

## Diamond Dust

By

Joe Chavez



Carrizozo	Won	Lost
	8	3

The Legionnaires payed heed to Diamond Dust's suggestion of last week, in good faith, and went to Mesalero in good spirits last Sunday, with only one object in view—and that was to cop the game from the Redskins and get sweet revenge for having lost to them here the Sunday before.

Andy Lueras was again master of ceremonies and limited the Braves to a couple of measly hits and four runs, which were made due to some erroneous playing by some of his teammates during the first few chapters. But after that the boys appeased their jittery nerves and gave Andy unflinching support the remainder of the game, the feature of which was the sensational fielding by Jerry Beltran in the outer gardens. On two different occasions, he saved Andy a lot of embarrassment and also the game, by making ruzzing catches of impossible balls which were labeled for homers. Red and Cox, the latter of whom was a member of the team last year, also gave good account of themselves, as did Meyer, Tony, Sally and Wayne, who handled Andy's delivery behind the plate.

The Indians pinned their hopes of repeating over Carrizozo on their Big Chief, who never knows what tiring is and throws a ball like a bullet. On interviewing Meyer Barnett as to his low batting average against the Chief, he had no alibi to offer, only that he just couldn't see the apple when it went past him, but could sure smell powder and see smoke puff out of the catcher's mitt every time the pill came in contact with the leather.

Good as he pitched, our boys managed to uncork enough safe blows to pile up six runs and bring back their scalps to Carrizozo by a score of 6 to 4.

Manuel Chavez, who broke his foot in a game at Alamo recently, was again out of the game, but expects to don a uniform next Sunday.

Jerry, the Barber, having left Carrizozo and Joe, the Wrangler, not being able to hitch-hike the distance, didn't figure in the casualties of the trip last Sunday. This time it was our friends, Wayne VanSchöyck, the first and Johnny Walker of Hiram Walker, Inc. The boys absent-mindedly forgot that they were within the confines of a government reservation and were caught in the act of imbibing too freely from a bottle containing a little conversation water. The boys were given a joy ride to Alamogordo, where they were met very gracefully and tenderly by the U. S. Commissioner, who after speaking to them in endearing terms, allowed them to return home. "A pair of wiser old heads." It could have happened to anyone, boys; so don't feel hard about it.

Next Sunday, the Alamo Black Glants (colored team) come to Carrizozo to try and wrest a victory from the Legionnaires, as the other team has lost two straight to our boys.

Let's all come out in a body and help the boys win their ninth game of the season.

## Town Report

Minutes of the regular meeting of Board of Trustees of the Village of Carrizozo, held at City Hall, Aug. 2, 1938, at 7:30 p. m. Members present—F. E. Richard, Mayor; Art Riland, John Harkney, Dan Chavez, Tennis Bigelow, members; Roley Ward, Marshal; Morgan Lovelace, Clerk.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved. On account of Mr. L. H. McCutchen's tractor wrecking a fire hydrant and water main a motion by Tennis Bigelow and seconded by Dan Chavez that Mr. McCutchen be mailed a bill for a new hydrant plus repairs, labor and loss of water on same. Motion carried.

Motion by A. J. Rolland and seconded by John Harkney that a resolution concerning the erection of the Community Club Building be adopted as read. Motion carried.

The following bills were approved and ordered paid—Elerdo Chavez, JP, Costs Village vs Cosme Gallegos..... \$2 00 P Chavez, kill 3 dogs..... 1 50 SP Co, water for June..... 389 41 SE Greisen, boarding prisoner (R Lopez)..... 5 00 Lin Co Agcy, Note, re. fire truck..... 460 04 Roley Ward, Marshal sal. July..... 100 00 Morgan Lovelace, Clerk sal. July..... 75 00 Fay Harkney, wat supt. sal. July..... 17 50 J M Beck, firetruck maint..... 5 00 Bryan Hendricks, met de re..... 2 50 JW Harkney & Son, supplies C and G..... 11 14 Fay Harkney, labor and sup. 57 35 Richard Service Station, gas, oil, tire re., C&G..... 11 48 do do kerosene, labor (firetruck)..... 1 35 Czo Hdwe Co, supplies, C&G..... 1 95 Lin Co Utilities, st. lights..... 42 16 do do office lites..... 2 40 do do labor..... 4 00 Monte Vista SS, gas, fire de..... 99 Mt Sta Tel, phone and LD call..... 5 10 Czo Outlook, Letterheads..... 3 00 Geo Shipley, legal advice..... 35 00 City Garage, re. firetruck..... 28 00

Total 1,228 37 There being no further business presented, the meeting adjourned.

F. E. Richard, Mayor.

Attest—Morgan Lovelace, Clerk.

There being no further business presented, the meeting adjourned.

F. E. Richard, Mayor.

## ATTENTION, MASONS

All Master Masons are invited to the regular communication at Masonic Temple, tomorrow night Saturday, Aug. 6.

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

Brack Sloan shipped his crop of wool this week to eastern markets.

J. F. Petty returned last night from Las Vegas, where he spent the major portion of the week with Mrs. Petty and small son Jesse, who are planning to be home about September.

Mrs. W. H. Sparkman, daughter LeNella, sons Claud and Tom and granddaughter Katie Marie Snodgrass, aged 2, were here from Jicarilla yesterday. Mr. Sparkman is now in Texas, attending to some business matters.

## Weekly Weather Report

Aug.	Max.	Min.	Prec.	P.W.
1	97	63	T	SE
2	98	61	0	E
3	94	58	0	SE

Julia Romero, Weather Observer.

## Two Guns Found—Supposedly Used in Roberts-Ferguson Murders

Everybody has been informed through the daily associated press dispatches of the finding of the two guns which were supposedly used in the recent killing of Geo. Roberts and Ed Ferguson, but the Alamogordo officers received credit for the find from the fact that the report was issued by the Otero County Reporter and not from here. The truth was that the guns were found by two deputies, Hugh Bunch of Carrizozo and Al Hunter of Alamogordo.

## The Legion Auxiliary

Met July 22 at the home of Mrs. Dan Conley, where officers were installed and two delegates were elected to attend the Legion convention at Raton, Aug. 4-5-6. The committees appointed for the recent dance reported and their reports were duly accepted. Members of the Legion joined the Auxiliary at refreshments after the meeting.

J. K. Sucht, local jeweler, who has been quite ill of late, is now up and attending to his duties, we are glad to say.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shafer of the Carrizozo Auto Company returned home, after having spent about one week in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nickels have returned from attending summer school at Silver City. Bill will teach at Ancho, we understand.

Willis Lovelace, prominent stockman of the Corona country, accompanied by his son Willis, Jr. of his ranch across the Malpais, were business visitors in town this Thursday.

George Simpson of Corona was a visitor here Thursday of this week.

The ground was broken this week across the street from Rolland's Drug Store, preparatory for the erection of a new building by M. U. Finley.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shields of Coyote were business visitors in town this Wednesday.

Read the Mayberry Murder Mystery—25¢ a copy at Rolland's.

Carpenter J. F. Tom is doing some work on the service station which is being erected across the street from the postoffice.

Walter Fulmer, Bradley Smith, Aubrey Hines and Albert Sanchez are home from Ft. Bliss, where they underwent training in the Citizens' Military Training Camp.

Miss Bobbie Church came in this week from the Silver City Normal University, after attending summer school at that place. She remained for a few days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Adams, before her departure for home in Illinois, Mo.

## Democratic Convention

Delegates from the different precincts in Lincoln County met last Saturday at Community Hall for the purpose of selecting 17 delegates to attend the state convention at Santa Fe the early part of September. John E. Hall was selected as chairman and Miss Dolores Forsythe as secretary. Attorney Barker of Santa Fe was the keynote speaker and was followed by other speakers from abroad, among whom was assistant district attorney Clayton of Tularosa. Spirited discussions were prominent as the convention progressed. The bone of contention was on how to deal with two contesting delegations from Capitan and when the committee on resolutions reported, it contained a clause which gave the two delegations representation, making 48 instead of 24 delegates with 1/2 vote each which made a full vote of 24, to which that precinct was entitled.

L. D. Merchant brought in a minority report against the above plan, and defended it by a scathing rebuke to Senator Perry Sears for intimidation of voters, and summoning up all his vocal powers, he denounced Mr. Sears for tricky, underhanded methods, and together with other epithets, he ended his talk by branding the Senator as a "political gangster" of the worst type.

Mr. Merchant was followed by Mr. Vassar Thompson, who made mince-meat out of the Senator.

Mr. Hall of Capitan endeavored to smooth the "mess" up, but failed in the attempt, so far as the majority of the Convention was concerned — for while it voted to seat the two delegations on the one-half vote proposition, it overwhelmingly voted to endorse Congressman Dempsey for return to Congress and John E. Miles for the nomination for Governor, against which the Sears contingent was fighting.

The vote for endorsement stood 139 for, to 88 against. Since the convention, the minority, we understand, or a portion thereof, has talked of "kissing and making up," but it is said that if that is done, the opposition to the county organization will have to walk with that body and hold hands, as was evidenced by the enormous following the organization had at the convention, if that would serve as a barometer.

F. A. English of the Carrizozo Hardware Co., suffered severe injuries this week, when a couple of dynamite caps exploded in his hand. Frank was holding close to 100 caps in the other hand, but fortunately, those did not go off.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Branum and family of Merced, Calif., left for home Sunday after a week's visit with Mrs. Nellie Branum and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sultemeier, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ryberg and A. S. McCamant were here from Corona Wednesday.

Homer McDaniel, Byrl Lindsay, Jack Graves and Floy Skinner were business visitors from Negal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Steinbring, daughter Norma Jean, son Wesley Edward, Mrs. Wheeler and daughter Vivian, all of Lawrence, Kansas, are here and are guests of Mrs. Ladema Joyce and family. The ladies are Mrs. Joyce's sisters.

## Out-of-the-Ordinary



A. L. B.

Last Saturday at Pittsfield, Ill., B. A. Campbell, 64, storekeeper, sold the last buggy of a lot he bought 15 years ago. Tony Smith, who has been an ardent hater of the automobile, purchased the buggy. Smith also bought the last buggy whip the dealer had. He then called for an old-fashioned linen duster to complete his outfit, but failed to find one.

Roy Wright of Buffalo, Wyo., is a miner and one day while at his work in the mine, he felt something in one of his eyes. It gave him but little trouble at first, but soon pained so badly that he consulted Dr. Hynds, who in removing the obstruction, found it to be a gold nugget. We know of a certain lady, who insists that some day she will find a nugget and we hope she will find it less painful in experience than Roy did.

It was 60 years ago last May, that Lon Minton of St. Joseph, Mo., then 8 years old, had a piece of glass taken out of his foot and thinking it all out, the physician, Dr. Gore, allowed the wound to heal up. Twenty years after that, Lon began to complain of a severe pain in the muscle of his left arm. The pain increased to such an extent that medical aid was summoned. That being in the early days, the X-Ray was in its infancy. But a close examination revealed a portion of glass, that had become shattered from the main piece and had wandered over his body for that long period of time without his knowledge. The glass was removed and he keeps it for a souvenir.

After Corrigan landed in New York yesterday, he was escorted up 5th avenue by a detachment of 24 uniformed policemen and every man of the 24 was named Corrigan. Little Corrigan, the noted back-firing navigator, looked like a pigmy compared to the size of the giant policemen, who formed a guard of honor for the courageous "Mick," who made history for himself within a few hours. One fellow yelled, "Make him a major general of the army." Another: "Better than that—make him President of the United States." A third one: "Escort him to California, for he might lose his way again, and no telling where he would land this time."

In the month of June, 1902, at Burlington, Iowa, John Sourwine was dove hunting along Spring Creek. It was a warm day and John seated himself in the shade, pulled out his pocket knife and began to whittle. Some object attracted his attention and instead of putting the knife in his pocket, he stuck it in the trunk of the tree. He forgot about the knife, left home the next day and was gone for 10 years. When he returned, he had the

## Personals

This office is in receipt of a nice letter from Mrs. Julia Lumpkins, formerly of Capitan, but who now resides in El Paso. Mrs. Lumpkins returned recently from Oklahoma where she visited relatives and at Fort Worth, where she visited her sister. She will now go to Lordsburg to visit her son Louie, who is employed by the Skousen Construction Co. She says that all she hears in Texas is, "Please pass the biscuits, Pappy!" Some even want honey on their biscuits. She also asked about Sears & Tingley, as to how they were getting along.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Carl and son Lee have returned from a pleasant vacation trip to different points in Colorado and other western states.

Councilman Dan Chavez, Mrs. Chavez and children visited relatives at Arabela the first part of the week.

Our highly esteemed friend, L. D. Merchant, prominent ranchman of the Capitan country, was here Tuesday and while in town, made this office a friendly call.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Norman, daughters Edith and Jane and Miss Zane Harkey left Wednesday morning for Tucumcari to attend the Big Rodeo and visit friends.

Miss Belle Lutz is acting as part time stenographer in the office of County Clerk Edward Penfield.

Mrs. R. T. Lucas of Kansas City is spending a few days of this week with Mrs. Alice French at her cottage on Eagle Creek.

Miss Louise Cooper of Alamosa, Colo., is here on her vacation and is a guest of her friend and former schoolmate, Mrs. Tommy Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scharf and Mrs. Nellie Reilly left Wednesday for Pecos, N. M., where they will be guests of their brother, Seaborn Gray, for a short time, after which the Scharfs will go to Pagosa Springs, Colo., where they will remain for two weeks to receive the benefit from the springs. They will be met at the springs by Mrs. Williamson of Aztec, N. M., who will remain with them for their stay.

Mrs. R. L. Willingham, son Keoneth and Mrs. Hattie Davidson were here Monday from Corona.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Snyder are on their vacation at the present time, they are visiting Mrs. Snyder's parents at Las Vegas. Night Yardmaster George Koyull is on duty on the day shift, relieving Mr. Snyder; while W. G. Sharp, Trainmaster at Tucumcari, is on the night duty shift.

Robert and Marilyn Hemphill, a son and daughter of Station Agent and Mrs. R. C. Hemphill, have returned from a six-weeks' vacation spent in the south, the major portion of which time was spent at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. C. A. Hemphill at Eupora, Miss. occasion to go to Spring Creek and there found the knife, still in the tree. It was so badly rusted that in the attempt to get it out, it fell to pieces.

Speaking of Sports

# Main Street Boasts Many Golf Courses

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

NEXT time you drive one of the tee at the country club, remember you're helping provide a job for somebody. Maybe it will help you get a birdie. For golf has become a business as well as a game—a billion dollar business, in case you're interested in figures. Hard to believe? Well, not so hard, when you consider that there are more than 6,000 golf courses scattered all over America.

Uncle Sam has two-thirds of the world's golf courses, a large percent of which are located in rural communities. Scarcely a town anywhere is more than a few miles from a links. And nearly everybody, whether he lives on Main street or Riverside drive, has had a golf club in his hands at one time or another and knows who Bobby Jones and Ralph Guldahl are.

This business of golf gives employment regularly to nearly half a million men, including the people who work at making golf balls and clubs, building links, tending greens, playing professionally and selling golfing equipment. The nation's 6,000 links, including those in small towns as well as big cities and taking in public courses as well as private clubs represent an investment in excess of \$1,000,000,000. So it's perfectly plain that every time you tee off, you're making a business contribution as well as an investment in good health.

This game which has influenced American habits, set new styles and taken millions of people out into the open, harks back about 50 years. The first golf links in the United States was established near Yonkers, N. Y., in 1888. The boys first played in a cow pasture. Then as now it was a game of trials and tribulations. Players were subjected to jibes and ridicule. Those who



BOBBY JONES

watched the game said it was a tame affair, and the players in ordinary garb fit for roughing it were not even picturesque.

In the early days the cost of upkeep was naturally low. Records kept by the first club show that only \$58 was invested in 1838 in cutting the fairways, smoothing down the greens and giving them an occasional rolling. Dues amounted to \$10 a year. Caddies could be hired for 30 cents a day, or more likely, the player carried his own bag of clubs around the eighteen holes and thought it was no hardship.

## Popularity Grows

But golf became a rich man's game in the early nineties. There was not a single public links and the upkeep of private ones had mounted enormously. Players at the swanky clubs began wearing knickers, gaiters and plaid hose. Golf didn't remain in the hands of the '400 for long, however. By the end of the nineties Americans had begun to get out into the open. By the turn of the century golf had really become popular. In 1900 there were about 1,000 clubs in the United States. There was at least one in every state and public links began to come in, where people could play the game for a small fee.

As the game grew in popularity changes in balls and clubs were natural developments. Probably the greatest of these was the substitution of the rubber-cored ball for the gutta-percha ball. This change made it possible for the average club player of that day to begin to drive with the best of the experts. And because the rubber-cored ball had little effect on the game of the top-flighters, it increased interest in the game all along the line.

By the time the World war started, America had 2,000 golf courses. Interest in the game was dimmed somewhat during the war, but immediately afterward, in the 1920s it began to come back with a vigor that has endured to this day and that has given it a place of universal interest among people of all ages and occupations. Golf has grown up. It is a great game and a great business. But perhaps its greatest appeal is that it is a sport in which the people themselves perform. Instead of sitting in a grandstand or stadium watching a big-league baseball game or a prize fight.

## History to Repeat?

THE baseball world is wondering whether the elevation of Gabby Hartnett to the manager ship of the Cubs will mean another National league pennant for Chicago. If it does, then an odd set of parallels will be completed. For Gabby came into possession of the job under almost the identical circumstances as his predecessor, Charley Grimm, who took it on in mid-season, 1932. At that time the club, under the management of Rogers Hornsby, was floundering five games behind the Pittsburgh Pirates. Grimm put new life in the faltering Cubs and



LEO HARTNETT

won the pennant seven weeks after he took hold.

As Hartnett took command, recently, the Cubs were floundering once more. They were in third place, five games behind the Pittsburgh Pirates. So Gabby has a brilliant precedent to live up to if he would make history repeat itself.

Hartnett may or may not perform this magic. As the greatest catcher in the game, he has the genuine backing of the fans and the best wishes of everybody who knows baseball. But he will have to contend with some of the same factors which made Grimm's job unpleas-

Unbiased baseball men will tell you frankly that an inadequate supply of playing talent—particularly in the outfield—was the principal cause of the Cubs' flop in the first half of the season. They will point out, too, that the failure of Dizzy Dean to pitch for ten straight weeks was an almost fatal handicap. And they will add, finally, that front-office dictation which hampered Grimm, might likewise hamper Hartnett.

## Here and There

BECAUSE of his excellent control, Carl Hubbell is the Giants' favorite baiting practice pitcher. Statisticians have figured out that only 10 per cent of the 2,000,000 golfers in the United States break 90 consistently. Concessionaires in major league ball parks say fans buy more peanuts when the home team is winning. Irl Tubbs, Iowa football coach, is analyzing the play of each of his Hawkeye players this summer by watching motion pictures taken during the spring game. He follows one player each day, making a thorough check on each of his movements in slow motion. Man Mountain Dean has reduced 37 pounds and he now weighs only 240. Cy Young, famous old time pitcher, has left his farm at Paoli, Ohio, to become a greeter for a Boston hotel.

Aerial Baseball? WHEN Howard Hughes circled the globe in 91 hours recently, he probably hastened the day when the Pacific coast will be represented in the major leagues. Talk of this is being revived. At the rate that Hughes flies long distances with complete safety, a major league club could be sent from the Middle

## Aerial Baseball?

West to San Francisco, Seattle, or Los Angeles in something like ten hours. Big league ball would undoubtedly be a success on the Pacific coast. Los Angeles and San Francisco are not good minor league towns, but if big league baseball were given to them, they would be gold mines, according to those on the inside. Pressure in at least two big league cities vainly trying to support two major league teams would be lifted, provided the National and American leagues moved some franchises westward. We refer to St. Louis and Philadelphia.



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Wasp brings home its dinner—a cicada.

# Wasps and Hornets Are Efficient Destroyers of Our Insect Pests

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

STINGS have a high educational value. After one or two experiences with these concealed weapons, the personality of the little stinging-wielders is firmly impressed upon you.

It is quite proper to regard the wasps and hornets with respect, as they insist you shall. But do not let their potent personalities prejudice you against them. For it is within this group, taken in the broadest sense, that is found the cleverest and most ingenious of all the insects, as well as the most efficient and destructive enemies of our insect pests.

The cleverness and ingenuity of wasps take numerous forms. Each of the many thousands of different kinds has its own little specialty which differs more or less from that of every other kind. Among these specialties few are more fascinating than those of the various digger wasps that burrow in the ground and lay up in little chambers food upon which their young subsist.

Look closely into the habits of some of the common digger wasps and see what they are doing in that sultry season when you can think only of vacation, for it is then that they display the greatest energy. Familiar to everyone in the hot, still, midsummer days is the monotonous shrill song of the cicada.

## Hornets Prey on Cicadas.

Once in a while one of these monotonous trills stops suddenly. You hear a discordant shriek that startles you for a moment. Then all is the same again—the heat and the interminable trills of the cicadas. What has happened? One of Nature's little tragedies. A cicada has been surprised by a cicada-killer, has fled shrieking away, and in all probability has been caught and stung, not to death, but into a state of complete helplessness.

The cicada-killer is one of the largest and most conspicuous, as well as one of the commonest, of burrowing wasps. To many people it is known as a hornet—in fact, the hornet—and is much feared. But it is not at all aggressive. It resents undue familiarity, of course, but its nature is wholly peaceful—except when cicadas are concerned.

Cicadas are its only prey. Sometimes you see it flying about a tree, hunting for a victim up among the branches, or pursuing a cicada at high speed through the air. But it is usually noticed dragging a cicada, often much larger than itself, along the ground on the way to its burrow.

This nursery is commonly made in the higher and drier portions of lawns, or in sloping grassy banks, and runs to a more or less spherical cell about an inch and a half in diameter. The finished nursery usually includes four cells.

After each cell is completed the mother wasp goes on a hunting expedition. In bringing the cicada to the cell she frequently hoists her victim laboriously up a tree, from which she flies diagonally down toward her burrow. Thus she saves much time and energy, for dragging a creature as large as a cicada through the grass is a herculean task even for so powerful a wasp. Usually, though not invariably, a second cicada is added to the first. After the cicadas—still alive but helpless—are stored safely in the underground cell, the wasp places an egg on the body of one of them just under one of the middle legs, then closes the cell with earth.

## Wasp's Food for the Grubs.

The egg hatches in three days, and the grub feeds on the cicadas for a little over a week. It then makes a cocoon of earth, mixed with enough silk to make it rather dense, and spends the winter inside. In the spring, after passing through the pupa stage, the wasp digs its way out of the ground.

The cicada-killers that you see walking or flying about a grassy slope are living evidence of the numerous tragedies that have taken place beneath the sod.

Only the young of this wasp feed on cicadas. The adults, as is the case with nearly all the wasps, are vegetarians. For many days after emerging from the ground, the ad-

adults are indolent and peaceful, wandor aimlessly about, lapping up nectar from the flowers.

They are especially fond of the sap of certain trees. If truth must be told, they much prefer this sap after fermentation has transformed it into more or less strong beer.

Idle ease, nectar, and beer satisfy these wasps for a few weeks. During this time they display not the slightest interest in cicadas. Then, with the attainment of full bodily development, the females suddenly become demons of dynamic energy maddeningly inclined toward all cicadas—full-fledged cicada-killers.

The cicada-killers are interesting because of their great size, and the bulk and power of their victims. It is a thrilling sight to see one of them strike a cicada in full flight and, with its prey, go tumbling to the ground. But their technique is crude—effective, but lacking those finer touches that perfect the picture. So let us consider the most accomplished artists that are found among the digger wasps.

## How Wasps Use Caterpillars.

Rather large, very slender, and long-waisted wasps commonly are seen early in the summer on wild carrot and other flowers, about decaying fruit, or drinking at the sides of puddles. Indolent and peaceful, they are unsuspecting and slow to take offense. These are young caterpillar wasps; for which as yet life means little more than feeding on nectar in full enjoyment of the summer sunshine.

Lazy, slow-moving creatures, with an air of complete boredom, they could scarcely appear less interesting or more slothful. But while they are spending their time in frivolous enjoyment they are developing strength and energy and acquiring a knowledge of the world.

Energy finally gets the upper hand, and the female forsakes the flowers almost completely. The first thing she does on becoming energetic is to find a patch of bare, stiff soil, more or less protected, and there dig a burrow ending in an enlarged chamber, oval in shape and horizontal.

After the burrow is completed the wasp closes the opening with a little stone or a pellet of earth of just the right size, or sometimes with several pellets, filling the hole up level with the ground and often kicking some loose earth over it.

Her burrow completed, closed, and concealed from view, she now goes in search of prey—caterpillars found on or near the ground. The commonest one prefers green caterpillars much larger than herself.

When a caterpillar is discovered the wasp knocks it off the leaf onto the ground. Then, watching her chance, she seizes it with her mandibles near its head and gives it a prolonged sting between two of the earlier segments. This ends the struggle of the caterpillar.

The wasp then stings its victim between the other earlier segments and between most or all of the hinder segments. The stinging is followed by a thorough squeezing of the neck between the mandibles all around, this squeezing process lasting for some time.

## Put in Cleverly Closed Burrow.

The caterpillar, reduced to complete inertness and lying extended at full length, is now ready to be transported to the burrow. The wasp turns it on its back; then, seizing it by the throat, lifts its head off the ground and drags it along at a very creditable pace—at least when the ground is smooth and the way is unobstructed.

The caterpillar is finally brought to the burrow, which is opened and the victim placed inside. Sometimes a single caterpillar is sufficient, but usually two or even more are needed. If more than one is stored, the burrow is always closed after each is placed within it. When the store of caterpillars is complete and the egg is laid, the burrow is permanently closed with the greatest care.

# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
By WILLIAM BRUCKART

## WASHINGTON.—There was a press statement sent around to newspaper offices the other day that they are: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. The AAA announcement said there were 7,300 producers voting on the adoption of the agreement. My information is that this number is a pitifully small proportion of potato growers, even the growers of "early" and "intermediate" potatoes as distinguished from fall potatoes. Yet, there was not a sufficient number of these to warrant the AAA in making the program operative. What happened to the other growers? Well, I can make only one guess, namely, they just did not have any interest in it.

## Significant Decision

Of course, it may be different with growers of other crops. It must be recalled, however, that there has been a multiplicity of evidence that the corn farmers are dissatisfied, and there have been howls from the cotton growers and from the tobacco growers, and the wheat sections are the source of other complaints. I have no way of knowing what proportion of the growers of these crops are represented in the opposition already voiced. There can be no doubt on one point, however. The independence of the farmer is bound to be shown and if he is becoming disgusted with bureaucratic direction of his affairs, it is a condition that is more likely to spread than to decline in scope.

And speaking of regulation, I heard a conversation the other day that I am going to record here as faithfully as I can recall the words.

## Case of Corrigan

It took place at my favorite table in the National Press club, a large table at which men gather for lunch. Usually, all 12 places are filled, and the types of work and means of livelihood represented are interesting of themselves—some lawyers, some government officials, some trade representatives, some writers.

On this particular day, Douglas Corrigan, flying "west" from New York to California, had landed in Ireland—without a permit from the department of commerce. The question: what could or should the department of commerce do about the violation of its sacred rules?

"Of course," said former-Sen. C. C. Dill of Washington, "the department must take away his license. It has to do it. If it doesn't, there will be any number of foolhardy lads try the same thing."

"Well, now," observed H. O. Washop, famed student of George Washington, "I just wonder whether that's right. Here we have a government department telling one and all of us that we must not fly across the ocean unless we get their permission. What are we coming to in this country? Presently, we will have to have a permit to walk across the Potomac river bridge. It may come to the end that we have to have a permit to buy food—as they do in Russia."

Senator Dill: "Oh, but that's not the point—There is a question of safety involved, human lives."

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Senator Dill: "True. Take the Corrigan incident, however, and think what the government would spend looking for him if his \$900 crate had fallen in the Atlantic. I've an idea that the cost of looking for Amelia Earhart mounted to several hundred thousand dollars. If the government hadn't made an effort to look for her, or for Corrigan if he had fallen, the newspapers of the country would have 'burned up' the officials responsible."

Mr. Bishop: "Where's it going to stop? Year after year, we see rattle brains get into congress and immediately promote some new regulation or create another political bureau or commission."

"And so it went on, and on. Some finished their lunches and left; others came, and the argument was continued.

A few days later, the National Press club entertained Howard Hughes and his "round-the-world flyers" at a luncheon. Mr. Hughes was praised and his aides commended. They had made all preparations for their flight in accordance with department of commerce requirements. They were successful in their effort. And what do you think—the success of the Hughes trip subsequently was used by the same two men as a means of renewing their argument.

The moral? If any, it proves why a democracy is a good form of government. If you have an opinion, express it.

Since I never have been convinced that a national crop control program was sound, it was no surprise to me to learn of what amounts to a plain rejection of the theory by the farmers, or one segment of them. The wonder to me is that these same farmers waited so long to reassert themselves as bosses of their business. It may be an incident, however, that proves the statement of one farmer who wrote to me saying, "We may be slow in learning, but when we learn we usually are right."

One of the reasons given privately for the rejection of the potato agreement was that the "educational work" in advance of the vote by eligible producers "was not of a very high order." But why, I ask, is it necessary for our government to use propaganda at any time? There might be an emergency, such as came with the World war, when propaganda can be justified. Otherwise, I feel it is not a function of government, and one of the results is bound to be a government by men and not by law. The government is not anybody's salesmen. Our Congress and the legislatures of states are elected by popular vote of the citizens. They are the fellows who create policy, not of social appointed to office.

There might be some interest in an examination of the states concerned in this proposed, and now abandoned, marketing agreement. They are: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. The AAA announcement said there were 7,300 producers voting on the adoption of the agreement. My information is that this number is a pitifully small proportion of potato growers, even the growers of "early" and "intermediate" potatoes as distinguished from fall potatoes. Yet, there was not a sufficient number of these to warrant the AAA in making the program operative. What happened to the other growers? Well, I can make only one guess, namely, they just did not have any interest in it.

Of course, it may be different with growers of other crops. It must be recalled, however, that there has been a multiplicity of evidence that the corn farmers are dissatisfied, and there have been howls from the cotton growers and from the tobacco growers, and the wheat sections are the source of other complaints. I have no way of knowing what proportion of the growers of these crops are represented in the opposition already voiced. There can be no doubt on one point, however. The independence of the farmer is bound to be shown and if he is becoming disgusted with bureaucratic direction of his affairs, it is a condition that is more likely to spread than to decline in scope.

And speaking of regulation, I heard a conversation the other day that I am going to record here as faithfully as I can recall the words.

## Case of Corrigan

It took place at my favorite table in the National Press club, a large table at which men gather for lunch. Usually, all 12 places are filled, and the types of work and means of livelihood represented are interesting of themselves—some lawyers, some government officials, some trade representatives, some writers.

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Now comes the most interesting part of the whole proceeding. The wasp searches for a little stone of just the right size and shape, and with this held firmly in her jaws she pats the earth down very carefully to obliterate all traces of her work.

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# THE RIVER of SKULLS

—by George Marsh—

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WNU SERVICE

### SYNOPSIS

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

### CHAPTER VI—Continued

Three days upstream, where the Big River roars down from the high plateau in a series of falls and chutes and the Indian trail, for a hundred miles, follows a chain of lakes, Alan brought McCord and Slade to his camp.

"We're going to see a lot of each other in the next few months," began the older officer, "why can't we shake hands on this and be friends?"

"What do you mean, friendly?" demanded Alan, studying the insinuating, close-set eyes of the other. "You're police. You can give me orders."

Day after day, the men slaved at pole, paddle and tracking line as they ascended the great river. As the August days drew to a close and the nights sharpened with frost the canoes reached the forks in the high tundra country. Northeasterly, three days hard poling up the strong water of the Mad River, was Alan's hunting country.

Fifty miles to the east, on the Talking, stood a cabin in a clearing where a man waited with a girl for the coming of a canoe. Far to the south, the great lakes Nichicun and Patemisk emptied into the Conjuror, the largest of the three branches.

The night the canoes reached the forks, the police came to Alan's camp.

"Well, Cameron, we're here," said McCord, with a sigh of satisfaction, lighting his pipe with a red ember from the supper fire. "Now it's up to you to decide whether you're going to stay stiff-necked and later pay the penalty of the law, or will decide to be sensible and talk."

"We've been all over this, sergeant," demurred Alan, with an air of indifference which belied the anxiety that harassed him. "It's not up to me. It's up to you. You say McCord is somewhere in this country. Now which river are you going to take to the height-of-land?"

For a space McCord closely studied the baffling features of the man whose gray gaze did not waver. Then his shaggy brows met and his pale eyes glittered ominously. "We're going to cover all three rivers before the ice," he snapped.

Alan glanced at Noel. There was not time to cover the wide headwaters of even one river before the ice. His heart pulsed in his throat as he asked with seeming indifference: "Well, which first?"

"Your country's on this north branch, you say?" McCord leaned toward the other as he went on, insinuatingly: "Well, young man, I figure that's just where you ran into McCord—in your own country."

Like a flash, inspiration came to Alan. Here was his chance! Slowly over his bronzed features crept a look of frustration of defeat. His eyes shifted before the fixed stare of the policeman as, expelling the breath from his lungs in a deep sigh, he horrified the listening Noel with: "What's the use! You're bound to get him before you're through—you police always do, they tell me. We met McCord last winter on the head-water lakes of the Mad River."

On the Indian's swart features there was a lightning-swift transition from a look of pained surprise to one of stolid acquiescence. Gravely he nodded agreement with Alan's startling admission, as he met Slade's sudden glance.

"Ah-hah! So that's it, is it?" With a grunt of satisfaction the delighted

McQueen thrust out his big hand and gripped Alan's. "Now you're talking like a good citizen, my boy!" he cried, slapping the hunter on the back. "Shake with the boys, Tom. I knew they'd come through!"

So with much handshaking and patting of Alan's broad back the police left to cross to their camp. When they were well out of hearing on the moonlit river, Alan turned to Noel.

"It was our best chance," he said, "to send them up the Mad River. We'll take them into the Caribou Lake country and lose them, while one of us strikes cross country to the Talking and warns John. I was afraid, Noel, they'd want to try the Talking first, so I threw up my hands to head them off."

"Ah-hah! We get dem een dose manee litle lac, w'ere de water run bot' way, den dey not get out till de ice."

For a long space Alan sat staring into the fire. "I'll give John a chance to lose himself somewhere over the height-of-land before they



"We've been all over this, Sergeant," demurred Alan.

come back here to the forks and start with their dogs to hunt for him on the first snow."

"W'at dey do wid us—dose polleece, w'en dey see we fool dem?"

"This will make us outlaws, Noel—helping a man wanted for murder. Outlaws!"

The Montagnais "Moon of the Falling Leaves" was riding the sky above the tundra-sentinelled valley of the Talking River. The days of the long twilights were over and, earlier and earlier, the swarming stars stippled the violet sky. One September morning, a girl stood on the shore of the river beside a path leading back through the timber to a clearing. She wore heavy whipcord breeches, laced below the knee, high woolen socks and moccasins. At her belt of platted caribou hide hung a small skinning knife in a sheath ornamented with colored beads. In her strong, round arms, from which the sleeves of her gray, woolen shirt were rolled high above the elbow, was a bundle of washing.

The girl put the clothes to soak in a small pool dug in the sand beach, then dropped to her knees and with a finger idly made tracings in the sand. After a while the swish of whipping wings caused her to lift her eyes. Within a few yards of the shore three sheldrakes skittered downstream. A Canada Jay croaked from an aspen whose yellow leaves shivered in the breeze. She looked at her tracings and smiled as she read the name, Alan Cameron. Again there was a whipling of wings and five sheldrake passed.

"I wonder what's startled the ducks?" she said aloud, glancing up river.

Far above her Heather made out a dark object moving along the opposite shore—downstream, appearing, only to disappear again among the willows and alders.

"A bear!" she cried. Then her mouth opened slowly in surprise as she stared at the opposite shore. "Why—there it is!" she gasped. "But it's not a bear! It's—it's a dog! It can't be! Yes, it is, it's—who-hoo! Roughly! Roughly!" she cried, delirious with excitement as she danced on the beach.

Like a statue, on the opposite shore stood a black husky with white face markings, chest and socks, intently watching her.

"Roughly! Roughly!" she called, frantically waving her arms at the motionless animal, while tears blurred her eyes. "Oh, they're back! Alan's back!" she repeated ecstatically, between sobs. "He didn't forget us! Alan's—back!"

The watching dog went quick with life. With a wild yelping he plunged into the swift river, his powerful legs driving him like piston rods. Keeping abreast of him as the current carried him downstream, the

girl followed the shore, calling to him as he swam.

"Roughly, dear old Roughly! Where's Alan, boy?"

His feet touched bottom and, with a lunge, he was out. With a shake the great dog sent the water flying, then froze as if carved from stone, ears forward, nostrils working, as he studied her through oblique eyes.

"Roughly, don't you know Heather?"

He reached her with a bound, sniffed at her outstretched hands, then rearing, as he whined his recognition, beat her shoulders with his great paws while his red tongue sought her face.

Circling the wet neck of the wriggling dog with her arms, Heather kissed the white star on the massive skull, then with the yelping husky leaping beside her, she returned to the landing beach. There, leaving her, he quickly disappeared up the path to the cabin and as quickly returned.

"Where did you leave Alan, Roughly? Where's Alan?" she demanded, seizing the dog by his jaws and looking into his brown eyes.

The husky sprang away from her and stood with nostrils working, gazing at the opposite shore; then, yelping, he plunged into the river.

"Who-hoo-o! Heather!" drifted across the water. There, on the stony beach stood a man, a tump-line across his forehead supporting the pack on his back. Beside him romped three huge dogs.

Heather waved in return, her knees shaking with excitement and the joy of seeing him. "Who-hoo-o-o, Alan!"

Running to a canoe lying bottom up on the beach, she turned it and, lifting it by the gunwale, alid it into the stream and paddled hard in the wake of the swimming Rough.

"You—you kept your word! You didn't forget us?" she choked, winking back the tears as the boat grounded.

Alan dropped his pack and seized both the girl's hands as he swung her from the canoe. "Heather McCord," he laughed, his appraising eyes, sweeping her strong, graceful figure from golden crown to moccasins. "What a big girl you've grown since I saw you!"

"Oh, dad'll be so glad, Alan! He was beginning to think—"

Cameron's bronzed features sobered as he thought of the police he had left over on the Mad headwaters. "But you, Heather, you knew I'd keep my word?"

She nodded. "Yes, I knew. What a shock Rough gave me, Alan! I thought he was a bear when I first saw him upstream."

"He knew you!"

"Knew me? He swam over when I called and almost smothered me, the old bear."

"That's more than I did, Heather," he laughed.

Heather's eyes fell before his. "Oh, you got your dogs and what beauties!" she cried as the three Ungavas thrashed in the water of the shore, yelping at the swimming Rough.

"Two slate-grays and a brown one! Dad'll be so glad! Why he's talked about nothing but your coming back."

"Here you, Shot, Powder!" he called. "Come here! Don't try to touch them now, Heather. You're shy of strangers, aren't you, Rogue, you old sinner!"

The dogs came in from the water and gathered around Alan.

"They're wonderful looking dogs, Alan," he agreed, with a swift glance at the Ungavas, but her eyes could not long leave the tall figure of the man; they lingered on the dark, crisp hair, the bold features and the laughing deep-set eyes.

"Better not try to get acquainted too quickly, eh, Shot?" He seized

an ear of the slate-gray who stopped in his romping to nuzzle Alan's head. "Where's John?"

"Chopping wood, he'll be back for lunch."

"Lunch? Say, Heather, I'm starved," said the traveler. "I ate a bite at daylight and have been crossing these hills all the morning."

"You poor man! Come over and I'll feed you!"

Later as the savory odors of corn bread, caribou and tea filled the cabin, the fierce yelping of the Ungavas brought Alan on a run to the clearing.

"Call off your dogs! By the Lord Harry, Alan Cameron, you're a partner after my own heart! Look at those pups! Welcome back, my lad!" The great voice of John McCord boomed at Alan as he quieted the younger dogs.

"Alan, you're good for sore eyes, lad! I've been worried about you!" Holding the smiling Cameron at arms' length, the giant tested the other's arms and shoulders. "Fit to fight for a king's ransom, boy! Tough as a tamarack! My, but I'm glad to see you back."

"There's your dogs," grinned Alan, "straight from the Nastapokas. Like 'em?"

"Like 'em?" cried the delighted McCord. "They're beauties! How old?"

"About fourteen months. They'll be full grown, almost, by spring."

"Coat and bone and size, they've got everything, Alan! Now you and I own the world!"

Alan searched the blue eyes of the older man. Could it be true that John McCord was a murderer—a man who would kill his wife? He could not believe it.

"You've forgotten one thing, John," he finally said.

"One thing—what'd you mean?" "The police!"

McCord's brows knotted beneath the gauched forehead. "Police? What have the police to do with us?"

The big man looked hard at the other. "What's on your mind, boy? You haven't been followed from Fort George? They don't know I'm here?"

Alan nodded. "That's just it. The police know!"

McCord thrust his puzzled face close to Alan's. "The police? You mean police at Fort George?"

"Yes."

"What in thunder are they doing there?"

"Looking for—you."

"For me?" The blond giant threw back his head and roared as Alan watched with sober face. "You serious? What—what's all this mystery? I don't understand."

"John," said Alan, "when I was at the Revillon Freres I dropped a bill you gave me from my tobacco bag. I've—I've been a poor partner to put your trust in."

"Well, suppose you did, you didn't tell anyone where you got it?"

"No, but the police saw it."

The big man scratched his head, then turned an incomprehending look on the other. "You say there are police at Fort George looking for me? What am I wanted for?"

"Murder."

Alan watched the other's eyes as a lynx watches a wood mouse. But a look of blank amazement was their sole expression. "Who've I murdered?"

"That's why I wanted to keep it from Heather. They say at Fort George that you killed your wife."

McCord's face suddenly flushed under the bronze. Then his eyes hardened to ice-blue as he sucked in a deep breath. "Murdered—my wife!" He took a step and turned, running his fingers through his thick hair. "She's dead—then—murdered?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Hindu Women Practice the Make-Up Art; Secrets Passed From Mother to Daughter

The women of India practice an art of make-up whose secrets have been handed down from mother to daughters for numberless generations, writes a correspondent in the New York Times.

Of dark brown complexion and plump, the Hindu woman subjects her body to a carefully prescribed course of anointments and massages. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the stars are most propitious, her handmaidens pound, squeeze and rub her from head to foot with coconut, sesame or mustard oil. The piments are washed off with the bark of the soapnut tree, which grows wild in the forests of India. The bark is shredded into thin flakes and serves both as soap and sponge.

The hair, too, is treated with oils—coconut oil imparting luster to the locks, sesame bringing curls, and mustard deepening the black color. The Hindu woman loves jet-black hair, platinum, auburn or blond, she knows, would not suit her swarthy skin. The modern type shortens her hair as her sister of the Western world does; the ortho-

dox prefers her locks long and gathered in a knot, according to caste, above or behind her head or plaited into a tail. Whatever the coiffeur's shape, it is entwined with gay petals of rose, jasmine or screw-pine.

Miss America manicures her nails; Miss India uses henna after an ancient fashion. Once applied on fingers and toes, the dye leaves a reddish covering which lasts for two months, or until the nails have grown out. Instead of plucking eyebrows and lashes, the Hindu woman uses "soorma"—a black liquid polish prepared from the soot of a wick dipped in coconut oil. This gives a deep-set effect to the eyes—for Hindu eyes must be fathomless, like the sea.

Nearly Half of World Sales American business spends more money for advertising than is spent for the same purpose in all the remainder of the world. The result is that, while American people represent only one-seventh of the world's population, their purchases represent 47 per cent of the world sales.

### 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 August 7

### RUTH: ADVENTUROUS FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Ruth 1:6-18. GOLDEN TEXT—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Girl Named Ruth. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Story of Ruth. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Ruth's Wise Choice. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—An Adventurous Faith.

Out of the dark fastnesses of an underground dungeon into the brightness and warmth of God's sunshine—such is the transition we make when we turn from the moral and spiritual failures of Samson to consider the lovely story of Ruth. She lived in the midst of the travails and the sorrows of life, in fact we find her at the beginning of the book which bears her name, a widow who has lost all that the world would hold dear. Yet she, because of her purity of life and devotion to God rises higher and higher, while the one of whom we spoke last week, starting with every advantage, slipped lower and lower because of his sin.

Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David, and thus this gentle woman became one of the ancestors of Jesus. (See Ruth 4:22 with Luke 3:22.) Many folk are greatly concerned about their ancestry—one could wish that more were concerned about living such lives and developing such characters as will make them good ancestors.

Teachers and classes will do well to read and study the entire book of Ruth—only about three pages long in most Bibles—and give attention to the full story of her life, especially the picture of the kinsman-redeemer, to be later fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ. We must confine our comments largely to the printed portion which reveals Ruth first as a loyal and thoughtful daughter-in-law, then as one whose love was not to be denied by sorrow or circumstance, and finally as one so bound to her mother-in-law in unity of spirit that she became one with her and her people.

### I. Commendable Exalty (vv. 6-10).

Tragic misfortune had visited Naomi, who with her husband and two sons had gone from Bethlehem to Moab in a time of famine. Not only had her husband died but also her two sons, who had married gentle women, leaving three widows in one family to mourn together. Naomi craved the fellowship of her own people in her hour of trial and arose to return to her own land.

Her departure brought out in the two daughters-in-law the expression of kindness and loyalty which should exist in every family, but which is all too often lacking. Her own testimony concerning these girls of Moab is that they had dealt "kindly" with her and with the dead. That little speaks volumes. There is so little genuine kindness in the world. Both Orpah and Ruth went with her on the way—protesting their loyal purpose to go with her all the way. Thus far the two sisters were not differentiated—but the next incident reveals Ruth as the one who had an

### II. Undeniable Love (vv. 11-14).

No one could for a moment condemn Orpah for yielding to her mother-in-law's entreaty that she return to her own people. She affectionately kisses Naomi and in tears turns away. "But Ruth cleaves unto her."

Such love cannot be denied. It is the most precious possession that a man can have, apart from his fellowship with God. The love of a devoted father or mother, of a noble helpmate, or of a little laddie or lassie, these are the things that really make life worth while, that stand out as an oasis in the desert of life, as a light in the darkness.

But Ruth takes one more step. Her kindness and loyalty, her unswerving love lead on to a confession of her faith in the true God, and the declaration of an

### III. Inseparable Unity (vv. 15-18).

Literature knows no more beautiful gem than verses 15 and 17. It was the Great Commoner, Bryan, who said, "We cannot hope to contribute to literature a sentence so exquisite and thrilling as that into which Ruth poured the full measure of a noble heart, but we can imitate her devotion."

The story is told of a fine young Englishman who left his betrothed sweetheart in go to California during the great gold rush. He was going to make a fortune and then send for her. He sent her his first gold nugget. But alas, there were none to follow and soon he became not only poverty stricken, but ill. In noble sacrifice he decided to release her from her promise, and wrote to tell her so. She (and one could almost believe her name was Ruth) took the treasured nugget, had it made into a ring engraved as a gift from her to him, with the additional words "Ruth 1:16, 17." In due time it reached the young man with its tender and inspiring message—"Treat me not to leave thee," and the assurance of her devotion until death.

May this dizzy and bemuddled world have many more characters like Ruth.

### CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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### All Is Fair Even If It Is a Dog's Life

He was a pork butcher, and he and his sausages had done very well indeed in the town—until a rival came along and, by undercutting and pushful publicity, started to take all the trade.

Butcher No. 1 was sitting in his shop musing on what the inside of a poorhouse would look like, when a bright idea suddenly struck him.

Changing his clothes as quickly as he could, he hurried to his competitor's shop and, elbowing his way through the crowd of customers, planted a dead dog on the counter.

"Ere y'are, Jack," he exclaimed in a loud voice. "That makes the dozen."

### Send for This Free Bulletin on

### KEEPING COOL with food

YOUR family will be far more comfortable during the next few weeks if you send for "Keeping Cool with Food," offered free by C. Houston Goudias. It lists "cooling" and "heating" foods, outlines the principles of planning a healthful summer diet, and is complete with menu suggestions. Just put your name and address on a post card, ask for "Keeping Cool with Food," and send it to C. Houston Goudias, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

### How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her young (usually from 35 to 50), who writes that if her husband is unkind, she loses her appetite, loses weight, gets nervous and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more strength to enjoy life and resist ailments. (Literary notices and distributing agencies that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!)

### Time for Courtesy

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

### Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE

JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

### Available Capital

Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business.—P. T. Barnum.

### Enjoys BEAUTIFUL Natural Looking FALSE TEETH

SEND NO MONEY! WE MAKE BY MAIL—THE WORLD'S NO. 1 FIVE-DAY TEETH—From Impressions taken in your home. TRIAL BASIS GUARANTEED! YOU'LL BE ENTIRELY SATISFIED. Monthly payments possible. Write for forms, prices and catalogues. WHITE TEETH TODAY! J. F. Johnson, Pres. of UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY, Dept. 1844, 1844 North Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### Your Town Your Stores

Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet competition in both quality and price.

## THE OUTLOOK

Published Weekly in the interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N.M.  
A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher  
Largest Circulation in The County

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

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

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

### MEMBER

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.**

### Wider Hat Brims

For Sunny days call for wide shaded brims. We have them in a most becoming variety of Styles and Colors.

BURKE ART & GIFT SHOP

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

### Capitan Legion Auxiliary

Met July 20, at the home of Mrs. Perry Sears. After a dainty luncheon was served, the following officers were installed for the coming year: Marguerite Merchant, Pres.; Grace Burleson, Vice-Pres.; Carol Williams, Sec.; Bessie Cummins, Treas.; Ethel Howard, Historian & Publicity Chairman.

A new member, Edna Purcell of Lincoln, was enrolled. Mrs. Enoch Price of Quitaque, Texas, formerly of Capitan, was a special guest.

The next meeting will be held at the grade gym in Capitan. On Aug. 17, the meeting will be held at El Pejarito Ranch, with Meses. Cavanaugh and Sellers as hostesses. — Pub. Chairman.

### Productive Versus Political Jobs

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

As every American knows, probably the biggest employment boom during recent years has been in the field of political jobs.

The trend, as recent figures demonstrate, continues. The city of Washington, where such jobs flourish, boasts, for example, a population increase which has crowded it far beyond the limits of both office and residential capacity. A similar expansion is evident on many state and municipal payrolls as well.

But while political payrolls continue to grow, real employment throughout the nation lags. Millions of jobless, skilled and eager, still search in vain for opportunities to work and earn and progress, which only a true recovery can bring. And despite the promise of politics, this tragic list grows longer.

For, again as every American knows, only production can create real or new employment. That is because a productive job makes other jobs in turn, as the workers' buying power expands and both raw and finished materials—employing still more workers—are required to meet new demands.

Most political jobs, in contrast, create no new commodities, engender no new demands, encourage no new expansion. Many of them limit these things instead, by penalizing production with heavy taxes to meet their swollen payrolls, or by hampering productive enterprise through bureaucratic restrictions.

When a real prosperity returns it will undoubtedly be achieved by reversing this employment picture. It will be hastened as the rate of political jobs drops and the number of productive jobs increases.

And the way to accomplish this is to encourage productive enterprise — in field and factory, in forest and mine — instead of making it the plaything of politics, and the support of political

## LODGES

**CARRIZO 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, Secy.

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

REGULAR MEETING  
First Thursday of each  
month.

All Visiting Stars Cordially In-  
vited.  
Elizabeth Sproles, W. M.  
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**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

**CARRIZO LODGE No. 80, I. O. O. F.**

Carrizozo, New Mexico.  
Colonel Jones,  
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W. J. Langston  
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Regular meetings every Tues-  
day night.

**FOR SALE—Washing Machine,**  
good as new (gasoline motor)  
\$85.00.—J. W. Harkey & Son.

## Burnett's Grocery & Market

Phone 11

### Don't Stand over a Hot Stove

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



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All Night

Short Orders—Special  
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Mmes. C. O. Davis & Evelyn Dixon, Props.

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### Satisfaction Guaranteed

Work Called For And Delivered

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Carrizozo, N. M.

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—Scatter Sunshine with

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We have them in all styles and prices

The Burke Art & Gift Shop

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- 1—Two houses and three tracts of land joining C'zozo.
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- 4—Seven tracts of land in Lincoln County.
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- 7—One well-equipped Ranch.
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We have inquiry for Three Small Ranches.

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It records for you the world's clean, constructive doing. The Monitor  
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## THE BEST TRIPS BEGIN LIKE THIS...

THE THOUGHT OF DRIVING  
ALL THAT DISTANCE TIRES  
ME OUT. REMEMBER HOW  
HOT IT WAS LAST TIME?

YES, WOULDN'T IT BE  
GRAND TO GO IN AN  
AIR-COOLED TRAIN?



THAT'S A GREAT IDEA. LETS CALL SP  
AND SEE HOW MUCH IT COSTS.

(LATER—ON THE TRAIN)

THIS IS THE LIFE! IT MUST BE NINETY IN THE SHADE OUTSIDE—AND WE'RE AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER. DRIVING!

YES—AND IT'S ACTUALLY CHEAPER THAN DRIVING!



THIS SUMMER  
TRY THE TRAIN



Here are examples of low round trip fares in effect every day on SP.

To	In AIR-COOLED chair cars and coaches	In AIR-COOLED tourist sleeping cars (berth extra)	In AIR-COOLED Pullmans (berth extra)
CHICAGO and back	\$47.85	53.85	56.65
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All regular cars on all SP trains to California and the East are AIR-COOLED.

## Southern Pacific

R. C. Hemphill, Agent

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## BANKING LOOKS AHEAD

### Geared To Advance

As a nation we are blessed with unlimited materials that make for prosperity. Coal, iron, farm produce, forests, harbors, railroads, power... If we lacked these things, then we might have reason for uncertainty. The portion of the benefits which you will derive from these resources depends upon the functioning of our economic machine. When we go forward together, with the same confidence which built America in the past, these countless good things of life will flow freely for the prosperity of all.

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

Member-Federal-Deposit-Insurance-Corporation.

## THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Check Below And See If You Have Any Of The Signs

Quivering nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and fun. Don't let yourself "go" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic—one made especially for women. And could you ask for anything whose benefits have been better proved than world-famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature calm your shrieking nerves, tone up your system and help you recover from female functional disorders. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of this time-proven Pinkham's Compound TODAY.



Without fail from your druggist. Over a million women have written in letters reporting wonderful benefits. For the past 60 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped grateful women go "feeling first" trying orders. Why not let it help YOU?

## SAVE "TIME AND MONEY"

—RIDE—

### Roswell-Carrizozo Stages

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TO: Roswell—Hondo—Ft. Stanton—Capitan—Carrizozo  
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WEST BOUND Bus Leaves Daily at 5:10 P. M.

Serving From the Pecos to the Rio Grande

TO: Socorro—San Antonio—Carrizozo—Capitan—Fort Stanton—Hondo—Roswell

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Express Hauled on Passenger Schedules

Effective July 1, 1938

**Park Avenue**  
**Machineless**  
**Permanent Waves**  
**\$7.50 and \$5.00**

**Thelma's Beauty Shoppe**

Thelma Peters

## Help Kidneys Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys contain 3 million tiny filters or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional disorders of the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cramps Under Eyes, Headaches, Backaches, Swollen Joints, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such troubles with the doctor's prescription, **San-Crestin**. **San-Crestin** starts working in 2 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week, and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Write please your druggist for **San-Crestin** (50c-1.00) today. The guarantee protects you. Copy 1937 The Knox Co.

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

## ZOZO BOOT SHOP



Repairing of all kinds  
 Cowboy Boots made to order  
 All work Guaranteed!  
**G. H. DORSETT**

L. H. GLENN  
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Captive Peasant Caps  
 Silk Scarfs—ideal for Neck or Head-wear with Suits, Frocks or Slacks—Burke Art & Gift Shop.

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 USED RADIOS  
 Used EASY WASHER (Gasoline)  
 Easy Terms  
**ARTHUR CORTEZ**  
 Fort Stanton, N. M.

## Beware Kidney Germs if Tired, Nervous, Aching

Are you Run Down, Nervous, suffer Aching or swollen joints? Do you Get Up Nights, suffer from Headaches, Leg Pains, Backaches, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite and Energy? If so, the cause may be kidney germs developed in the body during colds, or bad teeth or tonsils that need removing. These germs may attack the delicate membranes of your kidneys or bladder and often can't be much because they don't admit to the trouble. Ordinary medicines can't help much. Ordinary medicines don't touch the cause. The doctor's formula, **San-Crestin**, is the only medicine that attacks the cause. It is a powerful medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Write please your druggist for **San-Crestin** (50c-1.00) today. The guarantee protects you. Copy 1937 The Knox Co.

### Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

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

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

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

The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the administratrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, N. M. Witness the honorable Marcial C. St. John, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 8th day of July, 1938.

(Seal) Edward Penfield,  
 J1E-AE Clerk.

## Asthma Cause Fought in 3 Minutes

By dissolving and removing mucus or phlegm that causes stranding, choking, asthma attacks, the doctor's prescription, **Mendocin** removes the cause of your agony. No spacers, no dopes, no injections. Absolutely tasteless. Starts work in 3 minutes. Sleep soundly tonight. Soon feel well, years younger, stronger, and eat anything. Guaranteed completely satisfactory. Ask him to order **Mendocin** for you. Don't suffer another day. The guarantee protects you.

### "Loto's" for the Gums

Do your gums itch, burn or swell? You discomfort druggists will return your money if the first bottle of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy.  
**ROLLAND'S DRUG STORE**

Santa Rita Church  
 Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.  
 Sunday Mass Carrizozo at 8  
 Ruidoso at 11

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

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

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

### BASEBALL SCHEDULE

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

## NEW Summer Goods

ARRIVING DAILY

Burke Art & Gift Shop

### PROFESSIONS

**JOHN E. HALL**  
 Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
 Lutz Building  
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**T. K. KELLEY**  
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 Residence Phone 33  
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**DR. R. E. BLANEY**, Dentist  
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1933 Pontiac Coupe  
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With Every 25 Used Cars Sold You Get a Chance to Win

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One Chance to Each Car.

## Carrizozo Auto Company

This Week's Thought

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Patronize Our Advertisers

Gateway Hotel  
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 COFFEE SHOP  
 All Rooms With Bath  
 OPPOSITE CITY HALL  
 \$1.50  
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### For Sale

One Used Hand-Operated Book-keeping Machine in Good Order.—The Titworth Co., Inc., Capitan, N. M.

## Carrizozo Cleaners

Cleaning - Pressing - Alterations

All Work Guaranteed!

Suits Made to Order by M. Borne

--L. A. JOLLY.

Be Wise--Trade at Home!

### Mining Location Blanks

Lode or Placer

Carrizozo Outlook Office

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Mad Week-End"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

#### HELLO EVERYBODY:

Talk about being in a tough spot. Here's just about the toughest one I ever heard of. Suzanne Mathias of New York City contributes this tale to the column and becomes a Distinguished Adventurer on the strength of it.

As far as Suzanne is concerned, the only redeeming feature of this experience is that a number of other people shared it with her. It was down in Miami in December, 1929. A crowd of Suzanne's friends had clubbed together and chartered a boat for a week-end fishing trip. It was an old boat of the cabin cruiser type with plenty of bunks in it, and the party sailed at midnight on the captain's assurance that, by morning, he'd have them at a spot where there'd be plenty of good fishing.

When they awoke next morning they were out of sight of land. The only thing that showed on the horizon was a small island that looked as if it might be one of the Florida Keys. Suzanne asked the captain where they were, and he told her they were about 90 miles from Miami, but he didn't say in what direction.

#### Their Captain Was Crazy.

And shortly after that, things began to happen. "The first inkling we had that anything was wrong," Suzanne says, "came from my mother who was chaperoning the trip. She came up and asked us what we knew about the captain. She had been talking to him, she said, when suddenly he began raving—saying that his son was 'The High Priest of the Temple,' and that his father was the right hand man to the king of Sweden. A couple of us decided to investigate, and started a casual conversation with the captain. After talking with him a few minutes we were left in no doubt. He was CRAZY AS A LOON!"

That didn't look so good. Ninety miles out at sea—out of sight of land—and totally at the mercy of a crazy boat captain. The whole crowd agreed that the best thing to do was to put back in to Miami. But the captain didn't agree with them. He flatly refused to move the boat, and said a few things more, too. He told them that not one of them knew



The captain appeared, with a gun in his hand.

a thing about navigation and couldn't run the boat by themselves—that they didn't even know where they were—and what was more, he was in absolute authority while at sea and not even the President could tell him what to do with his ship.

They tried to cajole him, but that didn't work. The men started to threaten him, but he walked away, and five minutes later appeared in the companionway with a gun in his hand. After that, nobody cared to argue with the skipper.

#### Planned to Kill All of Them.

The day wore on slowly. No one fished, for every one was too scared to fish. The captain's raving didn't make them feel any better, either. He had suddenly got the idea in his head that the whole crowd was just a bunch of sinners and that he'd be taken straight to heaven if he killed them all then and there.

The night was even worse. None of the crowd could sleep. They huddled together in one of the cabins while the captain prowled about the boat. Early in the evening they found he had let out the fresh water supply—that they had nothing to drink. There was a little ice in the refrigerator and they melted that. What they were going to do when it was gone, they didn't know.

Still the mad captain prowled restlessly about the boat. Late that night one of the men saw him slinking along the deck, a flashlight in one hand and a heavy wrench in the other. He followed him below. The skipper crept into a dark cabin, walked noiselessly to one of the bunks, raising the wrench high in the air and brought it down with crushing force on the pillow. Then he turned on the light, looked at the bed, and grunted his disappointment when he saw there was no one in it.

The man who had followed him went back to the main cabin and told what he had seen. By that time, half of the company were ill. One girl was having hysterics, another had developed a nervous hiccup, and Suzanne, who had acquired a bad case of sunburn during the day, was down with chills and fever. Toward dawn, the hysterical girl quieted down, and they sat in silence to await the rising of the sun.

#### Lord Told Him to Go Back to Miami.

Daylight made them feel a little better—but what would the day bring? About eight o'clock the engine started chugging. What did that mean? Were they going back to Miami? Or was the mad captain taking them still farther out to sea? One of the men ran up to the bridge to find out. He came back with good news. "The Lord told me not to bother with you," the captain had said. "He'll take care of you himself. We're going back to Miami."

They reached port early that evening, and reported what had happened, to officials at the dock. The officials weren't especially surprised, for another boatman had already noticed the skipper acting queerly and had told them about it. If the boat hadn't come in that night, they said, they were going to send a coast guard cutter out to look for it.

Outside a little hysterical reaction, Suzanne says, everyone in the crowd was all right. Suzanne hasn't been out in a boat since, she claims, although she might be induced to ride on a ferry boat sometime, if she could have the captain examined by an alienist before she started.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

**Extending an Olive Branch**  
"I once taught school," said Uncle Eben, "jes long enough to realize dat when you are extendin' an olive branch you want to select one dat kin be used de same as a birch rod."

**King Spoke No English**  
George I spoke no English. Because of this and the fact that he took little interest in his kingdom, the government was virtually in the hands of his ministers, notably Sir Robert Walpole.

**A City for 3,000 Years**  
Rome, Italy, has been a city for 3,000 years. The city that stands on the "seven hills" is the acme of a dozen other Romes that reached their zenith of glory and then faded, leaving beautiful monuments to emphasize their departed splendor.

**Founds in Tons**  
The English ton is 2,240 pounds avoirdupois, the United States (short) ton is 2,000 pounds and the French ton is 1,000 kilograms (2,204.6 pounds).

**Insurrection on N. Y. Postoffice**  
"Not snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." is one of the inscriptions on the main postoffice in New York city. It is adapted from Herodotus.

**Favorite Fruit in Jamaica**  
The favorite fruit in Jamaica, British West Indies, is called an "ugli." It is a cross between a grapefruit and a tangerine, combining the virtues of each.

**Hyxax Related to Elephant**  
The hyxax is related to the elephant and the hippopotamus in structure but not in size. In appearance it resembles a guinea pig. The fur is brown. Its feet resemble those of an elephant and it has minute tusks.

**The Isle of Orchids**  
Jamaica is frequently called "the Isle of Orchids," because of the gorgeous blooms of this flower that may be seen growing wild throughout the colony.

## Snoring—Cause and Cure

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

WHEN we think of disturbing noises it is the automobile horn, the locomotive whistle, the siren of the ambulance or the fire truck that we have in mind. Noise is so harmful to the body and brain that all over the world—London, New York, Paris, Berlin, and in smaller cities—laws are now in force to lessen all noises.

Noise keeps the nerves tense, the nerves keep the muscles tense, so that in a noisy factory or office, fatigue or tiredness comes on sooner because tenseness of the muscles tires just as if one were working. Naturally also if one is kept alert by noise there is not much chance for rest or sleep.

However, all noise is not outdoors and one of the most disturbing noises—to others—is snoring. Snoring has been measured by the audiometer in sound units, the decibel, which is the smallest sound that can be heard by the normal ear. This machine shows that the sound of the snore is 40 decibels which is equal to the sound of a noisy office or automobile.

In Hygeia, Margaret McEachern stated that, according to careful estimates, one out of every eight persons snores more or less regularly, and no doubt every person snores occasionally.

#### How It May Be Cured.

What is the cause of snoring and what can be done about it?

There are many causes of snoring but most cases are due to some obstruction to the breathing—enlarged turbinate bones, bending to one side of the septum (the bone and cartilage partition between the nostrils), adenoids in children. Many cases are due simply to lying on the back and letting the mouth drop open.

The "noise" from snoring is due to vibrations while breathing in and out of the soft palate and the uvula (the little portion of flesh hanging between the tonsils or the place where the tonsils have been).

Lying on the left side when the left side of the nose is "blocked" and the right side when the right side of the nose is blocked, prevents snoring because it allows the wing or side of the nose to drop down, leaving more air space because nostril becomes more widely open.

However, as Margaret McEachern points out, the best plan to cure the "snorer" is to have him visit the family physician or the nose and throat specialist and have obstruction corrected.

#### Water and Reducing.

It is often pointed out to overweighted that as fat tissue holds so much water, if they would cut down on their water or liquid intake for three or four weeks, or until the body, by means of the water in all foods, has taken a definite amount of water from the foods, they would lose weight more rapidly. This is a point known to boxers, wrestlers, jockeys, and others whose weight must be kept within certain limits but seems to be unknown to a great many overweighted.

Overweighteds state that they always thought water was "good" for them because it washed out wastes, cleared out the kidneys, and added no weight. Water is "good" for everybody; every body needs it in order to work properly. But the body needs only so much water or liquids daily, and in fat individuals much of what is not used is stored away in the fat, just as the fat itself is stored away in overweighteds because it is not used or needed.

What most overweighteds forget is that all the water taken into the system must be considered or accounted for; this means not only the water taken in as a drink—water, tea, coffee, milk, soft and hard drinks—but also the water in food. For instance, semi-solid foods contain a great amount of water and even the driest most solid food contains some water. Nuts, dry cereals and crackers may contain as much as 5 to 10 per cent of water; fruits and vegetables contain a great amount of water, some as high as 85 to 95 per cent.

#### Burning of Jewels

The chief of the pyrometry section of the bureau of standards, says that diamonds heated in a stream of oxygen become incandescent (rapid oxidation or burning, but no flame) at 800 degrees C. (1470 F.). Emerald is a gem variety of beryl, which melts at 1410 degrees C. (2570 F.). Sapphire, Oriental ruby and Oriental emerald are gem varieties of corundum. Corundum melts at 2000 degrees C. or 3700 degrees F. Although the usual variety of ruby is the Oriental ruby, the ruby is sometimes of the spinal variety, such as almandine, balas and spinal rubies, which forms are not definite minerals.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

## C. Houston Goudiss Interprets the Modern Conception of Meat

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains Why It Rates As a Top-Notch Food.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 39th Street, New York City

AMERICANS spend from one-fourth to one-third of their total food budget for meat. In order to discover whether this expenditure is justified, let us examine the nutritive value of meat, and consider its contribution to the diet.

Almost everybody likes the flavor of meat, from the man who considers that no meal is complete without it, to the child who instinctively eats the meat on his plate before he touches the other foods. The desire for meat is one of the strongest human appetites.

For centuries, man accepted this craving for meat as an indication that it was essential to his well being. But with the advance in civilization, there was an increase in many diseases—and for a period of years, meat was blamed as being a contributing cause to kidney trouble, rheumatism, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and gout.

In recent years, there has been a careful investigation of the possible association between meat and disease. In the light of our newer knowledge, the old notions have been discarded. And in many cases, meat now has a place in the treatment of the diseases that it was once believed to cause!

#### Composition of Meat

Meat is a protein food of the highest type. It is useful both for repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily and for building the new tissues that are necessary for growth in childhood. The proportion of protein varies with the kind of meat, and the cut. In beef, lamb and veal, it comprises between 14 and 20 per cent of the edible portion.

The other constituents of meat are fats, water, minerals, extractives, enzymes and pigments. The amount of fat present is an important factor in determining the fuel value of meat. And the more fat it contains, the less protein will be found in a given unit of weight. The different cuts of pork contain less protein than corresponding cuts of beef and lamb, with the exception of lean ham, lean pork chops and tenderloin.

#### Meat as a Blood Builder

Both glandular and muscle meats are rich in the blood-building mineral, iron, and meat also contains copper. The glandular organs, particularly liver, have great value in the prevention and treatment of anemia. Pernicious anemia baffled physicians for many years until, in 1925, two noted American scientists discovered that liver contains a principle which stimulates red blood cell formation. This discovery has been ranked with the discovery of insulin as one of the greatest in our times.

Meat also contains a high percentage of phosphorus. It is poor in calcium, however, and this necessary substance must be obtained in adequate amounts from milk, cheese and green leafy vegetables.

#### The Vitamins of Meat

Lean muscle meats cannot be considered as an important source of any vitamin except G. This vitamin is necessary for the prevention of pellagra, and also helps to prolong the vigorous middle years and to ward off old age.

Beef, pork and lamb muscle contain approximately the same amounts of vitamin G, but liver has been found to contain approximately 10 times as much as muscle tissue.

Some vitamin A is found in fat meats, but liver is also much richer in this vitamin than muscle tissue. Vitamin B is present in lean meat, especially lean pork, which has a considerably higher content than lamb, mutton or beef.

#### Value of Meat Extractives

Meat contains small amounts of extractives. It is partly because

This Free Chart Makes It Easy to

## BALANCE YOUR DIET

YOU will find it a simple matter to safeguard the health of your family by serving a balanced diet if you send for the Homemaker's Chart for checking Nutritional Balance. It lists the foods and the standard amounts that should be included in the daily diet. Contains skeleton menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner or supper to guide you in selecting the proper foods in each classification. A Post card will bring you this valuable aid to good menu planning. Just ask for the Nutrition Chart. Address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

tables and fruits should be eaten at the same time.

There has been considerable discussion regarding the place of meat in the child's diet.

There are the same good reasons for using meat in the diet of the child as in the diet of the grown-up. Moreover, the child's protein requirement is greater than that of the adult, in proportion to his body weight.

At the beginning of the second year, many authorities advise that small servings of tender and finely minced beef, chicken, lamb or liver may be given about three times a week. As the child becomes older, he may have meat more often and as his ability to chew increases, he may be given larger pieces.

#### Some Fallacies Regarding Meat

Many people believe that veal is less completely digested than other meats. But it has been demonstrated that even very young veal digests as rapidly and as completely as beef. It has also been held that red meats are less digestible and, therefore, less desirable than white meats. There is no evidence to support this point of view.

Someone with a gift for concise expression once remarked: "No meat—no man!" His point was well taken. For considering its delicious flavor, essential food value, and ease of preparation, it is easy to agree that THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.

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## Cool, Slim-Waisted Frocks



short pleated sleeves for coolness and comfort. It's very easy and unhampering in line, so that you can work in it comfortably. Darts on the shoulders and at the waistline give it an unusually trim, slimming fit. A touch of prettiness is added by rickrack braid and the pointed closing. This is a diagram design that you can make in a few hours, and you'll want several dresses made just like this—in dimity, calico, percale and seersucker.

#### The Patterns.

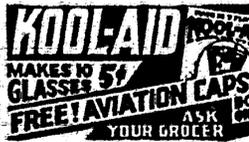
1558 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; 9 yards of ribbon or braid to trim.

1533 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. 1 1/2 yards of rickrack braid to trim.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

#### Hoard Old Friends

The years have taught some sweet and bitter lessons—none wiser than this: to spend in all things else but of old friends to be most miserly.—Lowell.



Beauty Is Mental  
True beauty is in the mind; and the expression of the features depends more upon the moral nature than most persons are accustomed to think.—Frederic Saunders.

## "TRUUM'S Proved Itself—So It's Pepsodent Powder for Me!"

Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!

There's no denying it... Experience is the best teacher. So we say, "TRY PEPSODENT POWDER" for some real experience... how Pepsodent can make YOUR smile brighter, more attractive! Remember, ONLY Pepsodent contains Irium! That's important! For this remarkable new cleaning agent—Irium—helps Pepsodent to remove those dull, staining surface films that may have long hidden the true natural beauty of your teeth! Buy Pepsodent NOW!

## Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

### Lignin From Forests, Once Waste Product, Now Found Valuable

MADISON, WIS. — Chemistry is at last learning a way to convert lignin, great waste product of the nation's forests, into highly valuable raw materials. In a report issued jointly by the United States Forest Products Laboratory and the University of Wisconsin here, a laboratory method is described of converting lignin into useful materials.

They include: a well-known organic solvent, wood alcohol; a new compound, propyl-cyclohexanol, which appears suitable as a lacquer solvent and which has also possibilities as a wood preservative; two compounds having possible use as thickening and toughening agents for varnish; and a clear, glassy resin, extremely adhesive, which has excellent potentialities as a plastic material.

The process of hydrogenation, already used to make petroleum oils out of coal and cooking fats out of vegetable oils, is the one employed in turning lignin, once a waste, into a valuable forest resource.

Atoms of hydrogen are added to the lignin in solution by means of heat and pressure. By this severe treatment the dissolved lignin is changed from a dark-brown color to transparency. The different compounds created are removed by distillation.

#### There's Plenty of Lignin.

Lignin comprises from 20 to 30 per cent of the stems of trees and other woody plants. In the current research it is estimated that more than 70 per cent of this lignin can be converted into chemical raw materials having industrial possibilities.

The yield of wood alcohol obtained is several times as great, by the new process, as it is from the usual distillation of wood alone.

One ready source of large supplies of lignin is the 1,500,000 tons of the material, annually discarded by factories making pulp for rayon and for the better grades of white paper. Research is now in progress to free these waste liquors of their sulphur content. If this can be done on a commercial scale, such plant wastes will turn into valuable raw materials for chemistry.

### Manganese Is Found in Sooty Black Rocks In the Philippines

NEW YORK.—Sooty black rocks from many places in the Philippine islands may become a new source of wealth for our Far Eastern territory. For this rock is found to contain manganese, important steel-toughening agent, Ralph Keeler, mining engineer, reports here.

With an initial production of 255 tons in 1930, output increased to 12,200 tons in 1937, and production is increasing daily as more deposits are located and developed. Occurring in lens-shaped deposits of hard black psilomelane, a mineral that assays 50 per cent metallic manganese, the ore bodies are worked by hand labor. After preliminary purification the ore is shipped to the seacoast for eventual sale to Japan, the United States and Italy. Japan is the largest buyer of Philippine manganese at present. Mechanized mining is expected greatly to increase the output in the near future.

### Hydrogen Ice May Coat Big Planets Like Jupiter

PRINCETON, N. J.—Giant planets like Jupiter may be covered with a thick layer of ice topped by a layer of solid, frozen hydrogen, it is suggested by Dr. Rupert Wildt of the Princeton university-observatory here.

So severe are the pressure conditions on the giant planets that it is probable the formation of the ice layer was accomplished without the water vapor going through the liquid stage. Instead, Dr. Wildt believes, it passed directly from gas to solid. This means that the giant planets never have had oceans of water upon them in anything like the size they might have had due to the amount of water vapor originally present in their atmospheres.

#### Forage Pests Destroyed

WASHINGTON. — Jackrabbits, prairie dogs, gophers and kangaroo rats which destroy forage intended for livestock which roam the 142,000,000 acres set aside for conservation purposes have been almost entirely eliminated from many tracts in the grassland area, according to Director E. B. Carpenter of the division of grazing, United States Department of Agriculture.

## Scorpion and Spider Stings Are Debunked By an Entomologist

By DR. FRANK THONE  
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK. — Scorpions and spiders come in for a drastic de-bunking at the hands of Prof. W. J. Baerg, University of Arkansas entomologist. For all their dreadful reputation, there are no really deadly scorpions in the United States, and the only dangerously poisonous spider is the already notorious Black Widow. Scorpion stings, declares Professor Baerg, are no worse than those of wasps, and tarantula bites are about on a level with the jab of a dull pin.

Scorpions are ready to sting on slight provocation. The effect is immediately painful, but passes in about half an hour. Tarantulas are not quite so aggressive, though if you really want one to bite you she will usually accommodate, upon sufficient provocation. But some tarantulas won't even do that. Professor Baerg mentions appreciatively a curly-haired Honduran tarantula that has never yet bitten him, despite all kinds of coaxing. He seems to be very fond of Curly, as he calls his pet.

**Tarantula Not So Bad.**  
The Arkansas biologist is willing to venture one categorical statement with regard to tarantulas: "No tarantula has a poison that produces dangerous general symptoms in man. A few tarantulas are poisonous to man but the effect is local."

Outside the United States, and confined to Mexico so far as now known, there are a very few species of scorpion whose sting may result in death. One of them, ironically enough, prefers to live in the neighborhood of human habitations. Since the development in Mexico of a serum treatment for scorpion sting, the number of cases ending fatally has been much reduced.

Even the dreaded Black Widow, although admittedly able to cause extreme pain and violent discomfort, rarely kills, says Professor Baerg. "The patient always recovers (excepting possibly infants) unless hampered by serious complications such as a very weak heart, or a syphilitic condition."

### Hot Asphalt Injections Cure for Rutted Roads

WASHINGTON.—The beauty of a rutted country road may be only skin deep and not too satisfactory at that, but engineers have devised a method of making it go much deeper than that.

Promising an end to the rutted country roads of horse-and-buggy days, "injecting" hot asphalt beneath the surface of a dirt road to give it a water-repellant top that minds neither dust nor wet is the means they have worked out.

Penetrating slowly and evenly to the top, "injected" asphalt serves as a dirt road binder capable of carrying light and intermediate traffic in any kind of weather, they report.

The asphalt is squirted into the roadbed about six inches below the surface. A machine resembling a grain drill, widely used for planting grain, does the job.

Behind apparatus resembling a tractor is drawn a V-shaped row of long prongs, which loosen the roadway to a depth of about six inches. Behind each prong is a tube connected to an asphalt tank on the machine. As the prong loosens the dirt, the asphalt is shot from the tube into the furrow.

### Novel 'Barrel' Engine Built for Airplanes

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Final acceptance tests for a United States bureau of air commerce rating have been completed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology here for a radically new type of airplane engine declared by its designers to be smaller and lighter than comparable engines of conventional type. Developed by Heraclo Alfaro, the new engine is of the so-called "barrel" type. It is believed to be the first engine of this design able to meet performance requirements of the air commerce bureau.

With its cylinders parallel to the crankshaft on which the propeller turns, instead of perpendicular to it as in radial and V-type engines, the "barrel" engine is one of the most compact ever designed. Its diameter, exclusive of small protruding parts which may possibly be eliminated in later models, is but 16 1/2 inches.

#### New Pulverizer

CAMDEN, N. J.—Finer face powder, made at less cost, is one immediate application of a new super-pulverizing device which has been introduced to the chemical engineering profession. The new pulverizer will grind particles to a size finer than the finest sieves. Particles can be obtained, economically and on a commercial scale, which correspond to 2,500 theoretical mesh, or only 4 microns in size. A micron is the scientists' unit of length which equals a thousandth of a millimeter.

## Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Risingale  
Copyright, WNU

### A DESERTER'S STORY

HE CAME out of the Athabaskan night, and made himself at home by my campfire. Living up to the unwritten, yet strictly followed law of the northland trails, food was graciously offered. I could see at a glance that my wilderness guest was no ordinary person. He was neither settler nor trapper, and as we became better acquainted it occurred to me that this ruggedly handsome, clean-cut chap had been keeping his chin up and his shoulders back most of his life. Personal questions, of course, were entirely out of order, so I waited for him to reveal himself. As time passed, it also occurred to me that my guest might be a Man of the Mounted doing a bit of checking up in that district, and before I could stop myself I had opened the gate, so to speak, and much to my amazement he walked right in.

"If you're from the Royal Mounted," I began, "I might be able to help you at whatever you're doing hereabouts." Across the small campfire his gray eyes caught mine. He stared steadily, but not rudely, for a full minute without batting an eyelid. Then, he spoke:

"You're a very observing chap, aren't you?" he smiled, "and the astonishing thing is, you're quite right. The truth is, I'm a deserter from the Royal Mounted, and I hate myself for chucking it up."

"A deserter," I exclaimed in astonishment. There was a story behind all this, and I set out to get it.

"What happened? Lose a prisoner? Go on a spree, or something?"

"Nothing like that, my friend. Don't touch liquor. Didn't lose any prisoner. Clean record and six years' service. I'm only one of a few dozen that have deserted this last while, so you'll likely meet others who will tell you a story like mine."

"Well . . . I'm sure interested, and will keep your secret if you feel that you simply must tell your troubles to someone."

"Well, I've been trying to do my duty under a madman, a sergeant major who lived to make life miserable for himself and everyone else. For instance, our full dress uniform, as you know, is a costly and showy affair. This sergeant major would order us out in full dress uniform, then this madman would set us at chopping wood, shoveling coal, cleaning stoves, digging drains and sewers, currying horses, cleaning out the stables, and all sorts of chores that were supposed to be done in overalls or old clothing. Then, when we were all grime and dirt and our dress uniforms just about ruined, this idiot would line us up and call us the laziest, dirtiest, filthiest and laziest bunch of scoundrels he'd ever seen. It was all so pointless and humiliating, and maddening.

"He usually wore those highly polished field boots. He'd call a man to clean them until you could see your face in them. Then he would put them on, go out to the mudhole by the horse trough and kick around in mud there until the boots were completely smothered with mud. Then he'd call on another man to shine them up again.

"While we were working, or on patrol, he'd mouse through our kitbags, read our personal letters, and poke his nose into everything. When he was sending in his reports on cases handled, they were worded as though he had solved the crimes all alone, he got the evidence, caught the prisoners, and so on, in spite of the fact that other men had really done the job. Most of my fellow-officers were men who have served in the Boxer war, Boer war, the Afghan show and on other frontiers, men with splendid records, and for chaps like that to soldier under a madman, well, something had to happen and it did. Quite a few have deserted."

"What happened to make you clear out?" I asked.

"He sent me out on a case that I knew should have taken me to the north. Nevertheless, the order, written and issued by this idiot, read 'proceed south' to a certain place. A few miles out I decided to return to quarters and show this fool that he had made a serious mistake. When I arrived, however, he placed me under arrest for negligence of duty, in spite of the fact that he had issued an incorrect order. I have it in my pocket. I broke jail, and I'm on my way. I'll be damned if I'll soldier under an idiot any longer."

"What's the program now?" I asked.

"I'm heading north, then west, to give myself up to a certain inspector, who, I know will listen to my story. We've been on the trail on many a case. He'll start the ball rolling to get rid of the madman, and I'm so sure of that, that I'm giving myself up when I could easily forget all about it." Thirty days later the madman was ousted, and for years before he died, his playthings were paper dolls.

## SIX GUNS and CARPET TACKS

A Gallos County Story

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MOST times, here in Gallos county, a six gun's a-got just a leetle the best of the argument, but there was one time when the difference between two gun tolers was a box of carpet tacks.

See that tree a-standin' out there, there at the bend in the road. Well, that's where they finally lynched Butch Manton.

Folks just heard that some of Butch's friends was a-plannin' to ride in to town and take him out o' jail. And Butch a-bein' a cow thief like he was, they just up and taken him out and strung him to that there tree. And Butch'd been livin' right, like as not, if it wasn't for them carpet tacks.

It was right here in the Happy Hour where things was a-beginnin'. Butch was at the bar when Johnnie Rucker comes in and was a leetle slow when he said somethin' 'bout Butch stealin' 50 head of steers from Johnnie, but Johnnie did nick Butch's right foot as the lead from Butch's gun went a-tearin' through his own heart. Course, Butch'd shot Johnnie

without givin' him a chance, but Butch still had that gun in his hand when he backs out of the Happy Hour.

"Fore long after the shootin', Sheriff Tom rides into town and hears bout the shootin'. It kinda hits him hard on account of Johnnie bein' a pal of his'n, and he don't wait for reason why there ain't been no posse after Butch. He lights out for the Diablo canyon country down close to the border where Butch and his gang has holed up for years.

Butch oughta gone right on to the border, but he don't. He stops by the shack, sends them riders of his'n on with them steers he stole from Johnnie and waits back to see if he can't do somethin' 'bout that foot of his'n.

He's a doin' a leetle doctorin' of his own when Tom rides up. Tom ain't never been a fool 'fore, but a-thinkin' 'bout Johnnie musta got him off, 'cause Butch gits the drop on him and takes Tom's gun but Tom does manage to kick a table over and put out a candle,

## Along the Highway

Don't let ownership of an automobile rob you of your politeness.

Probably the worst fault in driving a car is believing you haven't any fault.

In these days, on the roads, it's a case of the survival of the fittest.

Thinking about one thing while doing another causes accidents.

the only light that's in the room. No sir, Butch don't get away from Tom and Tom lives to bring Butch Manton right to the jail from which he was taken and hung on that tree at the bend of the road, down yonder.

You see, Tom, he's been out a-tackin' up signs when Johnnie was shot. Well, he'd just brung them tacks long with him, and them tacks is how he caught Butch.

He just spread them on the floor quiet-like, while he was movin' around there in the dark and a-fore long Butch steps on one with his foot that ain't got no boot on.

Butch's kinda surprised and lets out a hoop and Tom just grabs in the direction of that hoop.

# Firestone CUTS THE COST OF TRUCK TIRE OPERATION



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Just at the time when you need a new set of tires for your truck, Firestone makes it possible for you to buy high quality tires at a new low price. Now, for the first time at a price so low, you can get those patented and exclusive Firestone construction features which have made Firestone Tires famous for safety, long-mileage and economy on truck operations of every type.

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Every tire of our manufacture, bearing our name and serial number, is guaranteed by us to be free from defects in workmanship and material, without limit as to time or mileage, and to give satisfactory service under normal operating conditions. If our any tire has failed under the terms of this guarantee, we will either replace the tire or make a allowance on the purchase of a new tire.

## MORE MILES PER DOLLAR!

THE FIRESTONE VOICE OF THE FARM—Interview with the Champion Farmer of America, featuring Everett Mitchell, Texas, weekly during the moon hour. Consult your local paper for the station, day, and time of broadcast.

THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Sparks and the Riverside Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallens. Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Radio Network.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

—And R U Listenin'?

CONVENTION ECHOES

"The Democratic Convention held last Saturday, July 30, was full of excitement," quoting a staunch local Republican. "I wouldn't have missed attending for anything."

Note — That is what Conventions are for; they are held to settle disputes, patch up differences, mend "fences," etc. In other words, the majority rules, as the case was in the instructed delegation for Dempsey and Miles.

"I never saw so many forceful arguments," asserts an Independent Voter.

A loyal Democrat says, we quote — "You Republicans also have your differences of opinion at Convention time. In fact, I've seen it getting pretty hot."

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?

A neighboring woman advertised for a husband. She got one at a cost of \$9. He enlisted in the army and was killed. She got \$10,000 insurance and a widow's pension for the rest of her life. Yet, some will say that advertising doesn't pay.

There is no use in worrying about the election in November, thinks John Miller — another world series is coming in October.

G. HOWITT HURTZ REMARKS

"Postmaster General, Farley has gone to Alaska but we doubt whether he is after the Eskimo vote."

SAYS GEORGE JOYCE:

George Joyce, who has recently returned from his vacation spent at different points in the east, says that the country around Carrizozo is just as green and refreshing as any he has seen back there.

WEEK'S BEST STORY

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Green of Trenton, N. J., chugged into Salt Lake City Saturday in the one-cylinder 1904 model automobile they bought second-hand 81 years ago, and affirmed that "this is the best way to see the country."

"We can hum along at 20 or 25 miles an hour as pretty as you please," said Mrs. Green, "and when we're in a hurry, we can shove her right up to 30."

AN IDEA?

"Why don't they make garages open on both ends?" suggests a beginning motorist.

—By saying this, does he mean to imply that he'll not run through the wall?

BUGHOUSE FABLES

The Dempsey-Tingley-Miles and Chavez factions of the Democratic party in harmony.

So, we come to you from the Land of Dreams, From the Land of the Lizard and Frijole Beans.

—And lots of good luck to you and we do mean YOU.

We Carry In Stock:

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**Rolland's Drug Store**  
Carrizozo, N. M.

AMERICA'S  
LEADER AT  
4 for 10

TRIMM  
BLADES

Local Mention

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Sandoval and Richard Kimbrell of Picacho visited the Wm. Kimbrell family last week-end.

Harry Straley of Ancho was a business visitor last Saturday, returning home Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vega returned Wednesday from Bisbee, Arizona, where they went last Saturday on a business trip. They were accompanied by the children, Mrs. Josefa Vega, Nick Vega and Nick, Jr.

Amos Gaylord of Nogal was here Monday in the interest of mining ventures with which he is connected.

Mr. and Mrs. Salomon Saavedra and Mrs. Emma Sanchez were El Paso visitors last week-end.

BORN—Sunday, July 31, to Mr. and Mrs. James Duncan, a girl. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Lauro Montoya of Tularosa has been spending the week here with his sister, Mrs. Nick Vega and family.

The Lincoln County Sunday afternoon sing meets at Hondo Aug. 14. We have the new book, "Brightest Beams," just published. Everyone invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Abeslin Zamora, Mesdames Leonor Peralta and Nestor Aguilar and Filomeno Peralta of Capitan were Carrizozo visitors last Saturday.

The Rotarians of Tucumcari drew up resolutions requesting the town board to pass a proposed pure milk ordinance. —Tucumcari News.

Mr. and Mrs. Porfirio Chavez, daughter Cuca, Mrs. Cuca Garcia and Flavio Chavez left for Hot Springs yesterday to visit relatives for a week.

R. E. Kent of Oscura was a visitor in town Monday of this week.

Benny Sandoval, chef at the Girls' Camp in Baca Canyon, visited his family here last Saturday night, returning to his duties Sunday morning.

Marshall Atkinson, our old ranchman friend of Corona, who has been absent from here for nearly a year, has returned from an extended trip through the northwest. He spent a portion of the time with his brother Jess and wife at Casper, Wyoming, after which he visited different points of interest along the border and over into Canada. Glad to have you with us again, Marshall.

Celestino Vigil and Eustaquio Silva of the lower valley spent last week-end here on business.

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Ball Game at Capitan

A big crowd enjoyed a nice ball game here Sunday between Capitan and Lincoln. Peralta was the master of the situation all the time, holding the Billy the Kids to 3 runs, while his teammates crossed the plate 11 times. Leon Gonzales of Capitan took advantage of a "lost" ball to go all around for a "homer." Batteries: Capitan—Luna and Peralta. Lincoln—Beltran, Luna, Romero and Shipman. Lincoln will play the Sawmill (colored team) at Lincoln next Sunday and Capitan will play the winners. —Contributed by Hilario M. Maes.

County Republican Meeting at Capitan, August 11, 1938

The County Republican Central Committee will meet at the Capitan Gymnasium on Thursday, Aug 11. Matters of importance will come before the meeting.

Wm. Gallacher, Chairman.  
It Don English, Secretary.

TYPEWRITER PAPER

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"Saving the Nation"

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN  
National Chairman  
Sentinels of the Republic

Soon from every available forum and over every available wave-length, America will hear the impassioned phrases of political oratory, weighted with promises to "save the nation."

And America, as it listens to these boasts, will wonder again why the politician takes unto himself the credit for what, not he, but the American people have achieved.

For, as every citizen knows, America was founded, built and developed, not by the promises and the ambitions of officeholders, but by the toil and the strength of the people themselves.

"We, the people of the United States," is not merely the introductory phrase of our Constitution; it is the identification of the power that created and developed this nation.

And whatever the politicians may claim, America knows that:

It was "We, the people," who won our independence.

It was "We, the people," who wrote our Constitution.

It was "We, the people," who tamed and made productive the forests and mountains and plains which now constitute the United States.

It was "We, the people," who developed our fertile farms, our productive industries, our world-wide commerce.

It was "We, the people," who created and supported our great system of education and opportunity for all.

It was "We, the people," who established here the highest standard of living the world has ever known.

And on us, the people, still depend the strength, the stability, the support and the progress of the nation.

For the politicians to insist that they are the ones to thank for these things is to flout the whole spirit and history of our American form of government.

"We, the people," saved this nation in the past, and will safeguard it in the future.

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