

Diamond Dust

By Joe Chavez



	Won	Lost
Carrizozo	7	8

Geronimo's band of Apaches from the Mesquero Indian Agency took a long stride at the local ball park last Sunday, and came from behind to scalp their white brethren by the small margin of one score. A southpaw started tossing them over for the Red-men and our boys lambasted his plants for four or five innings to forge way up ahead with a safe lead and up to then, it looked like a walk-away for the Legion lads.

But Old Hoss Red, who had pitched good ball during the first part of the game, began to weaken and the Apaches murdered his offerings at all corners of the lot. Red was finally convinced that he had lost his effectiveness and gave way to Simpson, but it was too late, for the Indians had caught up with the Legionnaires and the score was tied at 11-all, while the Indians used strategy and sent their ace-finger to the box, a big righthander, who improved with age and had our boys at his mercy with his baffling delivery and power like a steam shovel. That boy fanned at least fifteen of our men and is deserving of a gold card, for he worked like a horse and became stronger as the game reached the final stages.

In the first of the ninth frame, the score was tied as we have stated above. A short, stocky papoose connected with one of Simpson's pitches and sent the ball way out into deep center-field. Alfredo Lopez misjudged the sphere and when he ran forward about fifteen feet, the ball went over his head for a booming homerun and the Indians had clinched the affair 12-to-11. Alfredo was again the goat in our last time at bat, when with two men out and Jerry with the run that would tie the score on third, he struck out on an intended bunt.

It was heart-breaking to lose this game after we had it sewed up, and it goes to show that selfishness and the lack of cooperation by one or two of the members of the team, will only serve to impair the morale of the segregation in general and lose ball games. No-censurship nor slur is intended by the writer on any particular player, but rather, these remarks are offered as a suggestion for all to work together in true sportsman spirit, with ball games and give our team and town a good name in the sports line. Let's try it boys; it's workable. Let's go to Mesquero in that frame of mind and spirit next Sunday, and even up the score with the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Petty and small daughter Verna Ruth of Mayhill were week-end guests of Vernon's father, Mr. J. F. Petty, sister Miss Ruth and brother Ralph.

Julian King

On Saturday, July 23, Mrs. Julian of the Julian Hotel of Captain and C. W. King of Hagerman, N. M., were united in marriage. They left after the ceremony for Hagerman, where Mr. King has an established business.

Double-Slaying at Ancho

Last Friday night at the store owned by Geo. Roberts at Ancho, after the usual closing hour, Mr. Roberts, who had expressed himself as not feeling well, left the closing in the hands of his trusted employee, Edward Ferguson, went to his room in the rear of the building and prepared to retire. Ed kept the front lights on so that the Spanish-American girl clerk could go to her home across the highway, after which he put them out.

As the time of the killing is uncertain, it is the presumption that before he proceeded to lock up, he heard the shot that killed his employer and hastened to the rear, where he was met by another one of the killers, whom Ed must have known and in order to keep him from talking, shot him in the head, the ball passing through and thereby lost to human sight.

The above part of the story seems to be true, from the fact that the girl clerk and others in the neighborhood heard two shots, but thinking them the firing of belated 4th-of-July cannon crackers, paid little attention to them. Next morning, Tom Burch of Jicarilla, passing that way, noticed Edward's body and phoned to Coyote, George Goodson, deputy sheriff, answered at once. On arriving, he went to the back door to arouse Mr. Roberts and saw his body on the bed, where he had been shot through the screen and glass doors.

Officers here phoned Roswell and secured the State Police, who arrived as soon as possible. A shell which had been fired from a Colt .45 automatic was found close to Ferguson's body and brought to the sheriff. Through that find, a clew was reached which led to the suspicion of three members of the Nixon family, Ben, the father, Louis and Randall, sons, the latter having purchased a gun of the same calibre a short time ago.

The trio was arrested under suspicion and have been under questioning up to yesterday, when they were charged with wilful and malicious murder by Sheriff Graisen and District Attorney Throat. The charges are now in the hands of Justice of the Peace Elmer Chavez, pending the preliminary examination, the date of which has not as yet been set. This ends a tragedy which only has its parallel in the Hollis Martin triple-murder case at Tinnie.

Hannah Thomas Brown Wilder

The funeral of the above named lady, who died at Caballo, N. M., July 23, was held at the Angus Church last Sunday with Rev. Crawford of the M. E. Church conducting the same, and the remains were interred in the Angus cemetery.

Mrs. Hannah Thomas Brown Wilder was born July 2, 1885. On Sept. 8, 1902 she was married to Thos. L. Wilder. To that union there were born seven children, six of whom are living. The Wilders had resided at Caballo for the past several years. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, children, sister Mrs. J. V. Hobbie, brothers G. S. Brown of Caballo and Elbert Brown of Hachita, to all of whom the sympathy of this community is extended.

Weekly Weather Report

July	Max.	Min.	Prec.	P.W.
21	73	59	T	E
22	72	57	T	E
23	77	62	0	E
24	84	50	0	E
25	82	55	0	E
26	91	58	0	E
27	86	58	T	E

Julia Romero, Weather Observer.

Mrs. F. J. Sager Dies

Mrs. Lottie C. Sager, mother of Mrs. Esther Spence and Miss Lorana Sager, died Tuesday morning at St. Vincent's when her heart failed a week after she underwent a major operation. She was 75 years old and a resident of Carrizozo, the wife of F. J. Sager, who was with her and other members of the family at the time of her death.

The Sagers are old-time residents of New Mexico, having located at White Oaks in 1891, where they resided until 1907, when they moved to Carrizozo. She is survived by her husband, Charles and Virginia Spence.

Mr. Sager will remain in Santa Fe to make his home with his daughters. He and his wife had celebrated 56 years of married life in the current year.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon at the Sayre-Andrew funeral home with Rev. Toxar of the First Presbyterian Church officiating. Santa Fe New Mexican.

The sympathy of this community is tendered the bereaved relatives.

E. D. Ferguson

(Written by Jean Norris, a little neighbor girl and close friend of the deceased)

E. D. was a youth of nineteen, and such a grand one, too; There wasn't anything at all that E. D. couldn't do.

E. D. had many friends Who will never forget his name; And in helping people E. D. had in that a fame.

E. D. was found dead one morn, And when the sadness reached our ears

There were many, many eyes Hid in a flow of tears.

Dear God, how we all hope That E. D. will come to you, And all of your bidding Our loved one, E. D. will do.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown of Hachita and daughter Margaret attended the funeral of Mrs. Wilder.

Little Willie Lovelace, III, who suffered an injury from being kicked by a horse last week, is recovering nicely.

A WPA office will open next Monday at the Community Hall; Tommy Cook will be the manager.

Fire Destroys Mrs. Raily's Belongings

A fire broke out in the apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schaefer Sunday morning from causes unknown. Said apartment is located over the Rathmann Hospital. Fire Chief J. M. Beck and his men rushed to the scene and put the fire out, but not in time to save the ladies wearing apparel belonging to Mrs. Nella Raily, who occupied the room where the fire broke out.

Call for County Convention

July 19, 1938.

Notice is hereby given that a Democratic County Convention will be held at Carrizozo, New Mexico, at 1 o'clock p.m., Saturday, July 30, 1938, in the District Court Room.

The purpose of the County Convention is to select eighteen delegates to attend the State Democratic Nominating Convention at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Representation to said County Convention will be as follows:

Precinct	No.	Delegates
Lincoln	1	20
Hondo	2-A	11
Hondo	2-B	6
Arabela	3	8
Plecho	4	7
Rabenton	5	1
Racionoso	6	2
Jicarilla	7	3
White Oaks	8	4
Capitan	9-A	16
Capitan	9-B	8
Ruidoso	10	8
Nogal	11	6
Bonite	12	7
Corona	13	14
Carrizozo	14-A	21
Carrizozo	14-B	20
Oscara	15	2
Ancho	16	5
Springle	17	2
Lon	18	1
White Mountain	19	13
Ramon	20	2

Total 182

Wayne Richard, Chairman, Democratic Central Committee.

George Roberts

Son of John and Lucy Jane Roberts was born at Houston, Mo., Feb. 7, 1882; moved to Havana, Ill., where he grew to manhood. In 1901, he was married to Lillie Vaughn and to this union was born a son, Russell. In 1921 he opened a drugstore in Corona and the remainder of his life was spent in this community as Justice of the Peace, Director of the Public Schools and Trustee of the Community Church building. He was a member of the Friends' Church and found much joy in sacred songs.

He died at Ancho, July 22, '38. He is survived by his son, Russell, three grandsons, Dick, Lee and Larry, two brothers, Benj. and Wm., three sisters, Mrs. Hillemyer, Bandle, Miss Dell Mae and a host of friends, who since his demise have said, "I'd like to help, for I remember when George helped me."

Funeral services were conducted at the Community Church on the 25th, by Rev. Jackson. The choir sang "Nearer My God To Thee" and "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." The remains were laid to rest in the local cemetery, followed by the longest funeral procession ever held in Corona. The floral offerings were beautiful beyond words.—Contributed.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

The Business Men's Club met at its regular session Wednesday evening and had as their guest Mr. J. H. Mullis of Roswell, member of the State Senate from Chavez County, speaker of the evening. Mr. Mullis spoke of "Taxation," giving us statistics taken from the records, showing how the tax dollar was spent now as compared with former years. He said that those Counties and States that have Taxpayers' Associations are

Out-of-the-Ordinary



A. L. B.

Last Sunday afternoon at White

Oaks, M. F. Hutter, 58, miner, had laid in a supply of blasting material consisting of 50 pounds of dynamite, 8 gallons of gas and a good quantity of blasting caps. In some manner the caps had become moistened and he laid them in a window to dry out. Living all alone he could do as he pleased without feminine interference. He arranged things around the house and was getting ready to take an afternoon "siesta" when the caps which had become overheated in the sun, exploded.

Mike had just arranged himself for a nice nap when the explosion occurred. The concussion was so heavy that the back wall of the house went out first and Mike, bed and all, were blown through the opening and into the back yard. The house was raised off its foundation and crashed down, leaving nothing but a mass of ruins, but Mike still stuck to his bed, which was the only thing saved except Mike and the lot. He escaped with but a few scratches.

The dynamite was near to the caps when they exploded. The entire mass of gas and dynamite joined with the caps to make the wreckage complete. The explosion shattered all of the window lights out of the residences within two blocks of the scene. When the smoke cleared away so that the wreck could be seen, people still feared to go near, as the wreckage, consisting of boards, plaster, pieces of pots, pans and all household belongings kept falling for 15 minutes after the explosion. When they could reach the scene all they saw was a pile of ruins and Mike still sitting on his bed in the backyard, puffing on a cigarette. He was asked how it happened that he escaped and he said that he guessed it was not his time to die, which would cause one to think Mike to be a fatalist. But Mike was like Corrigan—luck and guts took him through.

Theodore Hobbie, who recently went to Los Angeles to undergo the study of Diesel engineering, has finished his course and has been awarded his diploma. Theodore is now in Camp, preparatory to becoming a member of the Coast Guard.

working wonders by cutting down valuations and seducing expenses, thereby saving the taxpayers thousands of dollars. In closing he said that every County and State should have a working Taxpayers' Association. He also said that Mr. Edgar Knight, Field Representative of the State Taxpayers' Association would come here later and give us a resume of the duties of such an organization. I suggest that the Federation of Women's Clubs take up this subject and work in co-operation with the Taxpayers' Association in every County in the State.

—Dr. R. E. Blaney, Sec'y.

Personals

Horace Willis, who has been at the desk of the S. P. Hotel during the absence of Manager and Mrs. Peterson, who spent their vacation in northern Michigan, left Wednesday for Imlay, Nevada, where he will relieve Manager E. J. Dodge of the S. P. Hotel at that place. Mr. Willis has been here before and therefore, has become acquainted with many of our people, more especially in fraternal circles. He attended Carrizozo Lodge No. 30, I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening previous to his departure for Imlay.

Gus Grossmiller has returned from a pleasant visit with his children at Superior, Arizona. Gus says he is tickled pink at getting back to where he can enjoy a night's rest, as it was hot enough at Superior to fry an egg on the sidewalk in the shade.

Mrs. Genevieve Finch, small son and mother, Mrs. Benfeldt of Holyoke, Colo., are here this week visiting the J. M. Beck family. Mrs. Benfeldt, Mrs. Beck, a mother and Mrs. Finch is her sister.

Charley Fritz and E. G. Gallagos were visitors from San Patricio yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Sanchez and Mrs. Saturnino Chavez visited Albert Sanchez at the U.M.T. C. at Fort Bliss this week. Albert was ill, but was much improved when the folks returned home.

J. H. Vandevort of Ancho, was a business visitor here from Ancho Monday, returning home in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brooks, son H. W., Jr., daughter Barbara and niece Margie Williams are here this week from Cisco, Texas, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. McClintock.

Victor L. Metzger of Los Angeles, who has been a guest at the ranch home of Miss Erma Poage in the Nogal Canyon, returned Sunday to the Golden State. Mr. Metzger enjoyed New Mexico sunshine and complimented the places of interest here.

J. T. Jackson and small son Jackie came up to the Stearns ranch from El Paso Monday. Mr. Jackson returned the following day, leaving Jackie for a jaunt in the hills and a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frame of their summer cottage on the Ruidoso were Carrizozo and Ancho visitors last Friday. They were accompanied by their son S. P. Fireman Pete Frame.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davidson and small daughter Sue of Corona were visitors at this place the first of the week.

Mrs. R. T. Lucas of Kansas City is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bright and small son in Albuquerque. In order to be there for her sister's birthday, Mrs. Lucas flew from Kansas City to Albuquerque. They will arrive here about tomorrow.

Mrs. Pearl Mine, who is Supervisor of Music in the Girls' Camp near Capitan, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Alice French at her summer cottage on Eagle Creek.

County Clerk

Speaking of Sports

Rookie Stars Pace Majors In 1938 Race

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

FRESHMAN ball players are ruling the roost in the major leagues this year. A crop of brilliant rookies unprecedented in the history of the game have achieved stardom right off the bat and clinched key jobs on seven of the sixteen teams in the American and National leagues.

These boy wonders are no morning glories, mind you, who are likely to fold when the going gets tough. They've demonstrated their right to their jobs by sheer merit. For instance, up to the half-way mark of the season, six of the freshmen outfielders and infielders playing regular positions had knocked in 240 runs and compiled a composite bat-



FRANK MCCORMICK

ting average of .322. And four of the rookie pitchers taking their regular turn on the slab had won 28 out of 42 games for an average of .700. Standout among the first year men, of course, is Cincinnati's sensational Johnny Vander Meer with two no-hit, no-run games in succession to his credit. His teammate, Frank McCormick, a husky, slugging first baseman, has also made good in a big way.

Classy Talent

Another scintillating recruit is Jerry (Flash) Gordon, second baseman of the New York Yankees and regarded as about the classic infielder in the junior circuit. The Cleveland Indians have Ken Keltner on third base, who specializes in home runs between hair-raising plays.

In the outfield there are such young stalwarts as Sammy Chapman, the Philadelphia Athletics' star rookie from the University of California. Enos Slaughter of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Hank Stebbins, who has been batting around .350 for the Chicago White Sox.

Ranking next to Vander Meer among the young pitchers is Bob Klinger, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who has had an earned-run average of about two per nine-inning game up to date. Bob is a cousin of Charlie Hollocher, one-time Chicago Cubs shortstop and one of the most amazing fielders in the history of the game.

Then there's Jim Bagby Jr., of the Boston Red Sox, who has shown enough stuff to become a dependable regular starter. Jim is the son of famous old Sergeant Jim Bagby who was a 30-game-a-year winner for the Cleveland Indians a couple of decades ago. Tot Preshell has helped the Brooklyn Dodgers make things uncomfortable for other National league teams this year and has become about the most dependable starter on the club.

Behind the plate, Cincinnati scores snugly with Willard Hershberger, who came from Newark, the wonder team of the International league last year. There are several other



JIM BAGBY JR.

classy young catchers, including Johnny Riddle of the Boston Bees, Cap Clark of the Phillies, Herb Bremer of the Cardinals and Tom Heath of the St. Louis Browns.

Put all these rookies together on a ball diamond and with the exception of shortstop you would have an all-star aggregation that would give a first-rate account of itself in any ball game. And even so, that shortstop position would be acceptably filled by Justice Stein of the Reds.

Baseball Sloths

A RACE of slow-footed, dull-witted ball players will soon dominate the national game if the present emphasis on slugging continues, according to Bill Lange, who 42 years ago stole 100 bases for the Chicago Cubs and speeded his way into diamond immortality.

"Modern ball players think too much in terms of home runs and not enough about base stealing," Lange declared. "The slugger has supplanted the thinker in baseball. Base stealing makes a player more alert mentally. He has to try to outguess the pitcher and the rest of the opposition, instead of trying to knock the ball out of the lot by brute force.

"As a rule the superior base stealer is also the brainier player. One of your illustrations is Ty Cobb, the greatest we ever had. He was worth more to a team than a dozen Babe Ruths."

It is an interesting coincidence that Lange, in his day regarded as the outstanding player of the game and the immortal Ty Cobb now are neighboring country squires near San Francisco, Calif. Lange, now a prosperous real estate operator was a star for seven years, from 1893 to 1899. He quit the game in his prime. Lange was the last man to steal as many as 100 bases. He reached that peak in 1896, leading the National league that year and in 1897.

Two men preceded and bettered him in stolen bases. They were John M. Ward of the New York Giants with 111 in 1887 and Billy Hamilton of Philadelphia with 102 in 1890 and the major league record number of 115 in 1891.

Wonder Woman

HELEN WILLS MOODY'S recent victory over Helen Jacobs at Wimbledon, England, confirmed her as the greatest woman player in the history of tennis. Whether you like poker-faced Helen or not, you must agree that her championship comeback feat after a layoff of three years was unparalleled.

This latest comeback was the second in her career. In 1935 after being inactive for the two previous years because of a back injury, she triumphed at Wimbledon. Now,



HELEN WILLS MOODY

three years later she has repeated. She dropped out of tennis so far as major competition was concerned after her 1935 triumph and stayed out until she hit the comeback trail this year in England.

Helen has been a dominant figure in the world of tennis for 15 years, ever since she won her first United States championship in 1923. Before that for two years she was the girls' national titleholder. She took the national singles crown seven times, between 1923 and 1931. Since 1927 she has won the Wimbledon singles title eight times, including her recent victory.

Just for good measure, Mrs. Moody has won four French women's championships and a respectable number of doubles and mixed doubles championships.

Here and There

WHEN Bob Feller was pitching for Van Meter there were only 300 high schools in Iowa playing baseball. There were 570 high schools entered in an Iowa tournament this spring which climaxed in a three day competition at Maquoket in Calhoun county. Lefty Grove takes a nap on a rubber table before each game he pitches. Rudy York needs only one more home run with the bases full to tie the season record of four, held jointly by Frank Schulte of the west side Cubs, Babe Ruth, and Lou Gehrig. Jack Boyesen, former Illinois and All-Star quarterback, is prepared to demonstrate his new malleable goal posts. The posts, which can be set on the end lines and wheeled up to the goal line when a team attempts a field goal, are designed to eliminate injury, which was the main reason the colleges moved them back to the end line several years ago. Niles Southern California football players, Granville Lunsford, Oliver Day, Paul Dubocki, Bob Peoples, Jack Santa, Roy Eagle, Howard Stecker, Beane Russell, and Glen Galvin, are doing extra work in motion pictures during the summer. Pittsburgh hasn't made an important mid-season trade since 1933. Hughie Critz, who played second base for the Giants for a number of years, never has been inside a New York night club.

Most important factor, perhaps, in the road-building program which gives centrally-situated Jackson an ever-wider wingspread as a shopping point, and converts the old taunt that "Mississippi has three big cities: Mobile, New Orleans, and Memphis."

Early among Jackson's industries, naturally enough, were cottonseed oil mills.

In the dusty archives of the squat old state capitol are ante-bellum laws which prohibited gin owners from polluting streams with cotton-

MISSISSIPPI INDUSTRY



The smith still pines his trade in Mississippi.

How Machinery Is Transforming This Once Agricultural State

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

MACHINES are coming to agricultural Mississippi.

After a morning tour of industrial Jackson you scrape from your shoe soles layers of cottonseed oil, pungent creosote, and clayey bentonite, all caked hard with dried mud from a petroleum well being dug by special appropriation of the state legislature.

Twice daily the red and silver streamline Rebel train flashes through the state—past ox teams plodding along sunken roads, new myriad-windowed garment factories, Negroes driving ramshackle buckboards—and glides beneath airplanes that are heading into the capital's spacious, four-way airport. Over in Natchez girls in lavender hoop-skirt gowns trimmed with rare old lace sidle into automobiles to drive annual pilgrimage-week visitors to ante-bellum homes straight from the pages of "So Red the Rose."

Up the Delta a sprightly gentleman of eighty-two years calls his chauffeur to take you in his car to a log cabin still standing on the plantation of 6,000 acres of cotton, corn, pecans, and hay. He and his uncle built the cabin only 65 years ago, after they had cleared the land and floated the timbers in from the surrounding forest and the chimney brick from the river dock 10 miles distant.

This epic from covered wagon to limousine in one man's lifetime is a clue to why Mississippians call their state "the last frontier."

Jackson is spacious and busy. Busy, modern Jackson illustrates the transformation. This city is no upstart; it has been the state capital since 1822. Stately homes with wisteria growing over columned porticoes and with crape myrtle on the lawns line wide avenues. Barber shops still are spacious forums of political argument where a southern colonel may doff his broad-brimmed hat in courtly salutation without toppling over a coat rack. Rooms in hotels, office buildings, and homes knew not the builder who estimates costs in cubic feet.

From sidewalks beneath rusty tin roofs you look across the street toward shop fronts with onyxlike tiles, burnished metal, and neon lights.

One tall office building with cubistic floors and chromium elevator doors rises knife-edged to carve an otherwise gracious skyline just opposite a colonial-type home now painted green and occupied by the Salvation Army.

As recently as 1920 century-old Jackson still had only 22,817 people; by 1930 it counted more than twice that number; in 1937 a local census estimated nearly 60,000, a rate of growth rivaling that of Los Angeles. The citizens disclaim any boom. The increase, they assert with reason, is the normal result of several obvious causes.

One impetus was the discovery only seven years ago of natural gas which now flows from nearly 100 wells in the city limits, much of it into pipe lines that radiate all over the state and reach even into Louisiana and Florida.

Another change was putting through high-power transmission lines—the state had none until 1925—and the consequent encouragement of factories in Jackson as well as in many other places.

Roads and Cottonseed Oil.

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Early among Jackson's industries, naturally enough, were cottonseed oil mills.

In the dusty archives of the squat old state capitol are ante-bellum laws which prohibited gin owners from polluting streams with cotton-

seed or dumping it inside town and city limits. No need for enforcing such laws now when for every 500-pound bale of cotton the planter may sell an average of 900 pounds of seed for about \$18.

All around Jackson's "hoop skirts," as someone aptly called the outlying industrial belt, tall, circular warehouses with conical metal tops rise like the oasthouses of Kent's hop-growing districts.

Each seed house stores 5,000 tons or so of cottonseed which awaits the mechanical alchemy that will convert its parts into horse collars, salad dressings, blotting paper, cheese crackers, house roofing, and an amazing variety of other products. Should you be listening to a recording of Lawrence Tibbett's voice or Guy Lombardo's orchestra, you will be indebted to the velvety cottonseed for ingredients in the phonograph record.

The seeds pour first into huge machines which whirl, shake, screen, and pull out all the dirt and foreign particles. The clean seed goes to delintlers where the lint fiber is removed and collected to help make felt, absorbent cotton, mattresses, and even underwear.

The kernels, or meats, emerge from a steam-jacketed cooker into hydraulic presses which squeeze out the oil that will be used to pack sardines, make butter substitutes, soap, and cooking oils. The cakes remaining in the powerful hydraulic presses are removed and broken up to feed cattle and rejuvenate the soil.

"Hot Cakes" Wrapped in Hair.

Negroes, stripped to the waist, deftly handle the literal "hot cakes," wrapping them for the presses into mats made of human hair from China, which best withstands the high temperatures. The odor from the presses is like that of hot buttered toast. At lunch time you see the workers dip their bread into the dripping oil, and eat the oil-spread bread with evident relish.

Enter a bathroom of an ocean liner and you encounter Mississippi composition board; stroll along Atlantic City's boardwalk or go aboard some British man-of-war and your feet tread the state's yellow-pine planks; contract a cold in London, Australia or Argentina and your prescription is apt to contain pine oil extracted from Mississippi stumps; buy gasoline as you tour Italy or Japan and it may have been bisected by a disinfective product, bentonite, from the state some people call provincial.

A plant at Jackson hauls in each week some 800 tons of bentonite, mined in Smith county. The soft, porous clay, sleek as an alligator's belly, product of ash from volcanic eruptions of bygone geologic times, is dumped from car to conveyor belt, mixed into a slurry, and treated with acids.

You must climb a high platform to see the giant drum, covered with fine cloth, which draws the water content through a screen as it revolves, permitting the residue cake to be scraped from the outside.

A glass-bottle works at Jackson best illustrates Mississippi as a customer of many states and foreign lands.

Tons of old bottles from everywhere are piled high in the yard to be carried on moving belts to crushers, then to be mixed with sand from Arkansas, salt cake from Chile, lime from Ohio, ball clay from Missouri, feldspar from Colorado, arsenic from Montana, and selenium from Canada, to make enough bottles every day to supply one for each white family in the state.

You can look, but not too long, through colored glasses into furnaces where these products and others from huge bins are melted by natural-gas flames at 2,700 degrees Fahrenheit.

Seventy tons of raw materials are shoveled out of the bins for each day's production of about a quarter million bottles. Out they go, in car-load lots, toward their ultimate destinations—on drugstore shelves, cosmetic counters, nocturnal milk wagons, liquor cabinets and beauty-parlor tables.

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

WASHINGTON.—A national debt of \$41,500,000,000! What does it mean?

I was staggered, as probably you were, the other day when the morning newspapers blazoned forth in black headlines— they should have been printed in red ink—that by next June 30 the American government will owe a total of \$41,500,000,000. I knew from all of the spending that is going on these days that the national debt was going higher in the fiscal year that started with the opening of July; the debt had to increase because of the lavish use of money voted by congress under the lash of President Roosevelt. But when I saw the "revised estimates" officially issued by the bureau of the budget, somehow I was startled, amazed. The implications are so many that the magnitude of this debt simply has overwhelmed me.

But there it is. Forty billions and a half which Uncle Sam will owe when the spenders get through wasting, chiseling, finding spots where federal loans or new projects or just plain pork barrel distribution of money drain dollars from the federal treasury.

After the first impact of this news wore off, I began to look around to see what it means. What does it mean to me, I wondered. And to you? The first thought that I had naturally was: how is this money going to be paid back to those from whom it was borrowed by Uncle Sam? Everyone knows, of course, that the federal government has only two ways to get funds—by taxation or by borrowing. The fact that borrowed money must be repaid means, of course, that there is only one way by which we can expect the government to obtain funds. There must be taxes—odds of taxes. Or, the government must do that which every person abhors, refuse to pay its debts. That is repudiation, default, becoming a deadbeat.

Heretofore, this thing called the national debt has been more or less something "way off in the distance from me. I could not be too much concerned, personally, how much the federal government owed, except that I realized some portion of it was going to come out of my own earnings while I am trying to pay for education of my two boys, keep my household running and buy those things which my wife enjoys. I figured, of course, that I would be working a part of each year to pay back the money that is being borrowed now. But somehow I did not get excited about the whole thing until this latest set of government statistics was released by Acting Director Daniel Bell, of the budget bureau.

I learned from the treasury that right now the per capita national debt amounts to \$285.70. That is to say, without any more borrowing or spending, each man, woman and child in the United States, whether he knows it or not, has been obligated by his national government to that extent. Well, President Roosevelt says there will be an increase of \$3,485,000,000 in the national debt between now and next June 30. That means an increase in the per capita debt, obviously. So when you do a little figuring you will find that by next June 30, the federal government will owe almost \$320 for each of us who claims the United States as our country.

Having calculated what each person has been obligated by his government to pay, I pursued the figuring further to discover what each state's share of this huge national debt is. The tabulation that appears herewith is the result. It gives the name of each state and that state's proportionate share of the \$41,500,000,000. Your state records do not show the amounts as a direct debt; your state legislature did not vote the bonds which were sold in creating the debt, but the fact remains that if it became necessary for each person to pay his share, your state would pay the amount here set down.

Each State's Share

Table listing state shares of the national debt: Alabama \$95,336,320; Arizona 123,348,760; Arkansas 639,530,990; California 1,915,431,570; Colorado 336,994,580; Connecticut 648,160,430; Delaware 81,877,670; Dist. of Columbia 195,684,470; Florida 518,085,460; Georgia 967,387,800; Idaho 153,323,050; Illinois 2,480,039,850; Indiana 1,083,493,670; Iowa 503,918,580; Kansas 598,231,180; Kentucky 911,427,790; Louisiana 670,827,760; Maine 269,858,800; Maryland 529,201,620; Massachusetts 1,398,875,250; Michigan 1,512,049,790; Minnesota 833,003,590; Mississippi 634,790,040; Missouri 1,251,858,670; Montana 167,865,630; Nebraska 431,201,220; Nevada 31,813,000.

Table listing state shares of the national debt: New Hampshire 160,594,040; New Jersey 1,368,210,640; New Mexico 133,400,860; New York 4,089,141,550; North Carolina 1,092,651,410; North Dakota 222,239,390; Ohio 2,122,180,690; Oklahoma 799,176,640; Oregon 331,504,210; Pennsylvania 3,204,293,680; Rhode Island 215,284,530; South Carolina 588,001,800; South Dakota 218,761,980; Tennessee 905,386,320; Texas 1,833,787,210; Utah 163,123,080; Vermont 120,129,400; Virginia 844,383,230; Washington 519,401,590; West Virginia 578,517,990; Wisconsin 919,308,040; Wyoming 73,658,290.

If one desires to be technical and wishes to include in the national debt all of the obligations which the federal treasury may have to pay, the figures I have given will mount very much higher. There are numerous agencies of the government that are empowered to borrow money on their own bonds—institutions like the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Home Owners Loan Corporation and the Commodity Credit Corporation. It seems to me that when those agencies borrow money, the federal government becomes liable in event the federal agency is not able to pay, and the total of those loans appears to be in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000,000. Since most people regard the federal government as having a contingent liability, there is some ground for including that total which would make the grand total of the national debt in excess of \$47,000,000,000, and each state's share would be correspondingly higher.

What is the reason for this gigantic debt? Well, anyone ought to know that when an individual spends more than his income, he goes into debt. That is what this nation has been doing. I do not know how much longer it can continue to spend, to waste money in pump-priming. It seems to me that the end will have to come very soon, or people will refuse to buy bonds issued by the treasury. The banks are loaded up with them now; loaded so much that Sen. Carter Glass, the veteran Virginia member of the senate, several times has said he feared what might happen if bond prices declined. Fundamentally, there can be no doubt of the need to spend money to feed the destitute. On the other hand, can there be any justification at all for spending billion after billion in building post offices, national guard armories, etc., when there is none but borrowed money with which to do it? Every time an additional dollar is spent unnecessarily, the future taxes on you and me, our children and our children's children are pledged to the payment of the debt.

Why This Huge Debt?

Pause to consider what it means. If we calculated the average interest on the debt at 3 per cent (which I believe to be fair), we find that if the nation pays off the current debt in 100 years, the taxes will have to be increased 33 per cent over 1938 in order to do it. If, as further example, the debt is to be paid off in 50 years, the current tax rates will have to be increased by 38 per cent over that entire period. Those statements assume that we will not increase the general cost of government over what it is now and that tax receipts will be as high or higher. It is apparent that spending must stop, or our nation is going to be as much of a burn, even in our estimation, as the most lowly hobo who eats from a tin can, and steals a ride on the rods of a freight car.

Find Many Farmers Earn Income by Outside Labor

WASHINGTON.—About a third of the farmers of the United States have outside industrial and business income, it is indicated in a survey just released by the census bureau. As a result of a study of 3,000 farms in selected counties in 40 states, according to William L. Austin, director of the census, many "new and surprising facts" along this line have been discovered.

"Among those which have hitherto not been called to the attention of the public," he said, "are the high proportion of farmers who have outside income, the relatively high average return for such farm operators—equal to about three-fourths of the average income from the farms themselves, and the difference between the incomes of those making farming their principal occupation and those whose principal occupation is banking, keeping stores, professional service and the like."

For the 975 farmers out of the 3,000 in the sample survey who reported non-farm income, Mr. Austin continued, a total of such income of \$488,522 was reported, or an average of \$573 per farm. About one-fourth of such farmers were found to receive less than \$100 a year of such non-farm income.



THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

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WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Alan Cameron, young trapper, Noel, his Indian partner, and Rough, husky Ungava sled dog, look in vain for the Montagnais trappers' camp in the desolate Big River country of Northern Canada. Their supplies are fast running out, and they are forced to subsist on wolf meat until they come, amazed, to a substantial log house in the wilderness of Talking River, where they are greeted by a big blond man with a gun. Introducing himself as John McCord, hunter, the big man asks Alan if he dares go with him next year to the River of Skulls beyond the Sinking Lakes, where no man is said to have been. Heather McCord, the daughter, who had come with him to the wilderness, wins the immediate devotion of Alan. On the eve of Alan's departure for Fort George, McCord suddenly tells him to bring him back some dogs, and to keep his mouth shut to questions. He gives the boy money, warning him not to show it at Fort George, and promises to explain all later. Returned to Fort George, Alan meets McCord and Slade, Provincial police, with Arsene Rivard, clerk, and Alan's rival for Berthe Dessane, with whom he is in love. The two police are looking for a guide to the Big River wilderness. Accidentally Alan drops one of McCord's bills and when questioned, insists he had got it from Neil Campbell, whose life he had saved at Whale River two years before. He realizes he must make good his lie by going north and seeing Campbell before anyone else has had a chance to talk to him. Berthe's father tells Alan the police are after a man wanted for murder—and have been a boat-ful check Alan's story at Whale River. Alan beats the police to Whale Island, en route to Richmond to get his dogs. Alan returns to Fort George. Rivard, a government agent, a seductive Mrs. Hanbury, and a boat-ful tries to bargain with him to tell her the whereabouts of McCord and his daughter. The only outcome is Berthe's jealousy. Miserable over Berthe's conduct, Alan suspects Rivard of poisoning her mind.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I want to talk with you, Cameron," said McCord.

"All right."

Leaving Noel with the dogs, Alan joined McCord and entered his house. The policeman took the chair Alan offered and leisurely filled and lit his pipe, then asked abruptly, "When do we start up river?"

It was evident that McCord intended to ignore the matter of the race to Whale River, was satisfied, as was most of Fort George, that Alan had met McCord. For a space the eyes of the youth met the other's in a fixed stare.

"I'm starting in about a week," said Alan. "Are your men strong-water men?"

"Yes, they're good river men. Slade and I were brought up in a canoe."

"Good thing for you. There's some bad polling water on this river."

"Well, when you're ready to start, let me know," said McCord.

"You'll be a month reaching the three forks and you'll need three months' grub, for you might miss the caribou," said Alan, hoping to learn whether the police intended to winter in the interior or to return before the ice.

"Three months?" laughed the other, rising. "We're traveling in two canoes with flour for six months."

As Alan watched McCord walk toward the Hudson's Bay store he said aloud: "No, you won't get John McCord. What a mess he'd make of you and Slade if you ever met him!"

Torn between pride and the desire to see Berthe, Alan sat in his cabin that evening when the afterglow had faded from the sky and the rose flush of the river surface had retreated before the purple dusk. But a few days remained now before his start to meet John McCord and Heather. When would he again see Fort George and the girl who doubted him?

Noel was visiting at a Montagnais tipi and Alan smoked, alone with his plans. There had been a list of things to be bought for Heather through one of the Montagnais girls, a friend of Noel, to avoid suspicion. And there was extra flour and sugar, beans and tea, that McCord wanted to cache somewhere before they plunged into the unknown tundra—a relief cache to which they could retreat if the caribou failed. Alan sat deep in thought when the yelping puppies in the stockade aroused Rough from his sleep. He went to the door, listened, sniffed, then snarled.

"Hello, there! Alan Cameron! Please take care of your dog! I want to see you!"

It was the rich, throaty voice that had argued with Alan the night before at the French Company's trade-house. Alan's dark brows met in a scowl but he sent Rough to his corner and opened the door.

"Good evening! Will you come in?" he said, wondering how soon Rivard would reach Berthe with the news that Mrs. Hanbury had been at his house, and yet hoping, as this woman was a government agent, to learn more of John and Heather McCord.

Alan lit another candle and placed a chair for his caller. She smiled easily up at him while he leaned against the door.

"You're a foolish young man, Mr. Alan Cameron. Do you realize that you've ruined your reputation at Fort George?" Mrs. Hanbury leaned forward, elbows on knees, chin cupped in her graceful, well-cared-for hands, as she watched Alan through her half-shut, hazel eyes. "Not only that, but you're in serious trouble with the government."

"Just what did you come to Fort George for?" he countered. "Are you here with McCord on this man hunt, or is there something else?" She laughed boisterously at his question, and totally unfamiliar though he was with women of the world, he caught a ring of hardness, of callousness, in her voice. "I'm a special agent of the government at Ottawa," she went on and her voice suddenly softened with suggestion, "but I'd swap secrets with a man as handsome as Alan Cameron." She rose from her chair and stood in front of him, her knee touching his, as she looked down at him possessively. "Now if you'll tell me where your left McCord, I'll tell you just why I happen to be here."

As he watched her, hoping that in her brazen self-confidence, she would carelessly say too much, she suddenly placed both hands on his shoulders, and gazed triumphantly down at him as if already she had won. But he smiled inwardly at her easy assumption of victory. So the rude hunter of fur was now supposed to tell all he knew when the perfumed lady from



"I can't help myself, can I?"

Ottawa flashed her teeth, threw back her head and looked at him through her long lashes? Well, he also had some teeth to show. Calmly brushing aside her detaining hands, he rose from his chair and, while her brain fought with her offended pride as wave after wave of blood stained her face, he calmly lit his pipe.

"You—you—" she choked.

"You—what, Mrs. Special Agent?" he asked, coolly.

Suddenly recovering her poise she stood staring at him in amazement.

"You blockhead!" she finally managed to say.

She turned to find Rough standing at her elbow, hair erect, his throat swelling in a muffled growl.

"That beast! Take that beast away from me!" she cried.

"Here, Rough!" commanded Alan.

"You're scaring the lady. Did you think she was going to bite me? I did. Good-night, Mrs. Hanbury!" he opened the door. "So that's the way a special agent from Ottawa handles the men!"

Standing in the doorway he laughed bitterly into the night. He knew, now, that he could not make his peace with Berthe Dessane before he left Fort George.

It was July, the Montagnais "Moon When the Birds Mould," and the trade was at its height at Fort George. Gradually the coast Crees were taking their families to summer fishing camps on the coast islands, where the Heame's salmon, sea-trout and whitefish were schooling before ascending the rivers to their spawning grounds, and where the Canada geese, pintail and black duck would flock with their new broods. Remnants of the great ice-floe from Hudson's Straits, Fox Channel and the Bay of God's Mercy which had besieged the coast in the spring, now drifted far in the great bay, slowly vanishing under the sun and the warm rain winds.

The remaining days of his stay were busy ones for Alan. There were supplies to be carefully checked, all of which he bought with his credit at the posts. The money McCord had given him he hid carefully under the floor of his cabin. The extra flour, beans and sugar Noel got through Montagnais, as well as the extra gill-net which might come in handy in the heart of the unknown country, saved their lives. Fearing the havoc which the tongue of Mrs. Hanbury had undoubtedly created at the Revillon Freres through the oily Rivard, for days Alan avoided the parting with Berthe. But at last, hungering for the sight of her face, driven by the desire to defend himself, he went to the Revillon Freres.

Gabriel Dessane and Pierre were busy with Indians, so Alan waited until the factor was free. As he lounged against the counter, Arsene Rivard entered the room, saw Alan, flushed and went at once to

the desk behind the counter where he busied himself with an account book.

So she's been here, surmised Cameron. Berthe knows Mrs. Hanbury came to my house. Rivard's lost no time telling her mother some wild lie about that call. There's a little chance for me now, with Berthe.

"I'm a special agent of the government at Ottawa," she went on and her voice suddenly softened with suggestion, "but I'd swap secrets with a man as handsome as Alan Cameron." She rose from her chair and stood in front of him, her knee touching his, as she looked down at him possessively. "Now if you'll tell me where your left McCord, I'll tell you just why I happen to be here."

"Good?" protested Alan. "I can't help myself, can I?"

"No, but your going to Whale put yourself in a bad light here, Alan. Everyone thinks you met this McCord."

"Do you?" Alan looked hard at the kindly Frenchman.

"You say you did not. For me that is sufficient." The other smiled inscrutably into Cameron's level eyes.

"I came to say good-by to Berthe but she's turned against me. The other night she heard I had talked to Mrs. Hanbury and was jealous. Madame Dessane, Rivard, they've been working on her."

Gabriel Dessane raised both arms to the skies in an eloquent gesture.

"Mon Dieu, what that Madame Hanbury has done at Fort George! My wife to me will speak hardly at all. Tiens! Alan, it is terrible!"

Alan smiled at the older man's vehemence.

"She tried to get information the night I was here and, three nights ago, she came to my house and—"

"And what, Alan?" Gabriel Dessane was interested.

"Well, she may be a government agent but—"

"Go on, Alan."

"She tried her best to make me talk. I had nothing to say."

Dessane seemed disappointed. He frowned at the distant hills across the great river. "She has been at me to attempt to learn from you if you met this McCord—and to find out where. She is a pretty woman, yes—a pretty woman," he said with a sigh. "She has made much trouble for me."

"Now about Rivard," demanded Alan, immersed in his own problem. "You know how I feel toward Berthe. Do—do you object to my hoping—that some day—"

The older man placed his hand kindly on Alan's shoulder.

"There is much time yet, Alan. You are both young—too young. You have your way to make—"

"But Rivard, he's wasting no time," Alan demurred, vehemently. "Are you his friend or—mine?"

Dessane's face sobered. "Rivard is sent here by the company. His family has influence. I am helpless. And there is Madame Dessane! She is very difficult."

"I see," replied Cameron, with a shrug. "I'm a poor man—a hunter, without a decent home to give her. Rivard will go up in the company. I see! Well, I'll go and say good-by if she'll see me."

"You must not forget that you are under a cloud here—the police may make serious trouble for you. But Berthe will see you. She is not happy. She does not know what to think."

Alan started to move away, then turned to the older man. "Oh, I want to ask you a question. When you were at Fort Chimo did you ever hear of the River of Skulls?"

CHAPTER VI

There were only a few friends to bid Alan and Noel good-by on the beach at the Hudson's Bay Company when they loaded their canoe for the long trip to the headwaters. But, at the Revillon Freres, the entire population watched Trudeau and Goyette, McCord's helpers, with two hired Montagnais canoes, stow the outfit in the two police canoes. Near them, Dessane and Rivard talked to McCord, Slade and Mrs. Hanbury.

Shortly, the police and the woman who had turned Fort George into a hotbed of gossip withdrew from the group and talked, heads together, in low tones. Then, after hurried good-bys, the two boats headed for the far shore where Alan, with his four Ungavas running the beach, was riding the flood tide.

Later, in front of the Northern Trading Company, a sea-plane taxied up the river, lifted, then in a long loop returned and passed over the police canoes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Neurotics Are Numerous and Make Life Unpleasant for the Rest of the Family

Those difficult people whom we call neurotics are getting plenty of advice nowadays. But how about those long-suffering ones who have to live with neurotics? Isn't it time they received a little of the aid and comfort that is being passed around?

A nervous invalid can reduce a whole family to serfdom—and what can't one do to the family pocket-book! Countless scores of men and women—more often women—suffer from aches and pains for which no physician can find an organic cause. They wander from one doctor to another looking hopefully for the miracle man who "really understands my case."

Some have "heart spells" or "gas on the stomach," or throw a mysterious kind of fit when they are crossed, writes Raymond G. Fuller in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. The handy illness flares up in a family emergency, just when calmness and efficiency are especially needed. When moving day comes, or Johnny breaks his leg, or Aunt Emma arrives for a visit, a headache (or something) sends the fragile one to bed, while more mature members of the family have to carry on.

Dessane stood for a time with knit brows, seemingly groping deep in his memory. "I recall, now, an old Naskapi once told me about a River of Skulls where there had been a battle between the Huskies and the Indians," he answered. "They exterminated each other. And their spirits now moan in the gorge near which the fight took place. He said some of the bones and skulls are still found along the shore. But the Indians were afraid of this moaning gorge, Manitou Gorge, the Gorge of the Spirits, as they called it, and most of them avoided it."

"Was this river far in the interior, south of Chimo?"

"Oh, yes, deep in the caribou barrens. He said it was a branch of the Koksoak, but no white man has ever been there. It's a country where even the Indians starve when they miss the deer migrations."

Alan bade the trader good-by, then, braving the stony face of Madame Dessane, went dejectedly to say his farewell to Berthe. At the door where once he had been welcome he was kept waiting by what, judging from the sound, appeared to be a heated argument, punctuated by the shrill voice of his friend, little Manon. At last the door was opened by Berthe.

"I am leaving in a few days," he said, probing her dark eyes in an attempt to read her thoughts. "I've come to say good-by, Berthe."

"Come in, Alan," she said, with a faint smile.

"Berthe," he began, "I can't go, with you feeling this way! It's all Rivard and this woman, I know. You don't understand what she's up to."

"I understand this much," the girl retorted bitterly. "She was at your house. She boasted to Madame Martin, at the Northern Trading Company, that she had twisted you round her little finger." Berthe flung back caustically, her black eyes snapping as blood flushed her dark face.

There were tears in his eyes as he watched her wrestle with pride and doubt and the loyalty of years.

"Oh, it's not that! You're wrong! It's not this woman!" she protested. "It's your suddenly going up the coast when you'd been away—so long! You went to see Neil Campbell! You know you did! Everyone believes it! It's that you went away and did not tell me the truth. You couldn't care so much for me and do that. It's that I've lost faith in you—that's all! With a sob and a faint "Good-by, Alan!" Berthe ran from the room.

CHAPTER VI

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT TO EAT and WHY ★ ★

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses Cheese—Prince of Proteins

Noted Food Authority Tells Why You Should Eat More of the Food That Is So Rich in Protective Elements.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th St., New York City.

FOR many years, men with an inventive turn of mind have dreamed of creating a product that would concentrate all the important food elements in a small tablet or capsule. They have been inspired by a desire to simplify meal preparation without sacrificing nutritive values.

No one has ever succeeded in making a synthetic food that would both satisfy hunger and properly nourish the body. But all the while, the researchers have overlooked the magnificent possibilities of cheese, one of the most concentrated, nourishing, satisfying and versatile of foods.

Cheese—The Body Builder
Cheese is the most concentrated source of protein known. Moreover, the protein is of such high type that if it were the only body-building food in the diet, given in sufficient quantities, it would be adequate not only to maintain life, but to support normal growth.

One-half pound of American Cheddar cheese will supply all the protein required by an adult for an entire day.

Cheese—The Energy Food
In addition to its rich store of protein, cheese is also a fine source of energy. A cube of Cheddar cheese one- and-one-eighth inches square provides 100 calories or the equivalent in energy value of the lean meat of one lamb chop or one medium-sized potato. One-half pound of Cheddar cheese furnishes 1,000 calories, about half the daily requirement of an adult leading a sedentary life.

Cheese for Mineral Salts
Because milk is rich in minerals, it follows that cheese, which is made from milk, contains these precious substances in highly concentrated form. It is an excellent source of calcium, the mineral which is responsible for building strong bones and sound teeth, and for keeping the heart beating normally. A one-and-one-fourth inch cube of American Cheddar cheese contains as much calcium as an 8-ounce glass of milk.

The individual who does not care for milk as a beverage can easily obtain the necessary calcium from cheese. But it is practically impossible to get adequate amounts of this mineral without either milk or cheese.

In rennet cheese, phosphorus, as well as calcium, is present in the same proportions as in milk, but is much more highly concentrated. As in milk, these minerals are in a form that is most nearly perfect for easy assimilation. Rennet-curd cheese is always high in sulphur and fairly high in iron. Furthermore, the iron is in the most readily assimilated form.

Cheese and Vitamins
Cheese is a splendid source of vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to disease. It is especially important for eye health and is necessary to prevent the affliction known as night blindness. The amount of vitamin A varies with the type of cheese, but both American Cheddar and Parmesan cheese are extremely rich in this substance, and cream cheese is an outstanding source. Vitamins B and G

Digestibility of Cheese
The foregoing outline of its many food values should give a new conception of its place in the diet. As to its digestibility, studies by the United States Department of Agriculture have entirely disproved the fallacy that it is not completely digestible. It was found that on an average about 95 per cent of the protein and over 95 per cent of the fat of cheese were digested and absorbed. The various kinds of cheese tested were found to compare favorably in digestibility with the food of an average mixed diet. It was also demonstrated experimentally that there was practically no difference between cheese and meat with respect to ease of digestion, at least in such quantities as are commonly eaten.

There was also a notion that because it is so high in food value, cheese should only be eaten in small quantities. But scientific tests have proven that cheese may be eaten by normal individuals in large quantities, as the principal source of protein, with entirely beneficial effects upon health.

Place of Cheese in the Diet
There is a case on record of a young man who lived for two years on a daily diet consisting of one-half pound of cheese, a one-pound loaf of whole wheat bread and two pounds of fruit. While this limited diet might prove monotonous to some people, it is possible to utilize cheese as the easiest method of providing important food value, making the diet, and simplifying meal preparation. For there are more than 200 distinctive varieties of cheese listed by the department of agriculture, ranging from the smooth, delicately flavored cream cheese, which may be given to very young children, to the sharp tangy cheese which is especially popular with men. Fortunately, almost every type can be purchased in packaged form, in sizes that are convenient for large and small families, making it possible to enjoy a wide variety.

Cheese can be used as a main dish; in salads or sandwiches; as a sauce for vegetables; as a dessert. It is desirable at the same time to serve bulky foods, such as fruits and vegetables. Cheese may also be combined advantageously with carbohydrate foods. This is because the balanced diet requires more carbohydrates than protein. And cheese is essentially a protein food, interchangeable with meats and fish.

READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combatting constipation through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menu. A postcard is sufficient to carry your request.

Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

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THE OUTLOOK

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Local Mention

Miss Lydia Pierce, cousin to Miss Helen Frances Huppertz is here from Sacramento, Cal., for a short visit with the Huppertz family.

Miss Martha Moore of Tulsa, Okla., and Miss Evelyn Ray Casey of Prescott, Ariz., niece of Mrs. Ota C. Jones are here to spend the balance of the vacation period with Mrs. Jones at her ranch and fruit farm near Glencoe.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Jacobs and son Don of Anacinda, Montana, are here visiting Mrs. Jacobs' mother, Mrs. Selma Degitz and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ziegler—Mrs. Jacobs is Mrs. Degitz' daughter. Her other daughter Dorothy, who was here last summer, is now in New York attending the Columbia University.

Attorney and Mrs. John E. Hall have returned from an extended vacation trip through the northwest, over into Canada, and thence to Alaska. They had a pleasant trip, viewed some wonderful scenery, but are glad to get back home.

Going to El Paso?

If you are going to El Paso at any time and staying over night, if you will call at this office, we will explain to you how you can save yourself one-half of your hotel bill at three of the leading hotels. In other words, our plan will save you 50 cents on every dollar you spend. This is important, and virtually concerns your pocketbook.—Act now under our absolute GUARANTEE PLAN.

The Burden On Those Who Toil

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

"Those who toil are the people who will have to foot the bill in the end, no matter on whom it first falls."

This statement is from a series of resolutions adopted some months ago by a group of home-owners who had met to urge balanced budgets and economy in government. Today it adds a significant note to the revised budget estimates recently published at Washington, prophesying a deficit of almost four billion dollars for the present fiscal year.

For, as the estimates show, the Federal government has not only been deep in the red since 1931, but they are going deeper. And on those who toil—the worker who sees the cost of living rise while income stays, the housewife who tries to stretch a budget—must fall the burden of making up this deficit.

Obviously, as science has proved, the method of carrying their burden is not through greater debts and greater borrowings and the later rises in the cost of living which such programs entail. Rather, an experience again has proved, it is through the encouragement of more and more production, and the building up of confidence on which that production depends.

The age of progress in America has been a story of confidence translated into action. It was the frame-work of ideas and constructive labor that we built the greatest as well as the most nation the world has ever known. It is on this framework that our progress will continue.

Plans to increase the burdens of debt and debt now charged against America's workers do not point the clear path to future prosperity. They point, instead, the gloomy way to heavier loads on the shoulders of those who toil.

PROFESSIONS

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

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Funeral Director & Licensed Embalmer
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DR. R. E. BLANEY, Dentist
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Carrizozo, New Mexico

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LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 41—
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1933
First Saturday
of Each
Month

Vance P. Smith, W. M.
R. E. Lemon, Secy.

COMET CHAPTER NO. 29
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

REGULAR MEETING
First Thursday of each
month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially
Invited.
Elizabeth Sproles, W. M.
Jeanette Lemon, Sec'y

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

Meets second and fourth
Wednesdays of each month.

Era Smith, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary
Carrizozo — New Mexico

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls

Worthy
Advisor
Catherine
Smith

Recorder—Agnes Dsgner.
Mother Advisor—Mrs. Anna
Brasel.

Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

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

Colonel Jones,
Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Secy-Treas.

Regular meetings every Tues-
day night.

Wider Hat Brims

For Sunny days call for
wide - shaded brims We have
them in a most becoming variety
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FOR SALE—Washing Machine,
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FOR SALE—Baby Coyote.
Apply to L. H. Glenn
Newspaper Carrier

Mrs. Steve Boston returned
home last Saturday from a vaca-
tion trip of about two weeks,
during which time she visited
relatives at different places in
the east.

Mrs. Halley Hall and children
of the ranch near Ancho were
week-end guests of Mrs. Hall's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A.
Dy dray.

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Phone 11

Don't Stand over a Hot Stove

And Cook Meat for Dinner—Get Good, Fresh, Wholesome
Barbecued Meat with Gravy, Fancy Groceries
Choice Meats—Fresh Vegetables



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Satisfaction Guaranteed

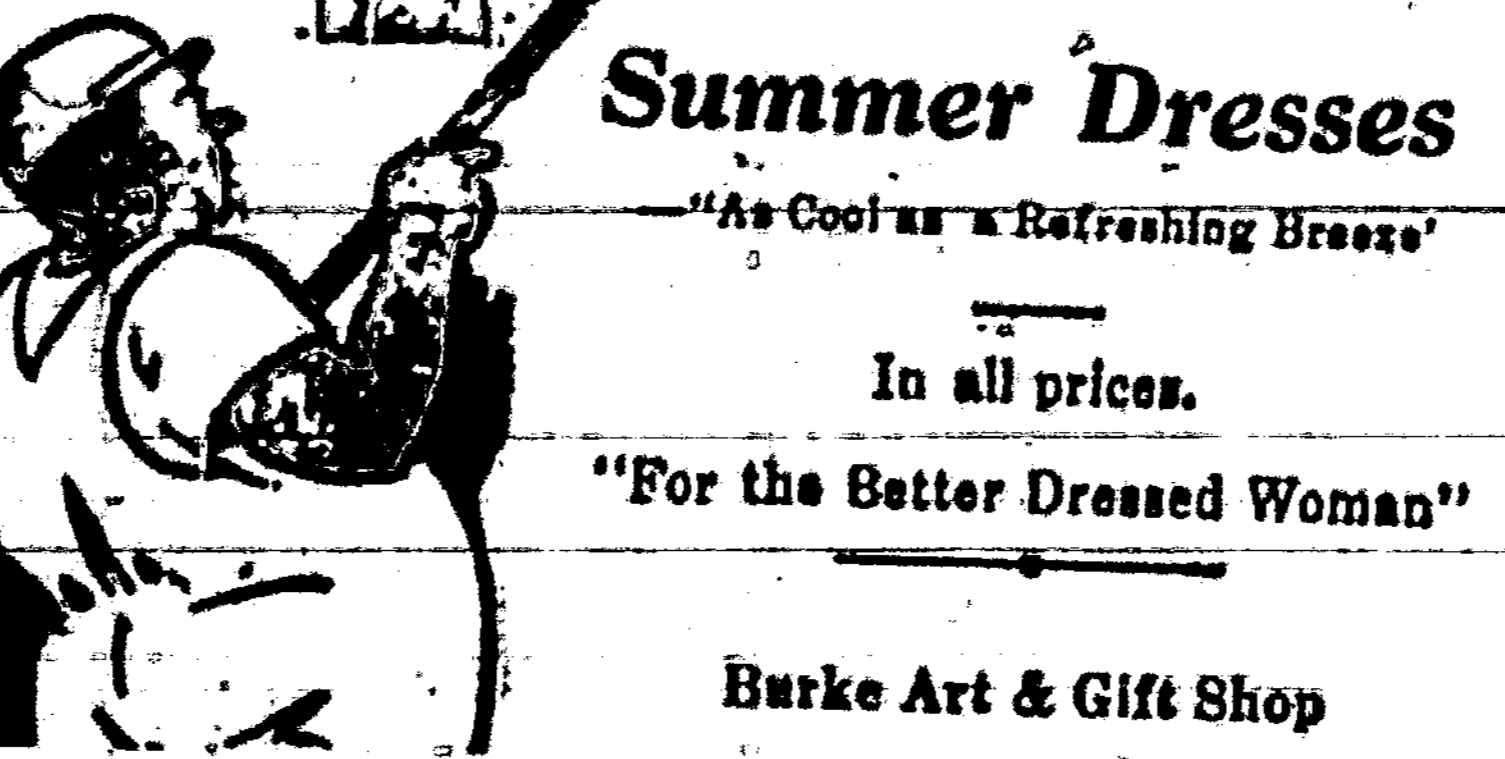
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Greeting Cards

We have them in all styles and prices
The Burke Art & Gift Shop

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"As Cool as a Refreshing Breeze"
In all prices.
"For the Better Dressed Woman"
Burke Art & Gift Shop

PHILLIPS

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Do not fail to Stop to and
From Alamo.
Three Rivers, N. M.



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A new Line of the most precious
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New and Improved You'd better see them.
BURKE ART & GIFT SHOP

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- 1—Two houses and three tracts of land joining Carrizozo.
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- 5—Three Mining Claims.
- 6—One 40-acre Orchard.
- 7—One well-equipped Ranch.
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We have inquiry for Three Small Ranches.
E. M. Brickley & Co.

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CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to our friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown us during our recent and bereavement in the loss of E. D. Ferguson, our son and brother. W. J. Ferguson and family E. E. Ferguson and family Mrs. Georgia Ferguson and family.

Water Days New
"Is there any truth in the greenish saying: 'From marriages in May, all the babies die and decay?' has been asked. None. The saying arose in older times because infants born in February died a poor chance, owing to lack of knowledge of infant welfare.—London Times

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Self-Help--An American Trait

The character of a nation is portrayed by the thrift and self-reliance of its people. Let us take stock. We have more than 44,000,000 depositors who have saved \$24,000,000,000 in their banks. The largest amount of life insurance ever in force, \$110,000,000,000 is held by 65,000,000 people. These are thought-provoking figures. They bring into strong focus our national traits of prudence, foresight and self-help. We are anxious to cooperate in developing thrift. You will find us a valuable ally in helping you to help yourself.

Lincoln County Agency
Citizens State Bank of Vaughn
Carrizozo, N. M.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Check Below And See If You Have Any Of The Signs

Quivering nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with--can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and job. Don't let yourself get "lumpy" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic--one made especially for women. And could you ask for anything more reliable than the one made by the world-famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?



without fall from your druggist. Over a million women have written in letters reporting wonderful benefits. For the past 50 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped grateful women go "smiling thru" trying ordeals. Why not let it help YOU?

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WEST BOUND Bus Leaves Daily at 5:10 P. M.

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

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Easy Terms
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Fort Stanton, N. M.

Santa Rita Church
Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Mass Carrizozo at 8
Ruidoso at 11
Baptist Church
Rev. Vandiver, Pastor
Sunday School promptly at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Sproles, Supt.
Church services each 1st and 3rd Sunday morning at 11 o'clock--and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Members are urged to attend and visitors invited to all services. The Baptist W. M. U. meets each 1st and 3rd Wednesday at the Baptist Parsonage from 2:30 until 4 p. m.

Methodist Church
Rev. R. A. Crawford, Pastor
Church School at 10 a. m.
Sunday Evening Service at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday
Capitan--1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. Church School at 10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

The Assembly of God Church
(Full Gospel Church in Corona)
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Morning preaching at 11.
Evening preaching at 7:30
Tuesday evening at 7:30
Thursday evening at 7:30
A welcome to all.
Rev. I. V. Jackson, Pastor.

Beware Kidney Germs If Tired, Nervous, Aching

Are you Run Down, Nervous, suffer Aching or swollen Joints? Do you Get Up at Night, or suffer from Burning Passage, Frequent Headaches, Loss of Appetite and Energy? If so, the true cause often may be germs in the body. Kidney germs may be sent back to the body. These germs may attack the delicate membrane of your kidneys or bladder and often cause much trouble. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they don't start the doctor's formula. This doctor's formula is stocked by all druggists, starts the kidney medicine in 1 week and is exactly the medicine you need of money back. A check is sent. Telephone your druggist for a check. The guarantee protects you. Copr. 1937 The Kiaz Co.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

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

To Telesora M. Gonzales, Glencoe, N. Mex., Arsenia G. Curry, Monticello, N. Mex., Rube Gonzales, Glencoe, N. Mex., Porfirio Gonzales, Glencoe, N. Mex. and Prospero Gonzales, Jr., Glencoe, N. Mex., and to all unknown heirs of the decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You, and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given, that Telesora M. Gonzales, administratrix of the estate of Prospero S. Gonzales, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such administratrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 29th day of August, 1938, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., as the hour and day for hearing of objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Telesora M. Gonzales as such administratrix and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.

The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the administratrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. M. Witness the honorable Marcial G. St. John, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 8th day of July, 1938.
(Seal) Edward Penfield, Clerk.
J16-A5

Asthma Cause Fought in 3 Minutes

By loosening and removing causes of asthma that causes straining, wheezing, asthma attacks, the doctor's prescription removes the cause of your agony. No needles, no doses, no injections. Asthma attacks, start work in 3 minutes. Sleep soundly tonight. Keep feet warm, wear rubber slippers, and get another bottle. Asthma completely satisfied by money back. If your druggist is not sure, he will order for you. Don't suffer another day. The guarantee protects you.

"Leto's" for the Gums

An Astringent with Antiseptic properties that must please the user or Druggists return money. If first bottle of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy.
ROLLAND'S DRUG STORE

Notice to the Public

This is to serve notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any party or parties in connection with work done on the following Placer and Lode Mining Claims in the Jicarella District, Lincoln County, New Mexico, viz:
The Thomas Jefferson Group of 160 acres, eight claim long and one claim wide running down Warner Gulch. The Tom Paine and El Dorado Lode Claims six hundred feet wide and fifteen hundred feet long, on the north side of Placer group located June 24, 1926, by W. J. Price.
J8-29 (Signed) W. J. Price.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Sunday, July 31--Carrizozo at Mesalero.
Aug. 7, Alamo here (colored)
Aug. 14, Socorro here.
Aug. 21, El Paso Hi-Way here.
Aug. 28, at Socorro.
Sept. 4, San Antonio here.
Sept. 11, Open date.
The American Legion wishes to thank those who help make these games possible. A movement is being started for a 3-day tournament Sept. 3-4-5, at Carrizozo.
(Sponsored by the American Legion Post No. 11)

NEW

Summer Goods

ARRIVING DAILY

Burke Art & Gift Shop

Saturday, July 30, has been decided upon to work the Angus graveyard. Come and bring your lunch.

Used Cars

At Rock-Bottom Prices!

1933 Pontiac Coupe
1936 Chevrolet Standard Coach
1934 V-8 Tudor
1936 V-8 Tudor

With Every 25 Used Cars Sold You Get a Chance to Win

\$100.00

One Chance to Each Car

Carrizozo Auto Company

Owing And Owing!

"N" is the difference in spelling but that ain't nothin'. If you own something you can't thumb your nose at the wolf outside the door. If you owe something the bill collectors chase you like those chickens we were talking about. Also all your neighbors know about it as debts get around like a choice bit of gossip. Keep out of debt and trade here.

JEFF HERRON

Carrizozo, N. M.

Gateway Hotel
COFFEE SHOP
All Rooms With Bath
OPPOSITE CITY HALL
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\$1.50 and \$2
A CLEAN Comfortable ROOM for One Dollar
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One Used Hand-Operated Book-keeping Machine in Good Order.--The Titsworth Co., Inc., Capitan, N.M.

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Cleaning - Pressing - Alterations

All Work Guaranteed!

Suits Made to Order by M. Borne

--L. A. JOLLY.

Be Wise--Trade at Home!

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\$7.50 and \$5.00

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Help Kidneys Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys contain 8 million tiny tubes which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. Functional disorders of the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Often, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Urinary Tract Infection, Headaches, Swollen Feet, Back Pain, Acidic, or Burning Urine. Don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight back troubles with the doctor's prescription. Oxycel starts working in 2 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week, and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is returned. Telephone your druggist for Oxycel (50c-1.00) today. The guarantee protects you. Copr. 1937 The Kiaz Co.

When your feet hurt, you ache all over and feel miserable. Why not consult Paul Owen, the foot specialist at the Grand View Hotel? Paul will make you feel like tap-dancing and keeps you in a good frame of mind with his humorous nature. Just call him Paul; he won't mind it.--Adv.

ZOZO BOOT SHOP



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

G. H. DORSETT

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Agent for the Herald-Post 18c and Times. 20c per week Delivered to Your Door

Captive Peasant Caps

Silk Scarfs--Ideal for Neck or Head-wear with Suits, Frocks or Slacks--Burke Art & Gift Shop,

Keeping Up With Science

'Dosing' of Oil Wells Produces Salts That Ruin Refinery Units

NEW YORK. — Widespread use of acids to boost production from oil wells has brought in its wake a major trouble for the petroleum industry in the form of thousands of miles of ruined pipelines and hundreds of ruined refinery units, petroleum engineers report here.

Salts, 50,000,000 pounds of them, produced largely as by-products of the acid "dosing" of wells, are eating the walls of expensive pressure piping and plugging refinery tubes, exacting a stupendous economic toll, they reveal.

They are in addition lowering the value of residual oils and tars, eating up in waste a considerable portion of the increased income earned by the use of the acid process which increases the wells' yield.

Greater even than the cost of replacement parts and labor is the loss caused by equipment being out of service while repairs are made.

Petroleum engineers are turning increasing attention today, however, to this problem and report a number of desalting methods.

Heat, pressure and the addition of fresh water remove some of the salt from commercial crude oil; increasing the life of piping and refinery equipment greatly at a low cost. A Michigan installation, described in Petroleum Technology by Dr. Gustav Egloff and a group of petroleum engineers of the Universal Oil Products company, reduced the salts in the incoming crudes from 220 to 5 pounds per thousand barrels.

Incoming oil was mixed with about 10 per cent of water, then heated to 250 degrees under a pressure of 60 pounds. The salt removal, 212 pounds for each 1,000 barrels of oil handled, reduced corrosion from a continual cause of breakdowns to a very minor maintenance factor.

Chemicals to break up the shell of emulsion which protects brine globules from the surrounding oil have been used with some success. Once this protective coating is destroyed, water particles settle out of the mixture very rapidly, carrying the salt with them. Different chemicals are needed in each oil-producing area, and the search for a general desalting chemical agent, suited to all types and mixtures of oil coming to a refinery, is still going on.

Electrical desalting, in one plant, decreased the salt content of the crude oil from 200 to 8 pounds per 1,000 barrels. This particularly corrosive crude oil, from an Arkansas field, was mixed with water, then subjected to an alternating potential of 10,000 to 32,000 volts.

Supersonic Waves Break Solids by Vibrations

PORT HURON, MICH. — Supersonic waves—sounds too shrill in pitch to be heard by the human ear—will soon be used to break up solid particles into new degrees of fineness.

Sound's new use has been developed from research of Dr. Karl Soellner of the department of agronomy at Cornell university. He found that high-frequency sound waves not only make sediments, gels and precipitates disperse—as previously had been known—but also that certain solids having a laminated structure could be broken into fine bits by the intense vibrations created.

Ears Reveal Paternity, Says a German Scientist

FRANKFURT-on-the-MAIN, GERMANY. — Possibility of determining a child's paternity from the shape of his ears appears in a report from Dr. Thordar Quelpud of University Institute for Heredity and Race Hygiene. The shape of the human ear, Dr. Quelpud says, has a number of personal peculiarities which appear well-developed in the infant. Left and right ears of the same person are often markedly different, so Dr. Quelpud examined both ears in his study of 5,000 persons. Twins and family studies, including studies of fraternal and identical twins, were made to determine hereditary characteristics. Shape, length and breadth of ear, height of concha, length and form of ear-lobe, helix and tragus, length-breadth-index of the ear, scapha and other characteristics were investigated.

Severe Tests Give Top Rating to New Type Of Concrete Block

CHICAGO.—A new type concrete masonry block has received a "top" rating after severe fire, water and pressure tests in the Underwriters' laboratories here. The eight-inch thick wall was given a 3 1/2-hour fire classification—a rating of half an hour longer than any previous eight-inch wall of concrete masonry units has been able to secure.

A laboratory inferno was the testing ground for the new hollow building block. A specially designed furnace was built which burned 10,000 cubic feet of gas an hour—as much as a small city.

For four hours the 11 by 10 foot experimental wall of blocks was subjected to fire. In the first five minutes the wall reached a temperature of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. At the end of one hour the exposed face was up to 1,700 degrees; at two hours, 1,850 degrees; and at the completion of the test a temperature of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded.

Wall Remained Intact. All this while great hydraulic jacks were pushing down on the wall with a pressure averaging 175 pounds to the square inch.

At the end of the four-hour ordeal, the wall was removed from the fire blast and its incandescent face was washed with a stream of cold water, from a fire hose, under a water pressure of 45 pounds to the square inch.

Great clouds of steam obscured the wall. Snapping and crackling noises were heard as the wall underwent its rapid cooling and contraction.

The wall remained intact after this whole series of destructive actions. Architects and engineers examining it later expressed amazement at the slight effects of the severe treatment.

Temperatures recorded on the unexposed surface of the wall during the tests resulted in the prized 3 1/2-hour classification. This rating can be increased to a four-hour classification when such walls are surfaced with three-quarters of an inch of gypsum plaster.

Greater fire-protection at a lower cost is the objective of the research which developed the building blocks.

Head-Hunter Doctors Are Good Bone Setters

WASHINGTON.—Doctors of the Jivaro head-hunting tribe on the Amazon are good bone setters, and use casts of chicle—basis of chewing gum—to hold broken bones in place.

What a family doctor's life is like in this tribe, famed mainly for its head hunting, is reported by Matthew W. Stirling, chief of the bureau of American ethnology, who ventured successfully into their supposedly dangerous communities.

A Jivaro doctor, called a wishnu, has to study one month before he is considered ready to practice, but there are only six kinds of disease spirits supposed to cause most human troubles. He also has to learn to treat cold, fever and dysentery with specific herbs. His rigid code of medical ethics requires him to answer a sick call at any hour of day or night through trackless jungle. If he fails to cure he may be "sued" for malpractice, which in Jivaro legal machinery means he may lose his head or be required to pay the value of the lost patient's life.

Making Forests Too Tidy Is Bad for the Soil

GENEVA.—Don't tidy up forests too much, by removing fallen timber and otherwise clearing the ground, is the advice of a leading Swiss ecologist, Dr. Arnold Pictet. If you clear away all such accumulations of "rubbish" you deprive the forest of much of its biological working capital.

Trees are a soil-exhausting crop, Dr. Pictet points out. They withdraw a large proportion of the soil's original store of nutrient substances and lock it up in their stems. When they fall, the swarming destructive life of the forest floor—insects, worms, fungi, bacteria—unlock these hoards and return the accumulated capital to the soil as humus.

War on Caterpillars

SYRACUSE, N. Y. — Organisms that cause a deadly disease to tent caterpillars are being cultured at the New York State College of Forestry here, to be released in an effort to control the forest tent caterpillar, which has developed into a major pest. The disease has been known for a long time, but this is the first attempt that has been made to propagate it artificially and use it as a means of forest defense.

Nervousness And Ulcers

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

A BUSINESSMAN found himself becoming very irritable about the office—nothing was right. When driving his car, every other driver was at fault. He noticed also that about two hours after he ate a meal, he had a pain in the stomach which was relieved only when he took some baking soda, drank some milk or ate some food.

When he consulted his physician and gave him the above history the physician told him

he thought it was a stomach ulcer, which the X-ray proved was correct.

The physician ordered a soft diet and prescribed alkaline medicines, which gave relief; he told the patient, however, that there were likely two things causing the ulcer, one of which

was his own high-strung, nervous disposition and the other some infection—likely the teeth. An X-ray of the teeth showed the roots of two teeth so badly infected that they had to be removed.

Causes Symptoms of Ulcer.

Rest, soft food, removal of infected teeth, brought about the cure at this time, but his physician told him that if he didn't learn to control himself—to take things a little more easily, to relax more, any little infection in his system, added to his tense disposition, would likely "grow" another ulcer.

However, this nervous, tense disposition, even when no infection is present, can cause symptoms closely resembling ulcer of the stomach. I have spoken before of the patient whose symptoms closely resembled ulcer, but X-ray showed that, while no ulcer was present, the rhythm or regularity of the stomach movements (churning the food) was greatly upset in that the movements would occur in rapid succession or a few minutes, then stop altogether for a time, perhaps become regular and normal, and then occur rapidly and irregularly again.

A straight questioning by the physician revealed the fact that the patient was trying to handle a difficult domestic problem. When this problem was solved or settled, the symptoms disappeared entirely.

Pain in the Forehead.

When pain occurs in the forehead there is always the question as to its exact cause.

If the pain is anywhere near or above the eye, it is naturally blamed on the eye and many will visit their oculist or optometrist with a request to have their eyes tested. And in a number of these cases the trouble is really due to eye strain. The pain in these cases is usually directly above the eye and even with or below the eyebrow.

However, indigestion and gas pressure can cause pain just above the eye but it is usually just above the eyebrow.

Another common pain in the forehead above and between the eyes is due to inflammation of the sinus (frontal), a cavity or hollow space in the lower part of the forehead. This hollow space is connected with the nose and forms with the other sinuses, the "sounding box" for the voice. The lining of this hollow space or cavity is covered with tiny cells which manufacture a fluid which flows down into the nose. When these cells get inflamed they, of course, manufacture much more juice, just as do other cells when they are irritated. It is the juice from this frontal or the other sinuses that we blow from the nose when we have a "head cold."

When this irritation or inflammation becomes severe we speak of it as sinusitis, among the symptoms of which is this severe headache in the forehead due to pressure of the fluid in the bony space. This headache is worse in the morning because there is not as good "drainage" when we are lying down as when standing up. There is thus some relief from this headache during the day; whereas in headache due to eyestrain the pain is not so severe in the morning after the night's rest, but becomes more severe as the eyes are used or strained during the day.

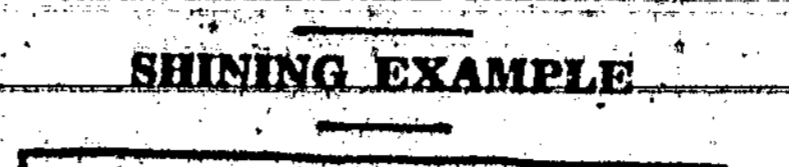
Cures for Little Ills

Lord Dawson of Penn once said that "the quickest way to get better is to forget you are ill." That advice is sound and worth a whole bathful of medicine, asserts a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. How we do like to nurse our little ailments, don't we? Whereas if we would only think in terms of health many of our minor complaints would vanish. Psychology teaches us this truth. It also teaches us that we can think ourselves into sickness and remain sick as long as we let our minds dwell morbidly on our state of health.

JUST JESTS

Easy to Find Out
Jenkins (to new acquaintance)—I wonder if that fat old girl is really trying to flirt with me?
Wilkins—I'll ask her. She's my wife.

SHINING EXAMPLE



"If there's anything that challenges my admiration it's persistence—keeping everlastingly at it. Like the honey bee gathering honey."
"Or the fly that's decided to perch on your dome."

Which?
"I can hold up my head in any society."
"So you ought — there's not much in it."

Kindness Says
Nursemaid—Baby won't go to sleep—shall I sing something to her?
Mistress—No, nurse, try persuasive methods first.

Earned It
"Did Harold get anything under his rich aunt's will after pretending to be so fond of her rotten little lap-dogs all these years?"
"Yes, she left him the lap-dogs."

Too Much to Ask
In the course of a sensational film, the villain, after a desperate run, reached the railway bridge. "What's he going to do now?" whispered a small child to his mother.
"He's going to blow up the bridge," was the reply.
"But, mother, protested the boy, 'he can't do it—he's out of breath already.'"

Loveliness in Crochet Cloth



Pattern 6084.

A 58-inch cloth done in a jiffy on a big hook with two strands of string! You can make this design in three smaller sizes, the smallest 26 inches. Pattern 6084 contains instructions for making the cloth; an illustration of it and of stitches; materials needed; photograph of section of the cloth. 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. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Mistake-O-Graph Answers

1. Tea Kettle, piano and bananas are in window of "Sport Store."
2. Mail box is a birdhouse.
3. Man is promenading in his underwear.
4. Bird is pecking bricks out of building.
5. Gentleman is wearing a lady's shoe.
6. Branch is not connected to tree.
7. Man reading street sign contradicts what he sees.
8. Ice wagon is loaded with fish.
9. Sign reads "Ice never melts."
10. Exclamation marks are on street sign.
11. "Mid-Winter" dance is advertised in summer.
12. Attendant is talking to an empty automobile.
13. Hinges are on wrong side of car door.
14. Mouse is gnawing.
15. License plate is on side of car.

Liberty From People

Liberty has never come from the government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of it. The history of liberty is a history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of limitations of governmental power, not the increase of it.

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PATENTS

R. H. GALBREATH, registered patent attorney, 1545 Glenarm St., Denver, Colo.

MISCELLANEOUS

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Absolutely Fireproof - Rates \$1.00 up

The Milk Tree

The milk tree, which grows in Brazil, I believe, to be the most beneficial of all trees in the world to man.
This tree bears a delicious edible fruit which has the flavor of strawberries and cream. Its trunk yields as fine a bowl of milk as any cow ever produced and the natives rely entirely on these trees for their milk supply.
The milk thus obtained will stand for eight weeks before turning sour. When it does sour, it forms a solid white wax, of which the natives make candles.
The timber of this tree, which normally attains a height of a hundred feet, is valuable for ship and house building. —K. A. Hillhead, Glasgow.

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Mistake-O-Graph



This lovely street scene was produced by our artist on a recent hot day, and we are in need of the conclusion that the heat must have gone to his head. The mistakes are numerous. Can you find 15? The answers will be found above.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

—And R U Listenin'?

ON EVERYBODY'S MIND

—Who brutally murdered George Roberts and young Ferguson of Ancho?

IT LOOKS THAT WAY

"It is getting so that a person isn't safe around here anymore," remarked an Ancho resident.

We haven't yet figured out, from the results of the recent primary, whether Texas wants government or entertainment!

The new residence of the John W. Harkey is having an adobe piazza addition.

We are reliably informed that the recent acquisition of the Paden Drug Store by Elmer Eaker, the name of the store will be continued as before.

It seems to prove that if you want to get anywhere in politics, you've got to give the people — or at least promise 'em — something new.

Miss Edith Norman is expected home the latter part of the week from Albuquerque, where she has gone to summer school.

All the devices of our political medicine men to re-distribute wealth we have are nothing more or less than economic cannibalism. Cannibals eat each other, instead of going out and producing food. And that is what the civilized people do when they turn all their attention to devouring what they have, rather than trying to create more, and thereby have more for everybody to consume.

Jeff Herron, the popular grocer, has a new General Motors Truck, purchased from the City Garage.

We once knew a man that a respectable priest wouldn't associate with, but the faith of a good woman sent him to the state legislature where he associated with the best politicians and weasels. — Lovington Leader.

Gossip and Gloom
Are brothers in woe,
Whatever they say
Know it's not so.
Gossip and Gloom
On mischief bent,
Their foolish opinions
Are not worth a cent.
— Grenville Kleiser.

There is a young local lady who wishes to get heavier. She is underweight for a certain requirement. — The sweet young thing will appreciate any suggestions which will enable her to gain more avoirdupois. — Leave them with your Commentator.

"Paden's Drug Store; Prescriptions" A large sign has been painted on the building containing the same.

The preliminary trial of the Ben, Louis and Randall Mixon before Justice of the Peace Elmer Chavez is the next procedure in the cold-blooded murders of George Roberts and young E. D. Ferguson of Ancho. Let's hope they had the guilty parties.

So, Adios from the Land of Dreams and Chilly Nights.

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IT IS NOT TOO LATE
To Sow The Following:

Cane Seed Barley Seed Rye Turnips
And — We think, not too late for Garden Seeds
We Have Them!
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Rolland's Drug Store
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AMERICA'S
LEADER

4 for 10

Tax Collections Rank
High in Lincoln County

At the end of the Fiscal year, June 30, Lincoln County is in the high column with 96 and six tenths per cent of the 1937 taxes collected. Collections for 1938 are 97 per cent. Only a few counties in the state head Lincoln. Taos county was lowest of the 31 in the state with 66 per cent collected. Grant county leads with 100 p. c. plus.

DR. CONNOR of Roswell will be in Capitan the 29th and 30th of each month. Will do all form of dental work. Special attention given correction of children's teeth. J22-A12

Florencio Vega and Benigno Gallegos were business visitors from their respective ranches on Monday.

ATTENTION!

For new subscriptions or renewals to any of the current magazines, see any member of the Methodist Missionary Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Vega, Mrs. Josefa Vega and Leandro Vega were Ancho visitors last Sunday morning.

John Lill of the Vera Cruz mines was a business visitor here this Monday.

Isaac Marquez of Tucumcari visited the Saturnino Chavez family and other relatives here last week-end.

Hilario Maes was a business visitor from Capitan last Saturday afternoon.

Ralph Petty and Sat. Chavez, Jr., attended the Golf Tournament at Ruidoso.

Louis Nalda, manager of the Red Canyon Sheep Company, was a business visitor in town last Saturday.

Buddy Norfleet returned last Friday from Albuquerque, where he had been visiting relatives and friends for about two months.

Rather J. A. O'Hara and Arthur Cortez of Fort Stanton were here on a short visit Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Thornton and small grandson of their ranch near Oscura were Carrizozo business visitors this Tuesday.

L. D. Merchant, prominent stockman of the Capitan country, was a visitor in town Monday of this week.

Lester Greer of the Greer Angora Goat ranch in the San Andres mountains was a Carrizozo business visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Drago are here from Texas, Mr. Drago being employed by Walter Riggs on his ranch holdings.

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There is still three more months of summer.

Take advantage of our
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\$1.25 Cotton Dresses, now 85c
2.25 " " " \$1.65
3.85 Silk & Rayon Dresses
now 2.65
6.85 Silk Dresses, now 3.75
7.85 " " " 3.95

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At just exactly 1-2 Price!

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Card of Thanks

We thank the friends who have aided and sympathized in this sad hour of bereavement; also the Sheriff, his deputies, the State Police and their aides for their unfinished, hungry and sleepless hours of fatigue. We, with our friends stand by, as you continue. Knowing full well that you will not rest until you have solved a cold-blooded, premeditated murder and worse, the slaying of an innocent youth while performing the duties of

the most noble sentiment, fearlessly rushing to the aid of a stricken fellow being. And when you have finished, stand by with us as we aid the prosecution to rush the work of justice, so that at the earliest possible moment, we shall dispose of the bloody marauders of our knights.
—The Roberts Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Rentfrow of their ranch across the Malpais were business visitors in town last Saturday.

Mrs. Ward Charles of Santa Rosa was a guest of her mother Mrs. Charles Joyce Wednesday of this week.

Dr. T. H. Williams, Dentist, will be at El Gijole Hotel Tuesday, Aug. 2, for one week. It

Edward Duncan Ferguson

Was born Jan. 14, 1919, at Cuervo, N. M. He was killed at Ancho, July 22, 1938. Edward was dearly loved by all who knew him; always of a friendly and pleasant disposition. Moved to Coyote in 1931, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson, who survive him; also three brothers, Ernest, W. D., Jimmy, three sisters, Mrs. Foster, Ruby and Dorothy, a grandmother, Mrs. Verell, four uncles and four aunts.

District Attorney Threest and Howard Bescham, Sheriff of Otero county were here Wednesday in the interest of the prosecution of the double-murder tragedy at Ancho last Friday night. They returned to Alamogordo, accompanied by Ben Mixon, who is being questioned in the case.

Little Myrtle McDaniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McDaniel, of Nogal, and although only four years of age, he was stricken with appendicitis, and was operated on last Friday at the Turner Hospital. Myrtle will be taken home today, and is feeling fine, he says.

J. R. Blackshare was a business visitor from his ranch in the Ancho country this Thursday.

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SAVES MORE ON FOOD, ICE, UPKEEP, TOO!

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