

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION Near Pre-historic Malpais and Gran Quivira

Carrizozo Outlook

THE HOME PAPER Oldest Paper in Lincoln County 8 PAGES

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1937

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Lyric Theatre

Friday and Saturday - Wheeler & Woolsey in - "On Again, Off Again" A typical, double dyed-in-the-wool comedy.

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday - Shirley Temple & Victor McLaglen in - "Wee Willie Winkie"

This picture is made in the land of the Bengal Lancers and a story as only Kipling could write it!

Wednesday and Thursday John Beal and Armada in - "Border Cafe"

A picture of the Mexican border, but not essentially a western. Taken from the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

I. O. O. F. Doings

At another big meeting of Carrizozo Lodge No. 80, I. O. O. F. Tuesday night, the Initiatory Degree was conferred on Fred Hendrix of Ancho.

At the last meeting, officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: Noble Grand, Paul Wilson; Vice Grand, Colonel Jones; Secretary, Wm. J. Langston; Treasurer, L. H. Dow.

L. E. Kidwell of Ancho also was in attendance at this meeting; Mr. Kidwell having become a member recently of the local lodge.

W. J. Sandfer of Tinnie was a business visitor in town today, Friday.

B. L. Moore of his ranch in the Jicarilla mountains was a visitor in town last Saturday.

Andy Padilla and M. C. St. John visited Mrs. Padilla at the Fort Stanton hospital last Sunday, where she is recovering from injuries she sustained in a car wreck last week.

Allie Stover is a visitor here from Hondo today.

In our mail this week we received another welcome letter from one of the editor's old friends and former associates when we both resided in Burlington, Iowa, many years ago.

Mary Nell Loughrey, who was injured in El Paso several weeks ago in a car wreck, has regained consciousness, it is reported.

Personals

Included in the passing week's mail, we received a letter from one of our old subscribers, Miss Hortense Payne, now residing in Clarksburg, W. Virginia.

Margaret Brown of Hachita spent Thanksgiving Day and the week-end with her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Shaver.

R. E. Lemon of the Citizens Bank left Tuesday after receiving a message to the effect that his father was seriously ill at his home in White City, Kansas.

Mrs. M. R. Hendrix and son Fred were here from Ancho yesterday, re-subscribed and took home a box of chocolate creams.

Mrs. R. M. Storey is in Noble, Okla., on account of the serious illness of her father and her daughter, Mrs. Buddy Wood is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. W. H. Peterson and daughter Deloris were El Paso visitors this Wednesday.

Mrs. Phillip Gensler, Sr., invites the members of the Carrizozo Woman's Club to an exhibition of water colors and prints from the Southern States Art League, Dec 4 and 5, one to six o'clock, Community House, Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

BORN - To Mr. and Mrs. Ted Pursey, Sunday, Nov. 28, a boy. His name is Russell Monroe. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mrs. Carl Jones arrived yesterday from Van Nuys, California to visit with old friends for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fitzpatrick have moved from their ranch near White Oaks to the O - O ranch in the Venado Gap where Eddie is now employed.

Vaden Elliott is employed as cashier at the Star Cafe.

Christmas Cards

Now on sale at the Burke Art & Gift Shop. At popular prices, of course. An early inspection is advisable.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dale of the Ancho country were Carrizozo visitors this Thursday.

BORN - To Mr. and Mrs. Halley Hall of Ancho, a girl. Mother and daughter are doing nicely. Mrs. Hall was the former Miss Edith Dudray.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Cook left Wednesday for Monticello, N.M., where Bob will be in a government position.

Candy Premium Offer Bigger Than Ever

LAST YEAR, The Outlook gave away a Two-pound Box of Chocolate Creams with every new subscription or Renewals 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.

Pacheco-Chavez

Last Saturday morning at the Santa Rita Catholic Church, with the Reverend Father Salvatore officiating, Miss Refugio Pacheco of La Luz and Tony Chavez of Carrizozo were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in a beautiful and impressive ceremony.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

There was a banner attendance at the Carrizozo Business Men's Club Wednesday evening at its regular 6 o'clock dinner and business session at the popular Southern Pacific Hotel.

As the term ended with that session, the election of officers took place with the following results:

President, G. T. McQuillen Vice-President, James M. Carpenter

Secretary, Dr. R. E. Blaney. The visitors were: State Health Officer Dr. Godfrey and Assistant Dr. Charles Cree of Santa Fe; Rev. Vandiver, pastor of the local Baptist Church. Commanding Officer Johnson of the local CCC Camp was also a guest.

His Honor Mayor Ed Comrey of Nogal was in town this Wednesday. He was accompanied by his niece.

J. H. Fulmer and John E. Wright were business visitors in Roswell and in the Pecos Valley country several days this week.

Mrs. R. A. Walker of the Lyric Theatre has received encouraging word from her husband, who is in the veterans' hospital at Albuquerque. He is improving nicely and according to attending physicians, he will be able to enjoy his Christmas dinner at home.

Mrs. Mollie Miller

Mrs. Mollie Miller, who passed away at Long Beach, California, recently, was among the first residents of Carrizozo. She, with her husband, were charter members of Comet Chapter O. E. S. and worked hard for its success.

"Farewell, dear voyager - the river winds and turns; The cadence of your song wafts near to me; And now you know the thing that all men learn; There is no death, there's immortality."

Winner Take All

And the subscriptions are coming in fast. With one year's subscription (paid in advance) to The Outlook, you may take home a 2 1/2 pound box of dainty Loose-Wiles Chocolate Creams as a premium.

ATTENTION, MASONS

All Master Masons are invited to the regular communication at Masonic Temple, tomorrow night Saturday, Dec. 4

Election of officers will take place at this communication. Harry Gallacher, W. M. R. E. Lemon, Sec'y.

Leandro Vega has been doing some carpenter work for Jack Cleghorn at White Oaks this week. Joe Vega is doing some building at Joe West's dairy.

Pete Johnson was returned to the hospital at Liberal, Kansas, leaving here last Sunday night. It is hoped that physicians will see fit to remove the casts from his legs in a short time.

Elmer Huet was a business visitor from Nogal yesterday.

Mrs. T. E. Smith is assisting at the Star Cafe.

Mr. and Mrs. Efron Pacheco of Arabela were here last Saturday for the Chavez-Pacheco wedding, leaving for home Sunday.

The Immigration officials from Alamogordo were here Monday on some business.



A. L. B.

Memory's Lane

It was in the early 70's when steamboats ran up and down the old Missouri river from St. Louis to Omaha. The writer was then ten years of age, but it was a great sight for him and other boys of that age to watch the incoming and out-going of the old War Eagle, the Bald Eagle, and other vessels of that time which plowed the waters of the "Big Muddy."

On the trips, the passengers were always provided with means of entertainment and among other features, a young Irishman by the name of Mike McDougal would dive from the front of the upper deck, allow himself to drift under the boat and come up behind it. The boat would stop, lower a skiff and bring him back. This furnished a great thrill for the passengers. The steamboats in those days were all stern-wheelers, but Mike continued to perform his stunt for several round trips as the people on board cheered and threw money to him after each performance.

The steamboat company would advertise Mike's perilous diving as the front feature on each program and passengers a way a s waited patiently for his number. At a given signal, Mike would rush from his stateroom dressed in a close-fitting swimming suit and waving a salute to the crowd, he would plunge overboard and allow the current to carry him under the boat. The passengers would then run to the rear and watch him come up behind the wheel.

But Mike, like most adventurers, finally met his fate. The old War Eagle left Omaha one bright morning in May, south-bound and carrying many passengers. The program began shortly after they left the landing and between there and Nebraska City, Mike made his last dive. Old-timers often said that Mike made the prettiest dive they ever knew him to make, but the watchers waited in vain to see him come up. It was said that in some manner, he failed to dive deep enough to avoid the swiftly turning stern wheel and it caught his body, lashing it to pieces. It was useless to try to save the body, as fragments of the once daring swimmer and diver were seen floating over the muddy waters.

Messrs. Lupe Gabaldon of Claunch, Emil Sanchez and Aguilar of Tularosa were Carrizozo visitors last Saturday.

The Carrizozo Woman's Club will hold a Bazaar and baked goods sale Dec. 11, at the Carrizozo Hardware Store.

Several people from Arabela, Capitan, Lincoln, Claunch, Alamogordo and Hot Springs attended the Pacheco-Chavez wedding dance last Saturday night.

The Carrizozo Cleaners have now samples of a new line of tailor-made suits and overcoats. Drop in and see them.

Local Mention

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Blaney entertained a dozen of their friends with a Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Farley of Alamogordo being the out-of-town guests.

Mrs. Andy Padilla is recovering nicely from injuries received in a car wreck last week.

Misses Marie and Margie Merchant were here from Capitan last Saturday and while in town, they re-subscribed to the Outlook and took home a 2 1/2 pound box of chocolate creams.

Mesdames Sally Ortiz, Juan Oario and Miss Prescilia Torres were El Paso visitors last week-end.

On page 8 of this paper, you will notice an ad announcing the opening of a new Beauty Shop on the second floor of the Carrizozo Hardware Co., the same being operated by Mrs. Gladys Hicks, an expert in this line of business. Give Mrs. Hicks a call and get acquainted.

Mrs. Hugh Bunch, daughter Ida Dell and son Hugh Charles were Thanksgiving visitors at the home of Mrs. Bunch's sister and son Jerry at Ramon. They returned home Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland spent Thanksgiving in Roswell with Mr. and Mrs. Poe Corn and children.

Miss Evelyn Ellison spent the Thanksgiving vacation with the home folks at Hobbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Peek, the Carrizozo Cleaners, spent Thanksgiving and the week-end with relatives and friends in Tucumcari, returning home Tuesday.

Mrs. Robt. Cook, who had been confined in a local hospital has now recovered, and is now up and around.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Stearns of Tucumcari were week-end guests of the Roy Shafer family, and their many Carrizozo friends.

Mrs. Henry Hale of the lower valley was a Carrizozo business visitor Saturday. Mrs. Hale was the former Miss Frances Fritz.

Mmes. L. A. Boone of the popular Buena Vista Hotel and H. Balknap were visitors in town this Tuesday.

Mrs. W. T. Lumpkins of Capitan passed through here Saturday enroute to Arizona to visit her son Sherman and family.

Mrs. Gussie Johnson spent Thanksgiving and the week-end at Tucumcari as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Cazier.

Mrs. Alice French came over from Albuquerque Tuesday and will remain for the week as a guest of Mrs. Gussie Johnson. Mrs. French spent the major portion of the summer with her son Miller and wife near Yellowstone Park, where Miller was employed in government work, after which she accompanied them to Denver, where they are to spend the winter, that city being Miller's headquarters.

Mrs. Laura Sullivan was here from Roswell yesterday, visiting her father, John Scharf, brother Albert and Mrs. Scharf.

"PRAISE ALLAH!" for the "BIG APPLE"

Wild Urge of Youth Finds Its Outlet in This Hectic Modern Adaptation of the Old Virginia Reel to "Swing" Music.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

YOU'D never believe it, but it all started in the House of Peace. And it has caused more excitement, noise and general pandemonium in the giddy social whirl than anything since Gilda Gray and the thousands who imitated her shimmy.

That's the "Big Apple." An untamed, exhausting thing that releases all the wild urge of youth in a modern, nervous age. To say that it has taken the country by storm is like saying Shirley Temple has charm; you've got to add: "And then some!"

A few months ago no one had ever heard of this dance. Yet today you'll find the "Big Apple" in places of such widely divergent character as Chicago's "black and tan" belt and New York's Rockefeller Center; almost any cross-roads Saturday night dance hall and Hollywood's Brown Derby.

The "Big Apple" is not a fruit growers' promotion gag, although perhaps nothing has publicized the apple so widely since the phrase, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," was coined. It was named for the negro night club where it originated—the Big Apple club in Columbia, S. C. In other days the building had been a synagogue called the House of Peace—an odd enough birthplace for this frantic frolic of the feet.

You've Got to Be Athletic.

Negroes invented it, young college students saw it and introduced it at their parties, and from there it spread to the four points of the compass faster than the latest Mae West joke.

Let's visit a party where the "Big Apple" is in progress. It may be at a fraternity dance in one of the large state universities, at a fine seaside hotel, at a swanky country club or at a honky-tonk joint in Harlem. The rigorous routine is the same.

The band leader is the boss here, and he can drive his slaves to rhythm as hard as any slave driver in an ancient galley. He throws them waving their arms and kicking their feet into the old familiar "Charleston," and with another call he plunges them into the newer and wilder "Suzy Q." "Swing high" sets the circle shuffling in a clockwise direction; "swing low" shifts it into reverse. Couples "cut the apple" and "heel the apple" at the call.

Survival of the Fittest.

After this preliminary workout the leader calls upon individual couples



At Kearney, N. J., 800 students threatened a strike if High School Principal G. G. Mankey refused to lift his ban on the "Big Apple." Here are two Kearney students who don't give a hang for the rule, dancing their favorite new "swing" craze.

from the leader, all the couples who have not by this time fallen by the wayside duck their heads and stagger into the center crying "Whoo!"

What does all this represent? A return to the savage and primitive? In civilization degenerating? Perhaps. But is not "swing" music itself merely a technical refinement of the primitive, elemental rhythm of the tom-tom? Only sophisticated overtones have been added. Most folks would rather believe that the "Big Apple" is a good thing for modern civilization, for civilized though we may be there is a wild urge in the meekest among us, and the dance gives that urge safe physical expression.

Probably the "Big Apple" is no wilder for us than the Virginia Reel

during variations of it—the Bunny Hug, the Grizzly Bear, the Gotham Gobble and the Lovers' Walk.

And then "Alexander's Ragtime Band!" The storm broke. This was a brand-new kind of music. Exciting. Stimulating. Hot. Ragtime! Dancing came out into the open. The restaurants sacrificed a few tables for floor space on which to dance. Orchestra directors who had led sweet, stringed dinner-music numbers suddenly began to sway their hips in the new rhythm of jazz!

From South America came the Tango, about the same time that the Turkey Trot made its bow. It was a good change of pace and it has lived until this day.

Vernon and Irene Castle, the famous dance team, were the idol of youth in those days. Early in 1913 they bowled the country over with their grace and invention; they made a graceful, more pleasant thing of the Turkey Trot. Thousands flocked to see them in Louis Martin's Cafe de l'Opera.

Castle Killed in 1918. The Castles probably did more than any other professional dancers to increase the popularity of public dancing. Their most important contribution was the invention of the Fox Trot, which is the basis of most dancing today. Originally, it consisted of eight running steps and turns; later it slowed down to four slow and four quick steps.

All through the World war the craze for the Fox Trot continued. Vernon Castle was killed in 1918, but not before the changes in dancing, which he had helped to bring about had become well established. The soldier boys danced it with their wives and sweethearts before they went overseas and after they came back.

It was upon their return that the mad period we call the Jazz age began. Youth was finding a new freedom. The speakery had become a national institution. The cry was for more and faster and "hotter" music. And some weird and abortive dance steps found their ways to the public fancy.

Enter the Rumba.

Probably we might have expected ballroom dancing to wane in popularity during the dark years of the depression; but the opposite was the actual case. The explanation may be found in the fact that dancing provided an escape from gloom and in the added leisure which most people had to endure.

The Rumba came in, during the depression. Some tourists probably picked it up in the West Indies and started the country on the way to a new craze. It will never become as popular as the Fox Trot or waltz, because it is too difficult, but it may remain beside the Tango as a "stunt" number for the more accomplished dancers.

Most important of the recent innovations is "swing" music, which is hardly more than a reshuffle of old-time jazz. With it came the lively Shag, a dance which is the most important fundamental of the Big Apple.

But in America more than anywhere else fame is a fickle creature, and who knows, perhaps next year the Big Apple will have been forgotten and some new and even madder dance inspiration will fire the country.

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Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Worse Than Drowning"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

Charles Quinones of Bronx, N. Y., sends in a yarn that sets a new high for horror. Charley Quinones had a mighty queer adventure. It was one that gave him a choice between two deaths. One of them was drowning—and that's no fun. But horrible as drowning was, it wasn't half as bad as that other horror—the one that was waiting for him up above.

Charley is a Porto Rican who has come to the States to finish his education. It's a tale about his native land that he's going to tell us today. A good many years ago—on April 9, 1927, to be exact—Charley and a bunch of other lads about his own age, started out to do some dynamite fishing.

They all lived in the town of Jajardo, on the northeast tip of Porto Rico, and the sea was not far away. They chose a spot called El Faro because of a lighthouse that stood on the hill above it. El Faro was on the shores of a tidewater lagoon where the fish, at high tide, were large and numerous. Charley and his friends took along food, a pan to fry fish in—and several sticks of dynamite to catch the fish.

Fishing With Dynamite.

The tide came through the lagoon at El Faro at a pretty rapid clip. It was at the time when that tide was just turning that dynamite fishing was best, for if they waited while the tide ebbed, the fish would go out with it. They attached fuses to their dynamite and one of the boys threw it into the water. There was a momentary hush, followed by an explosion. The water heaved and trembled. A great wave shot up from below the surface, and with it came fish—hundreds of them—of all sizes, species and colors.

They had to act quickly after that. If they didn't get those fish immediately the swift-moving tide would carry them away. Half a dozen of them dived into the water and began gathering up the ones on the surface. Charley Quinones followed them—but instead of going after the fish on the surface he took a long, deep dive toward the bottom of the lagoon.



Between the Devil and the Deep.

The little fish came to the top after an explosion, but the bigger ones sank to the bottom—and it was the big ones that Charley was after.

Charley had made a good dive, but there was no time to lose. The current was even swifter down near the bottom than it had been on the surface. He saw a big fish—and another—and half a dozen more. "I tried to take two," he says, "but they were too slippery. I took the largest one within reach and turned my head toward the surface. But at that moment I saw something that made me change my mind."

It was a ghastly sight that Charley saw up there above him. Up near the surface, directly over his head, he saw something white swimming back and forth. A second look told him what it was—and his whole body began fairly crawling with horror. That white thing up there was a SHARK!

Huge Shark Was Terrifying.

Says Charley: "The sight of it almost made me faint, and there aren't enough words in any language to describe how terrified I felt. The monster was swimming close to the surface and he seemed to be eating the dead fish that our explosion had brought up to the top of the lagoon. He was huge—one of the biggest sharks I had ever seen, and from where I was I could see his great mouth with its rows of horrible sharp teeth."

Charley saw and thought all those things in a fraction of a second. He knew he couldn't swim upward. That shark would have eaten him alive in less than a minute. But he couldn't stay down there under the water long, either. He had to have air. Already his lungs were beginning to ache from the strain of holding his breath—already his head was spinning around giddily for want of oxygen in his lungs.

Never in his life had Charley been in a worse spot. "What I suffered in those moments of cruel apprehension," he says, "seems incredible now. I never thought the human body and the human mind were capable of standing so much torture. My ears were ringing madly. My lungs felt as though they were about to burst. My heart was beating violently. I wanted to cry, but I couldn't."

"The water down there at the bottom was dark and gloomy. Up on the surface, a dim figure, now, in my blurring eyes, the monster still hovered. It seemed that he was waiting patiently for me to come up. Many times I had heard the expression, 'Between the Devil and the Deep,' and there I was in literally that same predicament."

Desperate Push to the Surface.

"And what made matters worse was the fact that no one could help me out of it. I was alone—more alone than anyone has ever been before, I believe. I couldn't hold my breath any longer, and I took a last desperate chance. Pushing madly with my feet, swimming with all the strength that was left in me, I shot toward the surface. It was hardly possible that I could get out of the water before the shark got me. But I had no other choice.

"Up I went. Then, suddenly I heard a splash—felt a violent blow from a huge body—and lost consciousness."

When Charley came to he was lying on the beach, his friends all grouped around him. They had seen the shark swimming around on the surface, and they knew Charley was at the bottom. They thought sure Charley was a goner, but they did what they could. One of the boys got a huge piece of driftwood from the beach, floated it out on the water and struck at the shark—just as Charley was coming to the surface. The shark turned to swim away, and in doing so had run smack into Charley—and nobody has figured out yet who was the most frightened by that collision—the shark or Charley.

The other young fellows had dragged Charley, half drowned, to the beach, and Charley says that's the last time he's been swimming in anything bigger than a bathtub.

© WNU Service.

International Boundary Markings

The land part of the international boundary between the United States and Canada, which is about 1,749 miles in length, is marked variously with monuments of iron, aluminum, bronze set on concrete, stone cairns and concrete, placed at points ranging from two and a half to four miles apart. A vista has been cut through the trees where the line runs over wooded areas. The water part of the boundary is defined by courses and distances between turning points that are referred to as light-houses or markers of metal or concrete on the shores of lakes and banks of streams.

Softening Water

The water is so hard in some parts of the country that softening forms a part of the purification processes. Often, the saving in depreciation of water pipes and in the purchase of soap counter-balances the cost of softening. Usually lime water is mixed with the water in a settling basin and after 12 or 14 hours subsidence, the water is drawn off from the precipitated salts. When the hardness is the result of sulphates of lime or magnesia, which cause the water to be "permanently" hard, sodium carbonate, or washing soda is used to soften the water.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Washing. Voile, Voile frocks will not shrink if you use a tablespoonful of epsom salts to every gallon of water when washing them.

For Dry Shoe Polish.—Shoe polish which has become hard and dry should be moistened with a little vinegar.

Ten-Minute Sweet.—Line a buttered pie dish with breadcrumbs. Into a pint of milk whisk 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar and a dash of vanilla essence. Pour over the crumbs and bake for 10 minutes.

When Washing Blankets: Never leave any soap in blankets as this will turn them yellow. Allow half a cupful of vinegar to each gallon of final rinsing water—this will clear all soap from them.

Improving Flavor of Bacon.—When boiling bacon or any kind of salted meat, the flavor will be improved if six cloves, a dessert-spoonful of lemon juice, a table-spoonful of brown sugar, a sprig of mint, and a grating of nutmeg are added to the water.

Savory Salmon Dish.—Turn out a small tin of salmon, remove skin and bones and flake the fish. Season with pepper and salt. Mix 2 cupfuls of breadcrumbs with 2 ounces of flour, stir in 2 well-beaten eggs and the salmon. Mix well, then form into the shape of a fresh salmon steak. Fry in a little hot fat until brown, turning carefully so that both sides are cooked. Serve garnished with sliced lemon or tomatoes.

When Sales Drop

Between 1929 and 1933 the expenditure for advertising in newspapers and periodicals dropped 50 per cent, but the value of manufactured products showed a much greater reduction percentage.

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK AT WORK

when you've found a way to ease the pains of

RHEUMATISM

and do it the inexpensive way, too.



You can pay as high as you want for remedies claimed to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc. But the medicine so many doctors generally approve—the one used by thousands of families daily—is Bayer Aspirin—15 a dozen tablets—about 1¢ apiece.

Simply take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

Usually this will ease such pain in a remarkably short time. For quick relief from such pain which exhausts you and keeps you awake at night—ask for genuine Bayer Aspirin.



virtually 1 cent a tablet

WNU—M 47—37

High Interest Worry is the interest paid on borrowed trouble.

CONSTIPATION

Unrelenting Enemy of Health

"How are your bowels?" The doctor asks this important question because a primary need of good health is for the bowels to regularly pass off the waste of metabolism. Every doctor knows you cannot be well, feel well or look well if you allow constipation to hinder daily evacuation and thus prevent body cleanliness. You should know if then why let a bad condition continue? Dr. Doan's Regulets. They are mild and effective, act as a digestive and hepatic stimulant, increase the flow of bile and relieve temporary congestion of the intestines. Be regular with Regulets. For sale at all drug stores.

DOAN'S REGULETS



Even the kids are doing it! Marilyn Lou Olsen (left) and Marie Baumheller in Chicago's famed College Inn of the Hotel Sherman are shown taking a fling. Maybe they'll bring a "Big Apple" for teacher!

ples to "shime." Each couple, at a nod from him, takes a turn in the center of the circle while the others thankfully drop to one knee, clap in rhythm and cheer the "shiners" on.

Couple after couple demonstrates the progress or the retrogress of the modern dance—depending entirely upon the point of view. There are dozens of variations, among them the Camel Walk, Peckin' and Poin', the Flea Hop, the Bunny Jump, the Sugar Foot and (probably most violent of all) the Lindy Hop. When one couple has performed everything it knows or exhausted ever—last ounce of strength, another is called upon.

The music gets faster and faster, the walls of the trumpet and clarinet grow more and more weird, and the moans of the saxophone lower and bluer. It builds up to an exciting peak, and then at a signal

was for our grandfathers and grandmothers.

The waltz, sweet, graceful and proper, was the popular dance of two generations ago. But a faint glimmer of light heralding the dawn of a new age was the faster, jerkier variation called the Boston. The dare-devils danced it.

Ragtime Revolutionized Dancing. The Spanish-American war, the horseless carriage, the phonograph and other innovations speeded up life, and the dance kept pace with the one-step, and later the two-step. Things were perking up.

Came 1910, and the American dance suddenly became a craze. The Turkey Trot had been invented. A guy could now dance a lot closer to his gal than the waltz ever permitted. The sanctimonious lifted worried eyebrows, but the young folks kept right on with their jerky new step and even invented more

Cuddle Toys from "Odds and Ends"

Fun to sew— inexpensive to make—excellent for Christmas gifts is this collection of cuddle toys. Two pieces with just the necessary "trimming" of ears, mane and tails extra. The kiddies love them! Use up those odds



Pattern 5932.

and ends and make your toys as colorful as possible—in short irresistible. In pattern 5932 you will find a pattern of the three toys; directions for making them; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 299 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Cheap Sales Cost

United States census figures for 1929 show that at a cost of but 1.54 per cent advertising created a market for the \$70,434,863,443 worth of manufactured products of that year.

Constipated?

Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. First, wastes swirl up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This causes nervousness, headache, a dull, lary feeling, bilious spots, loss of appetite and dizziness. Second, the wastes decay and start to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion) and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things: 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET RID OF THE EXCESSIVE OXYGEN NERVE. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvellously refreshed, blue again, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. It is ADLERIK. This efficient, cathartic cleanser relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW...DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

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You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Milnesa Wafers (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablet), plus the Denton Magic Mirror (above you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

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Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service
© Science Service.—WNU Service.

Ecuador Indians Were Skillful in Handling Platinum

By EMILY C. DAVIS

New York.—One prehistoric people mastered the difficult metal, platinum, and they were Indians of northern Ecuador. They were part of the great golden Incan empire, although last to be absorbed into the vast Indian political machine before Spanish conquest ended its amazing progress.

These ancients of Ecuador made platinum jewelry. Apparently, they were the only ones to use this metal ornamentally until recent times. They made rings and tools of it, but mostly they plated gold with it to form glistening, shiny platelets; to catch the light.

The extraordinary point, though, is that they could blend the soft platinum with other metal to make a harder alloy. It took our civilization about a century to master that problem. We force the platinum to melt by intense heat, only possible with modern technical appliances.

Alloy of Platinum and Gold.
That Indians actually achieved a platinum alloy was discovered by Dr. Paul Bergsøe, vice president of the Danish Association for Metallurgical Research. He found a clue in some half-finished work, abandoned over 400 years ago. He declares it compels modern science to have new respect for Indian metallurgy.

The Indian method was to mix platinum grains with gold dust and heat it until the gold ran and plated the platinum grains. Then they heated it further by blowpipe until gold and platinum mingled enough to form a pasty mass that could be hammered when hot. So, by alternately forging and heating they contrived an alloy—not up to modern ones, but good enough for modern metallurgists to think it was pure platinum. Chemical analysis revealed the artificial blend.

The Indians apparently took their secret to the grave. Had treasure-hunting Spaniards observed the technique, says Dr. Bergsøe, the story of platinum in Europe might have taken a different turn.

Teeth in the Stone Age Were Very Much Like Ours

Berlin.—Late Stone age people had very much the same kind of jaws and teeth that we have nowadays, except that in modern man caries, or tooth cavities, has become very much more numerous. This, in summary, represents the findings of Prof. Herman Euler of the University of Breslau, who has made a special study of a large number of skulls found in Silesian village sites of 4,000 years ago, when central Europe was still in the Neolithic age.

As compared with modern times, the low incidence of caries is very striking. The Silesian skulls show only 0.7 per cent of children's teeth with cavities, as against 82 per cent of carious teeth in modern children. For adults, the figures are 1.76 and 92 per cent, respectively.

In size and condition of wisdom teeth, however, moderns have a decided advantage of their Neolithic predecessors, Professor Euler's research disclosed. Of the skulls from the ancient Silesian graves, 26.8 per cent had no wisdom teeth at all, whereas a check-up on German university students showed suppression of wisdom teeth in only 1.3 per cent. In general, wisdom teeth and other molars are larger and stouter in moderns than in the Neolithic skulls. X-ray studies show that pulp cavities are larger in the ancient teeth.

Ship-Lizard Fossil Is in Harvard's Museum

Cambridge, Mass.—One of the world's oldest and oddest animals, the ship-lizard, is now on display here in Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology.

It lived in Texas some 225,000,000 years ago and its fossil remains were discovered and collected from the famous Texas red-beds by Prof. Alfred S. Romer, J. I. Price and R. V. Witter.

This ancient lizard, forerunner of the giant dinosaurs, gets its name from a sail-fin, two feet long, that runs along its backbone. It is about eight feet long, half tail and half body, and its head is only half a foot long. Scientists call it Edaphosaurus.

New Disease With Severe Effects and Very Long Name

New York.—A new disease, which may have affected as many as one out of every five adults in the country without their knowing what they had, came in for discussion at the meeting of the American Public Health association here.

The disease has the jaw-breaking name lymphocytic choriomeningitis. It is caused by a virus. In about half the cases it causes fever and symptoms similar to influenza. In the other half it affects the membranes that cover the brain and causes more severe symptoms, such as bad headaches, stiff neck, nausea and vomiting and even slight, temporary paralysis. So far, no death has been reported in a proved case of this disease.

It is difficult or impossible to distinguish this new disease by clinical means alone from another brain membrane inflammation, acute aseptic meningitis, Drs. R. D. Baird and Thomas M. Rivers of the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research pointed out.

Its Virus Is Isolated.
The disease was discovered and its virus isolated by Drs. Charles Armstrong and R. D. Lillie of the United States National Institute of Health. They found the virus while studying viruses from St. Louis encephalitis epidemic patients in 1934. Two years before this Commander Paul F. Dickens of the United States Navy medical corps had reported two cases of what looked like acute aseptic meningitis but which he thought might be another disease caused by a virus. Since then the virus has been recovered from patients and from monkeys, mice and other animals in this country, England and France.

Diagnosis of the disease, say Dr. Armstrong, Drs. Baird and Rivers and others who have studied it, depends on examination of the spinal fluid and on a mouse protection test. This consists in mixing the patient's serum with the virus and injecting it into mice. If the patient had the disease, his blood would have antibodies in it that neutralize the virus. In that case the mouse would remain well. But if the mouse gets sick, it shows that the patient's blood had no virus-neutralizing antibodies, and therefore that he did not have lymphocytic choriomeningitis.

Dr. Armstrong and associates made this test on blood from nearly 2,000 well persons who were having routine blood tests for other reasons. They found that among the adults, almost 20 per cent had neutralizing antibodies in their blood, although none of them recalled being sick with symptoms of any brain or nerve disease. This indicates that nearly one out of every five adults may have had the disease. The reason it has been missed in these patients is probably because when it does not affect the brain it behaves so much like influenza that it would be diagnosed as such.

Carbon Dioxide Filled Lamps Supply Daylight

Lake Placid, N. Y.—Carbon dioxide filled incandescent lamps, providing an artificial daylight claimed to be a wide improvement over any previous type of artificial daylight lamp, have been commercially perfected, the Optical Society of America was told here.

The lamp is suitable for matching colors, the test which has proved the undoing of most previous artificial lights. Dr. Thomas J. Killian declared.

Previous attempts to use carbon dioxide in lamps, a long-sought goal because of its white spectrum, have failed because of the tendency of the gas to break down under the electric charge sent through it, with consequent changes in its pressure and behavior. A simple electronic control for the pressure is the new feature of the light.

Whiskers Grow Faster When Weather Is Warm

Jacksonville, Fla.—The whisker crop grows faster in hot weather. This is not hearsay. Scientific evidence, carefully gathered hair by hair, appears in the journal, Science. The crop report was made by Dr. Paul Eaton of the Florida state board of health and Mary Wright Eaton.

The evidence was gathered in an experiment involving "the measurement of the hair shaved from the same part of the face at approximately the same hour and with the same technique every day for one year," the report states.

Russia Wants Muskrats

Moscow.—Muskrats, immigrant animals from America, are regarded as pests in western Europe, but in the U. S. S. R. they are being encouraged to colonize the vast northern marsh lands, as an addition to Russian fur resources.



© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Public Paying Off on Accomplishments in Gridiron World

YEARS ago when Democrats and Republicans were still doing business as such, life was considerably easier for a sports writer. Everything had a tag on it, was classified with seemingly as much permanence as the two major political parties.

There were only two big leagues, the American and the National. No one had thought at that time to identify the Yankees as a separate organization any more than they had yet conjured up such cute labels as curve-ball league, fast-ball league, hitters' league and pitchers' league.

Situation Is Changed by Irish and Pitt

Only football had anticipated the modern trend. There was, for instance, the matter of properly assuring the coaches. Once that had been easy. You merely put them into two groups, "lucky fellows with jobs in the Ivy league" and "sad agents hoping there would come a day when they would have a pay roll big enough for them to compete with the Ivy league in the higher educational field."

Then the classification changed. Notre Dame and Pittsburgh, two institutions which for years had been doing well enough in preparing young men for the travails of teaching and bond selling, enlarged their scope.

Forthwith the spotlight centered on the two men of undoubted genius who had been responsible for this pickup. With the generosity that is proverbial among newspaper men, the press credited each of them with having a system. Other coaches copied their strategy. Soon it became the habit to refer even to such long-established practitioners as Gil Dobie or Hurryup Yost as followers of the "Warner system" or the "Rockne system."

Obviously there was some error here and there in such groupings, but the general rating was pretty well accepted. One day I asked Rockne if he believed there was any sense in such regimentation.

"No," he replied. "There's only one way to classify coaches or teams either, for that matter. Winners or losers. That's what it all boils down to."

Both Sides End Up by Blaming Teams

I am not entirely satisfied with "Pollyannas" and the "Pity Poor Us" groupings. Actually there is very little difference between the Pollyannas claiming the nicest things are going to happen in this best of all possible worlds and the Pity-Poor Us-es whining in advance.

Both sets, usually wind up by blaming it all on the team Saturday night. Meanwhile, since opposing coaches and the operators of football pools are cynical men, they have fooled nobody save people who play football pools.

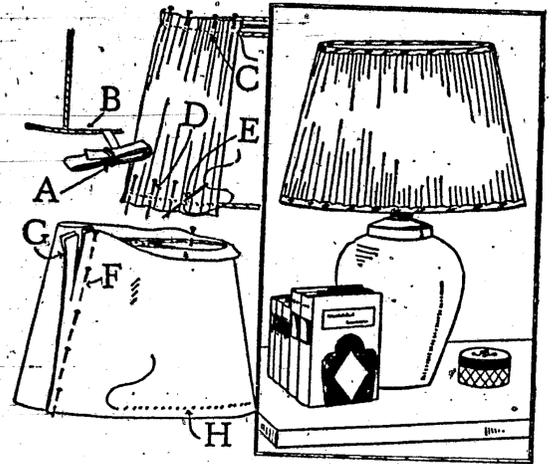
It also returns us to where we started. Perhaps because, like other voices of the people, alumni usually do their darndest in November, I could try the rating once suggested by the lamented sports commentator, Bill McGeehan. This was, "Coaches sure of their jobs and coaches who never say a word even when the music prof flunks the only running halfback left with two legs."

Yet, what good does that do us? Almost immediately we discover that some of the men sure of their jobs are so new to success that they have not yet had real opportunity to make a failure of it. Conversely, some of the boys who have lost everything save the franchise, took their nose dive because they were too smug while at the top.

That brings us back to the Rockne rating—"Winners and losers." True, men who compose the groups often interchange so quickly that it is difficult to tell who is coming and who is going. Yet, with all other things equal there are men who will tumble and men who will go on for touchdowns. The essential difference is there in all sports. Sometimes form holds for a day, sometimes for a season. Anyhow, the public pays off. And, come to think of it, aren't sports very much like that greater game of politics?

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Silk Shades Give a Soft Glow

THERE is subtlety in the light that glows through a silk shade, and many decorators are using them for the room that needs the softness of plaited folds and the mellowness obtained by placing two tones of fabric one over the other.

Two tones of China silk, one to be used for a plain lining and the other for a gathered outside covering will make an attractive shade. Try samples in daytime and over artificial light. You will also need a roll of silk binding tape matching the top color of the shade. This tape is to wrap the wire frame. And fancy braid either in gold, silver or a harmonizing tone of silk is used to bind the top and bottom of the shade. Use cotton thread to match the outside tone of the silk.

Slip the binding tape off the roll and wrap a rubber band around it as shown here at A. Working from the inside end of the tape wrap the frame as shown at B. The outside layer of silk is put on next. This is gathered both top and bottom and pinned to the wire covering as at C and D so that it is stretched quite tight. Joinings in the outside covering need not be sewed but may be hidden under the folds. This material is sewed in place as at E.

Next, cut a straight strip for the

lining and fit it around the outside of the frame as shown here at F. Trim the joining allowing a seam as shown at G. Sew to the frame at the bottom as at H. Trim quite close at the bottom. Turn lining to inside as at I. Slip stitch the joining. Turn in raw edges at top and whip around top of frame. Pin the binding around and then sew it with stitches buried in the mesh of the braid.

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 Desplains St., Chicago, Illinois.

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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

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1936 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Thanksgiving Day

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Again in 1937, as through many years of its history, our Nation celebrates from ocean to ocean, from Lakes to Gulf, the most typical of all American holidays.

It is the observance of Thanksgiving Day—a celebration first dedicated to reverent gratitude for bountiful harvests; then later to appreciation of other blessings and promises of the passing years.

Never has America been without cause for such gratitude. For despite frequent problems, America remains, in a turbulent world, a land of faith and of fulfillment. That is true today, as in the past.

While other nations follow the hideous chimera of war, America remains at peace with her neighbors.

While other nations sacrifice the happiness of their people to the strutting show of nationalistic ambitions, the American people still believe in personal opportunity and freedom.

While other nations bow and scrape to the pretensions of dictators and their cliques, America is still dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal, and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

While other peoples suffer and die in the clutch of desperate economic and political experiments, Americans still enjoy the highest standards of life of any nation.

There is the glow of promise, too—met only of plentiful harvests, but of changing attitudes by our national leaders which promise freer opportunity for production of the many requirements of the American people, and wider employment for those on whose enterprise and labor all production depends, whether at the plow, the lathe or the desk.

For these things Americans are grateful. For these they offer thanks to a Providence which blessed their efforts to make the earth yield more generously and to create by their own unfettered energy, the greatest, the freest and most bountiful land on earth.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

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

To Mrs. Flora B. Werner, Mrs. E. L. Orr, Mrs. Maryan Boatwick Tower, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Timmons, and Division 31 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of the said decedent, and to whom it may concern: You and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Mrs. Maryan Boatwick Tower, Administratrix of the Last Will and Testament of Walter H. Bucklus, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Administratrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1938, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., as the hour and day for hearing of objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Maryan Boatwick Tower as such administratrix, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the Administratrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. Mex.

Witness the Honorable Marcel C. St. John, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 17th day of November, 1937.

(Seal) Edward Penfield, Clerk.

Don't forget the date—Dec. 4. Big Charity Dance at Community Hall. Proceeds will be used to entertain needy children on the night of Dec. 22.

PROFESSIONS

JOHN E. HALL
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
Lutz Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director & Licensed Embalmer
Residence Phone 33
Carrizozo — New Mexico

DR. R. E. BLANEY, Dentist
Lutz Building
Carrizozo — New Mexico

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

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Carrizozo — New Mexico

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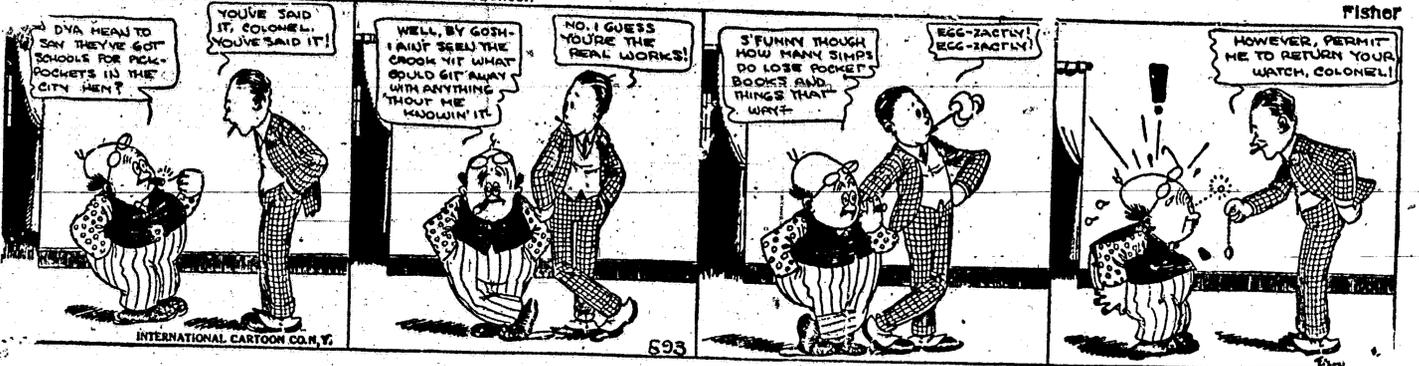
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Still fighting for you and yours are Christmas Seals which go on sale today for the 35th consecutive year.

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.

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

Baptist Church
Rev. Vandiver, Pastor

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 7:30 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Members are urged to attend and visitors invited to all services. The Baptist W. M. U. meets each 1st and 3rd Wednesday at the Baptist Parsonage from 2:30 until 4 p. m.

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Sunday Evening Service at 7
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Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday
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Washington Digest

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

Washington—Word comes from Rio de Janeiro that the government of Brazil has decided at long last to place its coffee business again on a competitive basis. That is to say, Brazilian coffee once more will be sold in world-market conditions. It was 14 years ago that crop control was started, and now it has stopped finally after costing the growers losses amounting in millions and after virtually wrecking some portions of Brazil's foreign trade.

I think it might be said also that the fallacy of the coffee control policy was among the real causes which eventuated in the dictatorship that established itself in Brazil recently. President Getulio Vargas succeeded in placing himself at the head of the nation "indefinitely" and he did so, he said, because of "unrest among the people" of the provinces. The first dictatorship in the Western hemisphere, therefore, is a fact.

But to get to the coffee question it was the determination of the Brazilian leaders that a policy of equality would force coffee prices higher in the world market. The state of Sao Paulo initiated the scheme. It failed to work, and its sponsors said the reason was its scope was limited. Thus, it was expanded until the whole nation was embraced.

But coffee prices did not go high enough and it was then that actual destruction of coffee began. Millions of tons were dumped into the Atlantic ocean and other millions were burned—even as we in this country burned surplus wheat and corn and killed 6,000,000 pigs.

As the destruction continued and the growers found themselves tied tighter with regulations and decrees, there were some increases in prices. But the promised great profits proved to be an illusory as a mirage on the desert.

The whole thing was a boomerang. Not only were the producers in Brazil disappointed by failure to gain the record returns they had been led to expect, but they found another and wholly disadvantageous result staring them in the face. There was some increase in the price just enough, indeed, to reduce consumption to some extent for the growers, but with Brazil getting available supplies others got into the producing business.

Among these new coffee growing areas, Colombia is springing into prominence. Maybe Colombia coffee was not as good as Brazil's, in quality. Maybe it was not quite as acceptable otherwise. But it was cheaper, and it was profitable for Colombia planters to produce. They found a ready sale.

That, however, was not the worst. When other coffee-using nations bought coffee from Colombia and other growing areas, Colombia was able to buy other commodities from the nations buying her coffee. New trade agreements suddenly showed up, new relationships were established, and some of Brazil's former business connections throughout the world are gone with the wind. They may never be re-established.

We, in the United States, ought to give quite a bit of thought to Brazil's coffee experiment for we have had, and are threatening to have more, experiments of a kindred nature. Lessons in crop control are right expensive, and more important is the fact that sooner or later all through history, they have had to be abandoned. And when I refer to crop control, I include all kinds of production control whether agricultural or industrial. Somebody always has to pay dearly for it and usually the cost has been extended. It is reflected in other commodities and in taxes until the actual loss from the experiment is multiplied many times over.

Political Move

Speaking of congress, the way it has started off makes me think that the extra session was purely a political move. I am quite sure it is going to accomplish some great good like amending the neutrality act. Of course, I suppose I should not be selfish. I ought to consider that the representatives and senators must have time to make speeches for this or that or the other so that their constituencies back home will be duly impressed with their importance. Maybe so! But I repeat that the prospect of anything worth while in either the special session or in the regular session to follow in January is decidedly dull.

Politically, there are several things to watch for in the time that congress will be here. One of these definitely now visible is the maneuvering among the Democrats to find out whether President Roosevelt really wants to be a candidate for a third term.

he had an ambition to leave the President's chair and desk with "the nation intact, a nation at peace, a nation prosperous," etc. He said he planned to do that in January, 1941.

That would seem to be clear enough. Yet, it is amazing how many members of the President's party at the Capitol contend that those remarks did not constitute a final withdrawal. They point as well to the fact that other Presidents, after being re-elected for a second term, have come out flat-footed with their announcements and have told their party, in effect, "Go out and get yourselves a new candidate."

How About Third Term?

So, I am making a small prediction. There will be plenty of odd maneuvers, unusual situations, that will appear "just happen" that way. Their purpose will be to bring about a circumstance wherein President Roosevelt can appropriately tell all of those who have so faithfully stood by him that he is, or is not, a candidate for a third term.

The other phase of congressional activity that will prove interesting is in connection with the third term question. It involves the personal political fortunes of the representatives and senators who will seek re-election in 1938. It is easy to see how many Democrats, if they know definitely that President Roosevelt will seek a third term, will want to ride again on the New Deal wagon. It is equally easy to understand how some of them, desirous of observing the tradition that no man shall serve more than two terms as President, may want to take a stand opposing the course if President Roosevelt decides that way.

This condition leads far afield. I am informed, for instance that some senators and representatives who have been back home in conservative sections of the country want to dodge further support of the New Deal. This class obviously is biding its time for something to happen to justify a jump. Announcement by Mr. Roosevelt of intention to be a candidate for the third time would provide the reason. The converse is true, as well, for there are those in the house and senate who have found the President's personal popularity at home as great as ever and they are looking for an excuse to sound off that they believe in the Roosevelt policies 100 per cent and want him to have a third term.

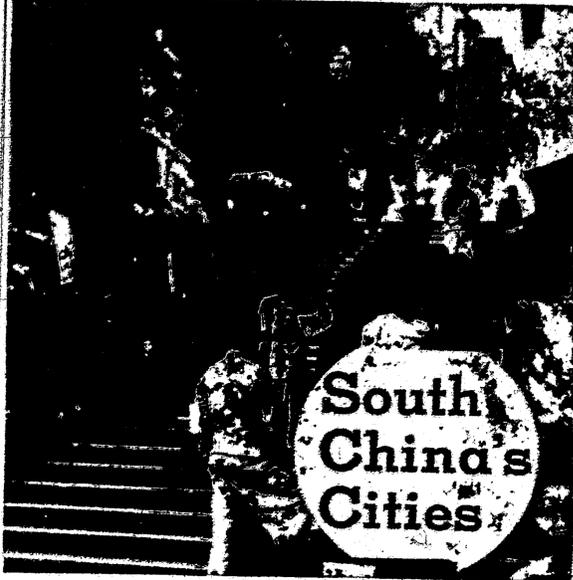
The election results in various parts of the country will have some influence on the attitude of representatives and senators as the session continues. Take the vote in Arkansas, for example. Representative Miller won the senatorship in succession to the late Senator Joe Robinson. His victory was over Governor Bailey, who announced that the New Deal was for him and that his defeat would be a slap at President Roosevelt. It is a fact that New Dealers were pulling for him—but Representative Miller was elected.

That is just a sample. The senators and representatives are going to interpret such elections in the light of sentiment in their own bailiwicks. Undoubtedly, some are going to show more spunk in behalf of the New Deal while others have come back determined to foster their ideas of Democratic principles rather than those of New Deal.

Tribute to Halsey

This date being what it is, I want to record a tribute in these columns, a tribute to a grand public servant who never has sought publicity for himself nor claimed the credit that is due him. For, it was 40 years ago this week that Col. Edwin A. Halsey, of Tye River, Va., entered the employ of the senate. Now, he occupies the post of secretary of the senate, the highest available outside of senate membership.

The senate never convenes but that I am again impressed with the smoothness of the senate organization under "Eddie" Halsey's direction. I truly believe him to be the best informed man at the Capitol on legislative procedure. As his colored messenger once said to me: "Yessah! De cunnel he suah do know his stuff."



One of Hongkong's Picturesque Streets.

Great Britain's Hongkong and Other Seaports of South China

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—W.N.P. Service.

HONGKONG, like Singapore, is a tribute to British commercial enterprise in the Far East. Ships of the Seven Seas enliven the harbor and bring business to the vigorous city that now rises on the once barren islands where dwell a few fishermen, stonecutters and bands of pirates.

"It is a delusion to hope that Hongkong can ever become a commercial emporium like Singapore," wrote the dependent colonial treasurer in 1844.

But instead of delusion, the miracle has been achieved. Large business and government buildings along the water front, palatial houses clinging boldly to the precipitous hillsides, schools, universities, shipbuilding docks, cement factories, and sugar refineries; a strategic commercial and naval base—this is Hongkong.

Several times tonnage figures have placed it among the world's principal seaports. At present, approximately 50,000 vessels, carrying in their holds more than 40,000,000 tons of cargo for foreign trade, cut furrows in and out of the harbor annually. And British colonials find romance, not dull figures, in these shipping statistics, because, except for a few articles of local consumption, Hongkong is a free port. Consequently, its very existence depends upon its service as a distributing center for all South China.

To be geographically accurate, one should call the city Victoria, but, save for official documents, the port has taken the name of the island colony, derived from the Chinese Heung Keng, (Fragrant Streams, or Good Harbor).

To the mountainous Hongkong colony, Kowloon, on the mainland opposite, was added, later to be extended again by the inclusion of the specially leased New Territories. In all, this oasis of British-controlled activity now embraces 391 square miles.

After you have explored Hongkong's Chinatown, splashed with its colorful hieroglyphics, the stair-stepped streets, markets, and curio shops, take a ride up the cable tramway to the Peak; or, if you desire, you can make the steep ascent in a bobbing sedan chair, carried on the shoulders of perspiring coolies. Here, high above the noise of commerce, you are among the palaces of the wealthy.

Looking Down From the Peak. At your feet the teeming city spreads like a mighty sweeping sickle along the harbor. Lying along the Praya, tied to midharbor buoys, and churning up slender white wakes in the jade-tinted waters, are the argosies of half the world. A mile beyond, sprawling white on the red earth, is Kowloon, with its hotels, warehouses, and jutting piers.

A plume of white steam rises above a liner's funnel—another ship is off for San Francisco, London, or Marseilles. Tiny junks lift their masting sails; back and forth between Victoria and Kowloon ply double-masted ferries, carrying 35,000 commuters daily.

Come up again at night, when the city lights have sprung to life and naval greyhounds are conversing in flash-beam semaphore; you will see a magic land. Day or night, it is an unforgettable panorama.

gles and takes over the steering desk—it is sailing time for the local steamer, bound for Swatow and other ports to the north.

Northward from the narrow Lye-miao pass through which you sail is notorious Bias bay. Ever since early days this district has had unsavory reputation as the headquarters of pirate gangs who infest the coast. Outwardly the settlement of 10,000 people of Bias bay is agricultural, but the activity is less serious as farming than as commerce.

Pirates of Bias Bay. During the old sailing days these freshwaters usually intercepted passing vessels by stretching a cable between two junks; then, as soon as the rope was caught by the victim's bows, the junks would be pulled alongside, so that the boarding of the vessel was an easy matter.

With the coming of steam-propelled ships, their technique changed to boarding the steamers as passengers and at the opportune moment taking possession, then forcing its officers to sail the ship into Bias bay for looting.

When riding a coastal steamer today, you are comparatively safe from becoming the victim of these piratical attacks; but you do experience the feeling, strongly suggestive of traveling in a floating patrol wagon, for the first-class accommodations and the bridge are protected by heavy iron grilles.

Many thrilling tales are told of these menaces to coastal shipping, some of which contain accounts of unusual bravery against heavy odds. Officers have accounted well for themselves in cracking pirates' heads with deep-sea leads and other weapons, and British judges have brought some of the cutthroat leaders to unpleasant "necktie" parties.

In these South China waters, too, are other pirate groups, some led by women, who specialize on fishing fleets and lighterage junks. Acting under the guise of "protection," they reap heavy tolls from the owners of these craft.

Spreading fanwise on the silt land built by the Han Kiang, Swatow has little to recommend itself from a visitor's viewpoint.

Its main importance lies in its service as shipping point for produce coming from Chaochow and other Chinese towns along the lower portion of the Han.

Needleworkers of Swatow. Its chief exports are linen embroidery and laces—and Chinese cooler. Fifty years ago the latter were in such demand that many traders began the lucrative business of kidnaping the natives and taking them to distant lands, where they were sold into what amounted to slavery conditions. With the hatred that these acts soon engendered, foreigners were barred from Swatow for several years. Now thousands of Chinese leave Swatow in legitimate emigration.

A woman sitting beside the doorway of her home working deftly with needle on a piece of fine linen or grass cloth, is Swatow's chief symbol of industry. Walk through the side streets or visit the surrounding villages and you will find hundreds of women and girls thus employed.

The delicately embroidered linen, laces, and drawn work which they produce, usually under foreign direction, are exported almost entirely to American markets.

Amoy, of tea fame, was once considered one of the dirtiest and most backward cities of all China; it has been undergoing complete transformation during the last few years. Wide streets are being cut through the old ramshackle settlements; men and women are breaking rocks for the new roads and an extensive Bund, and are literally carving away some of the rock hills to make room for new developments; a park, the finest in all South China, has been recently built.

Across from Amoy is the island of Kolongsu, where are located the foreign concessions. Hundreds of gaily painted sampans afford transportation across the harbor and to the ships that anchor in midstream.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for November 28

CHRISTIAN FRUITFULNESS

LESSON TEXT—John 15:1-16. GOLDEN TEXT—Here is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.—John 15:8. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus' Rule of Love. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Loyalty of Love. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What May We Expect to Achieve? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How Christians Become Fruitful.

Thanksgiving day has just afforded each one of us a special opportunity to return praise to God for the fruitfulness of America's broad acres. It is appropriate that we think today of the Christian life as manifesting itself in the bearing of fruit.

Christian work of which we spoke last Sunday may (at least in a measure) be imitated, but fruit cannot be imitated. It is the result of life and only those who know the new birth bear the fruit of Christianity.

The chapter before us is a portion of Scripture which has been the peculiar favorite of God's children in all generations. It is at the center of our Lord's words with his disciples immediately before his death on the cross.

Many are the expositions of this passage, but a beautifully simple one which came to the writer from Dr. W. Graham Scroggie is suggested as most helpful.

I. Life and Fruitfulness (vv. 1-8). Life results in fruit and there is no life. Christ is the vine, the Father is the keeper of the vine. We who are Christ's are the branches abiding in him, that is, living our whole life in and for him in such close union with him that his life as the vine brings forth fruit in us as the branches. That is real Christian living.

But, alas, there are branches that seem to belong to the vine but they lack the one indispensable evidence of life which is the normal bearing of fruit. These the Father must take and cast away to be destroyed. While we must not read into these words more than our Lord intended, let us beware lest we explain away their serious import. These are grave words of warning to false professors of Christianity, but they are not spoken to distress and dishearten true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Fruit in the Christian is undoubtedly first of all the fruit of character but that character is also to show in conduct. Note the progress—"fruit" (v. 2), "more fruit" (v. 2), "much fruit" (v. 5). In order to bear more fruit there is need of pruning and cleansing (vv. 2, 3). Pleasant? Not always, but always profitable. Let us thank God for even the pruning knife when its work is needed.

Do not miss the prayer promise in verse 7. It is an unlimited promise with a closely limited condition. Let us meet the condition and claim the promise.

II. Love and Friendship (vv. 9-16). "This is my commandment that ye love one another." In verse 10 we read that to abide in the love of Christ we must keep his commandments and now we learn that it is his command that we love one another. We are not to await the impulse prompted by the beauty or kindness or propinquity of someone, but we are to love one another. Many a Christian who has obeyed the commandments against stealing, adultery, and blasphemy has never noticed that he is commanded to love.

The joy of Christ was fulfilled on the eve of Calvary by the love of his disciples for one another and for him. He rejoices today when we love the brethren and love him, for thus we enter upon the beautiful relationship of friends.

Dr. Scroggie says, "We may be God's children without being his friends; the one is based on his gift of life to us; the other, upon our offering of love for him. Are you a friend of God? You cannot have God and the world for friends at the same time. The friendship of the world is enmity with God. The world hates Christ, and therefore will not love you if you are like him."

But, oh! the sweet intimacy of fellowship with him. Read verses 14 to 16. Chosen and appointed by him, for "he that loved us," we are not kept in the distant position of servants; but are brought into his circle of friends—with whom he shares the glorious secrets of his Father, and our Father. It is a great thing to be a Christian, a friend of the Saviour.

Intellect. Every man should use his intellect not as he uses his lamp in the study, only for his own seeing, but as the lighthouse uses its lamps, that those afar off on the sea may see the shining and learn their way.

The Fast. The wise man must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—Spencer.

Safe Counsel: Use Chains For Bad Weather Driving

SAFE counsel for bad driving weather, according to police officials and safety engineers, is to use tire chains.

This warning was issued today, with winter driving conditions prevailing, after the report of the National Safety council that 28,140 persons died in traffic accidents during the first nine months of 1937, an increase of 9 per cent over the same period last year. With greater driving danger in winter because of ice and snow, police officials and safety engineers warned that tire chains provide the most positive anti-skid and traction yet developed.

The Contest board of the American Automobile association, in official test No. 3143, conclusively proved the greater margin of safety and stopping ability provided by Weed tire chains. Vividly illustrating their imperative necessity on snow or ice, the AAA test showed that chains, on rear wheels only, stopped a car in 45.8 per cent less distance than when no chains were used, and in 66.8 per cent less distance where chains were used on all four wheels!

Overdone Politeness

From early childhood, the Chinese are taught so thoroughly to mind their own business that they rarely render assistance when a person is drowning, a house is burning or a store is being robbed. In fact, purse-snatching in broad daylight is a common occurrence on the streets of Chinese cities because thieves are fairly certain that no one will interfere.—Collier's Weekly.

Don't Neglect Your Child's Cold

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant." NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three strengths: Regular, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong.

Peace in the Home

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

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Wasted Treasures. Many a beautiful library is only looked at and pointed at by the owner.

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

YOU have to work at marriage. If you make a success of it, you may be selfish, un sympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves tremble, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature fight up the system, lessening the discomfort from the functionless 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."

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Burning, stony or too frequent urination may be warning of kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feeling weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something that has only a few testimonials. Use Doan's Pills. A multi-acted, natural kidney remedy recommended by Doan's, the best authorities.

DOAN'S PILLS

There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

© Sophie Kerr Underwood.
WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

She went to the servants' entrance of the apartment, rang the bell. A middle-aged man in a houseman's coat opened the door. "Oh, the new maid," he said. "Mr. Cayne said you'd be coming. This way."

Rachel followed him into a large hot kitchen where a stout woman was arranging an elaborate tea tray. "This is Lena, my wife," she said. "My name's Towers. What's yours?"

"My name's Rachel," she said meekly, adding still more meekly, "pleased to meet you both."

"I'll show you your room," said Mrs. Towers, giving Rachel a cold prolonged stare. "And you get along with this tray, Bert, the madame's rung twice. You're to go in and see her as soon as you've taken off your coat and hat, Rachel. Come right along."

Down a back hall was her room—no smaller than the one she had at Pink's, Rachel noticed—with white iron bed, unmade, a bureau with wavy mirror, a chair and table, a stationary stand.

"Bedding and towels in the bureau," said Mrs. Towers, "but don't stop to fix anything now, the madame's waiting. There's the closet, put your hat and coat in there. Mr. Towers and me have a room two doors down, the bathroom's between. Come ahead."

With a strong sense of masquerade and warning herself to be very careful, Rachel followed Mrs. Towers again through the back hall, then at the kitchen door they turned into another hall which led to the front. At a mirrored door Mrs. Towers paused and tapped, then opening it, announced in sugary tones: "Here's the new girl, madame."

Rachel found herself in a long, too-decorated, too-crowded, too-colorful drawing room. Directly before her against the light were a smallish woman dressed in flattery pastel chiffons and a very young man, lounging in one chair, his feet on another. And for the first time in her life she waited to hear her own mother's voice.

"Now where on earth," said Mrs. Cayne fretfully, "did Peter pick up such a great overgrown gawky creature?—she's sure to be clumsy."

The snick of the unfeeling comment sent the blood flying to Rachel's face. She couldn't speak. Then the very young man said, "Look, she's blushing!" and began to laugh.

His laughter brought back Rachel's composure. She comprehended that this was her half-brother, Peter Cayne's and Elinor's son, and she remembered that she must play her part. "Good afternoon, madame," she stammered, "I hope I will be able to do the work satisfactorily."

"I suppose you haven't a uniform? Not even an apron?" said Mrs. Cayne.

"No, madame. There, you see, Holbrook," Elinor Cayne turned to her son. "Your father leaves everything to me. He would have it that I needed a maid and he sends one who hasn't so much as an apron."

"What color uniforms are you going to get for her? Why don't you try something interesting—soft blue or violet or bright pink?" Holbrook Cayne's voice was not boyish and he seemed older than his seventeen years, though he was slender and not very tall.

"Your father would have a brain storm!" Mrs. Cayne laughed now. Then she spoke again to Rachel. "What's your name?"

"Rachel." As she said it Rachel wondered if her mother would ask her last name, but Mrs. Cayne seemed satisfied and as she was busy with the teapot Rachel could look at her closely for the first time, the blue eyes Anne had described, the dark hair, the fair white skin, the general loveliness and an amazing youthfulness of outline and manner. "Youthful," thought Rachel, "but obviously not young. And this is my own mother! How strange, how strange this is." Mrs. Cayne's many rings, the bracelets clinking down her arm as she lifted the cup, the twisted bar of diamonds in the chignon at her breast recalled Rachel to the reason she had been sent there. "I must be careful, I must be awfully careful," she thought. Aloud she said: "If you don't need me to do anything right away, madame, I'll unpack my suitcase. Or if you'd like me to I could go out and buy an apron to use tonight."

"But I do need you to do something," Rachel followed the small fluttering figure down the hall again and into an astonishing bedroom, roccoco pink and blue with endless mirrors. "There, look in that closet and you'll find some evening dresses that need pressing, I don't know which one I'll wear tonight, so you can press them all. That closet's for evening clothes alone. This one over here is for day things."

The evening dress closet was wide and deep, with so many gowns of every color, every material, that Rachel paused in surprise. Mrs. Cayne was impatient. "Take the first row and get them done before dinner, I'll wear one of them. You can do the others tonight."

"It's a tryout for me," thought Rachel. She took an armful of dresses and went back to Mrs. Towers, who indicated a small laundry beyond the kitchen with an iron and pressing board.

The dresses were expensive and elaborate, too elaborate, too showy. Rachel worked at them carefully, surprised to find herself almost without feeling. She wasn't even disappointed, she was simply numb and blank.

Mrs. Towers called her. "The madame's ringing for you."

"I'm not half done," said Rachel. "Take 'em all back and don't say nothing. She won't look 'em over," advised the cook with a shrewd, not unfriendly glance. "She don't know good work from bad. She just likes to think she's making people step."

Thus warned, Rachel carried the dresses back to the bedroom. Mrs.

and deep, with so many gowns of every color, every material, that Rachel paused in surprise. Mrs. Cayne was impatient. "Take the first row and get them done before dinner, I'll wear one of them. You can do the others tonight."

When she was quite satisfied, she had more orders for Rachel. "I'll want my mink coat and muff and that little hat of blue velvet flowers and a blue velvet bag. Have everything ready as soon as dinner's over, and you might as well open the beds. Towers will show you, you'll have to do that regularly. But you don't need to wait up until I come in tonight."

Rachel went back to the kitchen and asked if there was anything she could do to help Mrs. Towers, an offer which pleased the woman.

"No, you go on and unpack your bag and make your bed," she said. "She may think up something for you to do tonight."

"I have the rest of those dresses to press," said Rachel.

"You take them out of the closet and shake them and put them back. She won't notice. Is she going out tonight?"

"She and—and young Mr. Cayne are going to the movies with some of his friends."

"You better call him Mr. Holbrook, that's what they like. Mr. Cayne not going?"

Rachel reported the conversation on that subject and Mrs. Towers smiled grimly.

"She likes to run around and pretend Mr. Holbrook's her beau. She can't get away with it when Mr. Cayne's along. Go ahead now, fix your bed, we don't begin our dinner till the dessert's gone into the dining room."

"I'm awfully obliged to you for helping me out, Mrs. Towers," said Rachel. "Any time you want me to do anything here please say so."

"That's all right. I guess we'll get along. You can call me Lena if you want."

Lena liked her. Rachel knew that was an asset. She hurried into her tiny room and made haste to unpack and put the bedclothes on the bed, then scrubbed her face and hands and smoothed her hair flat again for her curls were perking up—everything at top speed to be ready if Mrs. Cayne rang for her, and to keep her thoughts off the display of vanity and uselessness she had just seen. It had disturbed and hurt her in a way she could not explain nor forgive; she was shaken with disappointment which she must not yet admit.

When Rachel went back to the kitchen dinner was going into the dining room. The serving table was filled with massive silver and red and gold French china and Lena was making fresh toast, draining artichokes and stirring golden Hollandaise sauce all apparently at the same time. Towers, impressive in his dress suit, had just carried in bonded stuffed squabs, he brought out the platter, seized the tray with gravy, wild grape jelly and buttered crumbs in individual dishes and disappeared again. He and Lena had the serving beautifully systematized, it was fascinating to watch, every one of the many dishes was ready for him exactly as he needed it. Lena glanced up only

once as she spooned and garnished and turned from the stove to the serving table: "You could set our table if you want, Rachel," she said "on the side there, the dishes in the cupboard up above, see?"

So Rachel prepared the table for her first meal under her mother's roof in the kitchen with the cook and the butler. She did it carefully, anxious to win Lena's approval, but it took only a few moments, she had it finished before the salad was served. It was a marvelous-looking salad, white and red wreathed with green cress, and it came chilled from the icebox with its plates. The sight and smell of the food made Rachel very hungry and Lena guessed it. She ladled out a bowl of soup and handed it to her: "They take their time," she said "but that's no reason why you should starve."

Towers hastened in. "They're going to have coffee at the table on account of her and the boy going out." He looked at Rachel: "You better be ready to jump."

Rachel slipped down the hall past the dining room door to Mrs. Cayne's bedroom and took out the coat, hat and gloves, but she could not find a blue bag and was wary of rummaging. Presently Mrs. Cayne came in, head in the air, bright with triumph. "The blue bag's in that chest, top drawer—no, no, stupid, the bag with the lapis top's the one I want!"

She flung that direction at Rachel but otherwise hardly noticed her, for she was again intent on herself in the mirrors. But when she was ready, the little blue velvet hat set exquisitely on her exquisite little head, her slim body wrapped in the softness of her furs, she had one thing more to say and she said it with thoughtless cruelty: "Borrow an apron from Lena before I see you again, you're too depressing in that dreadful old rag."

The atmosphere in the kitchen had greatly changed when Rachel went back for the rest of her dinner. Towers had taken off his coat and he and Lena were leisurely and thoroughly eating their way through the generous remainders of the family's meal. They piled Rachel's plate, but she had lost her hunger. "I'm tired," she told them, wishing they wouldn't chew so audibly and visibly.

"Got to wait up for her?" asked Towers, taking another squab.

"No, she said not to, tonight. But she said I was to open the beds, that you'd show me how she likes it done and then I'm to do it regularly."

Towers and Mrs. Towers exchanged meaningful looks. "She don't want Mr. Cayne to know what time she gets in. She wouldn't take the car, she knew Yates would keep tabs on 'em." This was Towers' explanation.

"What was she nagging him for tonight?" asked Lena.

"Wants an ermine cape and some jewelry, pair of clips, I think. They only cost seven thousand."

"She's got enough jewelry now to stock a shop," said Lena to Rachel, "and she takes no more care of it than if it came from the five-and-ten. Did you see where she keeps it?"

"No, I didn't," Rachel hid her now stimulated interest.

"It's all in a little wall safe behind her dressing table and 'tilf the time she don't remember to lock it. If Mr. Cayne didn't look after it she wouldn't know what she's got, nor where she'd put it."

"She don't keep track of anything," added Towers.

"I don't see how she can," said Rachel. "I never saw a place so full of ornaments."

Towers wagged his head. "It's a junk shop, that's what it is. Mr. Cayne used to have the nicest nest-est bachelor apartment before he got married! But she likes things fancy, everything."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mathematics Book by Babylonians in 2000 B. C. Shows Existence of Experts

A "math book" written by Babylonians 2000 B. C. has been deciphered, and scientists are deeply impressed by the amazing early progress of those ancients in higher mathematics. The mathematics book, written on 44 clay tablets, shows that 15 centuries before Greek math wizards were born, Babylonians were already doing many tricks with figures that Greeks have been credited with discovering. Babylonian mathematics included multiplication tables, a symbol for zero, negative numbers, tables for calculating areas and volumes, tables of squares and cubes and reciprocals.

For 25 years, all but two tablets of the book have lain unread in Yale's Babylonian collection. Now, Prof. O. Neugebauer of the University of Copenhagen has deciphered them, working from photographs and hand-made copies of the cuneiform inscriptions. The two missing "pages" of the ancient book have

just recently been located in Paris. Babylonians were more practical in their mathematical science than Greeks, the ancient book indicates. Many of their tables would be useful in surveying and building, in digging dykes and constructing walls. But when it came to theoretical problems, the Babylonian math sharks understood quadratic and even higher degree equations, and solved them by tables, as they are still solved.

The small mathematics book, written in clay, clears up for mathematicians the puzzle of how the Greeks made such swift progress in this science. "It seems now that a large body of facts must have been inherited by the Greeks from Babylonian sources," says Prof. Oystein Ore, Yale mathematician. "The exact manner in which this knowledge was transmitted is not yet altogether clear. The theorem of Pythagoras, for example, was well known to the Babylonians."

When she was quite satisfied, she had more orders for Rachel. "I'll want my mink coat and muff and that little hat of blue velvet flowers and a blue velvet bag. Have everything ready as soon as dinner's over, and you might as well open the beds. Towers will show you, you'll have to do that regularly. But you don't need to wait up until I come in tonight."

Rachel went back to the kitchen and asked if there was anything she could do to help Mrs. Towers, an offer which pleased the woman.

"No, you go on and unpack your bag and make your bed," she said. "She may think up something for you to do tonight."

"I have the rest of those dresses to press," said Rachel.

"You take them out of the closet and shake them and put them back. She won't notice. Is she going out tonight?"

"She and—and young Mr. Cayne are going to the movies with some of his friends."

"You better call him Mr. Holbrook, that's what they like. Mr. Cayne not going?"

Rachel reported the conversation on that subject and Mrs. Towers smiled grimly.

"She likes to run around and pretend Mr. Holbrook's her beau. She can't get away with it when Mr. Cayne's along. Go ahead now, fix your bed, we don't begin our dinner till the dessert's gone into the dining room."

"I'm awfully obliged to you for helping me out, Mrs. Towers," said Rachel. "Any time you want me to do anything here please say so."

"That's all right. I guess we'll get along. You can call me Lena if you want."

Lena liked her. Rachel knew that was an asset. She hurried into her tiny room and made haste to unpack and put the bedclothes on the bed, then scrubbed her face and hands and smoothed her hair flat again for her curls were perking up—everything at top speed to be ready if Mrs. Cayne rang for her, and to keep her thoughts off the display of vanity and uselessness she had just seen. It had disturbed and hurt her in a way she could not explain nor forgive; she was shaken with disappointment which she must not yet admit.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Waiting to Be Sewn



NOW, we ask you, isn't this the layout supreme for Young America, Miss Modern and Mother Meticulous? Childish glee, sophisticated gusto and maternal satisfaction will be the order of the day when you have run-up these swank wardrobe assets. Remember, it's the natural thing to Sew-Your-Own!

For Master or Miss. It's grand to be young in the wintertime; there's so much fun to be had. Mother, to be sure your edition of Young America

has his share of outdoor fun this winter, make this smart and complete ski ensemble. (For either boy or girl.) It is styled after a real ski champion's outfit and makes an instant hit with every young hussy. (Incidentally, this ensemble rates mighty high as a remembrance from Santa Claus.)

Sophomore Sensation. Here's a dress after your own heart, Milady!—I betcha. Sew-Your-Own calls it its Sophomore Sensation. And aptly, for its allure and poise are typical of the modern miss. From Paris comes its concave silhouette; from S-Y-O its concise, easy to follow sewing instructions. Make your version in thin wool or velvet for Ace occasions this winter.

Carefully Planned. Mothers are sweet in almost any kind of dress, but in the trim new model, above right, they're superbly sweet. A glance at the diagram will convince the woman who sews of its simplicity. Two versions will be better than one of this charming fashion. Anything from percale to sheer wool will do nicely as the material.

The Patterns. Pattern 1359 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 34-inch material.

Advertising Reduced Cost. A third of a century ago the price of the cheapest automobile was about \$5,000. Today a much better car can be bought for around \$700. Advertising created demand, demand created mass production, with many times the number of jobs, and mass production improved the quality and reduced the price.

Girls—Your Future? Create Culture Opportunity for girls with dressmaking, sewing, and home economics. Study in the West and earn while learning. Investigate our original tuition plan today. This ad is good for \$5 tuition credit. Write or call in person. BONNIE BEAUTY SCHOOL, 829 Commercial Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUS

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

WILL-YUM. "Would you say dear Mrs. Dolz or just dear madam?"

Illustration of a man in a top hat and a woman in a dress, with a dog and a cat.

FRED NEHER. Copyright 1937 by Fred Neher.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Draw up a chair and make yourself comfortable. Have a cigarette? So you don't smoke?

THEY THINK THIS IS A FRONTIER TOWN

From the Kansas City (Kansas) Kansan—

When it rains in New Mexico, it pours. That is what John W. Little, auditor of the Commercial National Bank, found out in a recent vacation through the Southwest with his wife. And when the New Mexico cowboys drink, they guzzle.

Marooned in Carrizozo, N. M., for a week-end by a heavy rain that flooded every arroyo on every road coming into town, the localites stopped in a little town of 200 persons. At least, that is the normal population but on this week-end a rodeo was in progress, and cowboys who had not been off the range in half a year were in town to celebrate.

Mr. and Mrs. Little did not celebrate in the cowboy manner but had a picnic watching the cowboys put even a western movie-thriller-a wild-night-life-to shame. Even the shooting was there.

—We presume that the Littles were in Carrizozo during the "Frontier Days" Celebration on Oct. 15 and 16. Mr. Little was in error about giving the population of this town as 200, when it is 1,200. "Nary" a shot did we hear during the Celebration (as the cowpunchers say) and not an hombre was lynched for horse stealing, as is the general impression the easterners have of the wild and woolly west.

My uncle Fud was an officer during the world war. When a soldier would salute him he'd return the sign and reply "The same to you." When asked why he did this he answered, "I know what they're thinkin'." —Bob Burns on Radio.

J. V. Stokes of Midland, Tex., father of County Commissioner Dewey Stokes remarked, "I used to smoke once a day—all day."

Our idea of high living is to have a quail pot-pie, with the plenty of juicy gravy, all done up nice and brown.

I don't believe the Republicans will get anywhere politically, until they get Santa Claus off the Democratic band-wagon. —Richard Roe.

Note — Neither do we. But with all the fighting that is going on in the special session of Congress, it doesn't look a bit bad for the Republicans.

IT SEEMS QUEER

The outside bottom corner of the Paden Drug Store shows signs of wear: the stone and brick being whipped by the incessant winds which are prevalent on that corner these many years.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

The Lincoln County Utilities office has recently replaced their light in the center of the building, the globe having burned for 23 years. The globe is still intact, but replaced on account of it not giving sufficient amount of light. —Adios, from the Land of Romance and Turquoise Sky.

TO OUR RETAIL TRADE

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

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

Some handsome prizes will be given away.

Be sure to ask for your Tickets.

Watch This Space

For further Particulars and Announcements.

The Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Hark Avenue
Machineless
Permanent Waves
\$7.50
Bee Johnson
Thelma Peters

The Love Bug Will Get You If You Serve Good Foods

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

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

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

The Rest is up to You--

Shall We Try It?

"Always The Best For Less"

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62 J. F. PETTY, Prop.

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

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

Be Sure To Visit Us

For Complete Information

Carrizozo Auto Company

WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club of Carrizozo will hold its next meeting at the home of Mrs. Titworth at Capitan, Friday, Nov. 19. The speaker for the session will be Mrs. Louise Coe and her subject will be "Woman's Rights in Community Property Transportation." Committee in charge of meeting is composed of Mes. Don English, Snow and Shaver.—Mrs. Burns, Press Reporter.

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

DANCES

At Clegborn's Hall White Oaks, N. M.

First Dance Saturday, Nov. 20 Thanksgiving Dance Nov. 25 Luncheas will be served both nights throughout the evenings Come and dance to good music on a good, smooth maple dance floor.

School Notes

The Senior Carnival given Saturday was a great success. There were bingo, archery, boxing and sideshows. Hamburgers, pop and confetti were also sold. The carnival began promptly at 7 and lasted until 9:30. The voting for the queen of the carnival lasted until 9:30, with Louise Dagner winning the crown. The dance lasted until 1 o'clock, the music being furnished by the Corona orchestra. The Senior class wishes to thank all who helped.

A group of students met Friday night with Miss Pierce at her home and organized a dramatic club: Chas. Dow, Pres.; Zane Harkey, Vice-pres.; Betty Shaffer, Sec'y. Meetings will be held every other Wednesday.

The school is having a thermostat installed that will help to keep a regular temperature throughout the building and conserve the supply of fuel.

The school has invested in 8 new "Woodstock" typewriters which were needed very badly.

The football boys and their coach, while planning a hard practice for the week, also plan on giving Cloudercroft a walloping Friday on the local field. The next week will be spent in warming up for the scrimmage with Capitan on Thanksgiving Day.

A pep squad should be organized to generate pep for our interschool contests.

In the near future the student council will be organized to help advertise school events and also to develop school spirit.

Found: Six fountain pens. Owner call at High School office.

Methodist Church—Nov. 21 Morning Service, Capitan 11 a.m. Subject, "The Undying Fire." Carrizozo 7 p. m. Subject, "Sin of Merck." Baritone Solo by M. Burnett. Everyone invited. —R. A. Crawford, P. C.

Jack Clegborn of White Oaks is among the fortunate deer hunters.

W. W. Smith also killed his buck. The deer was nice and fat.

Mrs. Floy Skinner of Negal spent several days the first of the week in El Paso.

Roy Skinner has purchased a 70-acre truck farm on the Bonito where the soil is rich and where he will raise all kinds of vegetables beginning with next spring. He moved his family from here yesterday and will make the farm his future residing place.

Albert Snow was taken to the veterans' hospital at Albuquerque last Friday and reports from there are to the effect that he is improving nicely.

Ziegler Bros. "Where Value has a Meaning"

Both of them wear

STETSONS

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



Junior Stetsons \$0.00 Stetsons \$0.00

\$5.00 And Up

MARX-MADE SUITS & OVERCOATS

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

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

Carrizozo Home Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

Phone 60

Carrizozo, N. M.



Star Cafe

Meals at all Hours

Short Orders and Special Table Service

Chicken Dinners Sat. and Sun.

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

Carrizozo Cleaners Made-to-Measure Suits

The Best in Dry Cleaning

Prompt Delivery Service

Be Wise---Trade at Home!

AMERICA'S LEADER AT 4 for 10¢

PROBAC BLADES

Financial Statement

The Senior Class wishes to express its appreciation to everyone for the attendance at the Senior Carnival and Dance.

Total Receipts \$174 80 Expense 84 80

Net profit \$110.00

Fay Harkey is numbered among the lucky deer hunters.

Appreciation

The patrons of St. Rita School wish to thank all those who assisted in the fund raising campaign for repairs on the school. The prizes were won by the following: First prize, Tapestry—Filiberto Rodriguez. Second, Bed Spread—Francisco Osorio. 3rd, Table Scarf—Mrs. F. Archuleta. Fourth, Table Scarf—Ed Estes of James A. Dick Co., Alamo-gordo.