

Personals

Mrs. Irene Hart, Co. School Supt. and Mrs. Ola Jones, County School Supervisor, left Sunday for Santa Fe to attend a get-together meeting of the superintendents of the state. The meeting was called to order Monday morning and the sessions lasted until Tuesday evening. The conference was held for the purpose of devising ways and means bettering the county school system of the entire state.

George Jeffrey, who has been ill for the past week, was taken to El Paso Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame of Ancho were business visitors in town this Monday.

A. D. Salcido of Tucuman went through here Tuesday night on his way to Tularosa, where he was called on account of the serious illness of his mother. Salcido is a brother-in-law of Sat and Joe Chavez.

George Roberts and Bill Balow of Ancho were business visitors here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thornton of Oscura spent the week-end in El Paso with their daughter, Mrs. Moore and family, returning Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benny Sanchez are here from El Paso this week visiting the Gregorio Pino, Benigno Gallegos and Abe Sanchez families.

BORN-To Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Payne, Mar 9, a boy. Mother and son are doing nicely. Mrs. W. B. Payne was here this week from Capitan, paying her respects to the new grandson.

Frank Maxwell was here from his ranch near Claunch Wednesday.

Jesse May was a visitor from Nogal Wednesday.

J. L. Merchant was over from his ranch in the Capitan country on Monday of this week.

Miss Bertha Chavez has returned to school after being confined to her home for the past week on account of illness.

A. S. McCamant, Jack Davidson, Harry Ryberg and Mr. Martin were here from Corona this week attending to matters in District Court.

Mrs. Vance P. Smith, the children, and Mrs. Blanche Johnson, teacher in the Oscura school, came up last Saturday to do some shopping at our business houses, returning home in the afternoon.

Mrs. Dollie Marohn and daughter of Des Moines, Iowa, came in Sunday, and after visiting with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walker of the Lyric Theatre, left Tuesday morning for Los Angeles. They will visit other relatives there for several weeks before returning home. Mrs. Marohn is Mr. Walker's sister.

Mrs. M. R. Hendrix and son Fred of Ancho were business visitors in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame and Mrs. Carl Craig of Ancho visited Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bright and baby son Lewis Monday of this week.

District Court

The first criminal case of District Court came up Tuesday, whereupon the defendants, Jim Sandoval and Isidoro Gutierrez were acquitted by a jury on a charge of assault and battery on one Martin Medina.

The second was that of the state vs. H. H. Keeney of Corona, charged with the offense of raping a twelve-year-old girl. The jury was out but twenty minutes and returned a sealed verdict which was read yesterday morning by County Clerk Eddie Pensfield. The verdict was guilty.

The next was the case of the state vs. Emillano McKinley, charged with seducing a girl. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty after a short deliberation.

Two murder cases are on the docket for this term of court, the first of which will begin today.

Announcement

The present Mayor, Village Council and Clerk of the Village of Carrizozo, respectfully submit their names to the Voters of the Village for their consideration on April 5, 1938.

The purpose of this announcement at this time is to encourage any group or groups of citizens, called by whatever name, who may care to submit any other candidate or candidates for the various offices to do so.

We believe in strict non-partisanship in Municipal affairs. We do not presume to take any credit for accomplishment, nor do we apologize for anything that has not been done.

Our colleague, Mr. Padilla, for various reasons, has decided not to allow his name to be presented for re-election, and Mr. Daniel Chavez has consented to allow us to offer his name in Mr. Padilla's stead.

The Mayor, Village Council and Clerk.

Honors The Old Sod

Mr. Robert P. Hickey is proud of his native sod. He was born in Ireland and came here in the year of 1888. While he is an ardent American patriot, he loves to observe St. Patrick's Day. He has an emerald green handkerchief, made of Irish silk, which his sister gave him 35 years ago. He came out Thursday with the handkerchief protruding from the upper pocket of his coat and the shamrock displayed on the lapel. He also had his dog "Giggles" decorated with green ribbons and shamrocks. Giggles seemed to be alert to the occasion, joining her Master in celebrating the birthday of the Patron Saint.

Florncio Vega of his ranch 7 miles east of here, was called on jury service, but was excused.

The Alamo News makes complimentary mention of a visit of Ernest Key and Ben Stimmel in which it says in part:

Mr. Stimmel came to White Oaks in 1881, when there was a mining boom on. He moved from there to Carrizozo 22 years ago. He has an abiding faith that there is yet gold in them "thar hills" around White Oaks and gives some very logical reasons why he thinks so. Although 84 years old, Mr. Stimmel looks many years younger.

Election Proclamation

Official notice and call for the regular biennial Village election, for the Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, and notice of appointment of Judges and Clerks of election.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the requirements of the statutes in such cases made and provided, the Board of Trustees of the Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, did on the 1st day of March, 1938, appoint R. E. Berry, Joaquin Ortiz and Genovevo Griego Judges of said election and Tom Cook and Mrs. Chana Dolan Clerks of said election for the regular biennial election to be held in the Community Hall, Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, on Tuesday, April 5, 1938, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

And further notice is hereby given that said election is for the purpose of electing a Mayor, four Trustees and a Clerk for the incorporated Village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, for the period of two years.

F. E. Richard, Mayor Attest: Morgan Loylace, Clerk.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

There was a good attendance at the regular meeting Wednesday evening in the dining room of the S. P. Hotel. Pres. G. T. McQuillen occupied the chair with Dr. Blaney as secretary.

Being informed that the CCC Camp would be abandoned July 1, the secretary was instructed to write the proper department and make the request that the camp remain with us. Just what prestige the club's action will bring about, remains to be seen.

Mr. Mondell, district supervisor for the WPA and his assistant, Mr. Allison were club visitors and stated that the work on the old Lincoln courthouse would begin soon.

Mrs. Millicent Treat

Mrs. Millicent Treat, old-time resident of Lincoln County, died at her home in Great Bend, Kansas, March 1. Mrs. Treat was well known in this community, having resided in White Oaks with her husband, Geo. S. Treat and family, from 1886 until 1910. Mr. Treat died in 1910, after which she moved to her father's home in Great Bend, where she lived all these years. Mrs. Treat was 79 years of age.

She is survived by three children, Roy Treat, Roswell, Ralph Treat, El Paso, Mrs. Jessie Newman, San Francisco, one brother, Sidney Newcomb, ten grandchildren, two great grandchildren and a host of friends.

I. O. O. F. Notes

There was a good attendance at the lodge meeting Tuesday night, in spite of other attractions which kept some members away. The First Degree was conferred on Mr. Jake Pfingsten. The team work was exceptionally good. Members from out of town were Bert Pfingsten of Hondo; Albert and Jake Pfingsten and E. H. Ramey of Lincoln, and R. E. Kent of Oscura.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will conduct an Easter Baked Sale at the Carrizozo Hardware Co., Saturday, April 16.

Clint Brooks

Clint Brooks was born in Hamilton County, Texas, Oct. 18, 1885, and departed this life at Hot Springs, N. M., March 8, 1938, at the age of 52 years, 6 months and 20 days. He united with the Methodist Church at the age of 22 years at Hope, N. M., and was married there Mar. 14, 1909, to Miss Pearl Trimble. To this union was born a daughter, Lena Mae Jordan. Mr. Brooks leaves to mourn his passing, his widow, daughter, three grandsons, his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Richards, two brothers, Zeb and Earl, one sister, Mrs. Frank Sultemeier, three half sisters, Mmes. Servis, Brown, Eagleton, one half brother, Lum Richards.

Clint Brooks has been active and friendly in this community for the past 30 years and had an influential part in establishing and promoting the young community and school at Lon. A man of high ideals, friendly cooperation and possessing a keen sense of humor, he was never known to be unkind to anyone in either word or deed. He will be greatly missed by all those who knew him, and who, knowing him, loved him.

Pallbearers were, Messrs. DuBois, Simpson, Dishman, Hester, Atkinson and Hunt. Honorary pallbearers: Messrs. Orwen, Varney, Henderson, Page, Shelton, Hancock, Sultemeier and Smith.

Carrizozo Broadcast Soon

The Albuquerque Journal's program of Broadcasting the History and achievements of the several cities and towns of New Mexico will be on the air over K O B from 8 to 8:30 p. m. on Friday evening, March 25. The broadcasts will continue every Friday evening thereafter until the program is concluded.

Santa Fe will be the first. At some later date Carrizozo will have its turn.

Tune in on K O B every Friday evening and hear all about Carrizozo. You will be notified in these columns when the broadcast about Carrizozo will be on the air.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Sanchez and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Lueras visited Andres Lueras, Sr., in El Paso on March 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleghorn, Wayne Van Schoyck, Sr., and the Lord Mayor Lisha Leslie were visitors from White Oaks this week.

The A. L. Burke and Philip Bright families were Oscura visitors Sunday of last week.

OPEN HOUSE 5th Anniversary of U. S. C. C. Dance--Sat. April 2nd Community Hall Open House--April 3rd At Camp

Celestino Vigil of Hondo is here this week attending to matters in District Court.

Memory's Lane



A. L. B.

Retribution

Near the town of Pine Bluff, Ark., Tom Dalton, orphan, lived with his uncle, who adopted him after the death of his parents, when Tom was a boy of ten years. His uncle, Jim Burr, grossly neglected his nephew, kept him from school and made him work in the fields from early morning until late at night.

Under those miserable circumstances, Tom grew to the age of 18. It was plowing time in the spring of 1887 and Tom worked as faithful as he could. One night he came home, fed the cattle, but being tired and worn out, he forgot to feed the hogs. Next morning on discovering that the hogs had not been fed, the uncle became so enraged that he ordered Tom to work without his breakfast. Tom went, but about ten o'clock he fainted in the field. The word was sent to his uncle, who came with a horsewhip and whipped the sick boy unmercifully. The men tried to explain Tom's condition, but to no avail. Finally the boy raised to his elbow and hissed these words at Jim through his clenched teeth:

"You'll starve to death, I hope you'll starve to death! Curse you, curse you!" They carried Tom to the house, where after lingering for three days, he died.

Neighbors threatened to prosecute Jim Burr, but after a spell, the matter quieted down. About six months after the death of Tom Dalton, Jim Burr complained of having no appetite and nothing could induce him to eat. He would sit in an old arm chair behind the kitchen stove, refusing the most tempting morsels and also refusing to talk. Doctors were called in, all of whom agreed that there was no apparent reason for his queer attitude. They examined him and pronounced him in good health as far as they could ascertain. In his room at night, he would scream like a madman unless a light was kept burning. In that condition he lived for nearly 2 months. When he first refused to eat, he weighed over 200 pounds; when he died, his weight was but 90 pounds. After an examination of the remains, physicians gave notice that he "starved to death."

The above narrative is an evidence of the fact that a violation of the rights of others will eventually meet with its just reward. The measure in which we meet out to each other in this world, whether it be for good or evil, the same will be returned to us with interest. In other words, if we mistreat those whom we deem helpless, we must settle up for it with a measure full and everlasting. Jim Burr, healthy and wealthy, gave little thought to anything else save his self-gratification. His mistreatment of Tom was a small matter to him, but behind it all, lay the retribution which came to him in the way of interest for his misdeeds.

Lyric Theatre

Friday and Saturday-- Patsy Kelly and Jack Haley in "Pick a Star"

It's got all it takes to make you happy. It's funny. It's a honey. Also "It May Happen to You."

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday -- "Broadway Melody of 1938"

With Robt. Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Buddy Ebsen, George Murphy, Binnie Barnes, and the most celebrated aggregation of famous talent ever assembled for one entertainment. It begins where all other musicals left off. Also "Have Courage" and "Golf Mistakes."

Wednesday and Thursday -- "Victoria the Great"

With Anne Neagle, Anton Walbrook, H. B. Warner, and hundreds of others are in the cast. The diary of Queen Victoria's life -- the attempt to assassinate her, her love for her Consort, the birth of the first Prince of Wales in 100 years, and such pageantry as you've never seen on the screen. "Donald's Better Self." A Walt Disney Cartoon. Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.

FULLER BRUSH CO. has opening. \$25 00 a week to start. Apply Carl Karlin, Camp Malpais, Carrizozo.

Miss Euna Sloan left yesterday for Medford, Oregon, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Douglas Kimmons and family. She will then go to southern California to visit other relatives before returning home.

The Sister of Mercy and Mrs. Lucy Sandoval, who have been ill with pneumonia at the Turner hospital for the past several days, have improved and were removed to their respective homes this week.

Miss Nadine Brady, who visited her sister, Mrs. Vick Lopez and family, for a few days, left for her home in El Paso Sunday.

Work on street gutters started this week on the east side of the railroad tracks, the first being done on the main street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Drake have returned from Granbury, Texas, where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Drake's sister, Mrs. Walter Roxbury.

Harry Straley was a business visitor from Ancho Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Miller and Mrs. John Dale, Jr., were here yesterday from Ancho. Mrs. Miller having some dental work done at Dr. Blaney's office.

Mrs. Vernon Payne is in California with her mother, who has been ill, but is improving nicely, to the extent that her daughter will be home in a few days.

Sayers Crockett was in from his ranch this week and wishes to thank Mr. Butler and the CCC boys for the improvements they have made on his ranch. They did all necessary fencing and made him a nice water tank, for all of which favors, he gratefully acknowledges his thanks.

Under Pressure

By George Agnew Chamberlain

George Agnew Chamberlain
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Joyce Sewell, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, rebels at her lot, dependent on her father's support, and full of tragic memories of her mother's murder two years ago. She is called by her father to the Blackadder, an admirer, to help her persuade Joyce to marry rich, young Michael Kirks. Kirks, Mike, sent up to Joyce by Irma and Blackadder, demands a showdown on his proposal and is rejected. Joyce realises that La Barranca, a Mexican hacienda which her father had owned, legally belongs to her. Later, she receives a letter enclosing a warrant on the United States Treasury for \$10,000 compensation for her mother's murder at La Barranca. She confers with Mr. Bradley, a banker and only remaining friend of her father's. She decides that she wants to make a secret journey to Mexico. Bradley arranges all details for her. She departs by plane undetected. Dirk Van Sartart, second secretary of the American embassy in Mexico City, gives Joyce a chilly reception and she loses her temper. She finds a Mexican woman lawyer, Margarida Fonseca, who takes her to General Onella, right-hand man to the Mexican minister of war. Margarida reminds Onella that the usurper of La Barranca is his dangerous enemy, Dirk Kirks. The two make plans to send Joyce with a few picked men under Pancho Buenaventura to drive Dorado out. Adan Arnaldo, a young man who runs El Tenebroso, a night club, knows Dorado's present whereabouts, so they take Joyce there that night where she notices Dirk. General Dorado arrives and in the course of sudden gunplay, the lights go out and Joyce is left alone. Adan Arnaldo whisks her out and takes her home. The following morning Joyce drives off to Toluca with Pancho. Back in Elsinboro, Joyce's disappearance has been discovered. Blackadder upbraids Irma, but succumbs to her helpless charm and plans to marry her. Blackadder gets the secretary of state to wire the embassy at Mexico City to locate Joyce. Dirk Kirks, a delegate to the senate, getting no information from the living Onella, goes to El Tenebroso and interviews Arnaldo. Arnaldo bids Dirk follow him. Meanwhile Joyce and Pancho reach La Barranca. Pancho and Eusebio, one of his hand, leave her and at dawn climb the wall. Suddenly shots ring out.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

She sprang through the first zaguan and ran across the second court. She reached the second zaguan, entered the inner patio and plunged through odoriferous blooms to trip and all but fall over a dead body. Here also everything was silent—not the stillness of peace, the silence of terror and death. Every door on the lower floor was tightly sealed. She dashed up one branch of the double stairway which led to the balcony above. Fury still possessed her to the exclusion of all fear. Murder was being done on her account—murder before her very eyes.

Again shots pierced the silence, but they were rhythmic, punctuated. They came from the formal dining room. She dashed along the balcony and entered upon a scene so astonishing it brought her to an instantaneous halt. Her eyes were riveted on a figure as hideous as a gargoyle which stood as if crucified against the wall beneath one of the sconces.

She recognized the visage of General Dorado, now twitching with terror as the rhythmic shots shattered one by one the lusters dangling over her head. Two other men were in the room, Eusebio and Pancho, both seated. The jumpers were gone, disclosing what had caused the bulges—bandoliers still half full of cartridges. Eusebio was rolling a cigarette, Pancho was doing the shooting and Dorado, wondering why he was being spared, had his glittering eyes fixed on his tormentor.

"Pancho!" cut in Joyce's voice between two shots. "You lied. You promised Gen—"

In one movement Pancho sprang up, snatched off his big sombrero and swung it backward at a venture, striking her across the mouth. For an instant Dorado stared at her with unbelieving yet consuming eyes, then his paralysis passed and he made a leap for the nearest door. With a double bloodcurdling yell Eusebio and Pancho were after him. Half knocked off balance by the rush of their passage Joyce was yet able to reach the balcony in time to watch the pursuit through the patio, across the visible section of the great court, through the zaguan at its far side and out by one of the gates into the limitless freedom of the prairie.

Joyce turned, went out and descended to the patio with a firm step. She must do something, summon aid. But first she wished to orient herself, revisit the spots she knew best. She glanced toward her one time playroom and saw that the huge key was on the outside of the lock. A moment later she had turned it and thrown open the door. She stood transfixed. It had become a stable—a pig-pen. Two horses turned their heads and stared at her as though startled and three fattening hogs, penned in one corner, grunted low as if only mumbled. She closed the door hurriedly and stepped back against a bush. The bush moved and she thought it was because she had touched it but the next instant her ankle was seized in an unbreakable grip. She looked down and saw a brown hand, a brown hairy arm.

She opened her mouth and screamed but no sound issued from her throat. She dragged back with all her might. Another hand came forward and then appeared the shoulders of a man. She tugged

more furiously than ever. The other hand added its grip to the first. Now she could see his waist, the whole body, his shattered and bleeding thigh. He looked up and instantly she knew he was asking for no aid. The single thought in his eyes was as clear as if he had shouted it. He wished to pull her down, transfer his grip from her ankle to her throat and kill her before he died—all this for his General Dorado. Then her voice came back—not her familiar grown-up voice but the voice of memory uttering a cry of the past.

"Luz! Luz! Luz!"

CHAPTER VII

Dirk followed Arnaldo around the crowded dancing floor, retrieved his overcoat and hat and a moment later the two men sprang into the same car that had rescued Joyce from the same spot four nights before. Adan barked a direction and the tone of his voice was sufficient to send the chauffeur tearing along through one street after another, skidding around corners and ignoring lights until he drey up with a squeal of brakes at an apartment house shrouded in darkness. On the



"He's Dead," Said Several of the Crowd in Unison.

lighted a match to examine the name card, then rang the bell with one hand and knocked with the other.

"Who is it?" asked a deep voice presently. "What do you want?"

"It's I, Margarida—Adan Arnaldo. Open the door. Something terrible has happened."

The latch clicked and the door swung back, revealing Margarida Fonseca.

"What do you want?" asked Margarida.

"Information."

"Take your hand off the gun. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"Oh, I wouldn't shoot; I'd just tap over and around your brains—harder and harder."

"If I weren't amused I'd scream for help."

"You'd get it all right; the police are downstairs."

"What police?"

"Why do you suppose I'm running around with a gringo secretary of embassy?" countered Arnaldo.

"Don't you know a friend when you see one? Answer my questions and tell the truth or you'll go to jail in a nightgown."

"For what?"

"Abduction of a minor."

"What is it you wish to know?"

"Where is the girl?"

"She's gone to La Barranca."

"What for?"

"La Barranca is undoubtedly her property; I had to admit that much. Since I explained why the courts can do nothing she has gone there to plead with General Dorado to hand it back to her."

"I don't believe it!" said Arnaldo.

"She told me she never wanted to see Pepe's horror of a face again."

Margarida smiled pityingly. "I'm the one who's telling the truth. The girl is at La Barranca. I swear it by every hair on the head of my dead mother."

"Where is La Barranca?" Dirk asked. "I mean how do you get there—by what road?"

"The road to Toluca," said Arnaldo out of a half daze. "The hacienda is southwest of Toluca. Once you've passed the city all you have to say is La Barranca to the first man you meet and he will point out the trail."

"How do you know so much about La Barranca, Adan?" asked Margarida curiously.

"For my sins I went to one of Pepe's shooting parties," said Arnaldo, still in a half daze.

Dirk rose. "I'm leaving for Toluca in half an hour," he stated. "What about it, Arnaldo? Any chance of your coming with me?"

"No," said Arnaldo, snapping out of his daze. He turned to Van Sartart. "Sit down," Dirk obeyed. "What do you suppose I'm thinking about? Do you know Dorado? No. Well, I do. We're too late—too late by hours. To make the trip would be a mere sentimental gesture."

"Just the same I'm going," said Dirk.

"To take a fall out of a windmill," asserted Arnaldo impatiently. "Have you any idea what a Mexican hacienda is like?"

"No."

"It's a fortress. Don't be a fool. If you insist on making a journey to bring back the remains wait until you can take a horse and a troop of cavalry along with a battery of seventy-five to help you. If your ambassador can't get them, come to me and I'll see what I can do."

"No," said Dirk. "You don't understand. He gave me a job and if I tried passing the buck back to him he'd be through with me for keeps and I wouldn't blame him. Do you mind dropping me at my place?"

Joyce stared down in horror at the wreck of a man at her feet. Reason told her since he was mortally wounded she must be stronger than he, yet she was not—all her strength had turned to water. From the waist up he was terribly alive. His right hand was still clamped on her ankle so tightly that circulation had almost ceased and with his left he had managed to seize her skirt. Rather than have it dragged off her she sank to one knee, straining her head-back from the sight of his face.

"Luz!" she cried in a last despairing wail.

A bar clattered on the far side of the patio, a door opened and the figure of a woman stepped forth. She was ageless as are all peons once the bloom of youth has passed, but strong with the toughness of rawhide. Her leathery face would have been expressionless had it not been for the brilliance of cavernous black eyes. The instant they beheld Joyce their expression underwent a startling transformation. It did not occur to her she was staring at the babe she had nursed at her breast; what she thought she saw was that babe's mother to the very life.

She dashed to the rescue, screaming as she went: "Senor Maximiliano! Senor Leonardo! Plutarcio! Riquelme! Nataniel!"

As the last cry for help left her lips she sprang through the air to pounce like a cat, claws out, on Joyce's assailant. Heedless of the shattered hip which was uppermost she dug knowingly under his other thigh and presently tugged into view a sheath knife with a glittering blade a foot long. Gripping the handle with both hands she raised it on high. The man promptly gave up. He released his hold on Joyce, rolled over and with a sigh of relief exposed his breast to descending death. But he counted without Joyce. She seized Luz's wrists and wrenched them upward.

"No, Luz, not!"

At Luz's call doors had opened on every side and people were coming in the run. As the wondering group gathered Luz looked up, her face distorted in bewilderment. An instant later she dropped the knife, threw herself on her knees, bowed her head to the ground and began kissing Joyce's feet with a fervor interrupted only by elucidating wails.

"Joycita! Cital! Ciquita! My baby! At my breast—my own breast!" She looked up at the crowd through streaming eyes. "Our baby has come back to us!"

Joyce lifted her up and kissed her.

tear-wet cheeks. "Luz! Oh, Luz! But we can't talk now; we must get a doctor."

"What for?" asked Luz.

"This poor man—we must try to save him."

"He's dead," said several of the crowd in unison.

"Wait!" called a sonorous voice. "Wait for me."

Joyce looked around and memory, not quite sure of itself, stirred in her breast. An imposing figure was approaching along the gallery of the patio with carefully measured steps accompanied by the regular thump of a rubber-tipped staff.

"Who is he?" asked Joyce hurriedly.

"You have forgotten Don Jorge, Senor Maximiliano?" asked Luz. "Because he became blind," she explained, "they left him life."

"Of course," said Joyce, remembering. "Maxie, the superintendent. But blind!"

Luz stepped forward, caught Senor Maximiliano's free hand and kissed it with respect. She explained the baby of long ago had returned. He laid fall his staff, reached out and laid hands on Joyce's shoulders.

"Maxie," she breathed, "I used to call you Maxie."

He wrapped his arms around her and held her close for a long moment of silence. "The babe is become a woman," he rumbled, "but she will always be a child to me. Welcome back to your home and to our hearts. Leonardo!"

"Senor," answered Leonardo, stepping forward.

"Summon the people; let them greet their mistress."

There was no need for Leonardo to issue a call since men, women, and children were already swarming into the precincts of the inner patio. They came from the outer court, the tienda and the scattered houses beyond the gates. Silently, their black eyes staring in wonder, they passed before Joyce, each pausing with bent knees to kiss her hand. A toddling infant closed the long procession, 500 strong. Joyce snatched up the baby and faced the throng.

"As this child is one of you," she called, "so am I. Boundaries divide peoples; they can't divide the human family. Love me and I will serve you; serve me with faith in your hearts and I will love you." She turned to Senor Maximiliano and laid her hand on his arm. "Was that all right, Maxie?"

"Your father might have spoken the words," said Don Jorge, "and I know no greater praise. But I am confuted. Let us go inside—you and Luz and I—and talk."

Don Jorge Maximiliano de la Sierra was a gentleman, a scion of a collateral branch of the family which had originally owned La Barranca.

Seated in the little room which had been her mother's boudoir, with Luz standing before them, Joyce told Don Jorge of her father's death and the dreary years culminating with the arrival of the warrant for \$10,000. Then, interrupted by several sharp questions, she gave him the exact facts as to what had happened in the week since she had returned to Mexico.

"Let's say farewell to the past," said Don Jorge, "and face the present. What you have told me about Onella troubles me profoundly. Why did he accede to your request? Why did his men kill Dorado and then abandon you?"

"They didn't," said Joyce quickly.

"What?" cried Don Jorge, straightening in his chair. "Are you sure, my child?"

"Quite sure, Maxie. Didn't I tell you Onella told Pancho Buenaventura that Dorado mustn't be killed at any price? They chased him away—I saw them with my own eyes—but they didn't kill him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

© Science Service—WNU Service

Long Storage Might Destroy Important Parts of Foodstuffs

By Dr. FRANK THONE

Washington.—Foods kept for years in a "super-normal" granary, if such a policy should be established, would be subject to more than the ordinary expected risks of moth and rust, mice and moldiness, Dr. Frank M. Schertz, plant physiologist, points out.

The things we used to think of as prime importance in foodstuffs, carbohydrates, fats, and proteins, might be preserved with a minimum of loss, and yet the materials might lose so much of their vitamins and other perishable constituents that the stored masses might in emergency prove a delusion and a snare, filling our stomachs and yet starving us to death.

The idea of a "super-normal" granary was suggested originally by Prof. R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota. Professor Harvey thinks that far wiser than the present national policy of burying a vast gold reserve in the Kentucky hills would be the accumulation of hoards of food and feedstuffs, textile materials, and other farm and forest products. Professor Harvey goes Secretary Wallace's ever-normal granary scheme one better, in that he would have it operated in terms of decades rather than mere years.

Carotene a Good Example.

The hazards of long-time storage of foods are exemplified by Dr. Schertz in a single case, that of carotene, a plant pigment which is also an important vitamin. In fresh green leaf material carotene is present in ratios of only one part to from 6,000 to 20,000 of the total bulk. Yet without this tiny pinch of carotene we perish.

And carotene can not be stored successfully, in the dried state at least, even at low temperatures. Half of it is lost in as little as a month under ordinary storage conditions. Under specially controlled conditions the loss can be minimized; but Dr. Schertz has grave doubts of the practicability of maintaining the necessary supply of this and other vitamins in storage lasting many years. He advocates thorough-going research as a necessary preliminary to any such comprehensive and costly scheme as a "super-normal" granary.

Ancient Factory Town Is Unearthed in Honduras

Washington.—Ruins of an ancient American trade town, where Indians turned out cheap pottery bowls for traveling salesmen to handle, have been unearthed in the tropics in northeastern Honduras by a Smithsonian-Harvard university joint expedition.

The town unearthed sheds light on industrial life of aboriginal America. Evidence that mass production was tried in those days is found in quantities of broken pottery, some decorated in the "factory" method of stamping the design.

Indian business men of the town lived well, judging by two house floors unearthed by the expedition. The plastered floors were stained red. Fragments of plaster, apparently from walls, show re-decoration in successive layers of red, yellow, red, blue-gray, and red.

The town is identified as Naco, visited by Spanish explorers in 1520. Spaniards found it a flourishing place of 2,000 houses and about 10,000 natives, with Aztec traders from Mexico bargaining for goods in the shady city square. Ten years later, Naco was reduced to a pitiable handful of 45 Indians, the rest having been killed, enslaved, or driven into the hills.

Crests Balanced Beaks for Flying Reptiles

New York.—Flying reptiles of the earth's geologic Middle Ages, though they were never direct kin of birds, nevertheless evolved in certain respects remarkably like birds. Dr. Carroll Lane Fenton points out in a newly published book, "Life Long Ago."

Like the most ancient birds, the first flying reptiles had long jaws with rows of sharp teeth. Later models had fewer teeth, and the last flying reptiles of all had stork-like beaks with no more teeth than the proverbial hen. The long beaks were kept in balance by long crests sticking backward from the reptile fliers' skulls.

The flying reptiles were apparently feeders on fish to a very large extent, perhaps exclusively, says Dr. Fenton. They skimmed low over the surface of the water and scooped up fish and other forms of marine life that washed too close to the surface.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PATENTS

R. H. GALBREATH, registered Patent Attorney, 1545 Glenarm St., Denver, Colo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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TIPS to Gardeners

Choosing Flowers

IF YOU want flowers that come into bloom early, plant seeds of nasturtium, Virginia stock, zinnia, sunflower, bachelor's button and alyssum.

Among the easiest flowers to grow are the nasturtium, alyssum and California poppy.

To achieve brilliant color in the garden with a minimum of effort, grow petunia and zinnia. They require some care early in the season, but once established they grow luxuriantly, and nothing provides more color.

If snapdragons and asters, though among your flower favorites, are barred from your garden because of the prevalence of rust and wilt, return them to their deserved places by getting rust and wilt resistant varieties from your seed dealer.

In your rock garden, try some of the following: African daisy, linaria, lobelia, statice, verbena and Virginia stock, among the annuals; and columbine, English daisy, forget-me-not and Iceland poppy, of the perennials.

A Pig Was to Blame

By the disobedience of a lad in 1809, a garden gate in Rhode Island was left open and a pig got in and destroyed a few plants. A quarrel between the owners of the garden and the pig resulted, which spread among their friends, defeated the Federal candidate for the legislature, and gave the state a senator by whose vote war was declared in 1812 with Great Britain.—Pat Paragraphs.

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Ideas are the well springs of all the joy and sorrow of our mortal life.—Augusta Evans.

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DUAN'S REGULAX

"Norway Pine" Misnomer; Forest Service Orders It Shall Be Known as "Red Pine"

The Federal Forest Service has decreed that hereafter the Norway pine, so common to the Lake states, shall be known as, and called, the red pine. Instructions to this effect have been sent to all National Forest custodians.

The name "Norway" has been in common usage with us although it is a misnomer. According to authorities the name is wholly out of place, for the tree is not a foreigner but a native of North America. It is related that the name Norway pine was given the tree by a Spanish captain who first found it here. Its close resemblance to pines he had seen in Norway caused him to suppose it identical with such as he had seen growing there, which undoubtedly were Scottish pines.

Simon B. Elliott, in his work on important timber trees of the United States, said: "Its technical name also is inappropriate. Pine trees, which it is called, resemble pines, and why the red pine should be given that name when it does not

contains less resin than any other hard timber pine is very strange." The name red pine is appropriate for this tree and is quite generally recognized throughout its eastern range. The bark and wood are reddish, the winter buds reddish-brown, the staminate flowers scarlet or reddish purple and the scales of the pistillate flowers scarlet.

The red pine, next to the white pine, used to be the most important timber tree of the Lake states. Today it is planted as extensively as white and jack over state and Federal reservations. It has one advantage over white for reforestation purposes—it will take root and thrive in soils too sterile and light for white pine, and for this reason is found in extensive stands on the sandy plains of the North.

Name of Laborer

A Portuguese laborer named Labrador discovered and gave his name to the eastern coast of Canada.

Speaking of Sports

County Fair Gave Start To Track Ace

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY
BREAKING track records for the mile and other distances and winning tight races is old stuff to Glenn Cunningham, ace miler of the present generation.

That amazing performance was recorded recently at a meet at Dartmouth college. The time was four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds. This was four seconds under the Kansas star's own indoor record of 4:08.4 for the mile—set in 1934—and two seconds under the 4:06.4 outdoor mark made last August by Syd Woodersen of England.

Only a few days before this epochal feat, Cunningham had broken another world's record at Madison Square Garden, New York, running the 1,500 meter event in 3:48.8.

Those were performances calculated to thrill even the most victory-laden champion. But if you asked Cunningham about the biggest thrill of his career he'll probably tell you he experienced it in his first race. That was a long time ago. The story trails back to a county fair grounds and an obscure school-boy track meet on the plains of Kansas.

When Glenn was about eight years old he was severely burned in a school house fire and for a time it was feared he would lose one of his legs. But pluck and a rugged constitution pulled him through and soon he was learning to walk all over again by holding onto the end gate of a wagon. Later, to strengthen the crippled leg he would run up and down the roads surrounding the old home place.

Never Saw Shorts

A few years later while he was still in grade school, Glenn entered a county school meet at the fair grounds at Elkhart, Kan. The track was just a dirt road built for auto-



Glenn Cunningham

mobile rages. The youngster had never had on shorts and a sweat shirt, and hadn't yet seen spiked track shoes.

So in his ordinary shoes and every-day clothes he ran around the track and surprisingly enough, won that mile. Winning miles has been a steady habit with him ever since and he admits he has never had any relish for getting beat in any race.

Since that unnoticed little race out in Elkhart, Kan., Glenn has won any number of brilliant track battles. In high school at home and in college at the University of Kansas and clear down to the present day when he is running under the auspices of the New York Curb exchange, he has streaked through track events like a comet.

Cunningham lost his last race last year to his fellow Kansan, Archie San Romani. The younger Archie has been handicapped by a game leg so far this year, while Cunningham has been running in the greatest form of his entire career.

Future of Track

The champion sees a great future for track events in the United States provided communities that have neglected them in past years will join in a revival.

"Track," he says, "is one sport all youngsters can and should take part in. It returns untold dividends in health, physical development and the building of self-reliance and morale."

Glenn believes that any school, no matter how small or pressed for ready cash, can put on track events for its students if it really wants to. He pointed out that hundreds of schools are actually making the equipment in their own manual training departments.

Rural schools particularly, he believes, can sponsor a track if they are not already doing so.

Playing Managers

ONLY three major league managers who can also take their turn playing in the field or facing opposing pitchers in the betting box will be left in the big time, when the season opens on April 19. They are Jimmy Dykes and Joe Cronin in the American league and Jimmy Wilson in the National league. Mickey Cochrane, pilot of the Detroit Tigers, recently announced that he would not play again.

At one time not so long ago there were as many as nine active playing-managers in the big leagues. That was when Charley Grimm of the Cubs wasn't bothered with lumbago; when Frankie Frisch of the Cardinals was still a flash; when Pie Traynor's throwing arm was working at Pittsburgh; when Bill Terry's knees didn't squeak when



Jimmy Dykes



Joe Cronin

he first-based for the New York Giants; when Rogers Hornsby still took an occasional turn with the St. Louis Browns; and when Cochrane was the outstanding catcher of the business.

So now only Dykes, Cronin and Wilson stick to their double chores and only one of them, Cronin, is a day-in and day-out performer. Wilson gave up his regular job as catcher for the Phillies two years ago and Dykes yielded to a younger man last year. Cronin, manager of the Boston Red Sox, is among the standouts as an active ball player. He was rated the best shortstop in the American league in 1937. He is only thirty-one and will probably stay active after Dykes and Wilson have quit.

The passing of Cochrane as a player marked the retirement of a masterful catcher, ranking among the greats of all time. Among hitting catchers, none ranks in his class. He knew how to handle pitchers. He knew opposing batters' weaknesses. He hit to all fields, rapping out frequent home runs, bunted smartly and ran the bases with speed and intelligence. Cochrane spent 13 years as an active big leaguer before he was injured critically by a pitched ball last year.

Here and There

WALTER HAGEN, JR., son of the famous golf professional, is a sports commentator for the campus radio studio at Notre Dame.

The operation on Dixie Walker's shoulder was so unusual that the former White Sox outfielder, now with Detroit, has become exhibit No. 1 at medical conventions. Kid Norfolk, light heavyweight challenger of 15 years ago, has not seen a fight since he retired. He is employed by a Philadelphia construction company. The American league record for most errors in a single game is held jointly, of all people, by George Sisler and Hal Chase.

Pro Tennis Treat

TENNIS fans may yet be treated to the spectacle of Ellsworth Vines and Don Budge and Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs fighting it out for supremacy in pro singles matches and Budge and Gene Mako opposed to Vines and Perry in the doubles.

Word from the West coast indicates that the fires are being stirred up under the tennis pot and it is reaching the boiling point rapidly. Budge, who electrified the tennis world when he single-handed won the Davis cup last year, is announcing unofficially that when he finishes defending the cup next summer, he will be in a receptive mood about joining the pro ranks.

Helen Wills Moody will not say she will and won't say she won't be interested in turning pro. But she has given her tennis game a stout



Helen Wills Moody

test in recent months and if it is as good as she hopes, she is going back to Wimbledon to take another crack at the women's world's title. If she wins she will try for the national title at Forest Hills. Then she may be landed in the pro net.

The catch in the scheme for this troupe may be the landing of Helen Jacobs. She appears to be not too anxious to play either amateur or professional tennis, but a \$50,000 offer from the pros might land her. Western Newspaper Union.

Pretty Things for Easter



THESE three dresses are up high on the list of fashion's favorites, and you can easily make them at home by using our simple, easy-to-follow patterns, each accompanied by a complete and detailed sew chart. Start right now, for even if there's a shiver in the air at this moment, Easter is not very far off! And you'll want to be ready!

Dress With Lifted Waistline. This is a very, very popular fashion because it makes you look so slim and graceful, what with the waistline high in front, and soft gathers above it, the gently flaring skirt. Made up in a pretty print or silk crepe, it will be lovely for Easter and for all Spring. Be sure to wear a bunch of flowers at the neckline.

A Jumper Frock for Girls. This is one of the sweetest and most becoming styles ever invented for girls of school age, just about the time they begin to shoot up so fast that you can almost see them grow! Make the jumper of linen, gingham or percale, and why not make two or three blouses to go with it? One of linen, one of dimity, and one of organdy.

Everybody Likes Dandy Frock. The square neckline, the full rippling skirt and tight little waist are so flattering to slim figures! Here's a charming dandy with just the right air of quaintness and freshness about it. Choose a gay flowered print, or a cheerful plain color, pale or bright. But, be sure, whether you make it up in silk or

cotton, to choose a crisp fabric so that the skirt will flare as it should.

The Patterns. 1481 is designed for sizes 14 to 42 (32 to 42 bust.) Size 16 (34) requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

1996 is designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 39-inch material for the jumper; 1 1/2 yards for the blouse. Also 2 1/2 yards of bias facing for neck and armholes of jumper.

1480 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust.) Size 14 (32) requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 1/2 yards of ribbon for belt and 3/4 yards of braid or ribbon for trimming.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book. Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 100 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

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

ARE YOU ONLY A 3/4 WIFE?

Men can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is lovable for three weeks of the month—but a ball-cut the fourth. No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of Pinkham's today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit. Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Truth in Speaking

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.—Carlyle.

"YOU BET WE'RE ENJOYIN' OUR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES—NOW!"

WE'VE GOT FASTER-ROLLIN', MILDER, TASTIER TOBACCO."



"JUST GOT A MESSAGE from up the line," says telegrapher Jim Redmond (center). "They're all shut in by a big fall of snow. But they don't care. The boys say they've got plenty of Prince Albert 'makin's' tobacco—and they're sure tickled with it. They didn't know tobacco could be so mild, yet so full-bodied and rich tasin'." As he listens to the receiving set click out

"Prince Albert for mine," the fellow in the leather jacket says: "We know what they mean. We're all gettin' the firmest, roundest 'makin's' smokes a man ever twirled. That P.A. crimp cut sure lays right." "What a shame," puts in Chester Odell (he's on the left), "that I wasted my time before gettin' on to Prince Albert. But you bet I'm enjoyin' my 'makin's' smokes—NOW!"

Copyright, 1935, E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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BRING P.A. BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!

Roll yourself 30 small cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the packet tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



A Colorful Pansy Afghan. Here's something different in crochet—an afghan with a pansy design that's full of old-time charm. Make it of 4 fold german-town, entirely in single crochet. Pattern 6021. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

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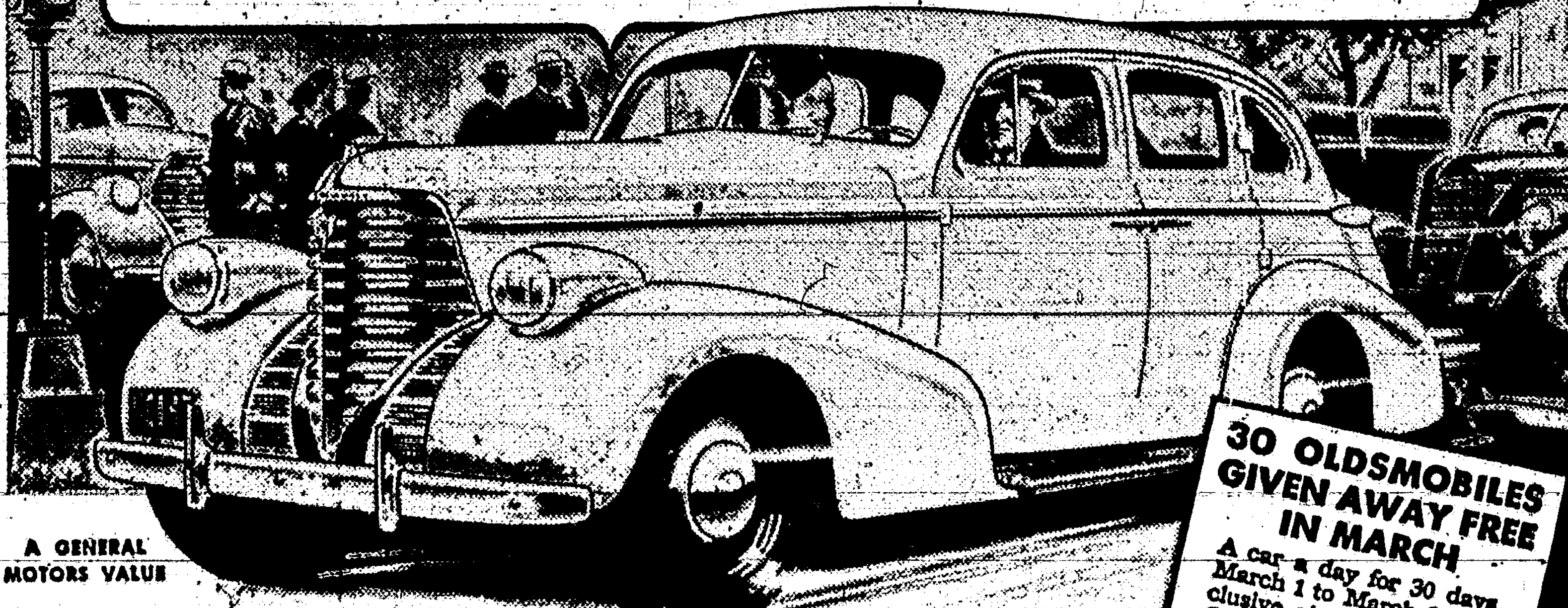
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In The Probate Court
(State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Estate of
Harry S. Comrey, Deceased
No 461.

Notice of Appointment
of Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that on the 21st day of February, 1938, the undersigned was appointed administratrix of the estate of Harry S. Comrey, deceased, in the above named court; and having qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Grace E. Comrey,
Administratrix.
John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. M.
Attorney for Administratrix.
M11-A1

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RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$284,986.09	Capital Stock \$ 25,000.00
Overdrafts 68.70	Surplus 15,000.00
U. S. Bonds, Municipal & School Bonds 137,212.17	Undivided Profits 12,924.77
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures 7,921.18	Reserve for Contingencies 10,595.92
Other Real Estate Owned 8.00	Other Liabilities 8.18
Cash and Sight Exchange 281,097.12	Deposits 627,720.50
Other Assets 1.04	
Total \$691,244.32	Total \$691,244.32

The above statement is correct.

A. E. HUNTSINGER, Cashier.

B. F. STRAUGHAN, President.
JOHN W. WOOD, Vice-President
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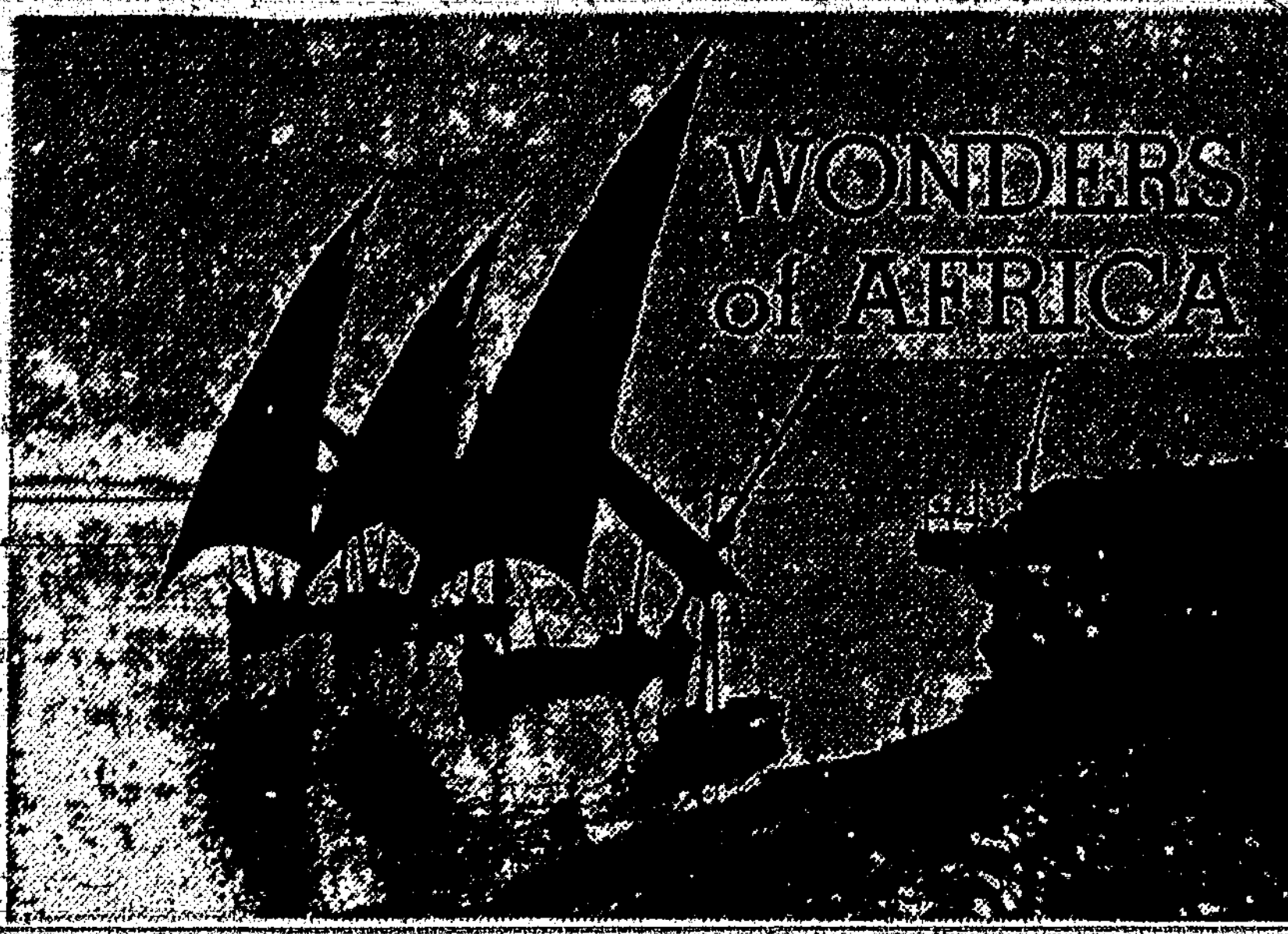
National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for March 20

KEEPING THE BODY STRONG



Freight Barges on the Nile.

Nature and Man Have Contributed To the Marvels of the Dark Continent

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

IN AFRICA are natural wonders which almost challenge belief. The Sahara, a vast waste of rock, gravel, and sand, is so big it would hold the entire continental United States. The reason it is a desert at all is, simply stated, that the wind blows in the wrong direction—down from the dry heart of central Asia instead of from the moisture-giving ocean. The temperature changes so sharply at nightfall that travelers who have suffered in the blazing heat find themselves shivering under blankets.

Gold. Down, down it goes to a depth of 8,380 feet—more than a mile and a half—in quest of the precious yellow metal. Work has begun not long ago on an air-conditioning and cooling system for this abysmal maze of shaft sand passages.

An elephant trail through the wilderness, a traffic-filled street in a bustling city, the Pyramids, modern universities, professors, pygmies, whites and blacks and every shade between, a gasoline station in the desert, a motor car's honk, a hyena's laugh—all these are modern Africa.

Over it all, the lines of transport are being constantly improved and extended, as the European powers, which control all but a tiny fraction of this continent as big as three Europes, seek to tap to the full its immense resources of mineral wealth and tropical produce.

Air and Rail Transportation.

Comfortable British air liners regularly fly mail and passengers from London to Capetown, 7,700 miles away, in nine days, while a white hunter on safari in the big-game country, with 40 blacks, takes about the same length of time to travel 150 miles. The French and Belgians are planning to blaze another long air route diagonally across the continent from the Barbary states to the Belgian Congo and far-away Madagascar.

By train one may ride from the Cape to the Congo, or across Africa from Lobito, Angola, on the west coast, to Beira, Mozambique, on the east. On a new railway bridge, one of the longest in the world, trains sweep across the broad Zambezi river at Sena, Mozambique, replacing slow, flat-bottomed ferries. In French Equatorial Africa connects the Congo river system's thousands of miles of navigable waters with the sea at Pointe Noire.

The purple of France covers a larger area than the color of any other nation—an empire nearly 19 times the size of the home country—but much of it consists of desert. Britain's pink regions are much more populous.

Only three areas, comprising about one-fourteenth of the total of Africa, remain as separate native nations—Ethiopia, (in a diplomatic sense) Egypt, and Liberia.

With the aid of the famous Foreign Legion, France controls some of Africa's most warlike peoples. The keynote of its policy has been to cause a minimum of disturbance of the customs of the natives. From its far-flung colonies it obtains such products as groundnuts, cotton, palm oil, fruit, cocoa, rubber, tobacco, wheat, timber, wine and hides.

Britain's Colonies Developed. Both France and Great Britain benefited extensively from the elimination of Germany as one of the colonizers of Africa. The world war raged in many parts of this continent, and even a naval battle was fought in the heart of Africa when enterprising Britons dragged boats through the jungle and broke the German grip on Lake Tanganyika.

A glance at the map shows how the territories of Britain have been consolidated, forming a highly important and strategic right of way from top to bottom of the continent, since the British influence is strong also in Egypt. The uniting factor in this string of possessions was Tanganyika, formerly German East Africa.

The British, in possession of some of the richest areas of the continent, have been tireless in their development. In South Africa, gold and diamonds have played major roles. On the Nile, irrigation projects have proved successful, and quantities of cotton are produced in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Uganda. Kenya is growing large quantities of coffee and the West African possessions yield tropical products, such as oil palm nuts, cocoa, copra, and groundnuts; tiny Gambia alone ships more than a million dollars' worth of peanuts a year. The British islands of Zanzibar and Pemba yield the bulk of the world's cloves.

Belgium, third on the list of African landholders, possesses in the Belgian Congo untold resources of minerals and tropical products, including palm oil, rubber, rice, ivory, cotton, cocoa and coffee. What gold and diamonds have been to South Africa, copper promises for the Congo, and much of the rapid development that has taken place there has been aimed at tapping the rich deposits of the metal.

About Politics

Washington.—From this seat in the grandstand the view is quite clear that New Deal leaders are going out in this summer's primaries to nominate New Dealers against the conservative old line Democrats. I have looked into the local situation in a number of states and congressional districts and everywhere the line of cleavage is showing. And these things are happening notwithstanding the declarations of Postmaster General-National Committee Chairman Farley that there will be no interference.

It is not the purpose here to report on every one of the states or districts where the battle is impending between New Dealers and old line Democrats. I shall attempt, however, to outline a few of them to establish what is going on and how the New Dealers are maneuvering to get a better grip on Democratic party machinery.

To do this clearly, it seems to me it ought to be recalled how President Roosevelt and numerous of his spokesmen have threatened those Democrats who have disagreed with New Deal policies in any serious way. The fight over the President's plan to rebuild the Supreme court of the United States caused a serious split in the President's support and it was immediately thereafter that threats were forthcoming about those who had refused to go along on the court reorganization. About the time that fight was in its most bitter stage, it will be remembered, Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania made a radio speech in which he attempted to kick certain Democrats out of the party. The White House denied any connection with that speech, but there were few who believed Senator Guffey was acting on his own initiative. That is to say, it appeared to be a New Deal policy, for the Pennsylvania Democrat often has served as the mouthpiece in that way.

There was comparative quiet for awhile, but those with ears to the ground noted many minor rumblings that, to the political wise, could mean only one thing. Those rumblings preaged another earthquake. They are increasing in intensity, too. We hear them from many directions.

Young James Roosevelt, son and secretary of the President who is just now serving on a tour of duty as a lieutenant colonel in the marine corps, was in Florida last month. While there he took occasion to say publicly that Sen. Claude Pepper, a New Dealer, ought to be renominated and re-elected. Well, Senator Pepper is such an ardent New Dealer that he once said if anyone wanted to know his position all that was needed was to ascertain Mr. Roosevelt's views—because he would support the President on any question.

I am told from sources that I believe have an understanding of the Florida situation that young Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement may be the deciding factor in a close race. That is to say, the race was so tight between Senator Pepper and the able young Rep. Mark Wilcox that one guess was as good as another. Now, however, Representative Wilcox is asking the voters whether they shall determine who their senator shall be or whether they shall be told by the White House. It is said that broad resentment already has been created; so much resentment, indeed, that recently Mr. Wilcox made the statement that no campaign would be necessary on his behalf if only "Glatie" and "Buzie" Dall, grandchildren of President Roosevelt, would give Senator Pepper their endorsement.

Over in Pennsylvania another kind of a situation has bobbed up. In that state, the Pennsylvania bosses have had situation trouble agreeing on their candidates, and finally they took their troubles to the White House. (I mean the Democratic bosses which have supplanted the Republican bosses who used to rule Pennsylvania.) The result of the White House confab was that Governor Earle will run for Democratic nomination to the senate so he will be alongside another New Dealer, Senator Guffey, and Charles A. Jones, Pittsburgh attorney, was picked as the nominee for governor. These selections were made by the state committee, which is controlled, of course, by New Dealers, and therefore those are about the only names of importance that will be voted on in the statewide primary. But the significance of these things is not so apparent until it is known that two or three important Democrats in Pennsylvania have withdrawn and have "retired from politics" as a result of the situation.

Now, in Indiana, there is still another picture. It is probably the most interesting of any now taking shape. In the Hoosier state, we are started off with an announcement from the steps of the White House by Governor Townsend that "Van Nuys must go." He referred to the Democratic Senator Van Nuys who

had the temerity to oppose the President's court packing bill and who generally is regarded as much more of a Democrat than his colleague, Senator Minton, who remains inside the New Deal fence always.

The Indiana picture is further complicated by the smoke rings Paul McNutt is blowing around. Mr. McNutt, a former governor of the state and now high commissioner to the Philippine commonwealth, is running for the New Deal nomination for the Presidency like the well-known jackrabbit. He says, however, that he is not a candidate for anything. It is a statement that is hard to believe because the McNutt airplane flight from the remote islands, the speeches across the United States, the free food—free drink—free publicity given for Mr. McNutt at an outstanding Washington hotel—all combine to spell the launching of a political boom of some kind. So, in Indiana, the Democratic state committee soon will be settling up a slate of its choice—and that choice will be satisfactory to the President. It means that these will be New Dealers. That is apparent because of the death sentence already pronounced for Senator Van Nuys. Of course, Mr. Van Nuys isn't licked yet, but that is the picture.

Then, the Indiana situation is, or ought to be, of great interest to the Republicans. I am told that if the Democratic committee, controlled as it is, should ditch Senator Van Nuys, he may decide to run as an independent candidate for re-election. He probably would not get anywhere in a machine controlled state like Indiana, but he might draw enough away from the Democratic vote to enable a Republican to win.

Now, out in Indiana there is a right up-and-coming young fighter on the Republican team. He is Rep. Charles Halleck. By virtue of the fact that he is once-Republican congressman from Hoosier territory, Mr. Halleck is in a splendid position to set off some fireworks. Mr. Halleck is highly regarded by Democrats and Republicans in the house. He is young, vigorous and keen. Furthermore, Mr. Halleck is neither a conservative nor a radical, and we are hearing more and more of a swing in the country that probably will land our political policies in the middle of the road, instead of on the wild-eyed programs of most New Dealers or the moss-backed policies of hide-bound Republicans of yesteryear.

As I see the picture in Indiana, therefore, it is not impossible to conjure up a situation in which the New Deal attempt to drive Senator Van Nuys from politics would backfire to the extent of electing a Republican senator.

Kentucky also provides a battleground. In that state, I think New Dealers made a great mistake and it may eventuate that the mistake will cost them dearly. Senator Barkley, the Roosevelt spokesman in the senate, is going to have to fight his hardest to win renomination over Gov. "Happy" Chandler. Kentuckians here who know the politics of their home state tell me that the governor is a real challenger and that he is a campaigner of genuine ability.

Concerning the New Deal mistake, it will be remembered when Mr. Roosevelt interferred in senate affairs by indicating his choice for the leadership upon the death of the great Senator Robinson of Arkansas. That was the occasion when the President wrote to Senator Barkley, addressing him as "Dear Alben," and thereby attached a title that has proved such a source of levity. When it became apparent that Mr. Barkley would meet opposition, the New Deal promoted a testimonial dinner for the senator and sent numerous New Deal wheel-horses to Louisville to attend. Among them was Marvin McIntyre, assistant secretary to the President. Well, the Chandler folks built up a testimonial luncheon for the governor on the same day. Although Mr. McIntyre reached Louisville in time, he "just could not make it" to get to the Chandler luncheon. So that was that, and hundreds of Kentuckians at once decided that the New Deal was going to have Mr. Barkley and that made them say to themselves that they would choose their senator. It is of such incidents that political victories and political defeats are made.

Another battleground yet to be mentioned is Iowa. Senator Gilllette was among those who did not like the President's court reorganization scheme, and said so. From there on, he has been a marked man. He will have to fight for renomination, therefore, against a New Dealer—rather, an opponent of New Deal selection. Representative Wearin has announced that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

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The universe of God is perfectly organized in every respect. Beings that function in the spirit realm are spirit beings, not subject to the limitations of the physical world. We who dwell and serve in the physical bodies are equipped with physical bodies which are ideal instruments for our present, existence. With all their shortcomings and frailties, our bodies are indeed marvelous machines, intricate and delicate, yet unbelievably hardy and durable. They are a gift from God, and it is our express responsibility to glorify God in our bodies (1 Cor. 6:20).

I. How to Have a Strong Body.
It is obvious that not every one has equal physical strength and health. In some measure this is by divine providence or at least by God's permissive will, and those of us who find ourselves thus limited do well to count on His grace for patience to use what we have for His glory. But not one of us wants to yield hopelessly to our inability. Rather we will do our best to overcome it. We want to know

1. How to cure weakness (Mark 6:53-56).
God alone can heal the sick. Even in our day when science has made such strides in the healing art, we note that the most successful remedy or system of treatment is the one that clears the way for what men call nature, but we know to be God, to work. Jesus healed the multitudes in the land of Gennesaret. He heals in America.

2. How to prevent weakness (2. Reg. 13:12-14).
The mother of Samson, who was to be a Nazirite, was to drink no wine and to observe careful dietary regulations before he was born. Note also that if it is bad for a man to have such poisons in his veins before he is born, surely it is poor judgment to put them in after he comes to the age where he controls his own life. We need to watch our diets, and we have much valuable help on that point. We also need to give serious attention to the use of narcotics. It may surprise some to know that the term—narcotics—includes not only drugs and alcoholic beverages, but also tobacco, and such common things as tea and coffee.

Other abuse of the body, such as overwork, neglect of rest, etc., may well be mentioned. The besetting sin of some Christian workers is the destruction of their bodies, the very temple of the Holy Ghost, by overwork.

II. How to Use a Strong Body.
Unfortunately as it is to observe that some who would serve the Lord have to struggle with the weakness of the body, it is far sadder to note that all too often those who have strong bodies forget to use that strength for God. Our Scripture portions give us two excellent guiding principles. Our bodies should be

1. Kept for God (1 Cor. 3:16, 17).
These verses refer to the body of the Christian, for only of him can it be said that his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is a person, the third person of the blessed Trinity. He comes to dwell within the soul of the Christian immediately upon his being regenerated, thus making his body the temple of the Holy Ghost. A clear grasp of that truth solves the problem of what we should do with and for our bodies. We must keep them well and clean. We dare not defile them in any way. The body of the Christian is kept for God.

2. Yielded to God (Rom. 12:1, 2).
It is a high and noble sacrifice to die for Christ. But our call just now is to be a "living sacrifice." There are times when that may seem harder than to be a martyr. We do know that it is not always easy to live through the drab, difficult, and sometimes dreadful days, with a clear and shining testimony for Christ. But it can be done and is always to His glory. It is by the transforming grace of God that we are enabled to live such a life.

Meditation
It is the mark of a superior man that, left to himself, he is able endlessly to amuse, interest and entertain himself out of his personal stock of meditations, ideas, criticisms, memories, philosophy, humor and what not.—George Nathan.

Like unto Him
There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sickness.

When Rossini Sneered at Wagner's Opera

Recalling an occasion when Arnold Schonberg, "impressionistic" composer, came to London to conduct a Schonberg program with "explosive" results, Sir John Squire is reminded of Rossini being taken by friends to hear an opera by the new marvel, Richard Wagner. The dialogue, after the show, ran like this:

Disciples—What did you think of it, Master?
Rossini—I don't think it would be fair to express an opinion without hearing it a second time.
Disciples (eagerly)—And when are you going to hear it a second time, Master?
Rossini (emphatically)—Never!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

Mind's Portrait
The countenance is the portrait of the mind, the eyes are its informers.—Cicero.

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Truth is a Sunbeam
Truth is—as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

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DOAN'S PILLS
Doan's Pills are a natural product of the medicinal plant, Castor Oil. They are a natural product of the medicinal plant, Castor Oil.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Whale Overtakes Boat"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Stick close, boys and gals. We've got to make a long trip today, and we don't want anybody to be lost, strayed or stolen. We're popping off for the South Seas. Down there where they do say, the gals wear grass skirts, and men dive down into the water and choke sharks to death.

There'll be some sharks in this story, too. It comes from an old salt who sailed the briny deep in the days when they had iron men and wooden ships. He's Alfred Stuart, of Jersey City. Al is up in the seventies now, but he recalls mighty well the adventure he had almost half a century ago. I get a big kick out of these yarns from the old-timers. Some day I'm going to slip over to Jersey City and just sit down with Al Stuart and swap adventures with him.

He shipped on a whaler out of New Bedford, Mass., with a crew of mostly Portuguese sailors, a tough-egg captain, and West Indians as officers. Everybody was a partner on the trip, because the crew received a share of the profits, and were all pretty tickled when they picked up several small whales.

The captain was out for big game, though, and he sailed round and round in the whaling zone, looking for more prizes. It's a long way from New Bedford to the South Seas, and the captain didn't want to start back without picking up everything they could find.

They Harpooned a Big Bull Whale.

He was so insistent about it that once he gave the first mate a raking over the coals for not sticking with a whale after nightfall. Al had harpooned a fairly good sized catch, but when it got dark, they had just "tagged" the whale and rowed their dory back to the ship. The captain had bawled out the mate before the whole crew.

"Very well, sir," the mate said. "It won't happen again."

Well, it wasn't long after that, they spotted a great bull whale, one day about dusk. Here was a beauty, and the boat was lowered to go



Men Went Hurting Through the Air.

after him. Al was up in the bow, and as they approached the great sea-monster, he made a ten strike with his harpoon.

The big steel prong struck deep into the whale's back; then a second was hurled into almost the same place, just ahead of the "hump." Then the fireworks started. That whale was what Al calls a "sunner," not a fighter. He started off like an express train for points distant.

They gave him practically all the line they had, and he just jerked that little boat around the South Seas like a wrecking car towing a baby carriage. The dory bobbed around like a cork, and plowed through the waves so fast that the spray nearly swamped it. After several hours, the whale slowed down a bit. They took in the slack line. The mate got out the bomb gun and took a pot shot at Mr. Whale, and was getting ready to let him have another, when the big boy decided to dive.

Down he went; straight down, with everybody hoping he'd change his mind before he pulled the little boat under. Down, down. The line was almost at its limit. Everybody was standing tense.

Smashed the Boat to Bits.

A Portuguese sailor stood by with an ax to cut the line when it became taut. With a few more feet of its seventy-five fathoms to go, the line slackened.

"Watch him now," yelled the mate. "He's coming up!"

There was nothing they could watch for. It was now dark as pitch, and there floated that little band of whalers trying to penetrate the inky night, straining their eyes for a sight of the whale.

Then, suddenly, bang! Crash! Their little craft was thrown completely out of the water. Men went hurtling through the air. The whale had come up directly beneath the boat and tossed it up as though it had been a toothpick. It cracked in two, almost amidships, and the pieces whirled in the fierce eddies as the whale thrashed about.

The men managed to reach the stern half of the boat and to hang on for their lives, fearing all the while that the whale might crash it to tinder by another slap of his immense tail. And then, another, even more terrifying menace faced them. There was a swish in the water nearby.

Sharks Were All Around Them.

"Sharks," shouted the mate. "Everybody tread water!" Everybody started pumping his legs up and down like a reserve football player warming up. And they treaded water for hours.

In the gloom of the night, they could hear the soft swish of water and faintly see the sinister dorsal fins as sharks nosed close to them. More and more of them. Exhausted men desperately kicking out at unseen dangers. It seemed the sea was literally alive with sharks.

Slowly the dawn broke over the eastern clouds. And there, not fifty yards away was the whale floating on the surface. He was dead. But around him the water was seething with the fins of sharks, making a meal of the great hulk.

"That's a big piece of luck for us," was the mate's comment. "If it hadn't been for that whale near us, we'd all have been shark meat long before this."

The ship finally picked up the boat's crew, but it was almost noon before they did it, and most of the men were half dead from exhaustion. You can't stay in the water and keep on kicking for eight or ten hours, even in the South Seas, without feeling it right down to the bones.

They towed that whale in, and it yielded 120 barrels of oil, and that's some whale. Incidentally, Al Stuart got two of that monster's teeth, and he says they're eight and three-fourths inches long and weigh two and three-quarter pounds. How would those babies be for a watch charm? Copyright—WNU Service.

Statuary Hall in Capitol
Statuary hall in the United States capitol was formerly the house of representatives chamber, and was dedicated in 1864 as a National Statuary hall to which each state might send statues of two distinguished deceased citizens. Due to overcrowding, it was necessary to redistribute one of the statues from each state, and a resolution was passed to this effect in the second session of the Seventy-seventh congress on February 21, 1933.

Elephants Destructive
Elephants can often be a decided pest and damage in their native Africa. A herd can often lay waste a banana plantation in a single night, trampling underfoot what they do not eat. Whenever a telegraph line is erected the straight, smooth poles seem to be irresistible to them; the elephant seems to think it was put up just to rub himself against, and when one pole goes down why there is another one just down the line a bit.

Insufficient Liver

By
DR. JAMES W. BARTON
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

SOME months ago in discussing the importance of the liver it was pointed out that a congress of physicians from all over the world was meeting at Vichy, the European health resort, and would spend three days on the one subject, "The Insufficient Liver." The congress met, and 1,600 physicians were in attendance. A part of the program is reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The various tests to learn how well the liver was doing its work were discussed and how the insufficient liver could interfere with the condition of the blood, and this in turn could cause certain skin eruptions and irritations. Thus a liver that is not doing its work properly was shown to be the direct cause of pruritis (itching), urticaria (hives), eczema, and that other common skin ailment—impetigo. In impetigo there are little blisters on the skin which will fill with pus, break down and leave yellowish scabs. There is no redness about these scabs and they look as if they were stuck on the skin with gum.

It was pointed out that these skin ailments can, in turn, give rise to serious liver disturbances. In such diseases as bronze diabetes, the skin and liver changes go hand in hand.

Other Disturbances.

Another body disturbance due to an "insufficient" liver is oedema, or swelling, this swelling being due to the liver not removing certain poisons from the blood.

Another disturbance caused by the insufficient liver is in the nervous system. It upsets the proper balance and many of the changes in the disposition and actions of our friends and acquaintances may be due to the fact that they are "liverish."

Altogether, abstracts of 130 papers on this one subject—the insufficient liver—were presented during the three-day session.

Thus as we think of the liver—the king of the organs—and of all the different kinds of work it has to do—store sugar, make bile, filter the blood, help to supply materials for the blood—we are not surprised that it does not always work properly.

It fails to work properly in most cases because we eat too much at one time of fat and starch foods, and take little or no exercise to stimulate the circulation of the blood through the liver.

High Blood Pressure.

There was a time when an operation—usually the removal of the appendix—was a favorite, if not the favorite, topic of conversation among middle-aged men and women. Today, if it is not about the heart—angina, coronary thrombosis, leaking valves—it is about the blood pressure.

What is blood pressure? Blood pressure is the pressure made against the walls of the blood vessels as it circulates throughout the body. The physician measures this pressure against a column of mercury—just as we read the pressure of the atmosphere on the barometer.

Now the average individual has learned that if this pressure of the blood is too great against the blood vessel wall it may break through the wall and cause bleeding—hemorrhage—which bleeding will cause damage in the brain, heart or elsewhere according to where the lesion occurs.

The average individual also thinks that it is because the walls of the blood vessels have lost their elastic tissue—hardening of the arteries—that the pressure becomes so high, and this is often true. However, if the individual is excited or upset at the time of, or because of, the examination, or has just eaten a heavy meal, his blood pressure may be up as high as 20 to 30 points. A little quiet reassuring chat by the physician will often bring the pressure down to normal within a few minutes. Sometimes, of course, the pressure has to be taken a number of times; in the morning, before breakfast is a favorable time.

Even when the blood pressure is "always" high, if the individual goes about his regular affairs or duties in life with ordinary care—no heavy work, light meals even if more meals are eaten, acquiring calmness or poise—he may never have the slightest symptom of high blood pressure and live just as long as if his blood pressure had been normal.

Dr. David Riesman, Philadelphia, in Annals of Internal Medicine, makes this statement: "An individual can live to eighty or even one hundred years with high systolic (blood being forced against vessel walls) blood pressure."

WHAT TO EAT AND WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses PROTEINS—The Foods That You Cannot Live Without

Eminent Food Authority Explains Why No Protein Means No Life—Describes the Kind and Amount Required for the Best Growth in Children—Good Resistance, Vigor and Endurance in Adults.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 50th St., New York.

FOOD is—and always has been—the central problem of life. But only in recent years has its true power been revealed as a result of scientific investigation.

Fortunately, we now know what constitutes sound nutrition, and it is possible for every homemaker to plan meals that will enable her family to eat their way to health.

Topping the list of food essentials are the proteins. The Dutch chemist, Mulder, who hit upon this name, made a wise choice, for it means "to take first place."

And certainly the proteins are first in importance. For they are the stuff of which our bodies are built. Without them, there would be no life.

Every man, woman and child has a fundamental need for protein, because it is an essential component of every living cell and makes up a large part of the solids of a muscle cell. Evidently, a great many of the glandular principles and substances, which control the functions of the body, are also protein in character.

Protein is the only food element that contains nitrogen, and next to water, nitrogen is the chief constituent of the human body.

Protein Builds Bodies. A new born baby weighs, on an average, from 7 to 7½ pounds, and the adult into which it grows may weigh 20 to 30 times as much. The vast amount of tissue necessary to construct a man is built chiefly from protein.

Once the adult body is built, however, protein is not required for the growth of new tissues, except under certain conditions, such as during pregnancy, when one is recovering from a wasting illness, or when an athlete is increasing in size.

Keeps the Body in Repair.

There is, however, a maintenance requirement for protein which continues throughout life, and which applies to both children and adults. For the body may be compared to a machine, on which it is necessary to make allowance for the wear and tear of parts. Protein is the only substance that will rebuild the millions of cells which each day cease to function.

Thus, we see that protein performs two vital services—first, it builds new tissues; second, it repairs worn-out tissues.

The Building Stones of the Body.

Protein is found in many different foods, but unfortunately, not all proteins are equally valuable. That is because protein is a very complex substance, resulting from the union of 22 or more simpler substances containing nitrogen, and called amino acids. These are the true building stones of the body. Some protein foods may

have only 7 amino acids represented in their substance; others may have as many as 15 or 16, and these also may be varied by the proportions of the kinds present.

Proteins Vary in Value.

Some of these amino acids are necessary to build new tissue; others will not build tissue, but are capable of repairing worn-out cells. Some protein foods are, therefore, more valuable to the body than others.

It is absolutely essential that the homemaker, charged with the responsibility of feeding a family, should be able to distinguish between those types of protein which are adequate for both growth and repair, and those that are only useful for maintenance.

For if the diet does not contain an adequate amount, or the right kind of protein, our bodies will be badly built and they will be improperly repaired and cannot wear well. As Dr. Eugene V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins university, the world-famous investigator and discoverer of vitamin A, puts it: "Unless the right kinds, with respect to the size and shape, are furnished by the food proteins, the exact pattern on which the muscle must be constructed cannot be formed and, in this case, growth is interfered with."

If you were building a house you would consider nothing less than the finest materials. You would know that cheap lumber and poorly made bricks could not produce a lasting building. In the same way, you must learn to discriminate between the various types of protein used for the supremely important purpose of building your children's bodies, or keeping adult physiques in perfect repair.

Some foods cost more than others and you should not be guilty of spending hard-earned money for expensive protein foods when the same amount of nourishment could be more economically obtained from an inexpensive source.

Where to Find Protein.

Proteins are found in many different foods, but unfortunately, only a limited number of foods supply proteins containing all the amino acids necessary for both growth and repair. Proteins that will build new tissue, as well as replace worn-out cells, are known as complete proteins. In this class we have meats, fish, cheese, milk, eggs and some nuts.

How Much Protein?

The protein requirement varies according to size, age, and the kind of protein foods consumed.

To allow for growth, children require twice as much protein per pound of body weight as adults. That is to say, an adult requires daily one-third of an ounce for each pound of body weight, but a child needs one-fifth of an ounce for each pound of body weight.

The amount of protein food should usually constitute from 10 to 15 per cent of all the calories taken. If this plan is faithfully followed, there will be more than enough to take care of every requirement, because experiments indicate that a man who weighs 154 pounds, or 70,000 grams, needs a minimum of 44 grams of protein every day.

Eskimos eat two or three times as much protein as most dwellers in the temperate zone, but that is because other foods are scarce. In the tropics, on the other hand, the consumption of protein is often not more than half that of the temperate zone.

In planning the family dietary, a safe rule to keep in mind is to include in the daily diet a quart of milk for every child, a pint for each adult; one egg; one serving of meat, fish or chicken; one serving of another protein food—such

as cheese, dried peas or beans, or a main dish made with nuts.

You can achieve wide variety and still provide an adequate protein ration within the limits of this rule. For milk may be served as a beverage, in soups, puddings, and as cream sauce. Eggs may likewise be varied in their method of preparation, or concealed in other foods. There are many fine meats, and the number of ways in which—fresh, canned, frozen or dried fish can be served is legion.

Both cheese and nuts make sandwiches, salads and desserts, as well as main course dishes. Peas, beans and lentils can appear as soup, mock roast or croquettes. Grain products, which include cereals, macaroni and bread, may appear in any course in the meal.

In planning menus, always keep before you the ideal that an adequate amount of first class protein makes a first class man, whereas an inadequate amount may lead to stunted growth, functional nervous diseases, lessened efficiency and the earlier approach of old age.

In choosing proteins to feed your family—remember that they take first place among foods, and that upon their wise choice rests your future welfare, your destiny—your life!

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Polishing Ethics—Pro and Con

When fine furniture leaves the shop of the manufacturer, its finish has been professionally treated, to preserve its beauty—prolong its endurance. And from that time on, this furniture is best maintained by a quality light-oil furniture polish—first, on the shop floor of the furniture dealer—and then in the home. This is acknowledged and accepted as the best way to lighten its beauty—lengthen its life! But unfortunately, many housewives coat the finish of their furniture and woodwork with various shellacs and veneers—using them as a substitute for a fine oil polish and rubbing. And what a great mistake this is! For these coatings form a false finish over the true finish of the furniture; and rosin and other destructive elements in them dry out the wood—toughen it—leave a sticky residue. When many layers have been applied, they accumulate as a crust over the finish, clogging it and clouding the natural beauty of the grain. This is the sure way to care for furniture. If the homemaker really "cares for" her furniture, she will frequently rub on a reputable light-oil polish, to preserve it—keep it lastingly lovely!

Housecleaning? NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF O-CEDAR FOR FURNITURE

More women use O-Cedar Polish and Mops than any other kind—for furniture, woodwork, floors.

It CLEANS as it POLISHES

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Remarkable Irium contained in Pepsodent Paste and Pepsodent Powder ONLY!

Just as a tooth is like a mirror, the light of the sun—so, too, the natural radiance of your teeth often becomes hidden by marring surface stains.

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COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Walter Huston, the eminent actor, was a guest artist on the Charlie McCarthy hour-Sunday. The charming Dorothy Lamour (in the radio skit, of course) got something in her eye. So she persuaded Charlie to get it out. Observing Dorothy's soulful eyes, the Dummy became romantic and said what pretty ones she had, etc. Whereupon Mister Huston spoke up, "Charlie, you shouldn't mix pleasure with business. Here, let me handle it. Hold still, Dorothy!" Huston gazed into them and said, "Your eyes seem like tropical flowers in the moonlight; they are as limpid pools." Then follows Charlie's line, "O, nuts!"

— When the cat's away, the mice will play.

THE WIND

I saw the wind last night!
He wore a cloak of blue.
He walked the skies,
And where the white stars grew,
He stopped . . . and gathered two,
And wore them in his hat,
Like buttons . . . round and bright!
I saw the wind last night.
— Sara Allen.

WAR AGAIN?

Frenzied Throngs Hall Hitler's Entry (into Austria) as England and France Shout Warnings. — News headline — Oscar Bamberger wishes to know if another war is brewing?

The high winds that were prevalent recently — at present, and in the future (spring being here) played havoc with high extension stovepipes in town. Damage was done to the Ziegler Bros. Store, the El Cibola Hotel, and roofs and extensions on residences over town suffered severely.

NO DUSTSTORMS THERE?

A Tucumcari and a Deming railroad man were standing on the street during one of our recent duststorms. "I sure will be glad to get home, where the wind doesn't blow," retorted the Deming hombre. The bird from Tucumcari also answered in a like manner.

Note—Deming and Tucumcari are both situated on a plain — with nothing to stop the zephyrs. Especially Deming, "where they have duststorms nine (9) days out of the week," as the fellow says.

CLEVER NIPPONESE

"Those Japanese are pretty clever. Seeing the world favor China, they hope to mark their Japanese-made exports as 'Made in China,' Louis Adams points out.

Heard a shortwave broadcast from Rome, Italy, of an English translation of the speech delivered by Premier Mussolini this Wednesday morning, concerning the Austrian crisis. The message was received on our midget (half-plate) radio at this office. The reception was very good, coming through almost like a local station. Also, recent broadcasts have been received here from Lima, Peru, London, England and Vienna, Austria.

So, Adios, from the Land of Enchantment.

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WISE



The wise and pleasant way to relieve a cough due to a cold is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (The black block on mouth—) Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN B. This is the vitamin that relieves the irritation of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends for the many acts of kindness, words of sympathy and floral offerings presented at the funeral of our husband, father, son and brother.

Mmes. Brooks, Jordan, Richards, Sulzemeier, Servis, Brown and Eagleston, Messrs. Earl and Zeb Brooks and Lum Richards.

T. C. Romero, merchant of Lincoln, was a business visitor here on Wednesday.

There will be an all-day singing convention held at Corona on the 4th Sunday in March, which will be the 27th. Several out-of-town singers of note will attend. The public is cordially invited. — Mrs. Don English.

The Woman's Club will meet Friday, March 18, at the home of Mrs. J. M. Beck, with Mrs. Titsworth in charge of the program.

Sam Farmer and Severo Gallegos are serving as bailiffs in District Court and H. M. Maes is the court crier.

Walter Tucker, manager of the Herbert Joyce ranch farm at Hondo, is here this week, being a member of the petit jury.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Blaney were Oscura visitors last Sunday.

Mayor and Mrs. J. E. Bell of Jicarilla were visitors in town Monday of this week.

School Notes

The high school and community rejoice with the basketball boys over their success in the recent tournament at Roswell. T. C. Bird, president of Divisional Tournament said, "This year's tournament was the largest and best in history, both financially and in number of teams participating." The gross receipts of tournament was \$1000.85. After payment of expenses the money was prorated to the teams. Our team received \$81.72 Credit is due to Coach-Caton.

A Negro minstrel under the direction of Miss Cole will be the main feature of assembly program next week. Visitors welcome.

A courtesy week is being planned for our high school. This is a splendid idea. The committee in charge is: Mrs. Snyder, Fred English and Miss Cole. "Courtesy is the cream of culture."

Many students and teachers were amused to see themselves in the movies Tuesday night at the Lyric Theatre. The pictures would not have been so humorous if the photographer had selected a calm day in which to take the pictures.

Mary Brown moved to Capitan to live with her sister. We are sorry to lose Mary, as she was a good student.

The Sophomores, under direction of Miss Chaney, assembled at the Community Hall last Friday at 8 p. m. for a party. Each party invited a guest within the school. The Class had one of the finest school parties of the year. The success of which is largely due to the sponsor, Miss Martial Chaney.

Arrangements are made for the organization-meeting of the Alumni. Much interest is being displayed in the coming meeting in the bi school auditorium, Monday evening, Mar 21. The variety program will include tap dancing, group singing, aesthetic dancing, vocal and instrumental music. Many of the 247 graduates have signified their intention of being present.

Mr. and Mrs. Jose Otero and children were visitors here yesterday from their ranch home in the Capitan-Enchase country.

Ziegler Bros.

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By Special permission we are closing out a few numbers

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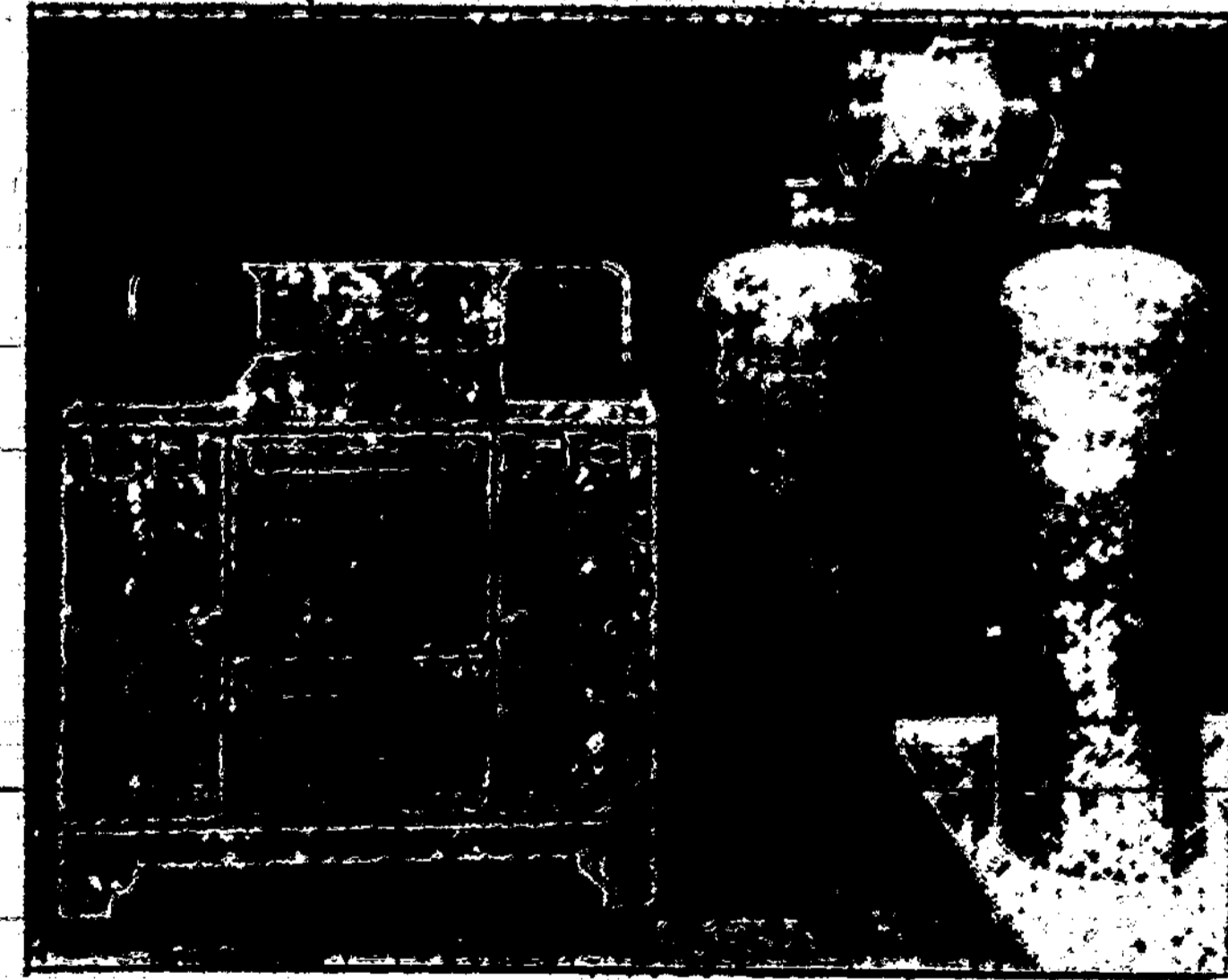
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FOR SALE—New 1938 RCA Victor Auto Radio—Arthur Cortez, Fort Stanton, N. M.

Inez Sandoval of Picacho, Jose Baca of Lincoln, Candido Chavez and Severo Gallegos of San Patricio and Hilario Maes of Capitan are here this week attending District Court.