forever. Like you, sitting there looking like, yes, you do—like Marlene Dietrich in 'Blue Angel.'"

"All legs and wispy ostrich feathers! Thanks! I can only hope you mean it kindly."

"Most girls would have screamed with joy."

"Then you've tried it before, that line?"

"It's my test. I say to a girl, 'You look like Marlene Dietrich in 'Blue Angel.''" and watch how she reacts. Then I rate her, the count ranging from one-half of one per cent to ten."

"And what does the rating prove, Mr. Einstein?"

"It doesn't prove anything. The trouble is, I try to do this modern young man patter and it never works out, the girl doesn't give the right answers."

"Now that's all settled," said Rachel, "suppose we skip it and talk sense. How long have you been here?"

"Since the first of June. I have a room in the Caledonia where O. Henry used to live. I get a new job every two weeks or so and between times I work for Vinco. It's all against his principles to take me on in this odd way, but he's intent on improving me and, do you know, sometimes I fear he's succeeding. I bought one of those deep blue shirts the other day from a swell haberdasher. I'm slipping."

"Tell me about your jobs," begged Rachel, "and don't take that last muffin, it belongs to me."

"I've driven a taxi, been a doorman for a chop suey joint, sold ladies' hosiery from door to door and delivered hats for a Fifth avenue milliner so far. How's that? I'd like to get a job as a waiter, but there's a stiff union. I may do some amateur window washing, or janitor work, and I want awfully to be an usher at Madison Square Garden."

"But what's it all about? Why do you try all this? Don't tell me you're writing a book."

"I might at that, a Worm's-Eye View of New York, maybe."

"It sounds grubby enough for a worm."

"Listen, my haughty beauty, in spite of the popular adage soap has very little to do with morals and none at all with interest of character, I know stacks of people who don't wash and don't shave much, but they're swell, nevertheless."

"Cleanliness combines very well with other attractions, though," Rachel maintained. "I must go on home," she continued, rising, "I'm going to get dinner tonight. Thanks ever so much for the tea. It's been fun." She was surprised that she was speaking the truth, the half hour with Curt Elton had reduced her discontent and pushed her difficulties into an easier perspective.

She stopped on the way home and bought mushrooms and a bacon, lines and avocados, and as Pink was late she had dinner almost ready when the other came in. "Oh good!" exclaimed Pink. "I'm so glad we're going to have something here instead of going out. I'm so tired I'm sunk. What elegant food!"

Just as they sat down to table there was a ring at their bell and a florist's box came for Rachel. She opened it to find snapdragon and African daisies, all pale rose and orange and yellow, with a card saying "You look like these, not like Marlene," but no name was signed.

So she had to tell Pink about Curt Elton and Pink said he seemed a good scout. "And a lot better than that so-and-so Oliver Land, if you ask me," she added.

"There's nothing the matter with Oliver except that he can't get a job," said Rachel, annoyed by Pink's coarseness. "Since when have you got a down on people because of that?"

"This Elton had seems to have no difficulty in finding jobs," replied Pink, calmly.

"That's different, he's quite another type. Everyone's not so smart and up and coming as you are, Pink. We're not all made alike."

"And thank heaven for that. But I do like a man to earn his own living and not cadge it."

Rachel had a grievance she had not aired. It would now make a reprisal.

"I don't criticize your friends, Pink. Not that I think so much of them—there's that girl across the hall, she's been in here half a dozen times and always to borrow something, carfare or a hat or an evening dress—"

"Genie Moore is going to be a great singer some day and she's only got money enough to pay for her living and her lessons and I'm glad to help her along. She works like a horse and she's got to have decent clothes when she gets a chance to sing at a private house. I suppose you're still peeved because I loaned her your white evening dress. I wouldn't have done it if she could have worn mine. I had it cleaned for you, didn't I?"

"This doesn't need to be a brawl," said Rachel. "I certainly didn't like your lending my white evening dress without telling me, but—"

"It was a chance for her to sing as a substitute and I didn't have time to do anything else. I should think you'd want to help another girl along. Look here, I'll buy you another evening dress and you can give me the white one and I'll give it to Genie Moore."

"Certainly not," said Rachel, stiffly. She didn't want to quarrel with Pink. She had come home feeling better than in weeks, the flowers had added to her peace of mind, but now somehow she and Pink were fighting. Over what? Over Oliver Land. She went on after a minute: "I don't want to defend Oliver especially, you'll think I'm interested in him and I'm not, but you ought to be fair, Pink. He may be a great actor some day

just as Genie Moore may be a singer."

"It's right to help Genie because she works and tries to help herself," blazed Pink. "Oliver Land's a loafer and a beat!"

Rachel got up and put on her hat and coat. "I'm going to the movies," she said, blindly. She stopped at the door, remembering that Pink was tired. "Leave the dishes, I'll wash them when I come in," she managed to say.

Her mood of discontent and loneliness had come back stronger than ever. She was, she thought, an utter failure. She sat in the nearest movie theater and watched the rearing comedy without seeing it, while all around her the audience chuckled and chortled. Finally, in the midst of the longest, loudest laughter she rose abruptly and went out. At the side of the theater foyer a telephone caught her eye. With sudden resolution she went in and dialed a number she knew by heart: R-E-4-5674, and as she heard the click of the connection and the far muffled ringing of the bell her heart began to swell and hammer painfully. A man's voice answered, a servant: "Yes, this is Mr. Peter Cayne's apartment. . . . You wish to speak to Mrs. Cayne. . . . What is the name, please, I will see if Mrs. Cayne is at home."

Rachel stammered painfully: "I—I don't want to give my name—please tell Mrs. Cayne it's—it's—someone she knew—a long time ago—"

"The voice answered as if by rote: 'What is the name, please, I will see if Mrs. Cayne is at home—'"

"Ask her please to speak to me—she used to—know me—" begged Rachel.

There was a pause, and then, "Mrs. Cayne will speak to no one who does not give a name," and the receiver was hung up.

The shock of the rebuff cleared up a little of Rachel's disordered emotions. She walked home slowly, thinking that she had been incredibly absurd.

When she got back to the apartment Pink had washed the dishes—whether as a rebuke or a peace gesture, Rachel did not know—and shut herself in her room.

As she dashed around trying to dress and make coffee at the same time, the next morning, Rachel realized that Pink was still angry. She had not fixed any orange-juice for Rachel or even cut the extra slice of bread ready for toasting, which the first one up usually left to help the later riser on her way. And yet Pink knew Vinco's stiffness about punctuality. Rachel hurried and burnt her fingers and cracked a glass and spilled the cream in the tiny refrigerator. At last she was ready but she had to take a taxi to the office, which was an extravagance. But when she came in, feeling bothered and fussed, there was Curt Elton talking to Mr. Vinco and his smile and greeting made her feel better. "Oh, those flowers!" she said. "They were so lovely. I can't tell you—"

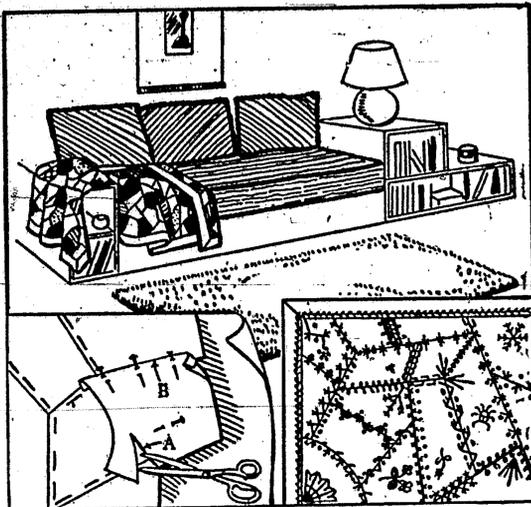
"Never mind trying. Listen, I've had good news for me. All those auto pictures have to be made over, the photographer, poor nut, used the wrong plates or the wrong lens or something. I'm going to pin a medal on him."

"It's true, Miss Vincent," said Vinco. "You have to go back there as soon as you're through with one other appointment. You've got to model an evening wrap for a fur catalogue, but that's all."

Miss Dean was writing down the first appointment on a card and while she did it Rachel heard Vinco going on with his talk to Curt. (TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Crazy Patch Work at Home in a Modern Setting

THE crazy patch is the oldest of quilt patterns, yet there is something amazingly modern in its angular lines. So whether your living room is traditional in style or newer than tomorrow you will be interested in the revival of crazy patch work for what our grandmothers and great-grandmothers called a "slumber throw."

A corner of one of these old silk crazy quilts is shown here at the lower right. The pieces were small—many not more than 1½ inches wide or long. A variety of embroidery stitches joins the pieces. Both plain and figured silks were used, the plain patches often being embroidered with flowers, fans and other amusing motifs—note the beetle embroidered on one patch. Several colors of silk embroidery thread were generally used but in the most artistic of these quilts one color predominated in the embroidery.

Larger patches with simple feather stitch and herring-bone stitch at the joinings also give a good effect. The pieces are sewed to a foundation of some firm soft material. Outing flannel or an old wool blanket are good. Pin a piece in place over the space to be filled, trim the edges to the right shape, as at A, allowing enough to turn under, as at B, where the patch laps over the one next to it. Basted

the turned edges down, as shown. When a number of patches have been basted in place, sew them down to the foundation with the embroidery stitches and then remove the bastings. The backing is tied to the front with silk embroidery thread as comforters are tied. Little or no padding may be used and a plain band around the edge is effective.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Open Peach Pie.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 6 peaches | 1 cupful flour |
| Sugar, cinnamon | 1 egg |
| 1 egg yolk | 1½ teaspoonful |
| 3 tablespoonfuls | baking powder |
| cream | ¼ cupful sugar |
| 1 tablespoonful | 3½ teaspoonful |
| butter | milk |

Make a cookie dough type of crust from last six ingredients, as follows: Mix dry ingredients. Work in butter, and add the slightly beaten egg and milk. Mix and then pat and roll out on board or pastry canvas. Fit into nine-inch pie plate. Peel the peaches, remove stones and slice in even slices. Arrange in circular fashion over the dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed. Beat the egg yolk, add three tablespoonfuls cream and drip over and around the peaches. Bake in hot oven for about 30 minutes or until crust is browned and peaches are soft.

Right Is Might

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay Heating Expert

Simple Way to Avoid Dust When Shaking Grates and Taking Ashes From Pit

THERE is an easy way to keep dust from sifting through the cracks of the ashpit door when shaking furnace grates. Quite a few readers have asked me how it can be done, and I'm sure many more of you will be interested. Here's how:

Have a spray made of small pipe, connected with the cold water system installed in the ashpit



of the furnace. Only a short length of pipe will be needed. In it have small holes drilled and cap the free end.

Just before shaking the grates, turn on the spray. It will throw a fine mist over the whole ashpit, wetting down the ashes as they drop through the grate openings and settling the dust immediately. Then remove the ashes from the ashpit. They will be sufficiently wet to prevent the dust from rising and settling in the cellar.

The cost and installation of such a spray will be but little, and it certainly will save you considerable work in dusting off things on which the dust would otherwise settle.

Constipated?



Many doctors recommend Nujol for its gentle action on the bowels. Don't confuse Nujol with unknown products.

INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

Ma!

I got my name in the paper!

ONLY NEWSPAPERS BRING THE NEWS OF VITAL INTEREST TO YOU

Headlines may scream of death and disaster without causing you to raise an eyebrow. But if your son gets his name in the paper—that's real news! It isn't by accident that this paper prints so many stories which vitally interest you. For this newspaper was edited for you and your neighbors. News of remote places is stated briefly and interpreted. Local news is covered fully, because all good editors know that the news which interests the readers most is news about themselves.

Now is a good time to learn more about this newspaper which is made especially for you. Just for fun ask yourself this question: How could we get along without newspapers?

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

Geographers Say London Is Sinking Into the Sea; Inch Added in Year

London is sinking into the sea, so the Royal Geographical society tells us, and this year she has completed another inch in that seaward journey, reports a London correspondent in the Chicago Tribune.

London has sunk 80 feet in all, but it has taken 5,000 years to do it. It has not sunk at a regular rate either, but by fits and starts, and the Royal Geographical society says that the "next 50 years are likely to show startling changes."

"There are many ways in which geologists can ascertain what has happened in the past and forecast with reasonable accuracy what is likely to happen in the future. There is a historical check on many things."

For instance, in the reign of Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey built the Bridewell palace on the embankment at Blackfriars. He would not

be likely to build a palace where the ground floor would be flooded at every high tide. Yet that is where the palace was. When they were laying the foundations for Unilever house, which stands on the site of the old Bridewell palace, the palace wharf was found to be seven feet below the ordinary high tides of today.

Geologists say that London has not sunk the usual amount every decade. There was a period of about 200 years when the subsiding ceased, and then there occurred such a quick sinking that wide areas were flooded.

A tide only 15 feet above the spring level would submerge most of the city today.

London's danger comes from the sea up the river, rather than from the sources down, as is the case with American floods.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

This week's famous saying: "Did you enjoy the "Frontier Days" Celebration?"

As Ben Bernie requests, "Lend Thine Ear."

When I was a young feller, I wanted a Gig and a Gal. Then came a Flivver and a Flapper.

Soon it will be a Plane and a Jane. — Uncle Ezra on the radio Saturday night.

HE WOULD

Pope Favors Japs—Associated Press Headline. Well, Meester Pope, we ain't telling you how to run your business.

DUST STORMS

A great gray curtain of foggy dust

Stretched from the sky In front of the sun. Its heavy folds, pulled by the wind,

Fell around all things, Draping Earth's stage in darkness

As if her play was done. —Elizabeth Dehuff.

During the recent radio speech by Mr. Justice Black, we heard a new way to pronounce the word "any." Judge Black called it "eeny."

—Thanks for the information; we can't all be intelligent.

Picture—The Girls' Basketball team in a town in Missouri — the score was tied between the two contending teams — one of the girls made the winning goal, and not a soul interfered with her. How? — She had a live mouse displayed and ready to drop on the floor.

Note—It might be advisable to try the mouse idea for the Carrizozo hi-school girls' basketball team. Of course, the girl has to be really brave to attempt it.

AS MAINE GOES?

New Deal For Leads in Senate Race in Arkansas, heading. Congressman J. E. Miller, Independent, showed almost a two to one over Gov. Carl E. Bailey, Democratic state committee leader and ardent New Dealer, from a news item of Oct. 13.

This Wednesday, we were confronted by a most unusual sight. It was Mr. R. P. Hickey and his dog "Giggles" riding in a one-horse hay. And he had a high-stepping mare, of the thoroughbred variety.

We heard a broadcast from Brussels, Belgium last Sunday, between two commentators interviewing each other. What got us, was that the bird over in Belgium coughed and cleared his throat. We also heard a broadcast coming from Greenland, 600 miles from the North Pole that same day.

Yea and Foresooth; Radio is a pretty clever piece of what-cham-call-it. You can't see it, can't feel it, can't smell it — but you can hear it.

If the Spanish insurgents released the captured American aviator because they liked his wife's looks, why don't we send Mae West over there and stop the war? — Tucumcari News. Adios; thanks for listenin'.

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Notice

All persons are warned against Trespassing, Hunting or Fishing on my ranch property Twelve miles southeast of Corona, N. M.
Signed,
Harry Ryberg.

Notice

All parties are hereby warned against Trespassing, Hunting or Fishing on what is known as the John Roberts ranch 7 miles east of Carrizozo. Violators of this legal notice will be prosecuted according to law.
Signed,
Marvin Roberts.

See price list of new Shoe-Shop on page 5. Work by an expert.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Hondo there - Oct. 22
Clouderaft there - Oct. 29
Roswell Inst. Juniors Nov. 18
Cloudercraft here - Nov. 19

HOSPITAL NOTES

Mrs. Tom McDonald of Tularosa is a patient at a local hospital.

Mrs. Nellie Reily, who has been ill the past week, is improving.

Mr. Lucero of Corona, who has been in a local hospital the past month with a badly broken leg, is now improving.

Mr. Gilliland of San Antonio has been dismissed from a local hospital.

Roswell Business Men
Attend Frontier Days

The following business men of Roswell represented Chaves County at the Frontier Days celebration: Messrs. Williams, The Model; Lee, Big Jo Lumber Co.; Powers, Phillips Petroleum Co.; Lacer, La Hondo Courts; Markl, Mountain States Telephone Co.; Knight, Southwestern Public Service Co.; Clardy, Clardy's Dairy; Miley, Roswell Tractor and Implement Co.; Fozeman, retired; Prager, Price and Co.; Pack, Greenhaven Camp; Amis, Contractor; Miller, Gross-Miller Grocery Co.; Vaughan, Roswell Casket Company.

NOW is the time to buy pinons at Ziegler Bros.

Mrs. John E. Brady, daughter Mabel and Bob Brady of Hondo attended the American Legion doings here last week-end.

Hallowe'en Ball

CLEGHORN HALL

White Oaks, N. M.

Saturday, Oct. 30

SAT CHAVEZ

Orchestra 029pd

Music-Drama Study Club

The Music-Drama Study Club met at the home of Mrs. R. E. Blaney yesterday evening, with Mrs. Selma Degitz, President, presiding. Mesdames Burns and Blaney had charge of the program. Several excellent musical numbers, a legend of Tucumcari Mountain and a one-act comedy were given. The next meeting of the club will be held at the home of Mrs. T. E. Kelley Nov. 11, with Mesdames Mayer and Kelley in charge of the program.

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

Harry Gallacher, W. M., of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., Jack Spence of Alamogordo and Pat Kirk of Tularosa were delegates to the Grand Lodge Communication at Albuquerque, leaving here Sunday afternoon and returning home Tuesday evening.

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

NOTICE

All persons are warned against trespassing, hunting or fishing on my property known as the Fred Neighbauer ranch about 14 miles southwest of Carrizozo. Violators of this legal notice will be prosecuted according to law.
Signed: John W. Harkey.
022-N12

Martinez—Chavez

Last Saturday night, with Judge Elerdo Chavez performing the ceremony, Miss Margaret Martinez and Reuben Chavez were united in marriage.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Juan Martinez. She was born, reared and educated in Carrizozo and is very popular among the younger set of the town.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Saturnino Chavez and like his bride, he was born and reared here and graduated from our High School in 1935. He is a member of the Sat Chavez orchestra and has many friends who wish the happy couple the best of everything in wedded life.

Their sponsors were Miss Clara Fresquez of Vaughn and Sat Chavez, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hightower, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cooper, all of Magdalena, were here for the Frontier Days celebration.

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"Where Value has a Meaning"

SPECTACULAR

Showing of New Fall
READY-TO-WEAR

New Fall Dresses \$3.85 to 7.85

New Fall Coats \$11.85 to 27.85

New Fall Hats \$1.95 to 3.95

Ladies' Brownbilt Shoes in Kid and Suede \$3.65 to 6.00

Men's Marx-Made Suits \$25 up

John B. Stetson Hats \$5 to \$9

Freeman Shoes \$4.50 to 7.00

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New Fall Goods

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Carrizozo, N. M.

**Masquerade
Hallowe'en
Ball**

Wingfield Hall
Ruidoso, N. M.

Saturday Night, Oct. 30

Confetti And Favors Of All Kinds

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Name _____ Address _____

BYRNE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
DALLAS, TEXAS

Methodist Church Notes

The last services of the Conference year will be held Sunday morning and evening. It looks now that we will be able to make a 100% report. We are expecting a large crowd Sunday at 7 p. m. We will leave for Albuquerque Wednesday morning. We sincerely appreciate the kind generosity of the people of Capitan and Carrizozo. Be sure and be at church Sunday morning and evening.—Rev. J. A. Bell.

FOR SALE—Slightly used furniture for three rooms. Will sell at a bargain.—Gunther C. Kroggel, New Mex. Mechanical Equipment Co.

Reid Dudley is spending his vacation on the Hall ranch near Ancho.

Don English of the Carrizozo Hardware Company spent a few days in El Paso this week, studying latest method of Frigidaire electrical refrigeration, oil heating and air conditioning.

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Gives You an Appetite**

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1936 V-8 Pickup

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1935 Chevrolet Pickup

1933 Oldsmobile Sedan

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