

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

Diamond Dust

By Joe Chavez



Carrizozo	Won	Lost
	11	6

Andy Luera took his turn on the mound at the local diamond last Sunday afternoon and pitched the Carrizozo Legionnaires to their eleventh victory of the season, by subduing the revamped line-up of 'Hopper Exterminators' from Fort Stanton by a score of 8-to-5.

Andy was in excellent hurling form Sunday and with the assistance of his battery mate, Manuel Chavez, coupled with the keen-edge support from the rest of the crew, he held the Stanton boys to a few scattered hits and one lone run in six innings.

Meanwhile, his comrades had been hitting consistently to be in the lead 6-to-1, and to all appearances, had the game well sewed up. But in the sixth and seventh innings, the Exterminators found the range on Andy and taking advantage of a few errors, they made a dashing attempt and managed to cross the plate four times to threaten Carrizozo's chances of victory. But our boys fought back furiously and wrote two more figures in the score pad. The Stanton pitcher was every bit as good as the Socorro flingers, but Manager Bamberger's household had their batting and fielding optics on Sunday and led the Stantonites a merry chase from the start to the finish.

Fielding, as well as batting laurels, go to Shortstop Tony Perez, Outfielders Jerry Beltran and Manuel Ortiz. Manuel hit a long triple which almost went for a homerun. Tony and Jerry saved Andy many a headache by robbing the opposition of several hits by difficult running catches at different critical intervals. Chavez caught a good game behind the plate and also Meyer, Sally and Marquez handled their berths in a creditable manner.

Next Sunday, the Legion boys play the initial game of a double-header with Fort Stanton on the Stanton diamond. The nightcap will be between Stanton and the Roswell Yellow Jackets.

Okay, boys, let's get right in there and run up our string of victories to 15 for the season.

BORN—Sunday, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Salcido of Tucumcari, a girl. Mother and daughter are doing nicely. Mrs. Salcido is the youngest sister of Sat and Joe Chavez of this place.

A. R. Dean of Capitan was a business visitor Monday and while in town, made this office a friendly call.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Garcia, Sr., daughter Bertha and Marcelino Herrera were Santa Fe business visitors the latter part of last week.

Mrs. C. S. Henning of El Paso, aunt of Mrs. Ben S. Burns, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burns for a couple of weeks.

FOR all magazine subscriptions and renewals, see your local magazine agent.—Erma Poage. It

Mr. and Mrs. Luis Luera were here from San Elizario, Texas, this week, visiting relatives.

Call For a Lincoln County Republican Nominating Convention

A delegate convention of the Republicans of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, is hereby called to meet at Carrizozo, N. M., on the 22nd day of Sept., A. D. 1938, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock in the morning of said day, at the Community Hall.

Purpose of said convention is to elect thirty-six (36) delegates to the Republican State Convention, to nominate a state ticket, to be held at Albuquerque, N. M. or Las Vegas, N. M., on the 28th day of Sept., 1938; and to nominate a county ticket of: Sheriff, Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor, Co. School Supt., Commissioner for Dist. No. 1, commissioner for dist. 2, commissioner for dist. 3, Probate Judge and surveyor.

The apportionment of delegates to said county convention will be on the basis of one (1) delegate for every ten (10) votes or major fraction thereof cast for Jaffa Miller for Governor, at the election held in Nov., 1936. The several precincts of Lincoln Co. which are entitled to representation in said county convention on the above basis are as follows:

Pct.	Place	Delegates
1	Lincoln	16
2	Hondo	26
3	Arabela	10
4	Plecho	9
5	Rabenton	4
6	Encinosa	4
7	Jicarilla	3
8	White Oaks	3
9	Capitan	20
10	Ruidoso	9
11	Nogal	5
12	Bonito	2
13	Corona	19
14	Carrizozo	34
15	Oscara	2
16	Ancho	6
17	Spindle	2
18	Joneta	3
19	White Mountain	9
20	Ramon	2

Total 188

Delegates at above county convention will elect a county chairman, vice-chairman and secretary for the ensuing two years.

The chairmen of the several precincts are hereby ordered to call precinct primaries at some convenient place in the precinct by Sept. 19, 1938, by posting not less than 3 notices at least 5 days previous to said primary, in public places of the precinct. Said notices to give the hour and place of precinct meeting where said primaries are to be held.

Said precinct primaries to nominate a Justice of the Peace and constable for their respective precincts, and shall certify same to the chairman of aforementioned county convention not later than 1 p. m. Sept. 22, 1938. Precinct chairman shall certify to the Co. chairman not later than 9 a. m. Sept. 22, 1938, the names of the precinct chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and the list of delegates to aforementioned county convention.

No proxies will be accepted in said convention unless held by a resident of the precinct in which the regularly selected delegate resides, and no person shall be allowed to hold more than five (5) proxies of delegates to the county convention.

All who are desirous to affiliate themselves with the party are cordially invited to attend and participate in precinct primary.

By order of the Republican Central Committee, at Capitan, N. M., August 23, 1938.

DOUBLE-HEADER

1 P. M. Fort Stanton vs. Carrizozo
3 P. M. Ft. Stanton vs. Roswell
Sunday, Sept. 11
At Stanton
Adm. 10-25c

LYRIC THEATRE

(Air conditioned)
R. A. Walker, Owner

(Cut out and save for reference.)
Beginning Sept. 12, the shows begin at 7:30 p. m.

Friday and Saturday
Joan Bennet and Henry Fonda in:

"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN"

A sparkling romance full of laughs and surprises, bitter experiences and seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

—also—
"Pine Hurst" and "Disney's Boat-Builders."

Sunday, Monday & Tuesday
Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland and Lloyd Nolan in Robert Louis Stevenson's —

"EBB TIDE"

—A South Sea Island picture in the slow, powerful, rolling tempo of the sea, and as far off the beaten track of screen product as you can possibly have in mind.

—also—
Popeye Cartoon, Popular Science and March of Time in a thrilling, dramatic and timely story of the U. S. Coast Guard — G-Men of the Sea.

Wednesday & Thursday
Merle Oberon, Lawrence Oliver and Binnie Barnes in—

"THE DIVORCE OF LADY X"

—Deliciously polished, entertainment and a witty story of mistaken identity of an attorney's romance with a girl whom he mistakes for a wife seeking a divorce.

—also—
A Comedy—"False Roomers."

Mrs. Alice French came down from her summer home on Eagle Creek and went on to Albuquerque, where she will spend the fall and winter, but will return next spring, when she will reopen her cottage for the 1939 season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jenkins were here from their ranch near Corona Wednesday and returned home after transacting some business matters.

Mrs. Gussie Johnson came down from her summer home on the Bonito Tuesday and will soon close it for the season and reside at her Carrizozo home for the fall and winter.

Mrs. L. A. Boone, proprietress of the Buena Vista Hotel in Capitan, was a business visitor on Monday.

Done this 5th day of Sept., A. D. 1938.

W. W. Gallacher, Chairman,
Attest: Don English,
Secretary.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

There was a large attendance at the club meeting and dinner at the S. P. Hotel Wednesday evening, due to two causes. First, the coming of Messrs. Will Robinson and Lucius Dille of Roswell and second, to the mailing out of cards to all members by manager Peterson of the hotel, announcing the feature meeting. Guests of attorney Hall were Judge Frenger, District Attorney Threat, assistant Clayton, Interpreter Baramontes. P. r. e. McQuillen's guest was Mr. Chamberlain, Line Chief of the telephone company. Mr. Titworth's

guest was his stepson, G. A. Lane. Mr. Ziegler had attorney Hamilton as his guest. Messrs. Dille, Robinson and Wheeler were club guests.

Prof. McQuillen extended Mr. M. H. Finley, the courtesy of introducing Messrs. Robinson and Dille to the club and to the public at Community Hall, where a large audience greeted the visitors. Mr. Finley spoke of the long acquaintance and friendship which has existed between the two gentlemen and himself. Mr. Dille gave a historical review of interest reaching back to the early days, which he had carefully prepared in manuscript form and held the attention of his hearers for 45 minutes.

He was followed by Mr. Robinson, who gave a splendid lecture on things of an archaeological nature, such as the Gran Quivira ruins, Abo, Lincoln, ruins in the Pecos valley and other places over the state. Mr. Robinson accompanied his lecture with picture slides, the machine being operated by his assistant, Mr. Wheeler. To say that the lectures furnished us with a combined treat, would be putting it lightly.

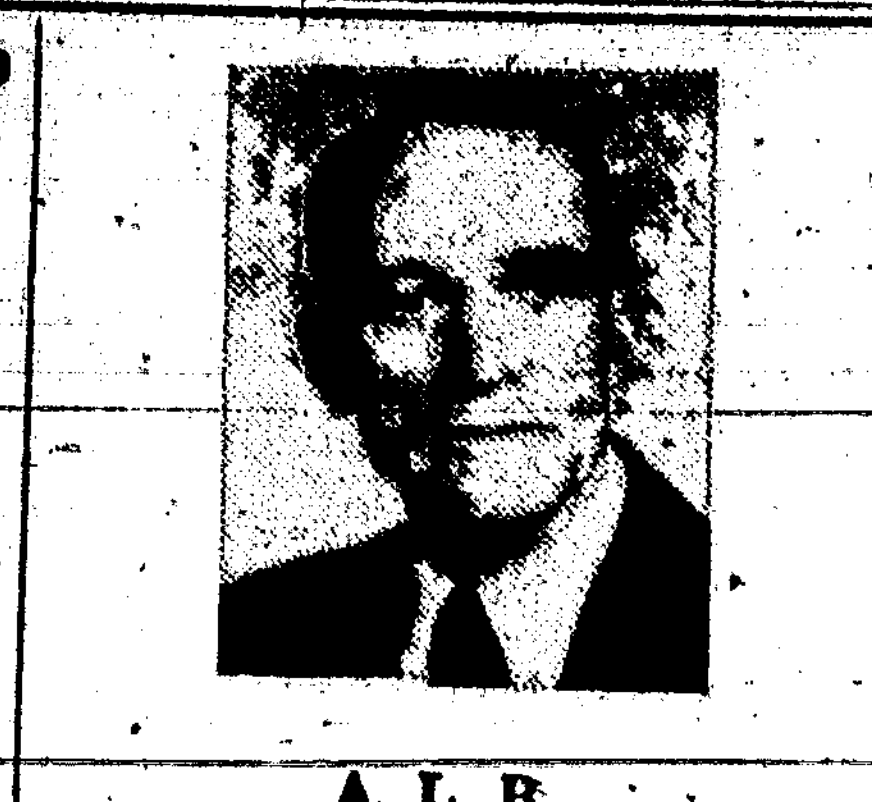
Local Teachers to Attend Meeting at Hot Springs

Mrs. Irene Hart, local Supt. of Schools, who is serving as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Southwestern New Mexico Educational Association, announced this week that a good representation of local teachers will attend the annual Convention in Hot Springs on Sept. 30-Oct. 1. About 600 teachers from the nine southwestern counties are expected to attend the annual convention.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lane of Philadelphia are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Titworth at Capitan. Mr. Lane is Mr. Titworth's stepson.

BORN—Sept. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Salomon Sanchez of Corona, at a local hospital, a boy, Ernie Joe. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Lieut. Maurice Lemon has returned from California, where he visited relatives and friends for several weeks.



A. L. B. Weather Observer.

Fair and Frontier Days

It is just one week until the Annual Fair and Frontier Days celebration to be given by the American Legion Posts of Carrizozo and Capitan. This is the time as the saying goes, that "politics begin to boil," but let us all, regardless of politics, boil over with enthusiasm about the Fair and Frontier Day.

The committee in charge of arrangements are seeing that nothing is left undone to make this event the best that has ever been given in old Lincoln County, but it is up to us to get in the harness and help the committee to make it go. They cannot do

it all; every citizen must lend a hand, for without that community cooperation, honest efforts would fall. Talk about it to your friends, write about it to people in our neighboring towns and not only invite them, but urge them to come.

The advertising matter the Legion has put out will tell all about the entertainment of the two days and the inducements made to people from the outside, but that does not end the matter—it needs our boosting. Let each man and woman appoint himself or herself a committee of one to boost the event. The town is already being decorated. This shows the boasting qualities of the Legion committee and serves as an example of what we, as individuals should do. The effort might seem small to us, but when united together, all efforts in behalf of the event will work wonders when combined.

"The Idlewild"

—That will be the name of the new Cafe which will soon be opened on Alamo-gordo-avenue, across from the Rolland Drug Store and the Burke Art & Gift Shop. Workmen are making rapid strides to have the place temporarily arranged for the Fair & Frontier Days Celebration, but it will be opened permanently sometime between Sept. 20 and Oct. 1.

The Idlewild will be fitted up in Spanish style and in an up-to-date fashion, where drinks of all kinds will be sold and lunches served. In the rear of the building space will be reserved for dancing and other forms of amusement. The place will be owned by Hugh Bunch, and the manager will be George Smith, or as he is better known as "Smitty," who recently managed the bar and dancing floor for the Country Club.

Particular attention will be paid to ladies having gentlemen escorts and families who are desirous of having a first-class place in which to spend a leisure hour, undisturbed. Cushion-seats will be arranged at the bar. The walls of the interior will be neatly decorated and an indirect lighting system will be installed. The management invites the public in advance of the opening, to give the Idlewild a call. It

Weekly Weather Report

Sept.	Max.	Min.	Prec.	P. W.
1	68	57	1.47	SE
2	76	58	.20	S
3	72	58	.32	SE
4	75	51	.02	SE
5	78	54	T	SE
6	75	56	.22	S
7	79	58	.02	E

Julia Romero, Weather Observer.

Decorators Dressing Up Carrizozo

The Loyd Decorators began the work of decorating the town yesterday morning and will be here for the balance of the week. The two gentlemen who are doing the nice work are Messrs. Loyd Lea and Ben Eakle of Hobbs, N. M.

Their decorations are weather-proof. They will not fade and will withstand exposure and come out of it brighter than ever. They have the latest and most up-to-date sound car which they will use to make the announcements for the Fair and Frontier Days celebration. The Legion is to be commended on securing the Loyd Lea Decorators for the coming occasion. After finishing the

work here, they will go to Albuquerque to decorate the big city, and also use the sound car for announcements the same as here, only on a larger scale.

Corona News

Mr. and Mrs. A. Yett and daughter of San Diego visited last week with Mrs. Yett's mother Mrs. O. M. Chaucey and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bagley and children, accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Atkinson were Roswell visitors last Tuesday.

Mrs. Nan J. Stone stopped off here Wednesday enroute to El Paso.

Mrs. Dora Kersey of Mesa, Ariz., attended the rodeo, and left Sunday for Hondo to spend a few days with her mother Mrs. Julia Clements.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Penix left Wednesday for Albuquerque. They were accompanied by their daughter Mary Catherine and by Miss Edna Imhoff, who will be students at the University this year.

Jesse Atkinson returned Tuesday from a business trip to Amarillo.

Mrs. Frank DuBois, Jr., accompanied by her sister Miss Owsida Rider and Jack Jenkins of Nowata, Okla., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank DuBois, Sr. They returned to Albuquerque Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Weaver of Cloudercroft were rodeo visitors.

Mrs. M. D. Atkinson made a business trip to Albuquerque last week.

Births—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Sanchez, a girl. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Chavez, a girl.

L. D. Merchant was here this morning from his ranch near Capitan. L. D. has lately returned from Wyoming, where he has some valuable irrigated farmland.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fay Harvey was taken to El Paso for an ailment which necessitated an operation, which was performed and the little fellow is doing nicely at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maxwell and daughter Mary were here from their ranch near Claunch today.

Efforts to Change United States Constitution Have Been Less Than One Per Cent Successful

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

THE American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given moment by the brain and purpose of man.

"It will be the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions."

That's what two of history's most famous statesmen—William Gladstone and William Pitt—thought of America's fundamental law, whose anniversary we celebrate on September 17.

And throughout our history successive generations of Americans have agreed with them.

But, sometimes, Americans have felt that the guarantees of government by the people and of liberty for all—which constitute the soul and substance of our Constitution—needed further strengthening. That is why they have, on rare occasions, written new articles into the famous charter. To date, as every school boy knows, 21 amendments have been added to the Constitution as originally signed by George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison and others on that historic September 17 of the year 1787.

2,500 Amendments Proposed.

But, as few Americans realize, more than 2,500 other amendments have been offered in the halls of congress during the 151 years which have elapsed since the signing. All but the handful now incorporated in the document were ignored or rejected—either in congress, itself, or by the people. And, as one glances at various of the rejected articles, he understands why.

Many odd and startling things would have happened to this nation had some of these ignored proposals been written into our Constitution. We might, for example

Have 4,000 electors elected congressmen trying to crowd into the house of representatives at Washington.

Have four vice presidents striving valiantly to emerge from the obscurity traditionally associated with that office.

Be known today as "The United States of the World," instead of the more limited "United States of America."

Choose our President by drawing a lucky sphere from a covered box of small balls.

Extend the privilege of voting to all who had passed their twelfth birthday.

Limit the right of feminine suffrage to splinters and widows, ignoring married women.

All these proposals, and many others, similarly startling, have been offered in congress during our history, as Constitutional amendments. Few, if any, of the more curious ones emerged from committee or were submitted to the people. But the interesting fact is that at some time, someone felt serious enough about each of them to urge its adoption.

Still more significant, however, is the fact that the American people and the great majority of their elected representatives declined thus to mutilate the famous Constitution under whose provisions our nation has achieved greatness and our citizens the highest standard of general well-being in history.

Individual congressmen, and zealots of various kinds, have been eager on many occasions to tinker with the Constitution. The people, however, have consistently remained steadfast to its sound and liberal principles.

Of nothing can America be more proud than the fact that despite vicissitudes and temptations, her citizens have thus guarded the high ideals which the Declaration of Independence proclaimed and the Constitution established.

The Bill of Rights.

This was evident in the first 10 amendments written into our Constitution—now known collectively as the Bill of Rights. Like the Constitution itself their purpose was to strengthen the political power and guard the liberties of the people. In them were assured to all Americans our treasured freedom of religion, of speech and of the press; the right to trial by jury, and protection against such forms of oppression as imprisonment without legal process, cruel and unusual punishment, or unreasonable search and seizure.

The 11 amendments later ratified followed, in general, the same trend. Notable among them were those abolishing slavery and broadening the basis of citizenship and of suffrage. One, which many believed infringed the individual's rights, was rejected.

Thus, out of more than 2,500 proposals, the American con-

Nation-Wide Celebration of Basic Law's 151st Anniversary Recalls Many Odd and Startling Amendments That Have Been Proposed; Devotion of the People to Charter's Sound and Liberal Principles Is Reflected in Rejection of More Than 3,500 of These Proposals.



The Constitutional Convention in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, September, 1787. (From the painting by J. D. Sicacci)

gress and the American people approved the few whose purpose was to make our government more sound and more free.

Nevertheless many of the rejected proposals are interesting, and carry their lesson. Virtually all of them reflected some line of political thought of the day—important at the time to sponsors and supporters; relegated today to the limbo of forgotten things.

A great number of these dealt with the powers and organization of the legislative and executive branches of our federal government. As we glance at them today they seem not only as old-fashioned as the powdered wig, but as far from practicality as the Mississippi Bubble. How many, one wonders, of the hundreds proposed in recent sessions of our congress will seem similarly ridiculous to our great-grandchildren?

Would Bar Duellists.

There was, for example, an early proposal to bar from membership in congress anyone who had engaged in a duel, either as a principal or a second.

There was one making it mandatory on congress to publish its proceedings at least once a year. Imagine having to force senators and representatives to publish their oratory in the Congressional Record. Just try to stop this costly bit of self-expression today!

There was one requiring a representative for each 20,000 of a state's population, which in round figures would give us 4,000 representatives today.

There was one to give each state an extra senator for each million of population over the 2,000,000 mark. Based on modern census figures this would give New York at least 12 senators, Pennsylvania 9, and Illinois 7.

There was one to abolish the senate altogether—proposed, of course, by a member of the house of representatives.

Many amendments have been offered to change the length of congressional terms. The first proposed limiting a representative's service to one year. Later ones called variously for three, four and six year terms in the house. Others similarly proposed shortening service in the senate.

The executive department, on recent count, has been the subject of nearly 900 proposed amendments. More than half of them were concerned with methods of election and terms of office of the President.

Several of the strangest of these would have had the President chosen by lot. One proposed that retiring senators take turns alphabetically in drawing balls from a box. Of these balls, one was stained a distinctive color. The senator drawing the colored ball would be President for a year. To make the plan work out properly it was further proposed to limit the senatorial term to three years, thus retiring one-third of the members every 12 months.

Elected by Lottery.

Another "draw-the-ball" plan proposed allotting to each state as many balls as it had senators and representatives. Then each state was to nominate its candidate for President. On a certain day all the balls, properly marked, were to be placed in a box, from which a member of congress would blindly draw one. The state whose name appeared on the ball drawn would see its favorite son installed as Chief Executive.

Among the strange proposals affecting the selection of President were several offering a plan of alternating the office between inhabitants from the North and South. There, as it appeared, represented efforts to heal the widening breach between the two sections in the dark days before

the War Between the States. Another, similar in objective, would have created two Chief Executives, one from each of the two rival sections.

Citizens who find it hard to remember the names of our vice presidents would suffer added difficulties had one amendment affecting that office been adopted. This proposed three extra vice presidents. It was inspired, undoubtedly, by the observation that during many years of our history the office has been vacant after the incumbent assumed the duties of a deceased Chief Executive.

But some amendment-makers had exactly the opposite idea. They wanted to abolish the office of vice president altogether. An early legislator who held this point of view defended it with a statement still interesting to voters who watch our national convulsions with a sophisticated eye.

"The man voted for as vice president," he warned, "will be selected without any decisive view to his qualifications to administer the government. The office will generally be carried into the market to be exchanged for the votes of some large states for President, and the only criterion which will be regarded as a qualification for the office of vice president will be the temporary influence of the candidate over the election of his state."

Six-Year Presidential Term.

Length of the Presidential term has been the subject of more than 200 proposed amendments. Of these, approximately 50 per cent



JAMES MADISON "The Father of the Constitution."

sought to fix the term rigidly at six years. Others proposed terms of one year, three years, five years, seven years, and even eight years.

Early in our history various proposals were offered for limiting the number of terms a President could serve. The majority of those which left the term at four years stipulated that no man could serve more than two terms. Many others would have limited a President to a single term. It is interesting to note that this plan had been seriously discussed while the Constitution was being drafted by the federal convention of 1787.

There have been proposals, too, which would answer by the process of Constitutional amendment, the burning question: "What to do with our ex-Presidents?" Some of those limiting the number of terms would have provided that at the end of his final term the President should become a member-at-large of the senate, and the vice president a member-at-large of the house—both for life. Others suggested pensioning our ex-Presidents for the remainder of their lives.

Proposed amendments affecting relationships between the federal government and the states have also been frequent. In fact, the first amendment ever offered

—from the Massachusetts state ratifying convention—proposed that: "It be specifically declared that all powers not delegated by the aforesaid Constitution are reserved to the several states, to be by them exercised." With the phrase, "or to the people," inserted after the word "States," this proposal became the Tenth amendment.

The acquisition of new territories and the admission of new states have also inspired many amendment-makers.

Thomas Jefferson, when President, was so doubtful of the constitutionality of the Louisiana Purchase that he drew up a proposed amendment to legalize the transaction. Other amendments offered at various times could have barred the acquisition of Florida, Hawaii, Alaska, and various non-contiguous lands which now prosper under the American flag.

At least one proposed amendment would have put the federal government into land speculation on a grand scale, by empowering congress to buy potential farm lands, improve or develop them, then sell them to citizens, in an effort to promote farm ownership.

But of all types of proposed amendments, those dealing with the relationship of the American citizen to his government, or involving human rights, were by far the most numerous. More than three-quarters of the amendments actually ratified and added to our Constitution reflect these typically American concerns.

The Bill of Rights introduced the first 10 such amendments. So inclusive, in fact, were their provisions, that many years elapsed before others similar in nature appeared in appreciable numbers. Then, before the War Between the States, amendments on the slavery issue appeared. By 1865 more than 500 had been offered.

Shortly after that war came a flood of amendments to extend the franchise to women—a movement which won eventual success in the Nineteenth amendment to our Constitution, ratified in 1920.

People's Power Increased.

This amendment, like so many earlier adopted, increased the power of the people. In interesting contrast, those which would have placed restrictions on the people made little progress. Proposed amendments to give the federal government authority over marriage or education, for example, have received scant encouragement from the public, although hopefully and persistently presented. Protests against such tendencies have even found expression in one amendment forbidding the granting of additional powers to the federal government—introduced in 1922.

In contrast, however, to the attitude of our legislators during earlier days of the Republic, the practice of offering amendments appears to be growing at Washington. More than 100 were proposed in the Seventy-fifth congress which closed its sessions last June.

But that the nation as a whole follows this trend has not been demonstrated. To date, statisticians estimate, the score stands roughly at one constitutional amendment ratified out of every 170 proposed.

To all true Americans there seems sound reason for the people thus to avoid unwarranted tinkering with their basic law. Throughout the generations of our national existence, they realize, it has served the cause of human freedom and broadened the scope of human happiness as has no other written form of government in all history.

HEALTH

● Diet held important in satisfactory cure of goiter trouble, specialist says.

By Dr. James W. Barton

THERE are many cases of goiter where the physician is undecided as to operation. He knows that the patient could afford the time and money and would get results almost immediately, but there are other matters that must be considered.

In many cases X-ray treatment solves the problem notwithstanding that this often requires months of treatment. In some early or threatened cases, rest and iodine give encouraging results.



Some years ago when a patient became nervous, easily upset, irritable, and was losing weight, some high-ranking physicians put these patients to bed in a dark, quiet room and fed them as much food as they could get them to eat. The food

the patient's likes and dislikes in food were carefully considered. Sometimes the results were gratifying and other times the patients were really worse than before.

This "forced feeding" with hard exercise has been used with good results in patients with early thyroid symptoms. The food nourished and the exercise strengthened the body, the circulation of the blood was improved, and the quality of the blood itself was improved.

Importance of Diet.

Now some physicians are trying out this treatment of giving large quantities of food to their early thyroid or goiter patients. These patients have the usual symptoms—rapid heart, nervousness, poor appetite and sleeplessness.

Dr. Israel Bram, Philadelphia, author of "Exophthalmic Goiter and Its Treatment," has this to say in Medical Record:

"Diet is paramount in the treatment of exophthalmic goiter. The sufferer—usually very thin—must eat his way to health. All stimulants—tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol—must be forbidden. Small amounts of meat may be given once a day. The average patient requires practically twice the amount of food that would be taken during health."

As much rest as possible should be taken but Doctor Bram points out that there are many of these patients who must continue working or starve.

Don't Get Excited Over Metabolism Test

When the heart beat is persistently rapid the first thought (if the heart itself be sound) is usually that the thyroid gland in the neck is manufacturing too much juice. As this juice speeds up the body processes, the heart rate is, of course, "speeded up."

To make sure that the thyroid gland is at fault and that a goiter, even if small, is present, the basal metabolism test is made. The patient is warned not to eat any food after his evening meal of the night before the test, and goes to the physician's office or to the hospital before breakfast the next morning. He lies down quietly with body and mind as much at ease as possible, breathes in oxygen and breathes out the "used" air (containing carbon dioxide) into a tube carrying it to the soda lime chamber where the amount of carbon dioxide can be measured later.

If too much oxygen is being used or too much carbon dioxide is being manufactured by the body processes while at rest, that is if the body processes are working at a rate of more than 15 per cent normal, goiter is considered to be present.

Test Often Fails.

This seems simple enough. But physicians know that if the patient is excited, perhaps afraid of the test because it may mean an operation, they cannot breathe slowly or naturally and the heart is faster because of this fear or worry. In addition, as the patient has not had any breakfast, he misses the "settling" or quieting effect of the food which would draw some blood down to the stomach from the "excited" brain.

For these and other reasons, if the first test shows more than 15 per cent, further metabolism tests are made.

It is only natural that with so much at stake—operation, anesthesia, stay in hospital, expense—patients are upset or excited at the first test, a few days' rest and reassurance by their physician and by the physician or nurse making the test, make more certain the true reading or measurement.

It should be remembered that the basal metabolism rate must be persistently high when taken under favorable conditions (quietness of mind and body) before your physician and surgeon would consider operation or X-ray treatment necessary.

A Stitched Sampler In Floss That's Gay



Pattern 6128.

Want some color interest to your room? Then embroider this cheery sampler. It is in easy cross stitch with the flowers in other simple stitches. Pattern 6128 contains a transfer pattern of a panel 11 3/4 by 15 inches; color chart and key; materials needed; illustrations of stitches.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York City. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

COCONUT CAKE

- 1 cup of butter
- 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup coconut
- 3 cups cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon orange extract
- 15 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3 egg whites

Cream shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually. Add well beaten egg yolks, then coconut. Sift flour, measure, add soda, baking powder, and salt, and sift three times. Add to first mixture alternately with orange juice. Add extracts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites last. Bake in two nine-inch layer cake pans 30 minutes at 375 degrees. Frost with boiled frosting.

One Tear

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped away one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions or enslaved the world. — Ecce Deus.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you could these nerves to you? If your nerves are on edge and you feel you are not in good general system tone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. For over 50 years a woman has told us how to be "settled" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. It helps you build up more physical resistance and thus helps cure nervousness and lessen discomforts from a nervous system which does not accompany female functional disorders. Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

Go Easy

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow and go easy.—Abraham Lincoln.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not do their "duty" properly—fail to remove from the blood the waste matter which poisons the system and weakens the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be headache, backache, persistent headache, itching of the skin, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of sleep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is what you need. Use Doan's Pills. Don't have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-M 35-31

Bargains YES!

You find them announced in the columns of this paper by merchants of our community who do not feel they want to keep the quality of their merchandise as their prices would suffer. It is up to you of the successful who ADVERTISE.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



'The Nurse and the Thug'

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's a holdup story with a different twist—almost a tragic one, for, we learn from Augusta C. Gores of Glendale, L. I., "The gunman confessed to Judge Savarese that he was about to assault me." Had it not been for the curious coincidence related below, Augusta's adventure might have had a different ending.

Augusta, who is a nurse, was attending an invalid patient in Glendale, and on the night of April 4, 1936, at 11:20 p. m., she alighted from the Metropolitan avenue trolley a block and a half from the house at which she was employed.

The road at that point happens to be very lonely, inasmuch as Saint John's cemetery is but a block away. Augusta felt rather creepy for that reason as she was walking that distance from the trolley.

Suddenly, ahead of her, she saw a lengthened shadow, traveling in the same direction. SOMEONE WAS COMING ALONG BEHIND HER.

She looked back to make certain, and, sure enough, a man was hurrying along toward her. Augusta felt the man might be following her, so she figured she would cross to the opposite side of the road in order to see whether the man would actually follow her.

He did. Augusta looked back once more as she was crossing, and as she did, the man crossed also. He, too, was looking back to see whether the road behind him was clear. "I was not mistaken," Augusta says.

No Chance to Escape by Running.

Fear came over her. Fighting for control, she realized in mounting panic, that she must suppress her blind desire to outrun the man. No hope lay in that course, she must use her wits instead.

Behind her the footsteps grew louder. At last, unable any longer to restrain herself, Augusta turned. Not a foot away from her was the man. She attempted to turn back to the avenue, as there were several cars going through, but the fellow prevented her from doing so by telling



The drunken thug was getting rough, and Augusta began to tremble.

her to go on ahead of him and obey his orders as he had her covered with a gun and would use it on her if she screamed or made any attempt to call for help.

At the same time, Augusta says, the man pressed his body up against hers so that she might feel that he had a gun.

The man wore a leather jacket, and had his hand in the breast pocket, concealing the weapon. This was enough for Augusta. All thoughts of flight vanished. She knew she must somehow talk her way out of this situation. But she knew in the next instant that she didn't have a choice. The man was under the influence of liquor, and he was past the reasoning stage.

Augusta Invented a Husband.

As the man began getting rough, Augusta told him desperately that she expected her husband along any minute, and that her husband was a police officer. "You'll be in for an awful lot of trouble!" she warned the persistent annoyer, hopefully.

Augusta adds in parentheses: "I happen to be a widow." She thought by manufacturing this story the man might go away and let her alone, but, on the contrary, he seemed inflamed by this threat. He became rougher, boasting that he could handle the situation, and Augusta, seeing now how drunk the fellow was, began to tremble inwardly.

And despite her rising panic, she knew that her one hope lay in just one thing—SHE MUST NOT LET THIS FELLOW KNOW HOW FRIGHTENED SHE WAS OF HIM.

To scream was useless; there was no one who would have heard her cries. Augusta's one hope lay in holding off her annoyer until someone should happen along.

The man was powerful, and Augusta was powerless against his drunken strength. In vain she wrestled to free herself from his grip. He was just about to overpower her when, turning down the road, Augusta saw the headlights of a car.

Her Savior Was a Policeman.

The thug had his back turned. Augusta, recalling her feeble threat of a few moments back, cried out: "Here he comes now!"

The instant's attraction was enough. While the thug wheeled to face, as he thought, the approaching police officer (Augusta's fictitious husband) she pulled away from him and threw herself into the range of the headlights!

The car was traveling at a pretty good clip, and the driver told Augusta afterward that he did not see her until he was almost on top of her, and actually came very close to running her down.

Augusta leaped on the car's running board, begged the driver, a man, to help her, explaining that she was the victim of a holdup. By this time the thug was making his getaway. He was making good headway, WHEN SUDDENLY AUGUSTA HEARD A SHOT!

And here's the strange coincidence. The very man Augusta had stopped in the car proved to be a police officer in plain clothes, who was coming home from a prizefight. He was a total stranger to Augusta, but he must have been just as effective as if he had been the imaginary husband she had tried to scare the thug with. Because the next scene in this drama shows the thug up before the judge. Augusta was commended by the court upon being able to hold the man off long enough for help to come.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Sloth, Laziest Animal

The sloth, said to be the laziest animal in the world, hangs from the branches of trees, feeding on shoots, foliage and fruits. The animal's anatomy is such that it can only hang. It has no defensive weapon, but is camouflaged by the coloration of the hair, which is covered with a minute green algae.

Madeira Uses Sleds

Funchal, capital of the Madeira Islands, is so hilly that wheeled vehicles are useless. Sleds with greased runners provide the popular method of rapid transit; that is, as rapid as bullocks can provide.

Wolves Won't Unite

A pack of wolves may combine to run down a herd of wild horses or reindeer, but never do they form into a group to fight against another group of the same species; this only man does.

True Beauty

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—Lord Shaftesbury.

Pompeii Stone Clad City

Pompeii, a ghost city partly clad in lava ash erupted from Mt. Vesuvius in 69 A. D., remains a most interesting sight. According to reports, the luster of the buried city is kept bright by the undying popularity of Bulwer-Lytton's classic, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Trees Split Boulder

A huge roadside boulder at Arden, Scotland, has been split in halves by a tree which grew through it.

FARM TOPICS

MILK IS FAVORED AS POULTRY FEED

Stimulates Birds' Appetites During Hot Weather.

By Dr. W. C. Thompson, Poultry Husbandman, Rutgers University, WNU Service.

Because hot weather tends to lower feed consumption of poultry flocks, resulting in lower egg production, anything which stimulates the appetites of birds is of value in summer. For this purpose there is probably nothing better than milk.

Milk can be fed in the liquid form as either buttermilk or skim milk for drinking purposes when available in sufficient amounts. One hundred birds will consume between 35 and 40 pounds of liquid milk daily if they do not have water available, and a large quantity is needed when milk is used in this form. Ordinarily, it is not feasible to give birds milk only as a limited supply is available, it can be given the birds for a portion of the day, with water provided after the milk has been consumed.

The semi-solid or paste form of milk is very satisfactory for summer feeding, as it is palatable and the birds will consume it in rather large quantities, even under adverse weather conditions. When first used, it should not be fed to the extent of more than about 2 pounds for each 100 birds daily, but this can be increased gradually until 4 or 5 pounds can be fed without any detrimental results.

Milk in paste form is probably one of the best summer feeds for poultry. It is even somewhat superior to dried milk, unless the latter is used in a moist mash. Increasing the dry milk content of a dry mash does not usually produce any beneficial effects, because the birds do not increase their dry mash consumption during the summer, with the result that the increased milk content is of very little benefit. As a matter of fact, dry mash consumption is noticeably decreased during spells of hot weather.

The use of an increased quantity of milk in the proper form should be continued until late September, or until such time as more satisfactory weather conditions prevail.

Flies Not All to Blame

For Drop in Milk Flow

Don't blame the flies for the drop in summer milk production, says H. R. Searles, extension dairyman, University Farm, St. Paul. Your feeding practices may need overhauling.

Summer is the low-cost period for the dairyman, and if cows go down in production when pastures begin to get short, he is losing an opportunity for profit.

"The ripe mature grasses have about the feeding value of wild hay, and the dairyman can supplement these through a variety of ways. Second crop hay can be pastured, with some care to prevent loss from bloat when pasturing legumes.

Then, points out Searles, there is always regular barn feeding, which is practiced by the good dairyman every summer. Alfalfa or clover hay, if available, is cheaper than grain. Searles explains that the best dairyman of the state feed hay right through the summer, even when grass is plentiful. Feed what the cows will eat twice a day, he says. For the fresh, high-producing cows, a few pounds of grain will be needed, however.

Where hay is not available, about a half winter ration of grain will give excellent results. If there is a fair supply of grass, the ration can be any one of the farm grains available—corn, oats or barley. But where there is very little grass, the ration should be supplemented with its regular high protein feed, such as linseed oil meal, corn, gluten meal, soybean meal, or cotton seed meal, up to 10 or 20 per cent of the grain mixture.

Agricultural Notes

There are 19 million acres of land under irrigation in the West.

New York and Wisconsin are the principal cheese-making states.

Bamboo will grow in the United States where cotton is harvested.

Moisture in the place where eggs are stored helps to maintain their quality.

Live stock and fires are the two most important factors in preventing the improvement of farm woodlots.

About 18 distinct varieties of cheese are on the market today.

Wheat raised in Argentina in the 1937-38 season weighed nearly 6,000,000 tons.

Supplemental irrigation is practiced on nearly 1,000,000 acres of land east of the 100th meridian.

The Iowa corn crop has had an on-the-farm value of more than \$200,000,000 in each of eighteen years since 1912.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Enumerates the

Nutritious Values of the BANANA

Explains How Our Most Satisfying Food Fruit Helps to Maintain Health at All Ages.

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

BEFORE the discovery of the vitamins and before we knew so much regarding the body's mineral requirements, interest in food was centered around proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Fruits which in general supply little protein and fat, and widely varying amounts of carbohydrates, received scant consideration as a source of essential nutrients.

But with our steadily increasing knowledge of vitamins and of the importance to the body of a long list of essential mineral elements, fruits have assumed a commanding place in nutrition. And those who follow the primary rule of a well balanced diet and serve fruit twice daily have been rewarded with increased health and vigor.

In addition to their minerals and vitamins, fruits are valued because of their bulk or cellulose which helps to insure regular health habits.

The Most Economical Fruit
Many homemakers consider that fruits as a class are among the more expensive items included in the food budget.

But that statement is far too general and indicates a lack of information concerning the comparative nutritive values of the different kinds of fruit. For example, it has been said of the delicious and economical banana, that it gives more nutritive as well as money value than almost any other food.

Fruits, in general, are frequently divided into two classes; they are known as flavor fruits when they contain 80 per cent or more of water and as food fruits when the water content is less than 80 per cent. Bananas are a food fruit of the first order!

Ripe bananas are rich in carbohydrates and furnish the body with splendid energy values, with a minimum tax on the digestive system.

Double Fuel Value
When fully ripened, this fruit provides quick energy because a certain amount of its sugars are almost immediately absorbed by the body. On the other hand, several hours must elapse before the remaining sugars are completely assimilated. Thus, eating bananas provides a continuous supply of energy for a considerable period.

The edible portion of one average-sized banana weighs about 3 1/2 ounces and provides 100 calories. It takes almost the same weight of white potato to yield the same number of calories.

Bananas a Protective Food
Bananas take an important position among the protective foods, because they are a good source of four vitamins, A, B, C and G, and contain a total of 11 minerals. They leave an alkaline ash following digestion.

Fully ripened bananas are easily digested and are mildly laxative.

Valuable in Child's Diet
Bananas deserve a prominent place in the child's diet from infancy to maturity. Some baby specialists prescribe mashed and

strained ripe bananas as one of the first solid foods to be introduced in the infant's diet. The ripe banana is considered to be especially valuable at the time when sugar is withdrawn from the formula and the baby is given whole milk for the first time. The calories in the bananas take the place of the calories previously received from the sugar, and thus weight gains are steadily maintained.

Help Children Gain Weight
Because of their high caloric value, plus their content of minerals and vitamins, bananas may well be used regularly throughout childhood.

Bananas and milk make an excellent food combination because the milk supplements the fruit with protein, fat, minerals and vitamins. This combination is often used as a supplementary lunch for underweight children, and carefully conducted studies have indicated its usefulness in helping youngsters to gain weight.

Almost all children like the taste of bananas and they do not seem to tire of this bland and pleasing fruit. And though the banana is regarded as a solid food, it can, if desired, be mashed and whipped into liquid form and combined with milk to make a healthful and nourishing beverage.

Ideal for the Elderly
If elderly individuals are to maintain top health, fruits should be given a prominent place in their diet. But many fruits are avoided by individuals past middle age, either because their acid taste is displeasing or because they present difficulties in mastication. Ripe bananas, however, practically melt in the mouth. Being easily digested, they are a fortunate choice for elderly persons, providing necessary energy

Hard to Spend
If Pontius Pilate had 1,000,000,000 coins of any denomination on the morning of that tragic trial about 1,900 years ago, and also the necessary longevity, he might have started spending one coin per minute, kept it up continuously, day and night, and only relatively recently tossed away his last coin. Nineteen hundred years contain approximately 693,500 days. And that many days contain 16,644,000 hours or 998,640,000 minutes. So if Pilate had started flinging away his monetary substance back there on the morning of the famous trial of Jesus, and could have kept it up without interruption, Pilate would have been able to relieve about 1010.

Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

OVERWEIGHT.

Spoils Your Looks Impairs Efficiency

... And it may seriously affect your health. If you are over 30, and weigh more than the normal weight for your height at the age of 30, the chances are that you would benefit greatly by a rational program of weight reduction.

You are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss for his scientific Reducing Bulletin, which outlines the safe, certain and comfortable method of weight reduction by counting calories. It includes balanced reducing menus and a chart showing the caloric value of all the commonly used foods.

With it, you can easily compute the caloric value of every meal you eat.

Just write to
C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St.,
New York City—a post card will do—
and ask for the Reducing Bulletin.

values with a minimum of digestive effort.

Bananas are always in season and are usually most inexpensive. It is desirable, of course, that only fully ripened bananas be eaten raw. That is because their constituents vary with the degree of ripeness.

Bananas are picked when they are green and hard, and the carbohydrate content is almost entirely starch. As they ripen, the starch is converted into easily digested sugars.

In fully ripened bananas—those in which brown flecks appear on the yellow skins—the starch has almost entirely disappeared and the flavor has been developed to its highest point. The all-yellow banana is also ripe enough for eating and it is likewise firm enough for cooking. Partially ripe bananas—those which are yellow with a green tip—may be cooked and served as a vegetable or as dessert.

Considering their availability, ease of digestion, high food value and economy, bananas deserve to be classed as one of the staple foods in every well planned dietary.

Questions Answered

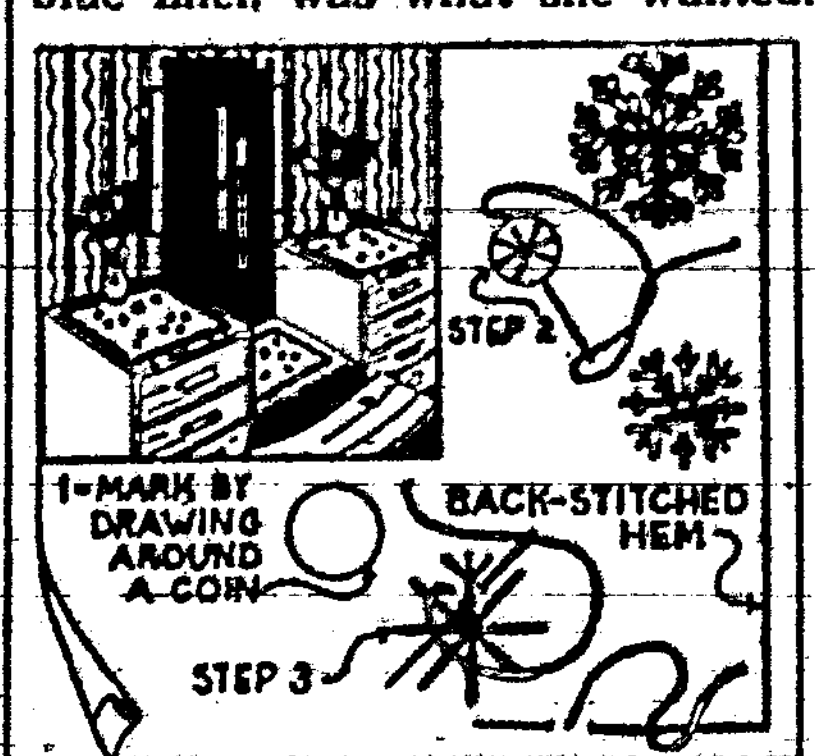
Mrs. G. R. McK.—When peas and beans cause discomfort, owing to their tendency to form gas, they can frequently be eaten without distress in pureed form.

Miss M. L. A.—Both sweet and white potatoes contain vitamins A, B and C; but sweet potatoes are a much better source of vitamin A than white potatoes.

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

HOW to SEW RUTH WYETH SPEARS

A LETTER comes telling the story of a clever girl designed for her dressing table. The problem was to make them to fit spaces of unusual size. Her room color scheme was blue and white and a design of white embroidered snow crystals on cool blue linen was what she wanted.



Here is the way she achieved a charming result.

The linen was cut the desired size and narrow hems creased with a warm iron. The hems were then backstitched in white from the right side with three strands of six-strand mercerized embroidery cotton. She wanted the arrangement of the snow crystals to be heiter-skelter—just as they would fall; so she took a handful of coins and tossed them onto

the linen. There was a 50-cent piece; a quarter; some dimes, nickels and pennies. After several tosses she drew around each coin where it fell.

Still using three strands of the white cotton she took four stitches across the marked circle and then brought the needle out in the center, as shown here in step 2, ready to take a tiny stitch to bind the long stitches together. The crystals were embroidered over the long stitches, the larger ones being more elaborate than the smaller as illustrated here. The stitch used is shown in step 3. Ninety other embroidery stitches are pictured in my Sewing Book No. 2. Also dozens of things you can make in your spare time to use or to sell. Order your copy today and be among the thousands of women who are finding this book useful. Enclose 25 cents and ask for Book 2. Address: Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

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ONE SET 15 SEND NO MONEY
We make by mail the most beautiful natural looking false teeth. Dental plates for men and women from impressions taken in your home. Thousands of people are getting the TRIAL SAMPLES FREE. Write for yours today. UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY Dept. 9710 - 1828 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MOTHERS! Child Feeding

Don't handicap your child for life by improper feeding. The omission of even one minute substance may impair health, reduce learning ability.

Write NOW for the comprehensive free bulletin on the Child's Diet compiled in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory, maintained by C. Houston Goudiss, in New York City. Address: C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St., New York City

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... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

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Published Weekly in the interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N.M.
 A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher
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 Six months, in advance \$1.00
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Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

MEMBER
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 FIRST NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE IN AMERICA
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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**.

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 When you have a news item for publication.

If it isn't convenient, a representative from this office will call for same.

We Thank You.

In The Probate Court

Of Lincoln County State of New Mexico
 In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Robert Hinchey, Deceased.
 No. 470
 Notice of Appointment of Executrix

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 1st day of August, 1938, appointed executrix of the estate of Robert Hinchey, deceased, by Hon. Marcial C. St. John, Probate Judge of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same with the County Clerk of Lincoln County within six months from date of said appointment as provided by law or the same will be barred.

J19-39 Helen Meeks.

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico) ss.
 County of Lincoln)
 In the Matter of the Estate of George W. Roberts, Deceased.
 No. 472

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

Notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of Aug., 1938, the undersigned was appointed administrator of the estate of George W. Roberts, deceased, in the above named court, and having duly qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Benjamin H. Roberts, Administrator.

John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. M., S2-23 Attorney for Administrator

The Southern New Mexico Golf Tournament will be held at the Carrizozo Country Club on Sept. 16-17-18.

Kohinoor Like Chocolate
 From Minitas like chocolate. Are the traders new every chocolate here to trade with Kohinoor women and children for walrus teeth, petrified ivory and caribou.

LODGES

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 41—
 Carrizozo, New Mexico,
 A. F. & A. M.,
 Regular Meetings—1938
 First Saturday of Each Month

Vance P. Smith, W. M.
 R. E. Lemon, Sec'y.

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 RHEKAB 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 Degner.
 Mother Advisor—Mrs. Anna Brazel.
 Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

CARRIZOZO LODGE NO. 80, I. O. O. F.

Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Colonel Jones,
 Noble Grand
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Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

RADIOS and all kinds of Electric Motors and Appliances Repaired. Leave same at this office or send same to Arthur Cortez, San Patricio, Satisfaction.

Authority Belongs To the People

By RAYMOND FITCAIRN.

During recent weeks America has heard another way of protest against attempts on the part of various appointed heads of governmental bureaus, boards or commissions, to exercise powers not granted them by the people. The protest has been made against such appointments on State, as well as Federal, payrolls.

It is a typically American protest. It expresses a national devotion to the principle that authority in government resides in the people—a right which our ancestors won in the Revolution and preserved in the Constitution of the United States.

For when appointed bureau heads attempt to promulgate and enforce edicts with all the force of law, they attempt, in effect, to assume the authority of legislators and executives elected by the people.

And since legislative bodies and executives thus chosen represent the people, appointed bureaucrats who assume their power, usurp that authority from the people themselves.

In this way, the growth of bureaucracy can strike a blow at the foundations of democracy itself. In this way, bureaucratic control, whether exercised in either a State or a Federal capital, can constitute a threat to the democratic principle, and its ally, Home Rule.

Expanded bureaucracy represents a threat to progress and recovery as well. Both history and current events throughout the world demonstrate that when bureaucracy, rather than the people, hold the reins of power, progress lags. But where the people rule, the opposite is true.

In the well-being of their people, and in national prestige, the democracies of the world today remain far in advance of those nations which have bowed to the yoke of dictatorship and bureaucracy.

So long as America keeps control in the hands of the people and their elected representatives, our national development and the welfare of all our citizens will continue to advance in the future as they have in our glorious past.

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Don't Stand over a Hot Stove

And Cook Meat for Dinner—Get Good, Fresh, Wholesome Barbecued Meat with Gravy, Fancy Groceries
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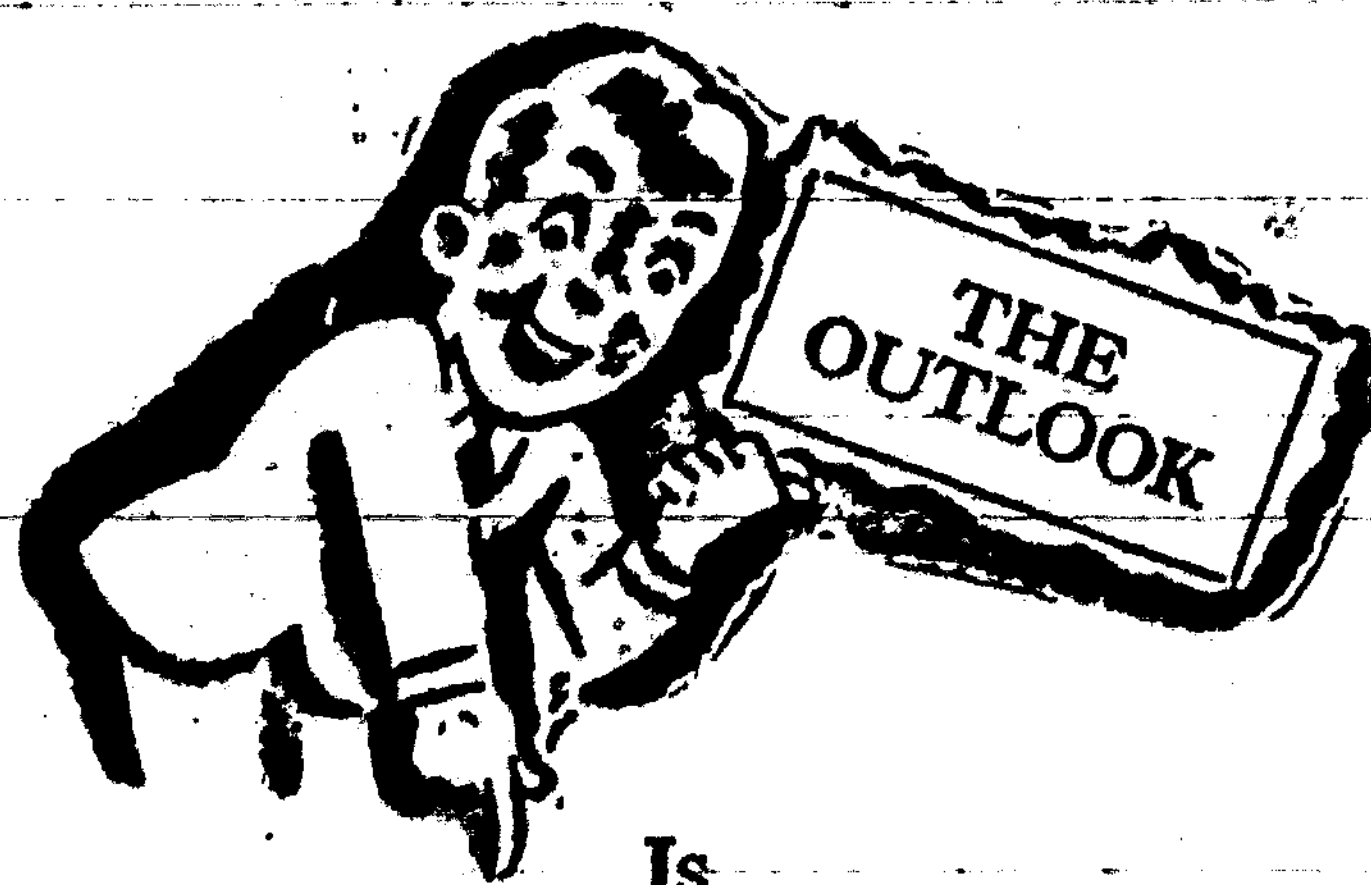
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LINCOLN COUNTY FRONTIER DAYS, SEPTEMBER 16-17

The live-wire Committee in charge of the events for the coming Frontier Days Celebration held in Carrizozo Sept. 16 and 17, the Committee is composed of the following: Supt. Williams of Captain; Floyd Rowland, Joe West and County Agent E. Williams all of Carrizozo, leave nothing undone in the matter of publicity for this event. There will be a Rodeo, Horse Racing, Athletics, combined with concessions, such as a merry-go-round, Bingo game, side show attractions, etc., throughout the two days. Everybody from all over Lincoln County will attend the Frontier Days.

Quality Drugs and Sundries

Try Our FOUNTAIN SERVICE
 Novelties—Magazines—Scenic Postcards
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 Popular Prices, of course
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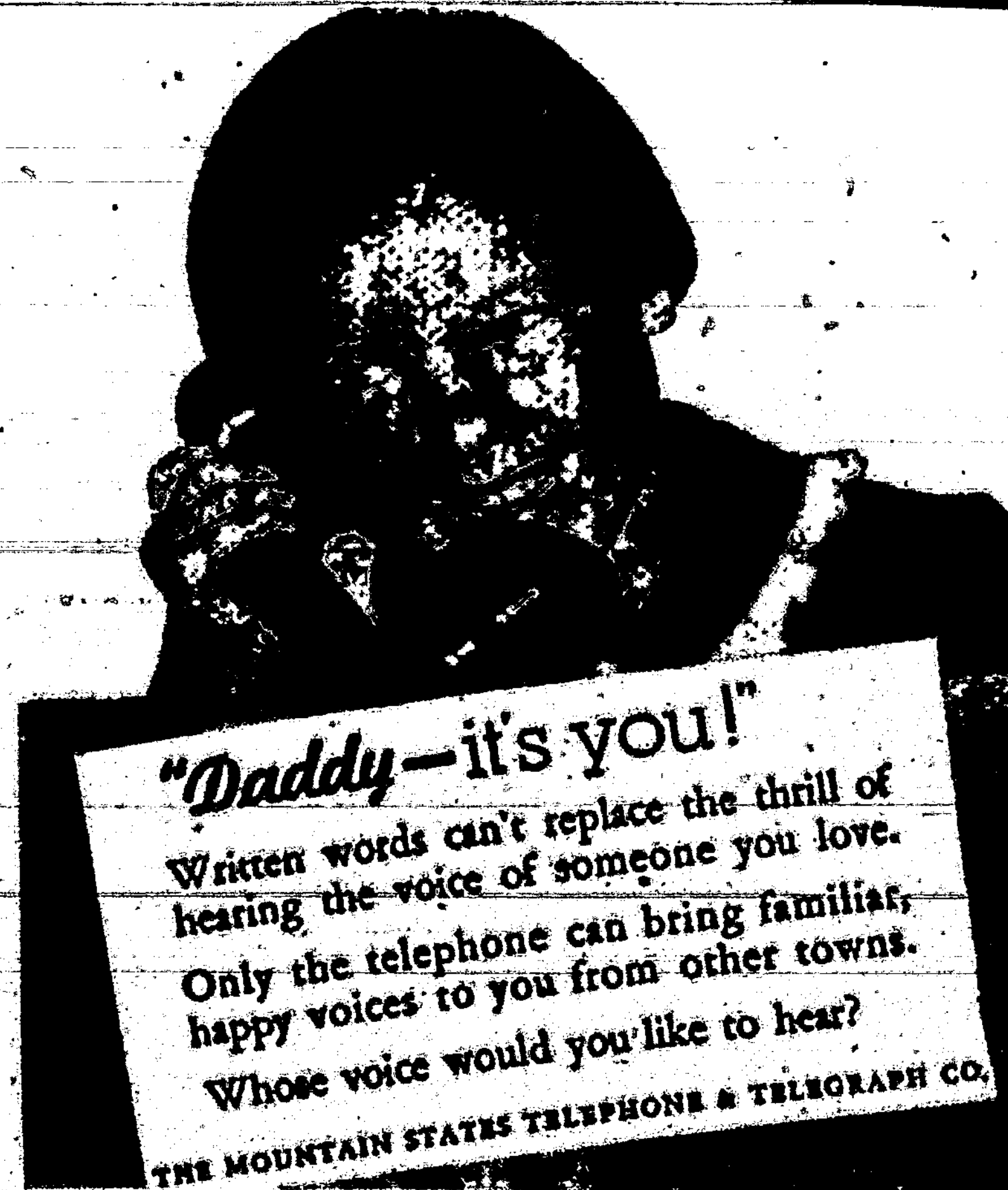
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CARRIZOZO TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.



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Carrizozo Outlook Office

BANKING LOOKS AHEAD

No One Stands Alone!

In America's pioneer days, rugged men hewed a world for themselves out of a lonely wilderness. Circumstances forced them to wage the struggle alone, or in isolated groups. But in this modern age we earn our daily bread not alone—but by working hand-in-hand as a vast society of 180 million people. Banks, business, government, the people—how can anyone separate them? We believe that what hurts one, hurts all—and what benefits one, benefits all. That is why we urge cooperation as the key to prosperity.

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

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

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Taxes—The Public's Biggest Bill

By RAYMOND FITCAIRN

Although the next session of Congress is still months in the future, certain Senators and Representatives are already discussing methods of collecting a larger federal income.

Opinions differ as to how the money shall be raised. Some members favor heavier direct tax burdens laid on the shoulders of a larger number of citizens. Others look to greater yields at current rates—dependent, of course, on hoped-for improvement in business conditions.

A few propose meeting the problem by curtailing government extravagance.

The American public would undoubtedly favor the plans of the last group. That is because the people realize from experience that all taxes, whether federal, state or local, ultimately come out of their earnings and savings; ultimately raise their living costs; ultimately shrink the value of their wages and the contents of their family market baskets.

They realize, too, that under these circumstances, heavy taxes constitute the biggest bill which the people, as a whole, are called upon to pay.

Many significant issues will confront the American people at the polling places this year. But of these none is more important to more workers and earners than that now being raised by members of Congress themselves—the problem of heavy taxes and their effect on the family pocket-book, on recovery and on re-employment.

And no candidate, regardless of party, could run on a platform more significant to the average American family than one which promised curtailment of waste of public funds supplied by the people through the sacrifices that heavy taxes entail.

For the people, as well as the candidates, know that high taxes and high cost of living are inseparable twins. And they want the best laws to reasonable proportions.

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Speaking of Sports

Football Is Game of Woe, Wail Coaches

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

PESSIMISM time is here. It's that pre-season mourning period when football coaches pine over the games they're going to drop and lament over the stars they've lost from last year's squad.

Out on the Pacific coast Stub Allison, coach of the University of California's Golden Bears, will tell you with considerable justification that the remnants of last year's great eleven will face steeper opposition from at least three schools—Stanford, Washington and Southern California.

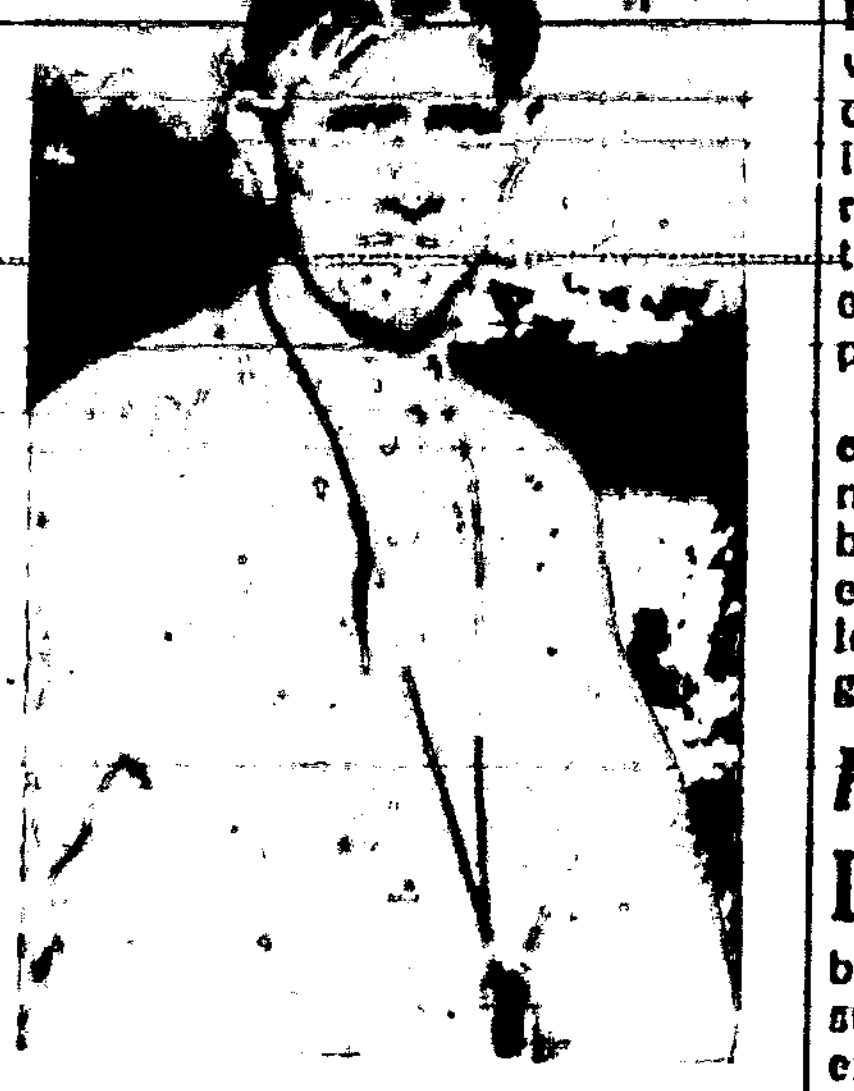
Graduation robbed the team of six first-string men who were picked on one or more All-American teams. Among them were the mighty Sam Chapman, now outfielding for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, his cazy quarterback, John Meek and linemen Bob Herwig, Ward Stockton and Claude Evans.

Same Old Story

As you move east it's much the same story. At Nebraska Coach Bill Jones will remind you that the Huskers lost their entire first-string line with the exception of mighty Charles Brock, center, as well as Quarterback Johnny Howell and Halfback Harris Andrews.

In their own Big Six circle the Huskers rate as the team to beat. Oklahoma, hard hit by graduations, will present a heavy, fighting team, Kansas is expected to be better and Iowa State a threat in any game.

In the Big Ten of the Middle West, Bernie Bierman, coach of the Uni-



BO McMILLIN

versity of Minnesota, shakes his head over the prospects and predicts that the Gophers' reign will be over for a spell. His pessimism is generally accepted, for most football folks agree that Ohio State has by far the best material in the conference, if all the talent Francis Schmidt now has lives up to expectations.

Coaches around the conference will be wary of the team Bo McMILLIN, who was head coach of the college boys in the All-Star game, sends out for Indiana university. It is admitted that McMILLIN hasn't a corner on all the talent and he'll point out how many men he has lost and how few he has coming on.

But material or no material, the man who beat Harvard almost single-handed when he was down in Centre college in Kentucky is a smart coach and he'll show his opponents plenty of skill in the conference schedule. Purdue and Northwestern figure to be fairly tough.

The sad story of losses by graduation is repeated at Notre Dame when Elmer Layden is asked about his team's prospects.

"We won't have a great team," he says. "It will probably kick some games away through lack of experience. Of one thing I'm sure, however, it won't be because they don't try."

Coaches in the East are a bit chary about confiding their prospects, but Lou Little, coach at Columbia, will tell you that he has been devoting a lot of serious time to exploring the possibilities of the new football rules. He concludes that the changes will produce livelier formations and higher scores. The changes, two in number, are as follows: One moves the ball in 15 yards from the sideline, instead of 10 as in the past. The other permits three unrestricted forward passes over the goal line instead of one as has been the custom hitherto.

Grab a Mask

IF YOU'RE an ambitious young ball player bent on breaking into the major leagues, grab a mask and mitt, pull on a chest protector and get behind the plate. There's a shortage of first-class catchers and an abundance of opportunities for youngsters who have promise.

That's the opinion of Charley Barrett, senior scout of the St. Louis Cardinals who has spent the last quarter of a century combing the countryside in search of talented young ball players.



BILL DICKEY

"Twenty-five years ago every major league club held its own absolute necessity to have at least two star catchers on the squad," Barrett pointed out. "But today you can count the number of first-class receivers on the fingers of one hand."

"As a matter of fact there are only two or three outstanding catchers in active service at present—Bill Dickey of the New York Yankees, Gabby Hartnett of the Chicago Cubs and Ernie Lombardi of the Cincinnati Reds."

Reason for the dearth of catching material, according to Barrett, is the fence-busting craze ushered in by Babe Ruth and subsequent high-priced home run sluggers.

"About six years ago I made a survey of this condition among youngsters starting out in the class D-minor leagues," he said, "I advised them to try their hand at catching, but they scoffed at the idea. They wanted to become home run sluggers. They practiced batting to the exclusion of practically everything else and they refused to put on a mask and mitt."

"The result is that today the average big league scout covering the minor leagues finds a number of big-time prospects for all positions except that of catcher. Yet major league managers are crying for good catchers."

Here and There

DISCOVERING hitherto uncharted lakes filled to the brim with black bass and speckled trout is the summer hobby of Bob Becker, hunter, explorer, fisherman, and authority on dogs. Among the half dozen lakes he turned up this year is one in the Kenora region of Ontario, Canada, to be called Lake Becker in his honor.

In his honor. In the fall and winter Becker varies his program in Chicago of writing about fishing and hunting by conducting a radio series entitled "Chats About Dogs." On his fishing and exploring trips he usually takes along his champion terrier, Redlands Defiance, as a companion.

Hack Wilson, who blasted out 53 home runs for the Cubs back in 1939, is still "box office" in Chicago. He proved it recently by drawing 3,000 customers into a semi-pro park to watch him play with a team from McKeesport, Pa.

Winter fishing is not harmful to summer fishing, as is generally supposed, according to a survey of the Institute of Fisheries Research of the University of Michigan.

Castoff Stars

CASTOFFS from the St. Louis Cardinals' far-flung minor league farm chain are popping up all over the major leagues in the role of stars and in numerous instances they're proving a plague to their former employers.

Four key players with the Pittsburgh Pirates were at one time in the Cardinal organization—Cy Blanton, Bob Klingner and Mace Brown, pitchers and Johnny Rizzo, hard-hitting outfielder.

Other stars cast with the Cards are Bill Lee, plinking ace of the Chicago Cubs and Paul Derringer of the Cincinnati Reds. One of the home run leaders of the year in the National league is Ival Goodman, right batter of Cincinnati. Goodman once played with a Cardinal minor league farm.

By good fortune you may arrive in the town on the chief day of its autumn fair. Merry-go-rounds, bump'em and dodge'em, catch-penny side shows, and every Coney Island attraction that young or old might wish fill the wide tree-canopied promenade.

SPAIN'S BARRIER

The Pyrenees, where Romans once bathed, now boast thermal spas. Tens of thousands vacation yearly in these romantic mountains of southwest Europe.



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

THE Pyrenees form a barrier that political map makers could not ignore. All the way from the Mediterranean and the Atlantic their mighty ramparts notch the sky. Like a massive Chinese wall they get apart the Iberian peninsula from the rest of Europe.

Humid winds strike the French side, loosing their moisture to irrigate green valleys and to soften the contours of the slopes by their forces of erosion. In Spain the mountain faces are more rugged and barren.

But the Pyrenees are more than a barrier. In many of the quiet glens the early Romans exploited curative baths. Now tens of thousands of visitors annually resort here to vacation in the mountains or take the cure at the numerous thermal spas.

Hannibal's Land

Your journey begins at Perpignan, sunrise gateway to the Pyrenees. The countryside basks in the bright sun beside the Mediterranean and is rich with vast vineyards. Hannibal, with his troops and his elephants, camped hereabouts after crossing the Pyrenees. Greek traders and the Romans found it a pleasant land.

Actually the Pyrenees highway starts at Cap Cerbere, so you motor down the coast past Elne, Argeles-sur-Mer, and Collioure. Elne demands a sentimental pause, for it is the ancient Illiberis. Constantine changed its name to Helena in memory of his mother.

High up on Cap Cerbere the traveler halts. You may look over into Spain, but you cannot go there. Because of strife in the south, the frontier is closed to all traffic. You mount the narrow highway which loops, twists, and zigzags in sharp hairpin turns over the hills.

From Villefranche-de-Confident to Mont Louis, both fortified by Vauban, fort builder for France in Louis XIV's reign, the road follows up the course of the Tet river. Beyond Olette the valley narrows into a precipitous gorge, with mighty boulders forming its gateway and ramparts. Deep below, in a wild ravine, the river brawls noisily over its rocky bed.

Home in the Sky

Where the profound gap widens again, you catch fleeting glimpses of a village set high atop one of the rocky walls. It is more than a thousand-foot drop to the nearest bus stop, but what a front-window view the residents must have! In less than 12 miles here in the upper Tet the road spirals and mounts upward 3,000 feet, like an airplane seeking elevation. And the view that one gains approximates that from a cockpit.

On the downward slope toward the Arriège you pass the road spur that leads to Andorra, quaint survivor of the old Pyrenean republics, with its loyalties united both to France and Spain.

Although bleak at its beginning, the Arriège increases in prosperity as it descends and widens. Snow-fed rivers treat noisily through Axles-Thermes, but in the vicinity there are several hot sulphurous springs. Fox really is off the Pyrenees route, but it is still deep in the hills and for centuries was the capital stronghold for the counts who ruled the district. Its venerable castle, standing boldly on a rocky hill rearing above the junction of the Arriège and the Arget, is a pleasing remnant of feudalism.

ABOVE—An ox team of the Pyrenees at St. Jean-de-Luz, one of the historic villages planted deep in this mountainous area where time has changed local customs but little.

Then lights flicker in the castle windows, smoke pours from the battlements, and the towers become red as flames leap higher. The castle is "burning" in a most realistic manner. As darkness settles over the walls holiday makers pile into trolleys, buses, and donkey carts.

Superbagnères is as gay in winter as it is cool in summer. On its slopes are bobbed runs, ski jumps and even a skating pond. From Gavarnie to Argeles-Gazost, and the side trip to the summer holiday center of Cauterets, the road weaves through gorges—most of the way.

Bau, although in the Basques (the Pyrenees, seems on the plains. When the town was capital of the old province of Bearn, it was scintillant with court glory. Here in a room of the altered and restored castle, one can see the tortoise-shell cradle in which Henry IV slept as an infant, after, says legend, his mother sang Bearnais songs at his birth and his father rubbed his lips with garlic and made him taste the local Jurançon wine.



Pelota players in the Pyrenees use a long troughlike basket to drive their soft rubber ball back at the opponent.

Red-White-Red As you speed along the road, you see slate roofs turn to red tile. Walls flash white in the sunshine and the houses take on red balconies and red shutters. Churches acquire differently shaped towers and every village has its fronton, or wall, against which the game pelota is played. Farmers, driving ox carts of bracken down from the hills, wear inevitable berets. You have entered the Land of the Basques.

On the road through Louchosson, Itrassou, Camboles-Bains, Larressore, and other strangely named places your journey. The young boys, had they been American, would be playing sand-lot baseball. Being Basque, they bounce balls against the village frontons. For pelota is to the Basques what baseball is to Americans.

The game has several variations, some requiring a long field extending from the fronton. A soft rubber ball is used. In the play it is caught and returned to the opponent from a single bounce or directly by means of a long troughlike basket strapped to the hand.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

President's Supporters Catch Brunt of Opposition Criticism

Roosevelt Personally Under Direct Fire of Enemies Only Twice; Interference in State Primaries Now Subject of Bitter Controversy; Prestige Will Be Hurt.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—It has been a matter of frequent reference among observers how President Roosevelt's supporters or subordinates, or spokesmen for him, have caught the brunt of opposition criticism. Mr. Roosevelt personally has been under the direct fire of his enemies on only two occasions. He played his political cards so that, when some plan blew up, it was some subordinate or supporter whose neck was found out too far.

Which brings us to the bitter controversy over presidential interference in state primaries, and the second stage—Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that it was a violation of public morality for Republicans to enter a Democratic primary. This controversy is the most heated and has the broadest implications of any of the three in which the storm centered about Mr. Roosevelt's own head. It is likely to be the most far-reaching in its result.

I remember having written, when the President made his cross-country trip in the dual capacity of President and head of the Democratic party, that it appeared difficult to dissociate the two capacities. I predicted at that time, two months ago, that there were germs of trouble in such an attempt. It was not long before the germs were growing.

Pat on Back for McAdoo, Face Slap for O'Connor

Then, on to the Middle West and the Far West, the pat on the back for Senator McAdoo, who has opposition for the Democratic senatorial nomination in California; and, next, in Georgia where Mr. Roosevelt uttered the now famous "God bless you, Walter—but you're no liberal!" to Senator George, to be followed by a direct endorsement of Lawrence Camp for the senatorial nomination against Mr. George.

In addition to these direct interferences in state primaries, Mr. Roosevelt's subordinates—men like Relief Administrator Hopkins and Secretary Ickes—horned into primaries in Iowa, Oregon, Idaho and elsewhere. They were well licked in Iowa and Idaho, and it was the result in the latter state that has brought up the second stage of the controversy.

Idaho's Senator Pope used to say that if any constituent wanted to know his position on a given question, it was necessary only to inquire whether the President was for or against it. Apparently, the voters in Idaho did not like that; they preferred a senator to vote their views rather than one who consistently voted the President's view.

The licking administered to Senator Pope did not taste well to the President or the coterie of New Deal advisors. Senator Pope obviously did not like it either, and he did the childish thing of emitting a loud and hoarse squawk that the nomination was taken from him by Republicans. He said they went into the Democratic primary and gave Representative Clark their votes in sufficient number to override the will of a majority of the Democrats in the state.

Takes Important Second Step in Controversy

And after that meeting and when the tears were wiped away so there would be no sniffing, Mr. Roosevelt took the important second step in the controversy. He denounced the Republicans as having "violated public morals" by voting for Mr. Clark in a Democratic primary, although if the ballots were secret as the law requires I have been unable to figure out how either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Pope know that it was the Republicans and not the Democrats who brought about Mr. Pope's defeat.

I have been wondering, since the Hyde Park condemnation of the Republicans, how Mr. Roosevelt's position in the two phases of his course can be reconciled. It never has seemed to me to be so terrible for the President or the head of the Democratic party (or the head of the Republican party) if the President be a Republican to state his views about candidates.

But, on the other hand, there is an old, old quotation: Consistency, thou art a jewel. In remembering and applying that thought, it appears to me that Mr. Roosevelt has gone off the deep end of the pool without an inflated rubber tube for an arm rest. Indeed, isn't it a rather silly thing, an utterly stupid piece of business, to claim the right to interfere on his own part and tell the common, ordinary garden variety of voter that he can not take a position because he once played on the other team?

Is Roosevelt's Forgettery Working Well These Days?

Further, I am wondering whether Mr. Roosevelt's forgettery works so well that he fails to recall his appeal in 1932 and again in 1935 for Republicans to follow him, elect him as the savior of the country. It seems to me if it is sauce for the goose, the old gander can eat the same food.

Further, there is a bit of logic about the whole thing that ought to be examined. Take the state of Georgia, for example, where the Democratic nomination means election. A Republican in Georgia would be sunk without a trace, as far as selection of someone to represent him in congress is concerned, if he wanted to have his real choice recorded.

His only course, if he preferred one Democratic candidate to another, would be to enter the Democratic primary and vote for one of those candidates. Assume that the Republican voter lives in Idaho. If that voter felt that neither of the candidates for the Republican nomination for the senate measured up to his ideas, why should he not be allowed to vote in the Democratic primary in order to express his preference? It might well be that a Republican voter in Idaho would feel that the Democratic nominee had a better chance of being elected in November than did the Republican nominee.

If he felt that way, it appears to me that he would be showing good sense, common horse sense to express his preference on that side of the fence. I believe Mr. Roosevelt's record would look very much better at this point if he had extended his congratulations to Representative Clark in Idaho, and promised him the support of the Democratic national committee in the forthcoming election, as was done by National Democratic Chairman Farley. Surely, that would have been sportsmanship and the attitude of a good loser.

It may be, however—and this is an implication from the indications of the day—that Mr. Roosevelt is trying deliberately to force a realignment of voters throughout the country. He may be seeking to drive radicals into his camp—in case of a third term type—and the conservatives into another camp.

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THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"Smoke hanging over that spruce point all right but whose smoke? McQueen's or the Naskapi's?"

"De Naskapi hunt deer on de barren. Dat es McQueen."

Back at camp McCord listened to the news.

"Right on our heels, like wolves after deer, eh! Well, they won't find much deer in us!"

But Heather sat gazing into the fire, her brown face grave with foreboding.

Shortly after daylight, the Peterboro slid into the slant of the first drop of the outlet on its long voyage north.

In the morning, when they raised their net, Alan took from among the red-bellied square-tails and the whitefish, a graceful, dark backed, silvery fish and held it for John's inspection.

"It must be a winninish, John, as sure as you're born! No sea salmon can get up here above all these falls and it's too early, anyway."

McCord's brown face widened in a grin as he examined the fish.

"Land-locked salmon, boy! I've caught them often in Quebec. Notice that line of black spots along the side! By glory, I'm going to have some fun, nights on this river, for I've got a rod and some flies—flies, lad! My Scotch blood wouldn't let me come without them."

To Alan's amusement McCord produced from a stout skin case, a jointed steel rod, a reel with oiled silk line and a small leader and fly-book.

Good river men though they were, the next few days taxed the skill and strength of the crew.

Chutes and white-water and fumes followed each other endlessly. Past boulder choked shores where great cakes of ice left by the high water still melted in the sun, with terraces of stratified sand rising above them, the Peterboro plunged. Packing around roaring falls and rock-scarred reaches, they labored day after day, while always beyond the valley, reached the tundra, its white moss slopes stippled with flowers and mapped with caribou paths.

It was the last month of the northern movement of the great central herd that winters in the forests. Already does and fawns had preceded the bucks to the cool, wind-whipped barrens where the mosquito pest and bot flies are less troublesome. But the canoe banded for the River of Skulls did not linger in the high plateau country. They had ample provisions, with the river fish, and their goal was too far and the summer too short.

Then, one day, the country ahead began to fall away, the valley narrowed, and a muffled roar reached their ears from below, where the river entered a long, rocky gorge.

Landing, Alan and Noel went ahead over the boulders and gravel at the head of the gorge to inspect the water. Hours later they returned. For five miles they had followed the shores of the gorge jammed with boulders piled high by the ice and found the river impassable to a canoe. For three days they slaved with the canoe and outfit over rocks and boulders, Heather insisting on doing her share of the portaging with the lumpy-line strap over her blonde head. Below the canyon the canoe was again put in and shortly the river widened into a lake where they camped for a day's rest.

There is no spring on the high Ungava plateau. Winter dies hard with occasional snow flurries and frosty nights in June, then summer, the magician, touches the land of the tundra overnight, with its wand. Myriad flowers spring to life. The rolling barrens between the innumerable lakes and rivers become gray-green carpets of caribou moss, velvet to the feet, splashed with the white blooms of the bake-apple and service berries, the pale rose of the fragrant twin-flower and the pink patches of the Irok.

with cheese-cloth mosquito linings. "I'd like to see the country up there."

Alan opened his eyes, where he drowsed in the sun to consider the graceful figure of the girl near him. How many women could have come through the days of hardship behind them and hardly look tired. He thought of the girl back at Fort George, so lovely in her dark, feminine way. But compared with this tall girl who lay near him on the warm beach, Berthe was frail, too soft for hardship.

"Were ees de glass?" asked Noel who had been staring for some minutes at the hills to the north.

"In the tent on my clothes pack."

Noel got the glasses and sitting down on the beach began to sweep the distant ridges below the lake. After an interval he announced, excitedly!

"Smoke sign—down de riviere!"

"If that's smoke and not haze, then it's Indians," replied Alan, getting to his feet.

"No haze—dist!" insisted Noel, his

downstream with their poles and picked him up.

"It look bad but we can run dem!" was the report.

"We've got to run them!" insisted Alan. "They can shoot us out of the boat from the shore, here. We've got to get out of this country!"

"That's right, Alan!" agreed McCord, a soothing arm circling the shoulders of the girl who stood gripping her rifle, her frightened eyes patrolling the opposite shore.

"Ah-hah! We go!"

The Peterboro caught the suck of the first drop and was into the maw of the white-water where the river boiled and churned and lashed itself into a frenzy of foam and flung spume until hidden by a rocky bed. Following black water channels past boulders over which the driven water mounded high to burst into cascades of spray; missing, by the width of a paddle, upthrusts and splinters of rock where the river thrashed itself into white fury; dodging knife-edged ledges that would rip the bottom from nose to

Alan as he came up beside the filling boat. "Are you all right, Heather?" he called to the girl who had been thrown wide and was swimming back to the canoe pivoting on its caught bow with the current.

"All right!" answered the girl, who swam like a fish.

"Get her bow off, quick, before we lose our loose stuff!"

"I've got it!" yelled the giant, standing on the submerged rock as he heaved and freed the bow.

Frantically the crew worked, in water like ice, to bring the half-filled craft ashore. They were short in shoal water where they freed the precious pemmican, flour, and provision bags from their lashings and put them on the beach, then emptied the canoe.

"Any paddle gone?" cried Alan.

"Mine and Heather's," answered McCord.

"Come on, Noel, they'll drift ashore in that bend!" And the two boys, leaping into the canoe in the fast fading light, hurried away and



"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

eyes frozen to the glasses while Heather and Alan stood beside him. "Dere eet go again! Tree puff, I tell you," he cried excitedly. "De Injun signal wid a blanket!"

"Let me have a look!"

Noel handed the binoculars to Alan.

From a blue ridge down the river valley Alan shortly saw a column of smoke rise, to be cut short off. Presently this was followed by another column and this, later, by another. There was no mistaking it. This was no haze. This was smoke signalling by alternately holding a blanket over the fire and removing it to separate the puffs.

"Where's John?"

"Over at the outlet fishing for salmon," replied Heather.

"There! There's the answer from the farthest blue hill, on this side of the valley! See it, Noel?"

Noel took the glasses. "Ah-hah," he said. "I see eet."

"We'll do a little signalling ourselves." And Alan tied Heather's white sweater to a paddle and waved it back and forth to the man a mile away in the canoe. When the canoe was seen to head towards camp, the two men and the girl started hurriedly to roll their tents and get the outfit ready for the canoe.

"What's the matter?" demanded the curious McCord, reaching them.

"There are Indians signalling from a hill below here. They may be hunters who have found deer and are telling someone across the valley. Then again they may have seen us and are starting to head us off. We've got to get downstream, past them!"

"How about McQueen?"

"If I know anything about canoe men McQueen's fifty miles behind us, John. This is Naskapi!"

Calling the dogs who were hunting back in the scrub, they loaded the canoe and started for the outlet. For a few miles below the lake there was good canoe water; then, when the Peterboro was abreast of the ridge where they had seen the first smoke signals, the river fell off in a long rapid.

Taking his rifle Noel leaped ashore and ran ahead to inspect the water while Alan and McCord remained at the boat with Heather watching the shores for a possible ambush. Shortly Noel waved them on and they "snubbed" the boat

stern; the Peterboro raced and plunged past the menacing shores where hidden Naskapi could pour upon them, a withering fire.

On down the river they pushed through the day and into the long twilight, putting mile after mile between the canoe and the hills of the signal smoke. The dusk was beginning to pack the spruce of the shores when the tired canoe men began to look for a place to camp. At a widening where the river bed was strewn with boulders but the water not strong, the bowman swung the nose of the canoe toward the beach. But, within a hundred feet of the shore, the Peterboro with its heavy load rode upon a submerged boulder and, before the crew could save it, rolled and they were in the river.

"Save the flour and pemmican! Don't let the pemmican sink!" cried

were back shortly with the lost paddles.

Then while a fire was kindled the flour bags were carefully examined.

"The water got to two bags," mourned Alan, "but we'll save some of it if we work quick enough!" The pemmican's all right!"

They opened the wet bags and removing what flour had not been reached by water, placed it in spare bags, then spread their outfit out to dry by the fire. Owing to the fact that everything of value in the canoe was lashed to the thwarts they had lost nothing except the flour. Half of that was ruined.

While the steam rose from their wet clothes and their socks hung on a thong suspended by sticks, they stood in their bare feet drying out beside the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Men Excel in Fishing; Outclass Women by Two to One, According to Michigan Expert

Women are not as good at trout fishing as are men, three years of research on Michigan trout streams by the Institute for Fisheries Research of the state department of conservation and the University of Michigan reveals, says the Detroit News.

Creel censuses taken on a random selection of Michigan lakes and streams for the last three years show that, while women do just about as well as men in lake fishing, they catch only about half as many trout in streams. Over the three-year period, said Dr. R. William Eschmeyer, of the institute, men have caught almost one trout per hour of fishing, while women have had an average catch of only 0.5 of a trout per hour. The average catch for all fishermen, he added, was 0.8 of a trout per hour of fishing.

There are a number of reasons for women's ill-luck when it comes to stream fishing, said Dr. Eschmeyer, and these do not include any mention of ability. In the first place, he pointed out, stream fishing may be compared to solitary, while lake fishing is more comparable to bridge; the former is non-social, the latter, social. Women, he said, prefer the company of others,

a condition that is supplied by lake fishing, which is generally done from a boat containing several persons. Then, too, he continued, some of the best fishing is near or after dark, at which time most women have probably left the stream.

Another reason, he said, is to be found in the fact that trout fishing, particularly in rapid streams, demands considerable careful wading and always offers the possibility of getting wet in relatively cold water. In the last place, he concluded, "according to those addicted to the pipe (chiefly men), pipe smoking while fishing permits one to give more attention to trout and less to mosquitoes."

It is, Snake Bite Cure

It is typical wisdom, faith and courage. Its early medicinal value, according to doctors of the time, was as a cure for snake bites, fits, drowsy, bruises, anger and coughs. Some doctors went so far as to say that if petals of the iris were placed on a black and blue spot for five days the flesh would assume the natural color. The roots of the iris were used as leeching rings for babies and are used to this day in some countries. The iris was used by Louis VII in his crusades in 1137.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for September 11 SAUL; MORAL FAILURE

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 10:21-27; 15:20-23; 31:3-6. GOLDEN TEXT—To obey is better than sacrifice. 1 Samuel 15:22.

Moral failure is the direct result of disobedience to God. This follows from the fact that the moral order established in the universe was established by God. He, then, is the One who knows the right way. "God is always right, and when we are against God, we are always wrong. To walk a road leading away from God is to travel straight to ruin, and this is what Saul did" (Wilbur M. Smith).

The story of Saul's choice as king, his personal qualifications for leadership and his ultimate disgrace and death, is one that should give pause to every young man or woman who has been afflicted with present-day ideas of brilliance of mind, quickness of wit, and apparent worldly success, apart from obedient submission to God, are satisfactory ends in themselves. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 16:25).

I. "There Is None Like Him" (10:21-25)

Saul was chosen of God to be Israel's first king. God Himself had chosen him, but they in their wisdom had wanted to be like neighboring nations. And the choice of both God and the people fell on Saul, for there was "none like him among all the people." Never has a man been privileged to enter more auspiciously upon high office. Physically he was well-equipped, head and shoulders above the people (10:23). Mentally he was fitted for leadership. He was humble (9:21). He was spiritually right (10:6-9). He had a tolerant and kindly spirit (11:13). He was a successful military leader (ch. 11).

For two years all went well, but then came the crisis which proved that all was not as it should be, when Saul presumptuously took the place of Samuel as priest and made an offering (13:8-13). This was later followed by his disobedience in sparing Agag.

II. "To Obey is Better Than Sacrifice" (15:20-23)

God had commanded that there must be utter destruction of the Amalekites and their possessions—something like the burning of a disease-infested house—a wiping out of a king and people who were condemned of God. We may not fully understand this act of God, but if we know Him we will not doubt that it was in accordance with His infinite wisdom and love.

Saul chose to disobey, later contending that it was done because of the people, that sheep and oxen had been spared for a sacrifice to the Lord. Samuel cuts through his hypocrisy and declares that God wants obedience rather than sacrifice. This is a lesson that many who profess to follow the Lord have not learned.

"All the sacrifices and ceremonies of religion are to aid and promote obedience, not to be a substitute for it. Disobedience can never be made a virtue, even though attended by thousands of sacrifices" (Stanley). The church or the individual who denies or disregards the teaching of God's Word and attempts to make up for it by sacrifices and ceremonies declares to the world that there has been a departure from true faith in God. Obedience is a virtue all too rare.

III. "The Battle Went Sore Against Saul" (31:3-6)

This quotation from verse 3 relates to a particular battle, but it may well be applied to the entire battle of Saul's life. Having once begun the downward path of presumption and disobedience, the descent became rapid. The man to whom God had given a new heart and upon whom He had poured out His Spirit fell to such a low state that we find him in 1 Samuel 28 consulting a witch, a spiritistic medium, seeking opportunity to speak with Samuel, who had already gone to his reward.

Spiritism is an evil current in our day, and therefore it may be well to point out that while mediums do seem to have the power to simulate the dead, they bring this about through familiar spirits (1 Sam. 28:7), that is through communication with evil spirits. The dead do not actually return, but they are represented by demonic agents. When the witch of Endor called on her familiar spirit, God intervened and actually brought Samuel from the dead to the great surprise of the witch. No Christian should ever have anything to do with Spiritism. If he does he indicates that his spiritual life is at very low ebb and that he is in real soul-danger.

The death of Saul writes a tragic end to a promising life, destroyed not so much by outside influences as by the moral decay within. The wise man said that as a man "thinketh in his heart so is he" (Prov. 23:7). It may not show today, but tomorrow, but eventually the heart that is wrong leads to a life that is wrong. "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4:23).

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The Spirit Blooms

The world is not respectable; it is mortal, tormented, confused, deluded forever; but is shot through with beauty, with love, with glints of courage and laughter; and in these the spirit blooms timidly, and struggles to the light among the thorns.—George Santayana.

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Speaking of Sports

Football Is Game of Woe, Wail Coaches

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

PESSIMISM time is here. It's that pre-season mourning period when football coaches pine over the games they're going to drop and lament over the stars they've lost from last year's squad.

Out on the Pacific coast Stub Allison, coach of the University of California's Golden Bears, will tell you with considerable justification that the remnants of last year's great eleven will face stronger opposition from at least three schools—Stanford, Washington and Southern California.

Graduation robbed the team of six first-string men who were picked on one or more All-American teams. Among them were the mighty Sam Chapman, now outfielding for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics; his cagy quarterback, John Meek and linemen Bob Herwig, Verd Stockton and Claude Evans.

Same Old Story

As you move east it's much the same story. At Nebraska Coach Cliff Jones will remind you that the Huskers lost their entire first-string line with the exception of mighty Charles Brock, center, as well as Quarterback Johnny Howell and Halfback Harris Andrews.

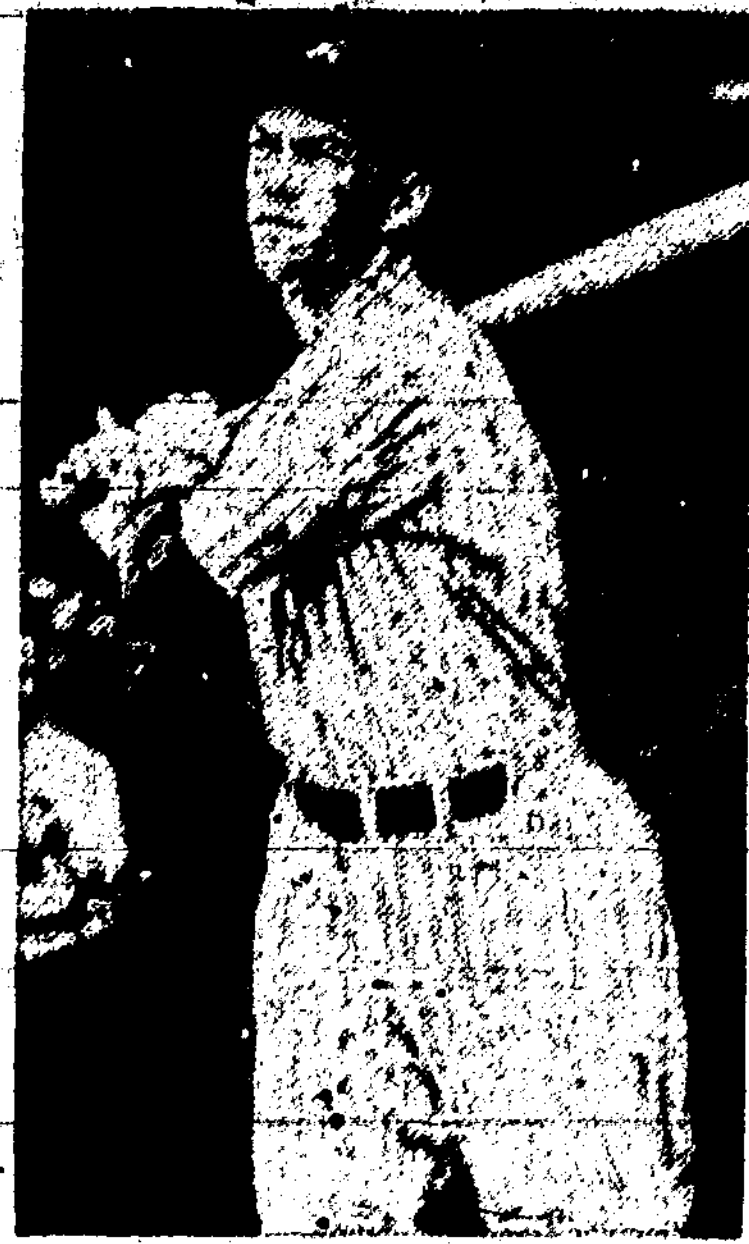
In their own Big Six circle the Huskers rate as the team to beat. Oklahoma, hard hit by graduations, will present a heavy, fighting team, Kansas is expected to be better and Iowa State a threat in any game.

In the Big Ten of the Middle West, Bernie Bierman, coach of the Uni-

Grab a Mask

IF YOU'RE an ambitious young ball player bent on breaking into the major leagues, grab a mask and mitt, pull on a chest-protector and get behind the plate. There's a shortage of first-class catchers and an abundance of opportunities for youngsters who have promise.

That's the opinion of Charley Barrett, senior scout of the St. Louis Cardinals who has spent the last quarter of a century combing the countryside in search of talented young ball players.



BILL DICKEY

"Twenty-five years ago every major league club held it an absolute necessity to have at least two star catchers on the squad," Barrett pointed out. "But today you can count the number of first-class receivers on the fingers of one hand."

"As a matter of fact there are only two or three outstanding catchers in active service at present—Bill Dickey of the New York Yankees, Gabby Hartnett of the Chicago Cubs and Efnie Lombardi of the Cincinnati Reds."

Reason for the dearth of catching material, according to Barrett, is the fence-busting craze ushered in by Babe Ruth and subsequent high-priced home run sluggers.

"About six years ago I made a survey of this condition among youngsters starting out in the class D minor leagues," he said. "I advised them to try their hand at catching, but they scoffed at the idea. They wanted to become home run sluggers. They practiced batting to the exclusion of practically everything else and they refused to put on a mask and mitt."

"The result is that today the average big league scout covering the minor leagues finds any number of big-time prospects for all positions except that of catcher. Yet major league managers are crying for good catchers."

Here and There

DISCOVERING hitherto uncharted lakes filled to the brim with black bass and speckled trout is the summer hobby of Bob Becker, hunter, explorer, fisherman, and authority on dogs. Among the half dozen lakes he turned up this year is one in the Kenora region of Ontario, Canada, to be called Lake Becker in his honor.

Jack Wilson, who blasted out 53 home runs for the Cubs back in 1930, is still "box office" in Chicago. He proved it recently by drawing 8,000 customers into a semi-pro park to watch him play with a team from McKeesport, Pa.

Castoff Stars

CASTOFFS from the St. Louis Cardinals' far-flung minor league farm chain are popping up all over the major leagues in the role of stars and in numerous instances they're proving a plague to their former employers.

Four key players with the Pittsburgh Pirates were at one time in



Mace Brown Bill Lee

the Cardinal organization—Cy Blanton, Bob Klinger and Mace Brown, pitchers and Johnny Rizzo, hard-hitting outfielder.

Other stars come with the Cards are Bill Lee, pitching ace of the Chicago Cubs and Paul Derringer of the Cincinnati Reds. One of the home run leaders of the year in the National League is Ival Gooden, right fielder of Cincinnati. Gooden once played with a Cardinal minor league farm team.

SPAIN'S BARRIER

The Pyrenees, where Romans once bathed, now boast thermal spas. Tens of thousands vacation yearly in these romantic mountains of southwest Europe.



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

THE Pyrenees form a barrier that political map makers could not ignore. All the way from the Mediterranean and the Atlantic their mighty ramparts notch the sky. Like a massive Chinese wall they set apart the Iberian peninsula from the rest of Europe.

Humid winds strike the French side, loosing their moisture to irrigate green valleys and to soften the contours of the slopes by their forces of erosion. In Spain the mountain faces are more rugged and barren.

But the Pyrenees are more than a barrier. In many of the quiet glens the early Romans exploited curative baths. Now tens of thousands of visitors annually resort here to vacation in the mountains or take the cure at the numerous thermal spas. Thanks to the efforts of industrious French highway engineers, an excellent motor road, the Route des Pyrenees, traverses the entire length of the chain.

Hannibal's Land

Your journey begins at Perpignan, sunrise gateway to the Pyrenees. The countryside basks in the bright sun beside the Mediterranean and is rich with vast vineyards. Hannibal, with his troops and his elephants, camped hereabouts after crossing the Pyrenees. Greek traders and the Romans found it a pleasant land.

Actually the Pyrenees highway starts at Cap Cerbere, so you motor down the coast past Elne, Argeles-sur-Mer, and Collioure. Elne demands a sentimental pause, for it is the ancient Illiberis. Constantine changed its name to Helena in memory of his mother.

High up on Cap Cerbere the traveler halts. You may look over into Spain, but you cannot go there. Because of strife in the south, the frontier is closed to all traffic. You mount the narrow highway which loops, twists, and zigzags in sharp hairpin turns over the hills.

From Villefranche-de-Confent to Mont Louis, both fortified by Vauban, fort builder for France in Louis XIV's reign, the road follows up the course of the Tet river. Beyond Olette the valley narrows into a precipitous gorge, with mighty boulders forming its gateway and ramparts. Deep below, in a wild ravine, the river brawls noisily over its rocky bed. Between here and Mont Louis two 270-yard-long railway bridges span the chasm.

Home in the Sky

Where the profound gap widens again, you catch fleeting glimpses of a village set high atop one of the rocky walls. It is more than a thousand-foot drop to the nearest bus stop, but what a front-window view the residents must have! In less than 12 miles here in the upper Tet the road spirals and mounts upward 3,000 feet, like an airplane seeking elevation. And the view that one gains approximates that from a cockpit.

On the downward slope toward the Arlege you pass the road spur that leads to Andorra, quaint survivor of the old Pyrenean republic, with its loyalties united both to France and Spain.

Although bleak at its beginning, the Arlege increases in prosperity as it descends and widens. Snow-fed rivers fret noisily through Axles-Thermes, but in the vicinity there are several hot sulphurous springs.

Folz really is on the Pyrenees route, but it is still deep in the hills and for centuries was the capital stronghold for the counts who ruled the district. Its venerable castle, standing boldly on a rocky hill rearing above the junction of the Arlege and the Arget, is a pleasing remnant of feudalism.

By good fortune you may arrive in the town on the chief day of its

autumn fair. Merry-go-rounds, bump'em and dodge'ems, catch-penny side shows, and every Coney Island attraction that young or old might wish fill the wide tree-canopied promenade.

Then lights flicker in the castle windows, smoke pours from the battlements, and the towers become red as flames leap higher. The castle is "burning" in a most realistic manner. As darkness settles over the walls holiday makers pile into flivvers, buses, and donkey carts. Superbagneres is as gay in winter as it is cool in summer. On its slopes are bobbed runs, ski jumps and even a skating pond. From Gavarnie to Argeles-Gazost, and the side trip to the summer holiday center of Cauterets, the road weaves through gorges—most of the way Pau, although in the Bases (low) Pyrenees, seems on the plains. When the town was capital of the old province of Bearn, it was scl-

—And So to Bed

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Pelota players in the Pyrenees use a long troughlike basket to drive their soft rubber ball back at the opponent.

illant with court glory. Here in a room of the altered and restored castle, one can see the tortoise-shell cradle in which Henry IV slept as an infant, after, says legend, his mother sang Bearnais songs at his birth and his father rubbed his lips with garlic and made him taste the local Jurancon wine.

Red-White-Red

As you speed along the road, you see slate roofs turn to red tile. Walls flash white in the sunshine and the houses take on red balconies and red shutters. Churches acquire differently shaped towers and every village has its fronton, or wall, against which the game pelota is played. Farmers, driving ox carts of bracken down from the hills, wear inevitable berets. You have entered the Land of the Basques.

On the road through Loussoas, Itxassou, Cambó-les-Bains, Larresore, and other strangely named places you journey. The young boys, had they been American, would be playing sand-lot baseball. Being Basque, they bounce balls against the village frontons. For pelota is to the Basques what baseball is to Americans.

The game has several variations, some requiring a long field extending from the fronton. A soft rubber ball is used. In the play it is caught and returned to the opponent from a single bounce or directly by means of a long troughlike basket strapped to the hand.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

President's Supporters Catch Brunt of Opposition Criticism

Roosevelt Personally Under Direct Fire of Enemies Only Twice; Interference in State Primaries Now Subject of Bitter Controversy; Prestige Will Be Hurt.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—It has been a matter of frequent reference among observers how President Roosevelt's supporters or subordinates, or spokesmen for him, have caught the brunt of opposition criticism. Mr. Roosevelt personally has been under the direct fire of his enemies on only two occasions. He played his political cards so that, when some plan blew up, it was some subordinate or supporter whose neck was found out too far. The President, of course, found himself as the target when he proposed packing the Supreme court with six additional justices of his own choosing and when he sought reorganization of the government, but, generally speaking, the Roosevelt prestige has avoided damage, until now.

Which brings us to the bitter controversy over presidential interference in state primaries, and the second stage—Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that it was a violation of public morality for Republicans to enter a Democratic primary. This controversy is the most heated and has the broadest implications of any of the three in which the storm centered about Mr. Roosevelt's own head. It is likely to be the most far-reaching in its result. The Roosevelt prestige is bound to be damaged whether he wins or loses when the score finally is totaled—and, as far as can be seen now, he will not be able to avoid it.

I remember having written, when the President made his cross-country trip in the dual capacity of President and head of the Democratic party, that it appeared difficult to dissociate the two capacities. I predicted at that time, two months ago, that there were germs of trouble in such an attempt. It was not long before the germs were growing. Mr. Roosevelt's pat on the back for Senator Bulkley of Ohio, and his bold command to the Democratic voters of Kentucky to send Sen. "Dear Alben" Barkley back to the senate brought a shower of ripe verbal eggs onto the head of either the President or the head of the Democratic party. I did not know which personality was naming the favorite Democratic candidate in the primaries then, nor do I yet know. From all of the information from those states since, I gather that the voters in the primaries did not know whether they were voting to support the President of the United States or the head of the Democratic party.

Pat on Back for McAdoo

Face Slap for O'Connor

Then, on to the Middle West and the Far West, the pat on the back for Senator McAdoo, who has opposition for the Democratic senatorial nomination in California; and, next, in Georgia where Mr. Roosevelt uttered the now famous "God bless you, Walter—but you're no liberal" to Senator George, to be followed by a direct endorsement of Lawrence Camp for the senatorial nomination against Mr. George. Later, Mr. Roosevelt gave a vicious political slap in the face to Rep. John O'Connor, in New York, and attacked Senator Tydings in Maryland by saying that Representative Davey Lewis ought to have the Democratic nomination.

In addition to these direct interferences in state primaries, Mr. Roosevelt's subordinates—men like Relief Administrator Hopkins and Secretary Ickes—horned into primaries in Iowa, Oregon, Idaho and elsewhere. They were well licked in Iowa and Idaho, and it was the result in the latter state that has brought up the second stage of the controversy. Idaho's Senator Pope used to say that if any constituent wanted to know his position on a given question, it was necessary only to inquire whether the President was for or against it. Apparently, the voters in Idaho did not like that; they preferred a senator to vote their views rather than one who consistently voted the President's view. Anyway, they nominated Representative Clark, in their Democratic primary. He had something in excess of 3,500 more votes than Mr. Pope.

The licking administered to Senator Pope did not taste well to the President or the coterie of New Deal advisors. Senator Pope obviously did not like it either, and he did the childish thing of emitting a loud and noxious squawk that the nomination was taken from him by Republicans. He said they went into the Democratic primary and gave Representative Clark their votes in sufficient number to override the will of a majority of the Democrats in the state. Senator Pope went to Hyde Park, N. Y., to weep out his story on the shoulders of Mr. Roosevelt, but it has not been made clear whether it was the shoulders of the President of the United States or of

the head of the Democratic party. Anyway, there was weeping at Hyde Park.

Takes Important Second Step in Controversy

And after that meeting and when the tears were wiped away so there would be no sniffing, Mr. Roosevelt took the important second step in the controversy. He denounced the Republicans as having "violated public morals" by voting for Mr. Clark in a Democratic primary, although if the ballots were secret as the law requires I have been unable to figure out how either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Pope know that it was the Republicans and not the Democrats who brought about Mr. Pope's defeat. Anyway, Mr. Roosevelt—either as President of the United States or as head of the Democratic party—condemned such terrible things as Republican votes in a Democratic primary. Such a course of action, the President or the head of the Democratic party said, constituted an attempt to destroy the direct primary system. It apparently did not matter to the President or the head of the Democratic party that Mr. Clark had campaigned as a Democrat while Senator Pope was sounding off as a 100 per cent New Dealer.

I have been wondering, since the Hyde Park condemnation of the Republicans, how Mr. Roosevelt's position in the two phases of his course can be reconciled. It never has seemed to me to be so terrible for the President or the head of the Democratic party (or the head of the Republican party if the President be a Republican) to state his views about candidates. Probably, the presidential office ought not to be used that way, but I can not get so excited about it as some writers and some newspapers and some politicians have done. I am inclined to regard such action as the purest of politics and politics is a game and the voters have to recognize that it is a game. There has been a lot of meaningless gushing going on about Mr. Roosevelt's course that just fails to impress me at all.

But, on the other hand, there is an old, old quotation: Consistency, thou art a jewel. In remembering and applying that thought, it appears to me that Mr. Roosevelt has gone off the deep end of the pool without an inflated rubber tube for an arm rest. Indeed, isn't it a rather silly thing, an utterly stupid piece of business, to claim the right to interfere on his own part and tell the common, ordinary garden variety of voter that he can not take a position because he once played on the other team?

Is Roosevelt's Forgettery Working Well These Days?

Further, I am wondering whether Mr. Roosevelt's forgettery works so well that he fails to recall his appeal in 1932 and again in 1936 for Republicans to follow him, elect him as the savior of the country. It seems to me if it is sauce for the goose, the old gander can eat the same food.

Further, there is a bit of logic about the whole thing that ought to be examined. Take the state of Georgia, for example, where the Democratic nomination means election. A Republican in Georgia would be sunk without a trace, as far as selection of someone to represent him in congress is concerned, if he wanted to have his real choice recorded. His only course, if he preferred one Democratic candidate to another, would be to enter the Democratic primary and vote for one of those candidates. Assume that the Republican voter lives in Idaho. If that voter felt that neither of the candidates for the Republican nomination for the senate measured up to his ideas, why should he not be allowed to vote in the Democratic primary in order to express his preference? It might well be that a Republican voter in Idaho would feel that the Democratic nominee had a better chance of being elected in November than did the Republican nominee. If he felt that way, it appears to me that he would be showing good sense, common horse sense to express his preference on that side of the fence. I believe Mr. Roosevelt's record would look very much better at this point if he had extended his congratulations to Representative Clark in Idaho, and promised him the support of the Democratic national committee in the forthcoming election, as was done by National Democratic Chairman Farley. Surely, that would have been sportsmanship and the attitude of a good loser.

It may be, however—and this is an implication from the indications of the day—that Mr. Roosevelt is trying deliberately to force a realignment of voters throughout the country. He may be seeking to drive radicals into his camp—in case of a third term urge—and the conservatives into another camp.



THE RIVER of SKULLS

—by George Marsh—

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"Smoke hanging over that spruce point all right but whose smoke? McQueen's or the Naskapi's?"

"De Naskapi hunt deer on de barren. Dat sees McQueen."

Back at camp McCord listened to the news.

"Right on our heels, like wolves after deer, eh! Well, they won't find much deer in us!"

But Heather sat gazing into the fire, her brown face gray with foreboding. Noel, too, was silent as he worked on a paddle with his draw-knife, for the tales he had heard since childhood of the spirit-haunted rivers and the fierce nomads who roamed the interior following the caribou herds harassed him.

Shortly after daylight, the Peterboro slid into the slant of the first drop of the outlet on its long voyage north. Past shores rimmed with red willows and alders behind which the young leaves of the aspen shivered in the breeze, apple-green against the olive of the spruce, they rode the strong water. Farther on, past bold, boulder-strewn shores and through lake expansions, they traveled beyond the sunset and into the afterglow.

In the morning, when they raised their net, Alan took from among the red-bellied square-tails and the whitefish, a graceful, dark backed, silvery fish and held it for John's inspection.

"It must be a winninish, John, as sure as you're born. No sea salmon can get up here above all these falls and it's too early, anyway. We don't have these fellows on the coast—only the Hearne's salmon, with red spots, in the Bay. This proves we're on Koksok waters."

McCord's brown face widened in a grin as he examined the fish.

"Land-locked salmon, boy! I've caught them often in Québec. Notice that line of black spots along the side! By glory, I'm going to have some fun, nights on this river, for I've got a rod and some flies—flies, lad! My Scotch blood wouldn't get me come without them."

To Alan's amusement McCord produced from a stout skin case, a jointed steel rod, a reel with oiled silk line and a small leader and fly-book.

Good river men though they were, the next few days taxed the skill and strength of the crew. Chutes and white-water and flumes followed each other endlessly. Past boulder-choked shores where great cakes of ice left by the high water still melted in the sun, with terraces of stratified sand rising above them, the Peterboro plunged. Packing around roaring falls and rock-scarred reaches, they labored day after day, while always beyond the valley reached the tundra, its white moss slopes stippled with flowers and mapped with caribou paths.

It was the last month of the northern movement of the great central herd that winters in the forests. Already does and fawns had preceded the bucks to the cool wind-whipped barrens where the mosquito pest and bot flies are less troublesome. But the canoe bound for the River of Skulls did not linger in the high plateau country. They had ample provisions, with the river fish, and their goal was too far and the summer too short.

Then, one day, the country ahead began to fall away, the valley narrowed, and a muffled roar reached their ears from below, where the river entered a long, rocky gorge. Landing, Alan and Noel went ahead over the boulders and gravel at the head of the gorge to inspect the water. Hours later they returned. For five miles they had followed the shores of the gorge jammed with boulders piled high by the ice and found the river impassable to a canoe. For three days they slaved with the canoe and outfit over rocks and boulders, Heather insisting on doing her share of the portaging with the tump-line strap over her blonde head. Below the canyon the canoe was again put in and shortly the river widened into a lake where they camped for a day's rest.

There is no spring on the high Ungava plateau. Winter dies hard with occasional snow-furries and frosty nights in June, then summer, the magician, touches the land of the tundra overnight with its wand. Myriad flowers spring to life. The rolling barrens between the innumerable lakes and rivers become gray-green carpets of caribou moss, velvet to the feet, splashed with the white blooms of the bake-apple and service berries, the pale rose of the fragrant twin-flower and the pink patches of the Irok.

And now summer had come to the wild valley of the Koksok, and almost daily, rainbows arched the river; for Ungava is the land of rainbows.

"When are we going back to look for caribou on the barrens, Alan?" asked Heather as the tired voyagers lay on the warm sand beach before the two small traveling tents

with cheese-cloth mosquito linings. "I'd like to see the country up there."

Alan opened his eyes where he drowsed in the sun to consider the graceful figure of the girl near him. How many women could have come through the days of hardship behind them and hardly look tired. He thought of the girl back at Fort George, so lovely in her dark, feminine way. But compared with this tall girl who lay near him on the warm beach, Berthe was frail, too soft for hardship.

"Were ees de glass?" asked Noel who had been staring for some minutes at the hills to the north.

"In the tent on my clothes pack."

Noel got the glasses and sitting down on the beach began to sweep the distant ridges below the lake. After an interval he announced, excitedly:

"Smoke sign—down de riviere!"

"If that's smoke and not haze, then it's Indians," replied Alan, getting to his feet.

"No haze—dis!" insisted Noel, his

downstream with their poles and picked him up.

"It look bad but we can run dem!" was the report.

"We've got to run them!" insisted Alan. "They can shoot us out of the boat from the shore, here. We've got to get out of this country!"

"That's right, Alan!" agreed McCord, a soothing arm circling the shoulders of the girl who stood gripping her rifle, her frightened eyes patrolling the opposite shore.

"Ah-hah! We go!"

The Peterboro caught the suck of the first drop and was into the maw of the white water where the river boiled and churned and lashed itself into a frenzy of foam and flung spume until hidden by a rocky bend. Following black water channels past boulders over which the driven water mounded high to burst into cascades of spray; missing, by the width of a paddle, upthrusts and splinters of rock where the river thrashed itself into white fury; dodging knife-edged ledges that would rip the bottom from nose to

Alan as he came up beside the filling boat. "Are you all right, Heather?" he called to the girl who had been thrown wide and was swimming back to the canoe pivoting on its caught bow with the current.

"All right!" answered the girl, who swam like a fish.

"Get her bow off, quick, before we lose our loose stuff!"

"I've got it!" yelled the giant, standing on the submerged rock as he heaved and freed the bow.

Frantically the crew worked, in water like ice, to bring the half-filled craft ashore. They were shortly in shoal water where they freed the precious pemmican, flour, and provision bags from their lashings and put them on the beach, then emptied the canoe.

"Any paddle gone?" cried Alan.

"Mine and Heather's," answered McCord.

"Come on, Noel, they'll drift ashore in that bend!" And the two boys, leaping into the canoe in the fast fading light, hurried away and



h-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

eyes frozen to the glasses while Heather and Alan stood beside him. "Dere eet go again! Tree puff, I tell you," he cried excitedly. "De Injun signal wid a blanket!"

"Let me have a look!"

Noel handed the binoculars to Alan.

From a blue ridge down the river valley Alan shortly saw a column of smoke rise, to be cut short off. Presently this was followed by another column and this, later, by another. There was no mistaking it. This was no haze. This was smoke signalling by alternately holding a blanket over the fire and removing it to separate the puffs.

"Where's John?"

"Over at the outlet fishing for salmon," replied Heather.

"There! There's the answer from the farthest blue hill, on this side of the valley! See it, Noel?"

Noel took the glasses. "Ah-hah," he said. "I see eet."

"We'll do a little signalling ourselves." And Alan tied Heather's white sweater to a paddle and waved it back and forth to the man a mile away in the canoe. When the canoe was seen to head towards camp, the two men and the girl started hurriedly to roll their tents, and get the outfit ready for the canoe.

"What's the matter?" demanded the curious McCord, reaching them.

"There are Indians signalling from a hill below here. They may be hunters who have found deer and are telling someone across the valley. Then again they may have seen us and are starting to head us off. We've got to get downstream, past them!"

"How about McQueen?"

"If I know anything about canoe-men McQueen's fifty miles behind us, John. This is Naskapi!"

Calling the dogs who were hunting back in the scrub, they loaded the canoe and started for the outlet. For a few miles below the lake there was good canoe water; then, when the Peterboro was abreast of the ridge where they had seen the first smoke signals, the river fell off in a long rapids.

Taking his rifle Noel leaped ashore and ran ahead to inspect the water while Alan and McCord remained at the boat with Heather watching the shores for a possible ambush. Shortly Noel waved them on and they "snubbed" the boat

stern; the Peterboro raced and plunged past the menacing shores where hidden Naskapi could pour upon them a withering fire.

On down the river they pushed through the day and into the long twilight, putting mile after mile between the canoe and the hills of the signal smoke. The dusk was beginning to pack the spruce of the shores when the tired canoe-men began to look for a place to camp. At a widening where the river bed was strewn with boulders but the water not strong, the bowman swung the nose of the canoe toward the beach. But, within a hundred feet of the shore, the Peterboro with its heavy load rode upon a submerged boulder and, before the crew could save it, rolled and they were in the river.

"Save the flour and pemmican! Don't let the pemmican sink!" cried

were back shortly with the lost paddles.

Then while a fire was kindled the flour bags were carefully examined.

"The water got to two bags," mourned Alan, "but we'll save some of it if we work quick enough!" The pemmican's all right!"

They opened the wet bags and removing what flour had not been reached by water, placed it in spare bags, then spread their outfit out to dry by the fire. Owing to the fact that everything of value in the canoe was lashed to the thwart they had lost nothing except the flour. Half of that was ruined.

While the steam rose from their wet clothes and their socks hung on a thong suspended by sticks, they stood in their bare feet drying out beside the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Men Excel in Fishing; Outclass Women by Two to One, According to Michigan Expert

Women are not as good at trout fishing as are men, three years of research on Michigan trout streams, by the Institute for Fisheries Research of the state department of conservation and the University of Michigan reveals, says the Detroit News.

Creel censuses taken on a random selection of Michigan lakes and streams for the last three years show that, while women do just about as well as men in lake fishing, they catch only about half as many trout in streams. Over the three-year period, said Dr. R. William Eschmeyer, of the institute, men have caught almost one trout per hour of fishing, while women have had an average catch of only 0.5 of a trout per hour. The average catch for all fishermen, he added, was 0.8 of a trout per hour of fishing.

There are a number of reasons for women's ill-luck when it comes to stream fishing, said Dr. Eschmeyer, and these do not include any mention of ability. In the first place, he pointed out, stream fishing may be compared to solitary, while lake fishing is more comparable to bridge; the former is non-social, the latter, social. Women, he said, prefer the company of oth-

ers, a condition that is supplied by lake fishing, which is generally done from a boat containing several persons. Then, too, he continued, some of the best fishing is near or after dark, at which time most women have probably left the stream.

Another reason, he said, is to be found in the fact that trout fishing, particularly in rapid streams, demands considerable careful wading and always offers the possibility of getting wet in relatively cold water. In the last place, he concluded, "according to those addicted to the pipe (chiefly men), pipe-smoking while fishing permits one to give more attention to trout and less to mosquitoes."

Iris, Snake Bite Cure
Iris typifies wisdom, faith and courage. Its early medicinal value, according to doctors of the time, was as a cure for snake bites, fits, dropsy, bruises, anger and coughs. Some doctors went so far as to say that if petals of the iris were placed on a black and blue spot for five days the flesh would assume the natural color. The roots of the iris were used as teething rings for babies and are used to this day in some countries. The iris was used by Louis VII in his crusades in 1137.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for September 11

SAUL; MORAL FAILURE

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 10:21-25; 15:20-23; 31:3-6.
GOLDEN TEXT—To obey is better than sacrifice. 1 Samuel 15:22.

Moral failure is the direct result of disobedience to God. This follows from the fact that the moral order established in the universe was established by God. He, then, is the One who knows the right way. "God is always right, and when we are against God, we are always wrong. To walk a road leading away from God is to travel straight to ruin, and this is what Saul did" (Willbur M. Smith).

The story of Saul's choice as king, his personal qualifications for leadership and his ultimate disgrace and death, is one that should give pause to every young man or woman who has been afflicted with present-day ideas that brilliance of mind, quickness of wit, and apparent worldly success, apart from obedient submission to God, are satisfactory ends in themselves. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 10:25).

I. "There Is None Like Him" (10:21-25).

Saul was chosen of God to be Israel's first king. God Himself had chosen him, but they in their willful ignorance wanted to be like neighboring nations. And the choice of both God and the people fell on Saul, for there was "none like him among all the people."

Never has a man been privileged to enter more auspiciously upon high office. Physically he was well-endowed, head and shoulders above the people (10:23). Mentally he was fitted for leadership. He was humble (9:21). He was spiritually right (10:6-9). He had a tolerant and kindly spirit (11:13). He was a successful military leader (ch. 11).

For two years all went well, but then came the crisis which proved that all was not as it seemed to be, when Saul presumptuously took the place of Samuel as priest and made an offering (13:9-13). This was later followed by his disobedience in sparing Agag.

II. "To Obey Is Better Than Sacrifice" (15:20-23).

God had commanded that there must be utter destruction of the Amalekites and their possessions—something like the burning of a disease-infested house—a wiping out of a king and people who were condemned of God. We may not fully understand this act of God, but if we know Him we will not doubt that it was in accordance with His infinite wisdom and love.

Saul chose to disobey, later contending that it was done because of the people, that sheep and oxen had been spared for a sacrifice to the Lord. Samuel cuts through his hypocrisy and declares that God wants obedience rather than sacrifice. This is a lesson that many who profess to follow the Lord have not learned.

"All the sacrifices and ceremonies of religion are to aid and promote obedience, not to be a substitute for it. Disobedience can never be made a virtue, even though attended by thousands of sacrifices" (Stanley). The church or the individual who denies or disregards the teaching of God's Word and attempts to make up for it by sacrifices and ceremonies declares to the world that there has been a departure from true faith in God. Obedience is a virtue all too rare.

III. "The Battle Went Sore Against Saul" (31:3-6).

This quotation from verse 3 relates to a particular battle, but it may well be applied to the entire battle of Saul's life. Having once begun the downward path of presumption and disobedience, the descent became rapid.

The man to whom God had given a new heart and upon whom He had poured out His Spirit fell to such a low estate that we find him in 1 Samuel 28 consulting a witch, a spiritistic medium, seeking opportunity to speak with Samuel, who had already gone to his reward.

Spiritism is an evil current in our day, and therefore it may be well to point out that while mediums do seem to have the power to simulate the dead, they bring this about through familiar spirits (1 Sam. 28:7), that is through communication with evil spirits. The dead do not actually return, but they are represented by demonic agents. When the witch of Endor called on her familiar spirit, God intervened and actually brought Samuel from the dead to the great surprise of the witch. No Christian should ever have anything to do with Spiritism. If he does he indicates that his spiritual life is at very low ebb and that he is in real soul-danger.

The death of Saul writes a tragic end to a promising life, destroyed not so much by outside influences as by the moral decay within. The wise man said that as a man "thinketh in his heart so is he" (Prov. 23:7).—It may not show today, or tomorrow, but eventually the heart that is wrong leads to a life that is wrong. "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4:23).

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PERSONAL

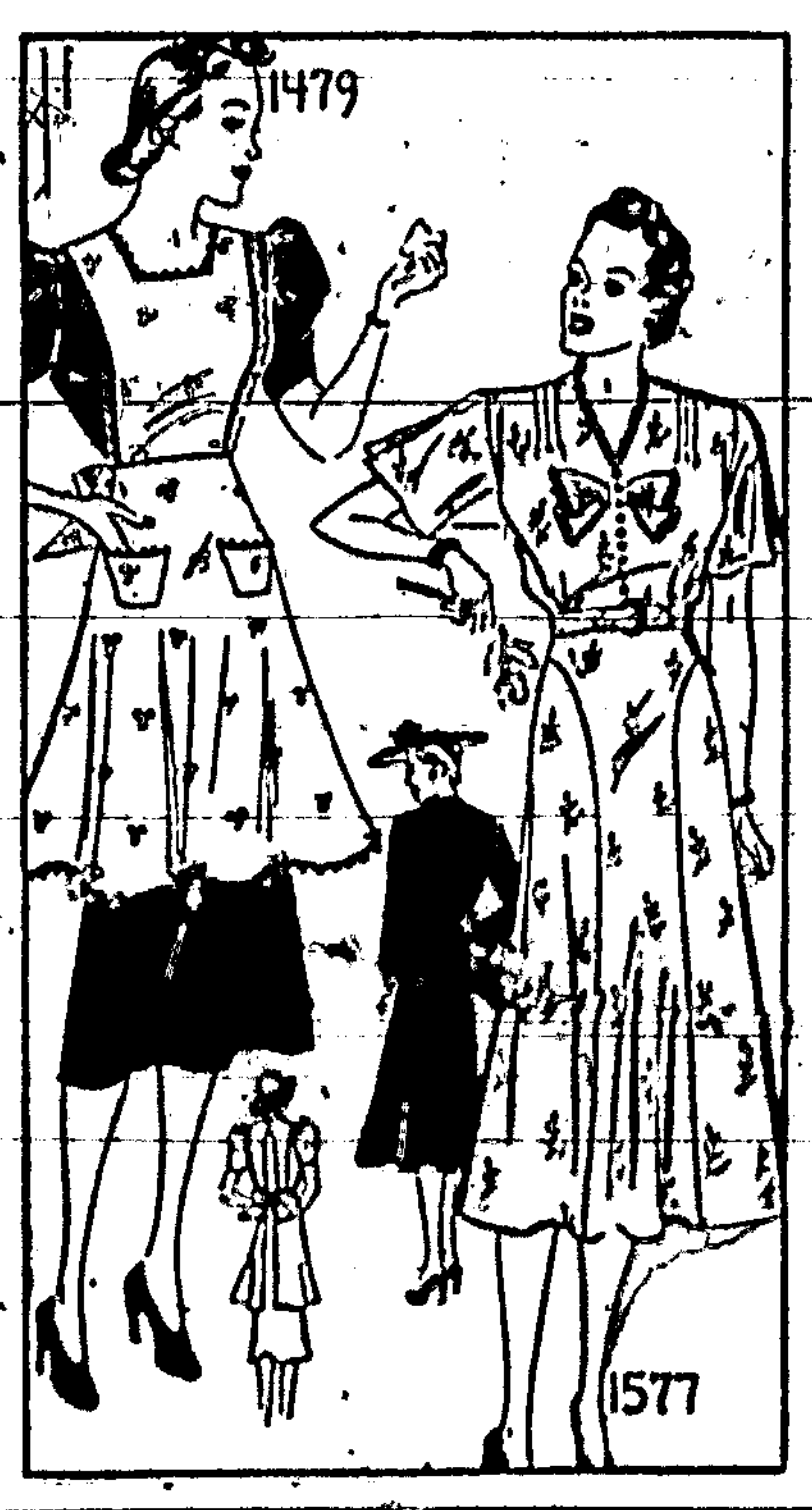
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PATENTS

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

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

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The world is not respectable; it is mortal, tormented, confused, deluded forever; but is shot through with beauty, with love, with glints of courage and laughter; and in these the spirit blooms timidly, and struggles to the light among the thorns.—George Santayana.

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COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

—And R U Listenin'?

FT. BLISS MILITARY BAND FOR FRONTIER DAYS!

"It seems to me that the Democrats in this state, should John E. Miles be nominated for Governor, would be making the same mistake as the Republicans, by nominating Hoover the second time," asserts an independent voter.

AT THE LYRIC

Beginning Sept. 12, all shows will start at this playhouse at 7:30 p. m.

If you want to laugh and be thrilled with surprise, go to "I Met My Love Again," at this popular theatre tonight and tomorrow, Saturday night.

"Ebb Tide," featuring an all-star cast, headed by the famous Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan, will be shown Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the South Seas. One of the best dramas of the year.

Wednesday and Thursday the feature movie will be "The Divorce of Lady X," starring the delightful Merle Oberon, supported by an all-star cast. If you want to see something decidedly different, witness this.

DESERVES A MEDAL

City School Superintendent J. M. Carpenter in making his initial address to his teachers, said in words to this effect: "You should make yourselves acquainted; let the public know who you are, especially the Carrizozo business houses, who are paying taxes in order to assist in keeping your position."

FRONTIER DAYS BIG PARADE, FRI., SEPT. 16!

IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

Life's a hard grind, said the Emery Wheel.

It's a perfect bore, returned the Auger.

It means nothing but hard knocks for me, sighed the Nail.

You haven't as much to do as I have, put in the Saw.

I can hardly scrape along, complained the Plane.

And I'm constantly sat upon, added the Bench.

—Let's strike, said the Hammer.

Cut it out, here comes the boss, cried the Chisel.

And Awl was silent.

RENTFROW RACE HORSES AT FRONTIER DAYS!

The Cafe building across from the Rolland Drug Store is expected to be in readiness by Sept. 16-17, so to take advantage of the Fair & Frontier Days Celebration business.

The Primary Bill, which was recently signed by Gov. Tinsley, is now going to become a law, remarks G. Howitt Hertz.

BUGHOUSE FABLES

—Clyde Tinsley supporting John E. Miles for Governor.

—So, Adios, from the Land of the Sables and Fables. — Don't forget the Frontier Days Celebration in Carrizozo, Sept. 16-17!

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at 40% Reduction. We have a good run of sizes.

Our Prices Are Reasonable

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Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Local Mention

A. F. Stover of Hondo was a visitor here on Wednesday, returning home in the afternoon.

Jeff Kennedy was down from Corona Wednesday and said that the recent rodeo given by the American Legion was very successful in spite of the rainy weather.

Dr. M. G. Paden came down from his old home in White Oaks Wednesday morning and while in town, made this office a friendly visit.

R. M. Storey was here from Tularosa, where he has a filling station and store. He reports business good, but prefers ranch life above Carrizozo to business life in Tularosa.

Regular Farmall tractor will trade for cabin and small tract land, in mountains by stream or spring—for summer camp must be in timber. P. O. Box 892, Stamford, Texas.

Girls Wash Dresses

School time is here! Dresses designed to enliven every classroom. Best Gingham in these Dresses! Colors are the new burnished autumn tones, and we have them in all sizes

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Kindergarten sizes, 3 to 6½
Grade school sizes, 7 to 14
Hi school sizes, 12 to 16.

Burke Art & Gift Shop

Golf Tournament

Held in Clovis Sept. 3, 4 and 5 was attended by two Carrizozo players, Messrs. L. A. Whitaker and M. U. Finley. Both returned with nice trophies — M. U.'s was an extra good suit of clothes, tailor-made. The golf course was decidedly the best in the state. We were royally entertained. Hurrah for Clovis and Carrizozo!

The ladies of the local Baptist Church are making up a box for the Orphan's Home at Portales, and all who are desirous of helping, will please call at the Baptist parsonage Wednesday, Sept. 14, where donations will be gladly received.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson and children of Coyote were visitors in town Wednesday, attending the Lectures by Lucius Dills and Will Robinson, sponsored by the Carrizozo Business Men's Club that night.

Mrs. James Greer and daughter Ida were in from their ranch close to the Malpais Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norria G. Taylor of Ruidoso were here Monday of this week visiting at the home of Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hobbie. Mrs. Taylor was the former Miss Eliza Hobbie.

Joseph Forsythe, son of Mrs. Mary Forsythe of the Herron grocery and Trinidad Martinez, son of Mr. and Mrs. Juan Martinez, have enrolled at the Lourdes Academy at Albuquerque for the fall and winter term.

Miss Jane Norman won first prize for the best costume at the American Legion dance at Community Hall last Saturday night.

John Buckner, Diesel mechanic, is the new addition to the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co., of which Gunther Kroegel is manager.

Dr. T. E. Williams, Dentist, was here this week by appointment, having office rooms at the El Cibola Hotel. He left yesterday for Albuquerque to visit his son L. J. Williams.

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Personals

The first meeting of the Woman's Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Ziegler, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8 p. m., with Mrs. Blaney in charge of the program.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Salomon Guebara died Monday night and was buried Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lorenza Padilla Paralta, a member of one of the most oldest families of the Capitan country, passed away at her home in Capitan last Friday night after a long illness. She leaves to mourn her death, a number of relatives, to whom sympathy is extended.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Holguin returned this week from Chihuahua City, Mexico, where they went on an excursion trip about a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Devor of Tucuman were guests of Mrs. Gussie Johnson at her mountain home on the Bonito this week. Mrs. Johnson had the little Misses Betty Beck and Jane Gallacher as her guests for the week-end. They received a big thrill out of the visit before beginning school.

Miss Mary Seigel of Miami, Florida, is here this week, being the guest of the Wm. Norman family. Miss Seigel will attend the Y. N. U. at Albuquerque; her school chum Jane Norman will return with her to the Duke City for a short visit.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER

When honor goes, all is gone.
Don't do it if you can't do it right.
It isn't the truth, don't repeat it.
A good life is better than a long one.
Prudence and haste can't live together.
Good health, plus good sense make a full life.
There's more goodness in goodness than goodness in goodness.
Frequent and pleasant are found in such.

Sat Chaves, Jr., purchased a new Chevrolet car from the City Garage last week.

T. C. Romero of Lincoln has been summoned as a petit juror in Federal Court, which will convene at Albuquerque Sept. 19.

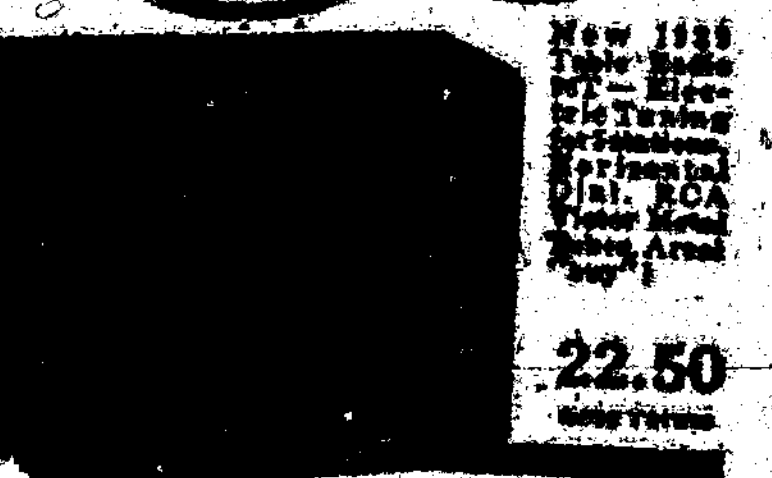
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