

Recall Story of 'Windwagon' Thomas Who Built the Queerest Vehicle That Ever Traveled the Santa Fe Trail

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THINK of the Santa Fe Trail and you think of wagons — "wagons creaking up long prairie slopes; wagons rolling down hills; wagons grinding through heavy sand, sucking through sticky mud, swishing through tall grass; wagons with locked wheels plunging down steep river-banks; wagons snaked through clinging quicksands, or jiggling over ribbed sandbars rough as cobblestones; wagons hauled yard by painful yard up the forbidding rocks of the Raton Pass, two slow miles a day; wagons corralled against the attack of treacherous redskins; wagons broken down, abandoned, stranded by the loss of animals stolen by raiding savages; wagons burned in prairie fires; wagons warped and shrunken by the heat and drought. Wagons crammed with rich furs, Mexican silver, gold bullion."

Thus writes Stanley Vestal in his book, "The Old Santa Fe Trail," published recently by the Houghton Mifflin company of Boston, and the first chapter in that volume of interesting yarns is devoted to the story of what was probably the queerest vehicles that ever traveled over that trail.

The scene of this true story is laid in Westport, Mo., the eastern terminus of the trail, and is described by Mr. Vestal thus: "One spring day in 1853, the citizens of that frontier town were amazed to see a light vehicle steering down the street, driven by the wind which filled its white sail. Horses roared and ran away, women and children fled into their houses, dogs scuttled for safety, and the men of Westport stood with open mouths, watching that strange craft come sailing in."

"Its pilot lowered the sail, locked his brakes, and rolled to a stop before the entrance to the Yoakum Tavern. He disembarked, and the startled citizens gathered to inspect his bark and question him."

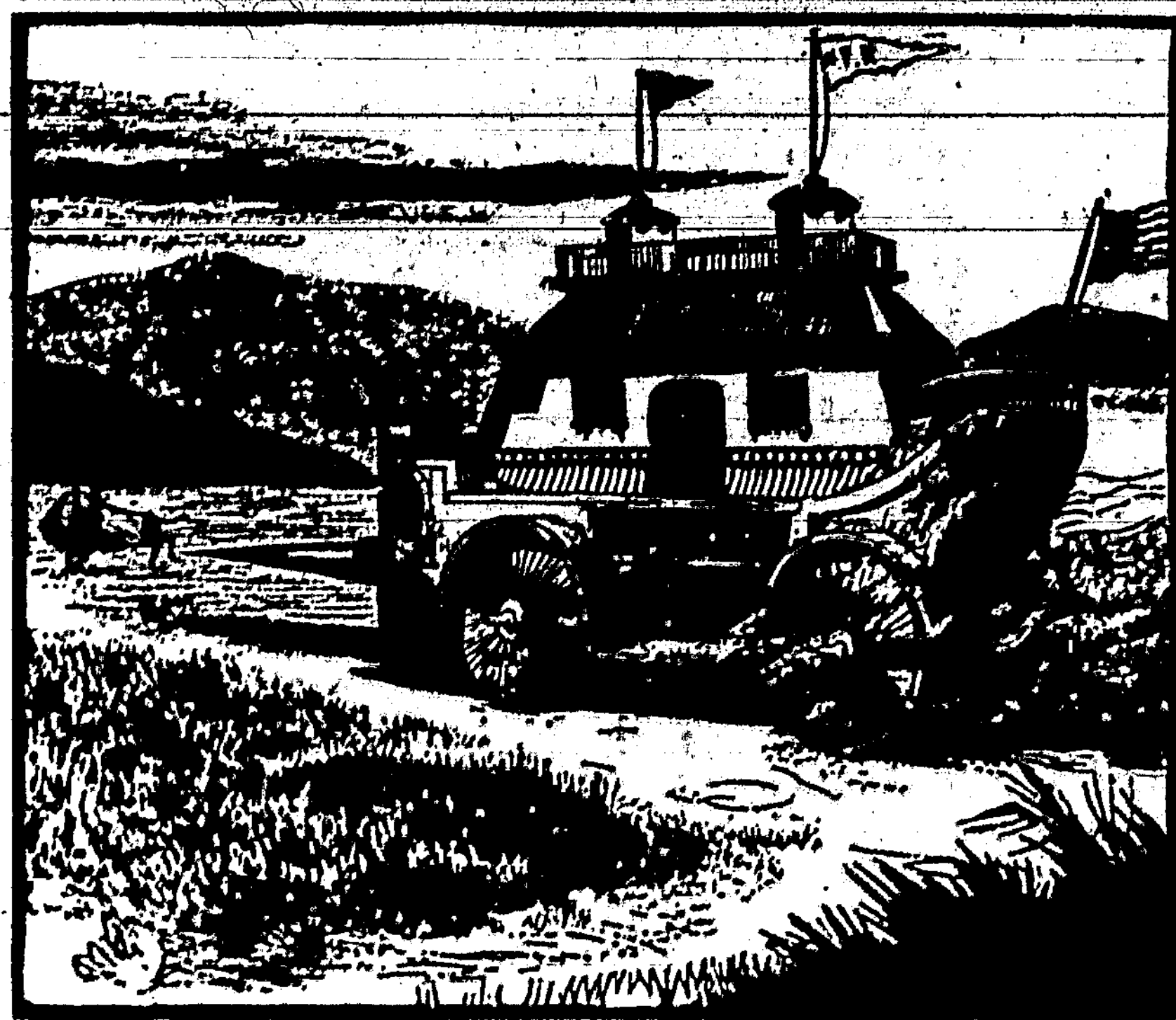
Navigator of the Prairie. "They learned that his name was Thomas, that he had come from somewhere east, and that his sole cargo consisted of a compass, a water bucket and a carpet-bag. He walked like a seafaring man, and they suspected that he was tattooed under his faded monkey jacket. Was he a whaler, had he ever struck a fish? They could not tell, for Thomas wasted few words in telling of himself. He announced that he had come as the Navigator of the Prairies, and invited them to join with him and form a company to engage in the Santa Fe trade."

"In Yoakum's Tavern, leading citizens split a bottle with him, while he diverted them by explaining his plan. He proposed to build—with their backing—a fleet of large prairie clippers to carry cargo to the cussed Spaniards. The advantages of wind-power were numerous, according to the nautical stranger. Speed, economy, freedom from the expense of buying and the trouble of feeding draft animals, freedom to leave the trail along the Arkansas River (since there would be no animals requiring water) and sail on the high prairies by compass. Westport was the outfitting place for all travelers bound west; it would be easy to have the wagons built there. Injuns would be scared of the strange craft. And there would never be any lack of wind to drive them."

All of which sounded perfectly logical. But, according to Mr. Vestal, there were skeptics in the crowd who suspected that there was a catch somewhere in the scheme proposed by this clever Yankee. They scoffed at his idea of building what they derisively referred to as a "dryland navy." By gum, they weren't going to put any money of theirs in such a crazy proposition!

Proved It Would Sail.

But Thomas wasn't discouraged by their skepticism. Just to prove that his plan was practicable he announced that he would sail his queer craft to Council Grove—150 miles away—and then come back and make them eat their words about his "windwagon." As he left town in a cloud of dust and lumbered off across the prairie, they were quite sure that they would never see him again. But they were wrong, for in about a week he returned, bringing with him a letter from a man who ran a blacksmith shop at Council Grove as



A 'CLIPPER-OF-THE-PRAIRIE'

Almost as strange as the "windwagon" described in this article was the vehicle conceived by the imaginative writer of one of the popular nickel novels of 50 years ago. Shown above is the illustration on the cover of No. 87 of Vol. IV of the Frank Reade Library which bore the title "Frank Reade Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting Apaches in the Far Southwest." This "prairie clipper" seems to have been a cross between a modern war tank and a trailer. The living quarters had an observation platform on the roof and a good-sized cannon mounted forward. It was propelled by steam on caterpillar-tread wheels and had a ram-like projection from the front with which that intrepid hero, Frank Reade Jr. ran down buffalo and impaled them!

proof that he had actually been there.

The former skeptics were now convinced that he knew what he was talking about and they agreed to finance the construction of a super-windwagon. They organized the "Overland Navigation Company" and the stockholders included some of the most prominent citizens of Westport—Dr. J. W. Parker, the leading physician; Attorney J. J. Maslin; Benjamin Newson, the Indian agent; Henry Seger; Thomas W. Adams; and, of course, the inventor, "Windwagon" Thomas.

A Huge Wagon-Ship. Under his direction there was built a huge prairie schooner, 25 feet long and with a seven-foot beam, mounted on four big wheels, each 12 feet in diameter. The sides of the wagon, which formed the "cabin" of this ship of the plains, rose to the top of the wheels and above it was the "deck." Toward the front was a tall mast which carried only a mainsail, but instead of the front being the prow, as it is on a seagoing vessel, the tail-gate of the wagon was the prow and the tongue of the wagon was brought up and over the stern to serve as a tiller.

Came the day when "Windwagon" was ready to demonstrate his land leviathan. It required two yoke of oxen to haul it out on the open prairie. Then the directors of the company—who, according to Mr. Vestal, had "fortified themselves at Yoakum's bar"—went aboard. That is, all of them did except Dr. Parker. Evidently he decided that his professional services might be needed before the "voyage" was over and he wanted to be able to supply them. So he mounted his favorite mount, a mule, and prepared to follow the bold navigator, Cap'n Thomas, who mounted the deck, hoisted his sail and reached for the tiller.

A strong wind was blowing and as it began to belly the huge sail, the wagon-ship got under way. Gradually it picked up speed and Dr. Parker had to "put the gad" to his mule to keep up with it. Cap'n Thomas' passengers were delighted when the windwagon started, thus justifying their faith in its navigability and reassuring them that they hadn't invested in something that would prove to be a failure. But as its momentum increased they began to be a little alarmed and as it went careening over hill and dale they became frightened. It was going so fast that they didn't dare jump out, as they wished to do. So they began to yell to the skipper to slow his craft down.

"Windwagon," however, was figuratively, if not literally, "on the crest of the wave," due partly to the stimulation of the cargo he had taken on at Yoakum's bar and partly to the heady wine of success. Instead of heeding their frightened cries and shortening sail, he began to demonstrate his seamanship.

"Watch me run 'er against the wind!" he shouted as he put over the helm. That was a mistake, as he soon learned. For as the heavy ship-wagon came around, something went wrong. Evidently the wind caught her sail the wrong way for suddenly she went into reverse. The quick-footed mule on which Dr. Parker was riding jumped aside just in time,

otherwise both it and its rider would have been run down.

Then the steering-gear seemed to have locked and before Cap'n Thomas knew what was happening his ship was going around and around in ever-widening circles. By now his passengers were terror-stricken. High as they were from the ground and flimsy as a jump was, they decided that it was high time to heed the urge to "abandon ship." While their befuddled skipper roared out orders in nautical terms which neither they—nor probably he—could understand, they leaped overboard. By some miracle of good fortune no one was killed and the worst anyone could charge up against the experience was a few bruises and a thoroughly agitated mind.

As for Cap'n Thomas, true to the traditions of the sea, he stuck by his ship, evidently determined to go down with flying colors and perish with it if need be. But there was no such dramatic end to his career as a dryland sailor. For within a few minutes his craft ended up with a bump against a stake-and-rider fence on the bank of Turkey creek and stopped suddenly, albeit so suddenly that he was jolted off and landed in a heap on the ground.

With this inglorious end to his first voyage, his dream of a fleet of prairie ships vanished. "Nothing Windwagon could say would induce the Company to build the rest of the fleet," writes Mr. Vestal. "The lubbers had no heart for prairie seafaring. They went back to their shops and their offices, but the venture down to profit and loss, and thanked heaven that they were still alive and sound. What else could be expected of men who halted on the edge of the sea of grass?"

'Windwagon' Vanishes. "But Windwagon remained undaunted. He embarked once more in the small, light craft in which he had come to Westport, made sail, and vanished as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come. History has no more to tell of him.

"Maybe he sailed away to shoot buffalo from the after-deck, or harpoon redskins daring enough to run foul of him on their cruising ponies. Perhaps he ran hard aground in some deep valley or ravine, where no wind came to fill his sail, and no bull-whacker blundered in to haul him out upon the sandy plain. Perhaps the cussed Injuns found him thus becalmed, and hung his hair upon some pony's bridle.

"There are legends among the Indians of a vehicle seen on the prairie, a wagon that was bigger than any wagon, which moved without horses or oxen to draw it and carried a white 'flag' as tall as a tipi." What became of the Navigator of the Plains will never be known.

"But in two respects, his story is significant, showing us how men of those days thought of the Plains, with all the beauty and mystery of the sea, and also illustrating the dauntless character of the men who crossed them, made them their home."

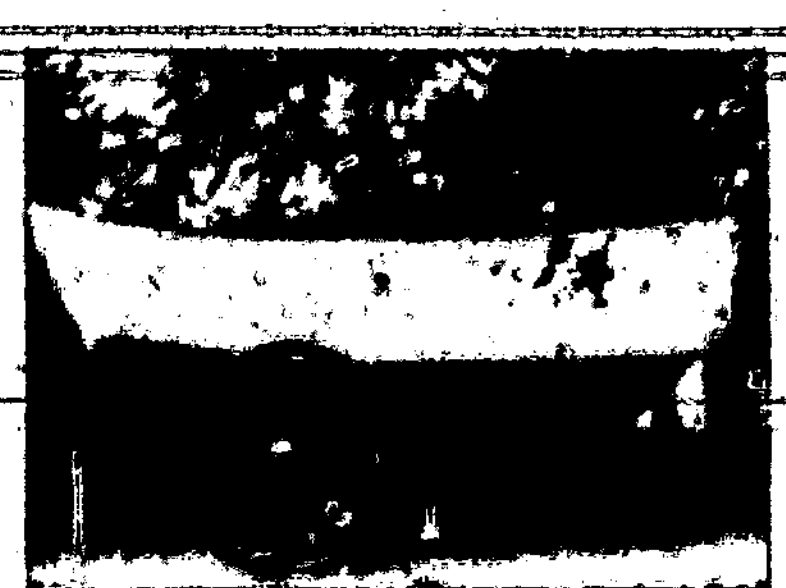
"According to Mr. Vestal's notes in the appendix to his volume, an account of this incident appeared in the Kansas City Star for August 2, 1886, and recent issue of the Northwest Review gives a version of the Indian legend referred to."

While it may seem strange that "Windwagon" Thomas would think of applying some of the technique of ocean navigation to travel across the broad plains of the West, it is not really so unusual. For, as Mr. Vestal explains in this same chapter, "In the old days, travelers on those plains spoke habitually of 'making port,' urged Congress to enact navigation laws for the 'prairie ocean.' Their covered wagons, appropriately dubbed 'prairie schooners,' were in fact water-tight boats mounted on wheels, rising high at prow and stern. They thought of the plains in terms of seafaring, and felt the glamour of them as a magic of the sea. They named the jumping-off place in Missouri, 'Westport!'"

The "prairie schooners" of Santa Fe trail and Oregon trail fame were modifications of the original "covered wagon," an eastern vehicle which was developed in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. This was the Conestoga wagon, which antedated the western "prairie schooner" by at least a century.

Although the first of these vehicles were modified English covered farm wagons, which came into use in New England and other places on the Atlantic seaboard early in the colonial days, local conditions in Pennsylvania—notably the greater distances between the producer and his market, which made it essential that the Pennsylvania farm wagon hold twice as much as the New England farm wagon, where distances were shorter, hence the sturdier built and heavier wagon requiring from four to eight horses to pull it—quickly resulted in the development of a distinctive type of wagon for this region.

Gradually the excellence of the wagons made by the wheelwrights of Lancaster county caused them to become famous throughout the country and "Conestoga wagon" became a sort of trademark for this type of freight carrier. They differed from the English wagons from which they sprang in that the bed was longer and deeper and had considerable sag in the middle, both lengthwise and crosswise. There was a very good reason for this. If, while the wagon was pursuing its way over some rough trail or down a steep mountainside, the load would shift, settle toward the center and



A Conestoga Wagon at Williamsburg, Va.

not throw its bulk against the end-gates. Unlike the bows, which held the white cover of the English wagon, which were vertical, the bows of the Conestoga followed the line of the ends of the body and slanted outward, thus keeping out rain and dust. The whole appearance of the Conestoga was that of a boat and, as John Omwake, author of "The Conestoga Six-Horse Bell Teams of Eastern Pennsylvania, 1750-1850," says, "It is easy to see why this wagon should have been called the Ship of Inland Commerce, as it cruised with its great white top between the green Pennsylvania hills."

The Conestoga wagon came into existence just in time to have a part in making American history. As early as 1745 Benjamin Franklin was issuing a broadside urging wagoners to enlist with their wagons and teams in the king's service against the French and Indians. Ten years later when General Braddock set out upon his ill-fated expedition it was very necessary that he have adequate transport for his provisions during his march into the wilderness. Securing this was only one of the many difficulties of that harassed leader and it was not until Benjamin Franklin came to his aid and persuaded the Pennsylvania wagoners to enlist that the expedition was able to make any progress westward.

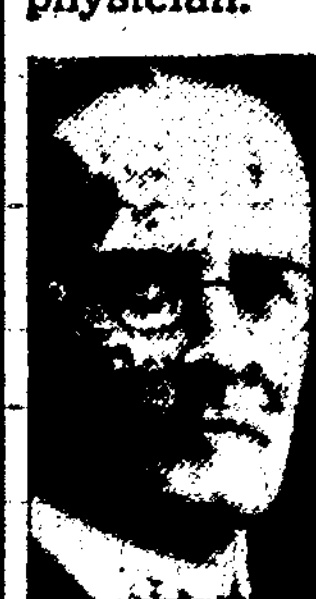
The Conestoga wagons played their part, too, in the struggle for liberty. It was these vehicles which carried supplies to the American army during that terrible winter at Valley Forge and in the spring of 1778 a sturdy Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses and with a full company of Continental soldiers as a guard, brought \$600,000 in silver, the loan of the French government from Portsmouth, N. H., to the government treasury at York, Pa., (where the Continental congress was then meeting). But it was in the period after the Revolution that the Conestoga rose to its full glory—as the carrier of freight back and forth to the West and as the vehicle of the emigrants into the Kentucky and Ohio country. It also served once more as a weapon of war during the War of 1812 when Conestoga wagons carried powder from the Brandywine mills to Lake Erie, there to be used in Perry's brilliant victory at Put-In-Bay.

Scars, Moles May Develop Into Cancer

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

IHAVE spoken before of the surgeon who had three patients report to him in one week with a lump in the breast, all three of whom believed they had cancer. One had gone on a European trip with her family holding her secret (cancer with death to follow) within her heart rather than spoil the plans of her family. Another had discovered the lump when she was some thousands of miles from home and traveled all that distance in despair rather than consult a physician in the city so far from home. And the story of the third was equally tragic.

Not one of these three women had cancer yet all endured weeks and months of agony of mind before consulting a physician.



Dr. Barton

Everyone past 40, with a persistent lump or a slow or non-healing sore should consult a physician. If it is not cancer, relief of mind is obtained; if it is cancer, the chances of removing the cancer by surgery, X-ray or radium are excellent. Neglected, death will follow.

Most cancers grow rapidly. When a mole, lump, scar, or other growth has been present for months or even years, it is only natural that it is not considered cancerous. But if changes begin to take place in these common or innocent growths, then the fact that they may develop into cancer should not be forgotten.

Beware of Growth. Dr. H. Montgomery Rochester, Minn., in Archives of Dermatology and Syphilology, shows that in 20 per cent or more of all the conditions mentioned above—scars, moles, lumps, and other growths—skin cancer develops. In some of these lumps, moles and scars, cancerous growth and innocent growth are going on at the same time.

While the fact that the great majority of these common skin conditions never develop into cancer is reassuring, nevertheless the fact that some of them are forerunners or skin cancer must be remembered.

Don't disturb these moles, scars or growths in any way, but make it a point about once a month to examine them carefully to see if any changes are taking place in them.

Fortunately, these skin conditions, even if they turn to cancer, are readily cured by surgery, X-ray and radium.

Faulty Liver May Cause Arthritis

ONE form of rheumatism or arthritis that comes on, sometimes rapidly and at other times gradually, is what is called arthritis deformans or rheumatoid arthritis. There is some muscular cramps and twitching, some numbness and stiffness in the joints, some mental depression, followed by pain and swelling of various joints—fingers, knees, spine. Wet weather increases the pain. Little lumps or nodules form in fingers, toes, wrist and elbow joints and sometimes in the jaw.

The most effective form of treatment appears to be the application of heat, then exercise, then rest for a time. Sunshine and sunshine lamps help most cases.

Many physicians who do special work in arthritis are able to help many cases by a diet of fruit and vegetables, cutting down almost completely on proteins—meat, eggs, fish—and also on starches—potatoes, bread and sugar. This diet is also alkaline in reaction.

Liver Serves as Filter. However, there is one organ in the body whose duty is to filter or remove poisons from the blood. This is the liver.

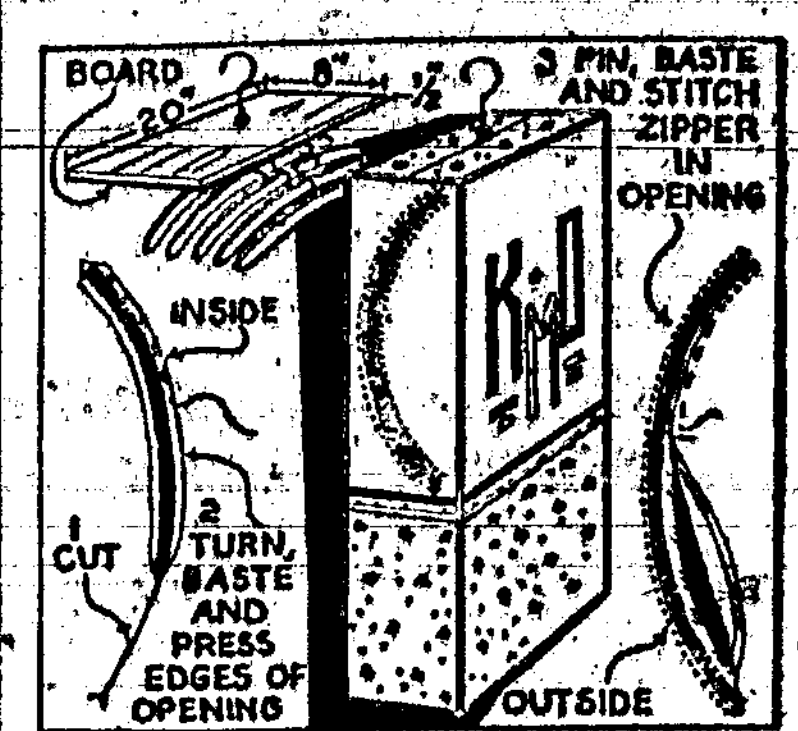
That a faulty liver has much to do with allowing rheumatoid arthritis to occur was pointed out by Dr. W. B. Rawls and associates some time ago. By the use of the dye test it was found that 73 per cent of 100 patients with rheumatoid arthritis gave evidence of a faulty liver. In a recent number of Annals of Internal Medicine, Dr. Rawls and Drs. S. Weiss and Vera L. Collins, New York, report 59 unselected cases of rheumatoid arthritis in which three different tests of the liver's ability to remove poisons were made and 62 per cent of these cases showed that the liver was not removing the substances from the blood properly or promptly.

The liver can be kept in its best possible condition to prevent rheumatoid arthritis or other ailments by avoiding large meals and by active bending exercises, keeping meats straight. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Garment Bags Made From Odds and Ends

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

"DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I thought you might be interested in how I made garment bags for each member of my family, almost entirely from things I had on hand. The foundation part of each was made of 1/2-inch board; a screw-eye, a hook from a hanger; and five small screw hooks underneath. For the bag, I combined muslin flour sacks with odds and ends of figured cottons and trimmed the joinings with bias



tape. I followed your directions in SEWING Book 2, for initials of bias tape to mark the bags."

At the upper left is sketched the foundation that this reader used. If a zipper is used for the opening, the 36-inch length is best. If you put it in a curved line, you will have a wider opening. Each step in applying the zipper in this way is shown here.

NOTE: The Sewing Basket in every thrifty household should contain a copy of Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 2, in which she illustrates the five standard methods of repairing all kinds of fabrics. Thirty-two pages to delight every lover of fine handwork. To get your copy send 10 cents in coin to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York, to cover cost.

Chinese Boy Thought One Letup Deserved Another

In a Shanghai bungalow shared by several young Englishmen, the Chinese houseboy had a perfectly round head which he kept shaved and polished like a billiard ball.

The young men were always taking pot shots at this tempting target with paper pellets or giving it a pat as they passed by. To all of which the Chinese said nothing.

One day they decided it was a shame to keep worrying the boy, so they called him in and told him they had decided to stop doing it.

He replied: "Thank you, masters. I very pleased. Now I not make your coffee with dishwater any more."

ACHING CHEST COLDS

Need More Than 'Just Salve' To Relieve DISTRESS! To quickly relieve chest cold misery and muscular aches and pains due to colds—it takes MORE than "just salve"—you need a warming, soothing, "counter-irritant" like good old reliable MUSTEROLE. It relieves chest colds, sore throats, and muscular aches and pains. Musterole penetrates the outer layers of the skin and helps break up local congestion and pain. It strengthens Regular, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40¢.



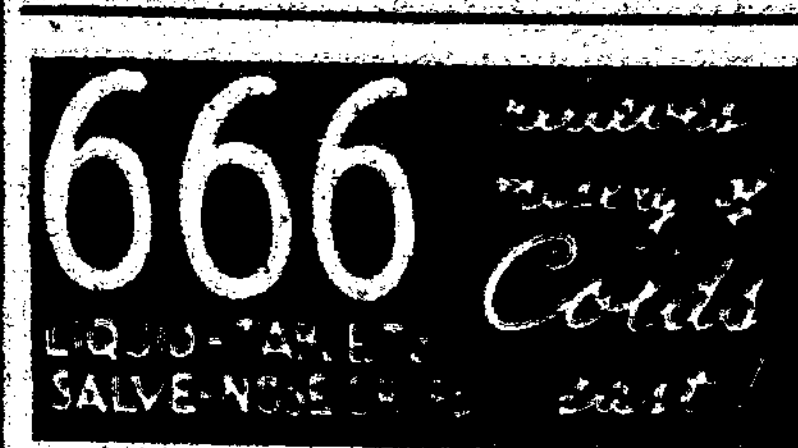
Better Than A Mustard Plaster!

No, No, No Never volunteer for nothing under no circumstances.—Wirkus.

CONSTIPATED? Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When constipated two things may happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure often causes headaches, a dull, heavy feeling, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Fully expanded food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sore stomach, bad indigestion, and heartburn. Nothing you eat will you sometimes get for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is so full you feel tired out, groggy, and miserable. SALANCED Adenka containing three powerful and non-narcotic active ingredients gives you DOUBLED ACTION. It relieves that awful GAS almost at once, and weakly clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief. Sold at all drug stores.

Soul of Wit Brevity is the soul of wit—Shakespeare.



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Sportlight

By Grantland Rice

The Real Iron Men—Stagg, 'Pop' Warner, 'Hurry-Up' Yost, Average Age 72—Still in the Harness.

LOS ANGELES.—When you talk of iron men, of the faraway and long ago boys, of those who can really take you back over lost and forgotten roads, I'd like to lead you into this gathering of the Football Coaches' association on the West coast.

And first of all, if you are looking for old-timers, I'd like to introduce you to three friends of mine who can take you back so far it will make you dizzy, as you look around for Kit Carson and Daniel Boone.

The first one is Alonzo Stagg, coach of the College of the Pacific, age 77. The second is Glenn Scooby ("Pop") Warner, now at San Jose State, who was coaching Georgia 45 years ago. The third is Fielding ("Hurry-Up") Yost of Michigan, who broke into West Virginia and Lafayette around 1895-98. Both Warner and Yost are flirting with 70, unless they broke into football as Baby Leroy's.

Alonzo Stagg.

Lonnie Stagg was on Walter Camp's first All-America, named back in 1889.

He began coaching around 1890, but fastened himself at Chicago in 1892, as I recall the date. All I know is that Lonnie Stagg has been coaching 50 years—and that at the age of 77 he brought down a team good enough to beat the California Golden Bears, and that he has no idea of retiring to any sidelines or to any old man's retreat.

"What do you mean—Old Man?" asks Mr. Stagg indignantly. "I still get up at 7 a. m., play either one or two sets of tennis before breakfast, and then coach a football team in the afternoon."

Now we come to one Glenn Scooby ("Pop") Warner. The first time I saw one of Pop's teams happened to be in 1895 when he brought Georgia up to play Vanderbilt at Nashville.

Even in that far gone day, 44 years ago, Pop had a good-looking team with a new offense. Pop always had a new offense—more offensive formations than any coach that ever lived. And most of these were sound and smart. He was football's offensive king.

A Grand Guy

In talking to Pop again, leaning on his cane, I began looking back. Looking back to the Carlisle Indians—Bemus Pierce, Thorpe, Calac, Guyon, Metoxen, Hudson, Mt. Pleasant, Choctaw Kelly, Houser—a long list of other greats—probably the most colorful outfit that ever roamed American gridirons, handled by one of the most colorful of all coaches.

After that, a long run of great Pittsburgh teams—then on to Stanford—then back to Temple—then back again to the West coast—45 years of coaching and still under steam.

A grand guy, Pop. And a fellow who knew his trade. And still does.

The phone boomed and no second guess was needed. It had to be Hurry-Up Yost. There is no substitute.

Yost coached his way from the Atlantic to Stanford, via Nebraska and Kansas. In 1901 he reported at Michigan.

For four years (1901-04) Yost and Michigan had the best football team on the map. I know Yale didn't think so, nor Harvard, nor Princeton, which were then planting about nine men on Walter Camp's All-America. But it was true. In those four years Michigan ran up something better than 2,300 points against almost nothing. Heston alone scored over 100 touchdowns. I mean against strong teams from Wisconsin, Chicago, Minnesota, Carlisle, on and on. One year Buffalo beat Yale—and Michigan beat Buffalo, 105 to 0.

Can't Bother Greatness

In 1901 Stanford was the West Coast champion. Yost gave his Michigan team a final workout in six inches of snow, headed them west, played eleven men under blazing heat and beat Stanford 49 to 0. And Stanford could use all the replacements she needed. It was that sort of a Michigan team.

"A great football team," said Yost, "can play in a snowstorm or at a temperature of 105. Nothing bothers greatness."

As Yost admits, "It could have been 99 to 0." It could.

Stagg—Warner—Yost. All in one group or a bunch. Average age around 72. Coaching span—135 years.

These three are enough to show the grip sport has on the country. Yost was complaining years ago when the Michigan faculty had thrown out eight of his starting eleven. Classroom deficiencies.

"Why don't you quit?" I asked. "You know the pill game as well as you do football—and there's 10 times as much money in it." "Quit?" asked Yost. "How can anyone quit football?"

LION

By THAYER WALDO

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SHE swung the Hispano-Suiza into Western avenue and saw the gates 50 yards ahead on her right. As she approached they swung open and a truck came lumbering out. With a swerve that squealed rubber across pavement, she veered around it, turned into the studio driveway, and shot forward.

From behind sounded an angry shout.

The little mirror at her side showed a man in uniform following on the run. In front loomed a building with Zenith Pictures, Ltd.—Production Offices, in gold lettering over the entrance.

Once more she slid at right angles, and pulled the long phaeton to a stop before it. Then the gate guard was alongside, puffing his indignation.

"Look here, madam," he spluttered, "I'll have to see your pass to come on the lot—and no cars is allowed in, anyways."

For one surcharged instant there was no response.

The hard-breathing man stood with a foot upon the running board, his hands gripping the nickel-trimmed door. The girl sat immobile, erect, inscrutable eyes staring at him from a pale and almost bony face.

Then suddenly the tableau broke.

With a cat-quick movement she snatched off one driving gauntlet and slapped it smartly across the guard's cheek.

As he staggered back, grunting amazedly, she vaulted the car door and came down facing him.

Words commenced firing from her in an edged, staccato voice:

"You lout! How dare you have the infernal impudence to order me! Get back where you belong before I have you thrown out of this studio."

He wavered, momentarily indecisive; then:

"But, lady," he began, "there's strict rules about—"

The words were drowned by a shrill blast as the girl's fist slammed down upon her car's horn button and relentlessly held there.

Wave after wave of two-toned din reverberated through the lot. In a moment people were appearing.

Out of the building close at hand came a slight man with sandy hair. He strolled unconcernedly to the Hispano-Suiza's side, lifted its hood and gave something a quick twist. The racket ceased.

The girl turned her head sharply to glare at him.

Sauntering around toward her, he said:

"It's okay—go right on as you were. There just won't be so much noise now."

She didn't wait for him to reach her, but stalked aggressively forward. Her long legs were clad in blue flannel slacks; a kelp green blouse of loose pattern was tucked into them. The tawny, windblown hair had no covering.

"So the menials," she snapped, "aren't the only insolent ones around here, eh?"

He gazed at her coolly and retorted:

"Yeah—I was thinking that myself. What kind of trouble are you trying to start, and what are you doing here, anyway?"

The glitter in her eyes held real venom now.

"Publicly flaunting such filthy ignorance is your idea of a joke, I suppose. Well, I'm not in the mood. This swine—" with an outfling of her arm toward the gateman—"insulted me, and I want him attended to."

"All right."

The man in front of her addressed the other:

"Frank, take this gimcrack on wheels, out in the street and park it with the rest of 'em."

Viciously the girl struck at him with her open hand. He ducked, caught her wrist, and added:

"Guess you better take this hell-cat along, too. Unless you want me to get a straitjacket for her first."

The fellow in uniform came toward them, saying:

"I didn't know what to make of it, Mr. Garrison. She hit me when I told her cars couldn't come in and—"

With a jerk that nearly cost Garrison balance, the girl wrenched free of his grasp.

Her sallow features had grown dark and were working spasmodically.

For the first time she appeared to become aware of the small crowd that had gathered. Hoarsely she cried:

"For God's sake will one of you gaping vultures tell this jackass who I am, before I murder him!"

No one answered.

Garrison beckoned two men in overalls from the onlookers.

"This has gone far enough, boys," he told them; "during all my years in the publicity racket, never have I seen a cruder gag. This dame's just some movie-struck nitwit who's gotten hold of a Roxy car and swigged a little gin to fix her nerve. Well, the act's not even funny. Put her out."

Promptly they seized the girl's arms.

In a tantrum of near-hysteria she

fought and kicked and writhed, but to no avail.

Strength and stolid determination were with the workers.

Into the foreign auto's rear seat they half-led, half-carried her.

The watchman clambered in front.

"Don't use any rough stuff," Garrison instructed. "Just drive 'up to the boulevard and sit there till she calms down. Then leave her and report back to me."

Incoherent sounds were coming from the girl as the car rolled away, down the drive and out through the gate.

Gradually those who had watched drifted off, exchanging amused comments on the episode.

As Garrison turned to re-enter the building, he was hailed from behind and a tall dark man approached, saying:

"Nice job you did clearing up that rumpus, Louis. Going my way?"

Garrison gave affirmation; together they went inside and along the broad corridor.

As they reached the publicity man's office, he suggested:

"Come on in a minute, Walt. Got something to show you."

Facing them as he opened the door was a large portrait photograph.

It showed a woman whose prominent-boned face—arresting, though not beautiful—was topped by an unruly mass of hair.

"Our new star, Kathleen Hodgson," Garrison said; "the one the New York office signed last week and's going to send on. Thought you might be interested; this happens to be the only picture of her we have so far."

The other was staring at it like a man transfixed.

After a second of stunned silence he cried:

"But, great Scott, Louis—that's the Jane you just had bounced!"

Garrison had seated himself on the desk, back to the portrait, and was setting fire to a cigarette.

A slight smile tweaked his mouth- corners.

"Sure it is, you chump," he agreed calmly. "I knew that the first minute I looked at her. But my technique had to be used for its chastening effect. Remember, actresses get screwy enough in this game even when they start off like lambs!"

Motorized Equipment Urged for U. S. Militia

Increased use of motor transport in the field operations is being stressed by the militia officials, particularly in the transporting of troops from their home stations to their summer and winter field training areas, but even with this advancement in training in the use of motor vehicles militia officers must not lose sight of the fact that it still is important for the soldier to be able to use his legs. There is said by the military officials to be no prospect now, or in the future, for infantrymen riding in trucks clear up to the front lines of battle and then jumping out to fight.

Those in charge of training point out that it is important in the instruction of the militia to make greater use of motor transport, particularly for long distance hauls, and especially in the operation of convoys on the public roads with greater distances between vehicles so as to interfere as little as possible with non-military traffic.

The use of wire communications is also being stressed in the militia training. While communications among the guard units has shown improvement there is said to be still room for betterment. This lack of complete effectiveness in wire communications, however, is not now blamed entirely on the guard, but to some extent to the lack of equipment. But this is being steadily made up. However, officials of the national guard bureau stress that guard units must make the full use of the equipment which they now have on hand and make every effort to keep it in the very best of condition to the end that during maneuvers or when war comes the units charged with keeping open the lines of communication will be prepared to send and receive the fullest information to higher and lower commanders. Guard units have been instructed to make communications a habit, so that in the stress of emergency they will not forget to use the material which they have on hand, officers pointing out that even the finest equipment being of little use if in the stress of excitement the units fail to make full use of it.

It was asserted there is a shortage of trained radio operators. To fill this organizations throughout the country have been ordered to make every effort to find qualified men for enlistment to fill these important billets. Amateur radio operators are pointed to as a field from which the national guard might be able to draw.

Making Apples Stick

Apples can be made to stick on the trees, instead of falling off prematurely and thereby causing much loss to the orchardist, by spraying them with dilute solutions of some of the recently discovered growth-promoting chemicals, it has been discovered by a three-man research team working at the United States department of agriculture research station at Beltsville, Md. Most effective of the spray materials are naphthalene acetic acid and naphthalene acetamide. Solutions as weak as .0025 per cent caused trees to hang onto more than 98 per cent of their fruit, while unsprayed control trees lost from 64 to 91 per cent.

PATTERN SEWING CIRCLE DEPARTMENT



cellent materials for right now; by all means repeat this later in fall or flat crepe.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1875-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 14 (32) requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves, size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric.

For a pattern of this attractive model send 15 cents in coins, your name, address, style, number and size to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is the supercargo on a ship?
2. Why do stars twinkle?
3. Can the speaker of the house of representatives cast his vote when there is no tie?
4. What is meant by on the quiver?
5. What is the difference between command and commander?
6. Can a President legally take the oath of office on a Sunday?
7. How many people live in what is known as the New York Region?
8. A doggerly is a low grogshop. What is a catterly?
9. What did Theodore Roosevelt say about living at the White House?

The Answers

1. An officer who manages the commercial concerns of the trip.
2. The twinkling is an illusion.
3. Yes, he has the rights of any other representative.

Confetti Popcorn

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 2 quarts pop corn | 1 1/2 cup water |
| 2 cups sugar | Vegetable coloring |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 teaspoon flavoring |

Divide pop corn into three equal portions. Combine sugar, butter, water, and coloring; bring to boil and cook until the syrup spins a thread (about 15 minutes). Add the flavoring. Pour over popped corn and stir until kernels are sugar coated and separated. Repeat process three times, using a different color and flavor each time; mix batches.

Strange Facts

Long Time Between—Highly Taxed Alky Compensation Laws

Several large American firms, one of which is the F. W. Woolworth company, pay their chief executives only once a year.

When purchased by any organization other than a hospital or a scientific laboratory, a 55-gallon drum of pure alcohol, which sells for \$15, carries a federal tax of \$25.

While some states have not yet passed a workmen's compensation law, other states have been so liberal that they have granted workmen's compensation for such ailments as flat feet, writer's cramp and bedsores.—Collier's.

FOR A GOOD TIME ANY TIME...



Time for Courtesy "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."—Emerson.

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Has a cold plucked your nose shut—can it with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath...helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

LUDEN'S 5¢ Menthol Cough Drops

ROLLIN' ALONG WITH P.A.

C. M. GOODWIN, JR. (left) ASKS D. D. JENKINS (right)....



GETTING SOME 'SHINE' IN YOUR LIFE, DEL?

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, CHARLEY! THIS EASY-ROLLIN', RICH-TASTIN' PRINCE ALBERT PUTS REAL SHINE IN ANY 'MAKIN'S' SMOKER'S LIFE!

FASTER ROLLING? YOU BET!

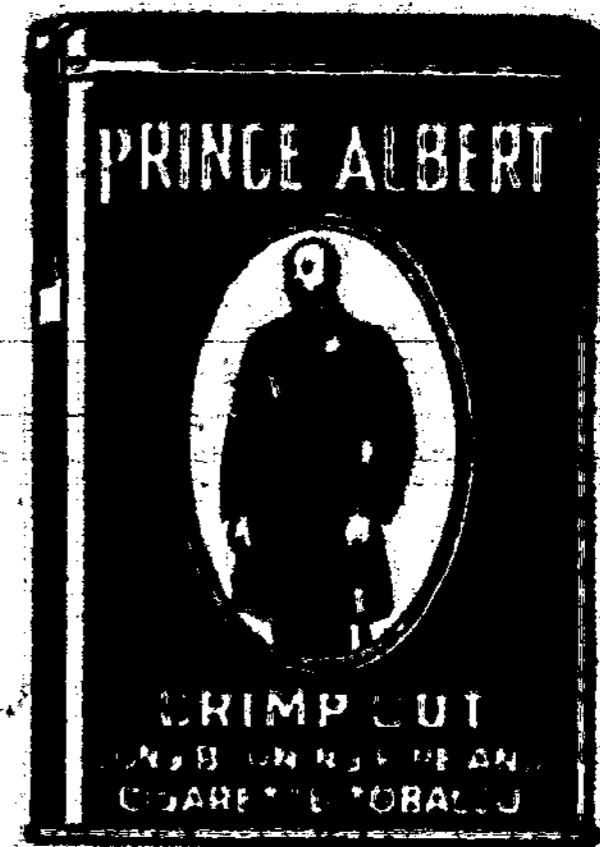
Yes, indeed, "makin's" fame, Prince Albert nestles in your papers the way you like for speedier, neater rolling. It's "crimp cut." There's no bunching or blowing around. And what a tip in the facts below! Prince Albert BURNS COOLER—lets you enjoy rich, ripe taste, mellow goodness with MILD, "no-bite" smoking! That's real "makin's" pleasure—and plenty of it, too! Around 70 of those smooth "makin's" smokes in every P.A. tin. Get Prince Albert. (Treats your tongue right in a pipe, too.)

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than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

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70 Prince Albert

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE OUTLOOK

Published Weekly in the interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N.M.

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

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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.

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Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico In The Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Evaline Stewart, Deceased. No. 482

To David Wightman Stewart, Carrizozo, New Mexico, and Lucile Stewart, 2905 Maple Street, Dallas, Texas, and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent, and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:

You and each of you are hereby notified, and notice is hereby given that David Wightman Stewart and Lucile Stewart, co-executors of the Last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Evaline Stewart, deceased, have filed in the above entitled Court their final report and account as such co-executors, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of March, 1940, 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 David Wightman Stewart and Lucile Stewart as such co-executors, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of her 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 co-executors is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico. Witness the Honorable John Mackey, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 9th day of January, 1940. (Seal) Edward Penfield, Clerk.

By Bryan Handricks, Deputy.
J12-F2

NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to authority vested in me, the undersigned, as Treasurer of Lincoln County, New Mexico:

Bonds numbered five (5), six (6), and seven (7) in amount of \$500.00 each, of San Patricio School District No. Two, Lincoln County, dated June 1, 1927, optional, June 1, 1937, are now called for retirement and interest on the above bonds will cease at the expiration of Thirty (30) days after final publication of this notice.

Ernest Key, County Treasurer, Lincoln County, New Mexico
J12-F2

Christian Science Services
Jan. 14, 1940

"Sacrament" is the subject for next Sunday. The Golden Text is: "I am the Lord that bringeth you up out of the land of Egypt, to be your God; ye shall therefore be holy, for I am holy." Citation from Bible: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Passage from Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "One's aim, a point beyond faith, should be to find the footsteps of Truth, the way to health and holiness. We should strive to reach the Heral height where God is revealed; and the cornerstone of all spiritual building is purity."

Many Notes in Single Octave. In a single octave the sensitive ear may distinguish 80 to 100 different notes.

IT'S HERE! WHAT?



George The Painter's Wall Paper!

Methodist Church
H. L. Wheeler, Minister
Church School at 10 a. m.
Sunday Evening Service at 7
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.

CHURCH of CHRIST

We beseech you to worship with us at the feet of Jesus Christ, Whose Church and worship is taught and authorized by the New Testament. Bible study and preaching each Lord's Day, 10 to 12 M. and 7:30 P. M., in Oddfellows' Hall.

—R. L. Allen, Minister.

Santa Rita Church

Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.
Sunday Masses Carrizozo at 8 and 10

Baptist Church

Sunday School 10 a. m. Preaching at 11. Evening worship 7:00. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:00. You will receive a hearty welcome at the Baptist Church. Come and worship with us.

Choir practice Wednesday 6:30
L. D. Cochran, Pastor.

Notice to Property Owners

All property, Real and Personal, must be rendered for taxes between Jan. 1 and March 1st.

The law provides that a 5% penalty shall be added to all non-rendered property after March 1.

Please call at the office and we will be glad to assist you in filling out your Schedule.

W. E. Kimbrell, Assessor.
J12-F29

Male or Female Help Wanted:
National Company of Denver wants collector for small monthly accounts. State experience and references. Box— 8t

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Need New Size Found Muced Relief

Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil Liniment and found wonderful relief. Try it today! It soothes sore muscles, relieves rheumatism, and brings soothing relief. Pleasant odor. Will not stain. Money-back guarantee at all drug stores.



SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS PARTY

The Young People's Sunday School Class of the Methodist Church held a party on Tuesday evening at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Wheeler. Lalla Burnay was assistant hostess. The group was entertained with a variety of interesting games.

The next party will be held at the home of Mrs. Melva Waters Tuesday, Jan. 23. This will also be an important class meeting with election of officers.

The Young People of the church are taking charge of the worship part of the next Sunday evening church services at 7:30. Everyone is invited to these services to worship God for 45 minutes.—Contributed.

Old-Timers' Free Barn Dance at the Yucca tomorrow night, Jan. 13. Music by Bob French and Melody Girls. Prizes for best waltzes.

HOW BANKS SERVE

In Case of Emergency

When a sudden need for money arises, such as sickness in the family, it is mighty comforting to have a substantial bank balance. And even if such emergencies never arise, there is satisfaction in the knowledge that you are ready, come what may. Have you an ample cash reserve? If not, start building one now.

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



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EXTRA



Remember, please—when you take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢), you get an extra benefit—Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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If you feel tired out, keep, listless, moody, depressed—if your nerves are constantly on edge and you're losing your boy friends to more attractive, plump women—STOP OUT OF IT! We mean have a dull, tired, uneasy woman.

All you may need is a good reliable tonic. It's very famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Let it stimulate your system to help digest and assimilate more wholesome food which your body uses directly for energy—to help build up more physical resistance and then help calm frayed nerves, loosen female functional distress and give you joyful, bubbling energy that is reflected throughout your whole being.

Over 1,000,000 women have reported marvelous benefits from Pinkham's Compound. Results should delight you! Telephone your druggist right now for a bottle.

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BOUND Lv. 8:30 A. M. | BOUND Lv. 5:10 P. M.

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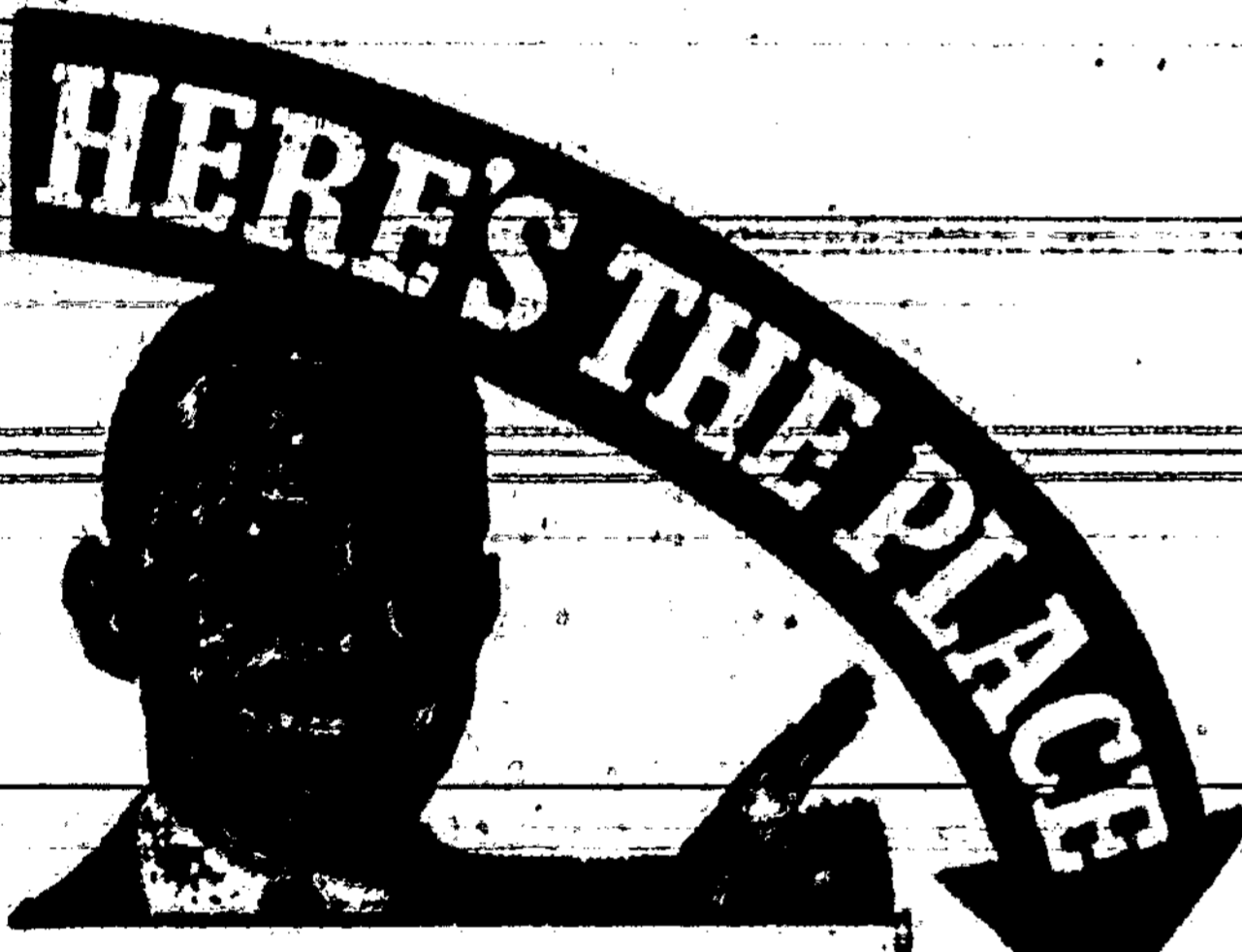
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Carrizozo, N. M.

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For 1940

Friday, Jan. 12

22 Important Improvements

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CARRIZO LODGE NO. 41
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
A. F. & A. M.
Regular Meetings 1939
Second Wednesday
of Each
Month



Don English, 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.

Marbry Burns, W. M.
Jeanette Lemon, Sec'y



COALORA REBEKAH
LODGE
NUMBER 16
I. O. O. F.

Meets first and third
Saturdays of each month.
Nellie Lee Baker, N. Grand
Birdie Walker, Secretary

Carrizozo - New Mexico

Carrizozo Assembly No. 7
Order of Rainbow for Girls



Worthy
Advisor—
Mary Lou
Phillips

Recorder—Agnes Degner
Mother Advisor—Mrs. Yena
Elliott.

Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

CARRIZO LODGE NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

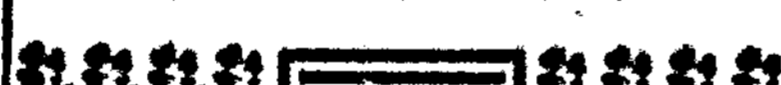
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Noble Grand
W. J. Langston
Sec'y-Treas.

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only

\$75

SKINNER'S BONITO FARM

4-H COMPLETIONS HIGH

According to a recent news re-
lease from the State Extension
Service, Lincoln County ranked
5th in the State in 4-H Club com-
pletion honors. The average com-
pletions for the entire state was
77.8 — the average for Lincoln
County being 89.9 per cent.

According to Carl P. Räteliff,
County Extension Agent, records
reveal that this is the highest
percentage of completions that
have ever been received in Lin-
coln County.

Clubs that were organized in
1939 will be continued in 1940,
and new clubs organized in the
county. The 1940 program will
give as broad training as possible
to all club members in citizen-
ship, parliamentary law, social
activities, and the judging of 4-
H Club projects.—Contributed.

Mural Trace Law
In the Department of Justice
building impressive murals depict
"Great Figures in the History of
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ing of the Magna Charta and also
of the Constitution.

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Bruckart's Washington Digest

'Pressure Groups' Already Are Worrying Members of Congress

New Deal Agencies, Seekers After Justice and Promoters Of Various Movements Active as Usual; Old Age Pensions, Unemployment Insurance Not Neglected.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

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

WASHINGTON.—About the time congress reconvenes each year, the national capital is deluged with what have come to be known as "pressure groups." It is a poor description. I believe most of them can be called "selfish groups" for the reason that the self-righteous individuals who lead (or promote) movements or causes or demands for justice usually have jobs of their own at stake.

They want to keep their followers happy, especially the saps who contribute hard-earned dimes or dollars so that their representative or their delegation may put up a good front in the city of Washington.

Any way, it is the open season for them, again. They are busier than a hive of bees. They are engaged in the annual invasion upon senators and representatives and among the numerous New Deal agencies, seeking justice, urging help for those whose liberties are being trampled into the mud, appealing for this and that and the other.

There are the usual spokesmen for corporations and groups of corporations. They, too, are seekers after justice. They are no more selfish than the lesser racketeers. Those fellows, however, have a different kind of stake in the results. The seekers after individual justice,

number of seekers after justice in Washington.

It is astonishing to see the lengths to which some of them will go. For example, there is one great church organization that sought to force the census bureau to include in the forthcoming census certain questions that would have given that church a powerful leverage in the future administration of government affairs, according to well-authenticated reports. The church representative tried for weeks to high pressure the census officials into inclusion of three questions. He made some threats about the consequences of their refusal. The government attorney to whom the census officials submitted the question had the guts to say "no" and that was the census bureau answer.

It was a despicable thing, however, and illustrates the dangers inherent in the conditions I have tried to describe.

The old age pension movement and the unemployment compensation movement and the other "welfare" movements are represented in full force.

Other Groups Are Working For Gifts From Government

There are half a dozen other groups around town, working for one thing or another in the shape of gifts from the government. Nearly all of them have found something wrong with the present social security law, but they do not agree on what is wrong with it. The whole circumstance rather convinces me that maybe the law ought to be tossed overboard. I doubt that the federal government can ever administer such law. There probably is little possibility that any such law ever can be made workable on a national basis. Some of the dreamy New Dealers who conceived it have faded out of Washington officialdom already and have left their baby for somebody else to nurse to maturity. The one service they performed was to the New Deal finances, because the original program has brought six or seven hundred million dollars into the federal treasury—and it has been spent.

Organized labor has its representatives on the scene in a big way. Both the Congress of Industrial Organizations, which is headed by John L. Lewis, and the American Federation of Labor, which is headed by William Green, have national headquarters here. What is a poor politician going to do, however, when Lewis and Green are fighting each other and seldom, if ever, agree upon what changes must be made in the national labor relations act.

The labor row may get more than just an ordinary airing during the session of congress now under way.

I have written heretofore about the special house committee investigation of the National Labor Relations board. Exposures by that committee already have brought demands for the ousting of Commissioner Smith and Chairman Madden. Commissioner Leleson, appointed only a few months ago, apparently is seeking to clean up the stinking mess, but the Lewis faction of labor which has dominated the board thus far is making Mr. Leleson's job pretty difficult. There will be little consideration for the Green faction if Lewis can prevent it.

American Legion Can Really Put on High Pressure

There is an offshoot of organized labor's setup here known as Labor's Non-Partisan League. I don't know what it is supposed to accomplish, but it has a press agent and a staff of "executives" and they all seem to get paid regularly.

The American Legion is getting active again. It wants more government money for the ex-soldiers, and make no mistake about it. The American Legion can really put on high pressure when it sets out to do the job.

I haven't scratched the surface in naming the pressure groups that are to be found here for the current session of congress. There are at least 50 business organizations and trade associations. The purposes of all are the same, namely, advantages for them. The advantages may be in the form of cash such as the pension petitioners and the Legion seek, or advantages that can be turned into cash after the methods of business. In any event, they are all headed down Washington-way. It seems to bode no good at all for the folks who are going to pay the bill, including a national debt that is now \$46,000,000,000 or more.

Star Dust

Fan Mail From Far Brought London Here It's an Ill Illness

By Virginia Vale

MADELEINE CARROLL has the grandest bunch of fan mail in all Hollywood. It comes from France, from a group of French children who are living in her chateau in the country, secluded from the danger of Paris' air raids and gas attacks. The children take time from their studies and games to



MADELEINE CARROLL

write to Miss Carroll, who reads their letters as she rests between scenes of "My Son, My Son!"

The famous Brighton Belle pulled out of Hollywood the other day for scenes in that same picture. The station, however, was a replica of the famous Victoria station, the train was a replica of the Brighton Belle, which covers the 62 miles between London and Brighton in 40 minutes, and the men who filled it were extras, not British Tommies.

But to many who watched, the atmosphere was the same as it would have been in the original setting. Producer Edward Small could not shoot the scene in London because of the present war, but in portraying a scene that dates back to the last one he brought to California, for a moment, all the feeling that fills the railway stations of Europe in these times, as trains filled with soldiers leave for the front.

A case of appendicitis was responsible for the March of Time's exclusive film of the island of Guam. Victor Jurgens, the 26-year-old camera man who last year filmed the March of Time's memorable motion picture story on Japan, was stricken with appendicitis while on his way to Guam; he was operated on at sea by navy surgeons, recuperated at Guam, and spent his time filming all aspects of civil and military life on the important little island. It is part of the new release, "Crisis in the Pacific," and is one of the best films the M. of T. has given us.

"Four Wives" proves that it's possible for a sequel to live up to the reputation established by a popular film. People liked "Four Daughters" so much that it seemed unlikely that the picture carrying the story along could be anything but a disappointment. "Four Wives" is so well done that it will make new friends for the family it portrays so engagingly.

Kay Francis will appear in "It's a Date" as Deanna Durbin's mother—a very glamorous mother, an actress. Norma Shearer may have a mother role, too, in the film version of the popular novel, "Escape." But since the mother in "Escape" who is also a famous actress, by the way—is middle aged and has a grown son, it seems likely that the story will be rewritten for Miss Shearer's benefit.

By a strange coincidence, Fatsy Montana, "cowgirl sweetheart" of radio station WLS, Chicago, goes on the air every morning at exactly the same time as her brother does at station KBOO in Sioux Falls, S. D. It's rather hard on their proud mother—not only do they broadcast at the same hour, but it's 5:15 a. m.

Dave Kinnan will never have a seal on his "Hobby Lobby" program again if he can help it. The one he had recently cost him about \$38. It had to be fed pieces of fish, frequently. The supply of fish, which had seemed ample, disappeared in no time, and Kinnan had to keep sending out to restaurants near the Columbia playhouse for more. The restaurants in that part of New York are far from cheap; the fact that the fish was for a seal instead of a human being didn't affect the price. So, if your hobby has anything to do with seals, don't try to land on the Kinnan program; at least, not until he has forgotten how expensive fish can be.

ODDS AND ENDS.—Walt Disney's "Snow White" will be released in February. Robert Montgomery is going to England again, to make pictures. One more change of title for "Good Neighbor" which was "The Sign of the Cross" is now \$46,000,000,000 or more.

DOLLAR MAKERS Ads, Telephone Make Excellent Sales Combine

By GEORGE T. EAGER

THE essence of good salesmanship is to make it easy for customers to buy. But despite the fact that the number of telephone calls made each day exceeds the number of letters written each day, many business men who advertise their goods or services, fail to list their telephone number in advertisements, circulars and letters.

A few days before last New Year's day the sales manager of an important book publishing company noticed a large display advertisement of a restaurant in the local newspaper of a small town in Pennsylvania. Although most of the space was used to urge customers to telephone their reservations for New Year's Eve, the restaurant failed to publish the very telephone number that customers were expected to call.

The sales manager had a good time showing the advertisement to business friends and commenting on the inefficiency of small town business men.

His own duties involved the advertising of a set of reference books selling for several hundred dollars a set, and directing a sales force of 80 salesmen to follow up the written requests for booklets describing the set. Many of these inquiries came from children who could not buy and were therefore a constant cause of annoyance and wasted effort.

In the midst of his scolding at the restaurant advertisement that carried no telephone number, he suddenly realized that his own advertisements, circulars and letters did not feature the telephone number of his own local office. It was immediately added to his advertising.

He discovered that telephone inquiries about the reference books came only from interested people and resulted in a high percentage of sales. He also found that although children may write for booklets they do not telephone for them. A cause of wasted effort and expense was thus eliminated by featuring the telephone number.

SOLICIT VIEWS OF OUTSIDERS

EVERY successful business executive must necessarily devote a great deal of thought and attention to his business. He is generally thinking about it most of the time. But this intense interest leads him to see his business from the inside and to completely miss the outside point of view. He is like Yankee Doodle who, "could not see the town, it was so thick with houses."

The most important function of the advertising man in modern business is to supply this outside point of view—to see a business product or service as the customer sees it. It is the business of the advertising man to interpret the public to a business and to interpret a business to the public. A retail store, a bank, a laundry, a florist's shop—in fact, any enterprise that deals with the general public may have buried in it an interesting and appealing story that properly told would increase sales. Routine often keeps the very men responsible for its existence from appreciating its virtues.

It has been frequently observed that newspaper men and novelists who write most interestingly about the city are usually from the country. To their fresh point of view routine things become novel and vivid. Like the advertising man they have the outside point of view. (Reel Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Word 'Cigar' Derived From Spanish 'Garden'

How did the words cigar and cigarette get into the language? It seems to be another old Spanish custom. When tobacco was still a novelty the acme of hospitality was for a host to offer guests small rolls of home-grown tobacco for smoking, usually with the explanation "Es de mi cigarral" (It is from my garden). The word "cigarral" means an orchard or fruit garden. Strangers to the Spanish language came to regard the word "cigarral" as describing the gift rather than its place of origin. The word was soon abbreviated to "cigarro" and finally to the English "cigar." The word cigarette means, literally, a small cigar.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 14

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THE PROBLEM OF FORGIVENESS

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 18:21-35. GOLDEN TEXT—And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matthew 6:12.

Christianity and forgiveness belong together. Among the religions of the earth Christianity stands out as the one true faith because it properly and adequately meets the problem of sin. In Christ is provided forgiveness for sin, cleansing from all unrighteousness, a new birth by which one enters into a life of holiness and power.

Since these things are true it would seem to be almost unnecessary to urge God's children to be of a forgiving spirit. But as Bishop Ryle says, "It is a melancholy fact that there are few Christian duties so little practiced as that of forgiveness. It is sad to see how much bitterness, unmercifulness, spite, harshness and unkindness there is among men." Surely these things ought not to be.

I. The Extent of Forgiveness (vv. 21, 22).

"How long do I have to stand it?" is the question of the human heart untouched by the spirit of Christ. The injustices of life, the offenses of our fellow men against us, all seem to pile up until the burden is about to crush us. What is the answer to man's cry?

The Jews had an answer. Three times is enough. Forgive once, yes. Again, yes. But the third time, no. Peter was big-hearted enough to more than double that allowance of mercy. He was willing to forgive not just two or three times, but seven times. The point to be kept in mind, however, is that whether forgiveness means three times or seven times, if there is a limit, it is a matter of reckoning, of keeping books, and of ultimately bringing down our judgment upon the heads of the offenders.

The spirit of Christ swept all of that aside. He said that one should forgive 70 times seven. In other words, Christian forgiveness is to be untiring, unlimited, to know no weariness and have no boundaries. If one really forgives it is because he has a forgiving spirit and that spirit is not exhausted by use, but rather grows by exercise.

A word of caution is in order at this point. Let no one suppose that our Lord's instruction means that offenses against the law of the land or against the good order of society are to be overlooked and condoned. It relates to the cultivation of a personal spirit of forgiveness, the laying aside of revenge, of malice, of retaliation which do not become the Christian.

II. The Motive of Forgiveness (vv. 23-34).

Two motives are given in our text, the first being that since we ourselves are daily and hourly in need of forgiveness at the merciful hand of God, we should in turn be merciful toward those who sin against us. Compared with our offenses against the law of God, we know that the misdeeds of our neighbors against us are mere trifles. Remember what God has done for you, and then when you are tempted to be hard and ungracious with your brother, remember the mercy of God.

The second motive is the remembrance that a day of judgment is to come. There is always a time of reckoning ahead even as was the case with these servants. Remember not only what God has done for you and is doing for you, but what you must yet expect Him to do in that day of judgment.

III. The Importance of Forgiveness (v. 35).

A man dealing with his fellow man is apt to think that it is merely a matter between man and man. We are not dealing with a straight line between ourselves and our brother (that was Peter's error), but with a triangle at whose apex is God Himself. If I expect God to forgive me, I must let that same forgiveness flow out to my brother. If I deal with him as though God had nothing to do with the matter, then I must not try to count God's forgiveness into the picture when I stand indebted before Him.

Here again we express a word of caution. Let no one suppose that our redemption in Christ is contingent upon what we do toward our brethren. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9). Nor does the truth of our lesson mean that we are somehow going to bargain with God; trading a bit of our forgiveness toward others for His forgiveness of us. God is not interested in such transactions. But it does mean that if you cannot or will not forgive, you may well consider whether you are a Christian at all.

Angry Words. Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him.—Proverbs 29, 20.

Sneaking of Sports Amateur Boxing Seen as Ideal Prep Program

By ROBERT McSHANE

A MATHEMATICS boxing as a sport ranking equal to football, basketball, hockey or any of the others has been long advocated by Ed Haislet, director of Golden Glove activities in the state of Minnesota and one of the most ardent boxing enthusiasts of the nation.

Haislet fathers an ambitious program which is backed by the Minneapolis Star-Journal, co-supervisor of the Golden Glove tournament in Minnesota. He believes every school should include the sport on its athletic program; that every fighter should wear a protective helmet, and that thumbless boxing gloves should be used by amateurs. The helmet protects the head and eliminates cauliflower ears. Eyes would be protected from gouging with the thumbless glove.

It is Haislet's claim that boxing will make better men of the participants; that no other sport can exceed fighting in developing coordination and skill, building the body or satisfying the emotional aspect of competition.

Fosters Champions

There is little question that the sport which fostered the greatest of the caliber of Joe Louis, one of the greatest heavyweight champions of all time, would enjoy a much higher status if every program were administered with the care given by Minnesota officials.

Quiet, well-equipped dressing rooms are provided for Gopher fighters.

Diets are planned carefully and doctors are stationed at the ring side and in the dressing rooms. Every boy who is knocked out is kept under observation for 20 minutes. And any boy-knocked down must stay down for the eight count before continuing to fight.

Today fighting is a scientific art. There is more to the sport than mere slugging and the ability to "take it." Hundreds of high schools throughout the nation sponsor boxing teams. Competent instructors have taught youngsters how to care for their bodies and how to stay in condition. Boxing meets are carefully supervised and parents no longer fear for their youngsters' health.

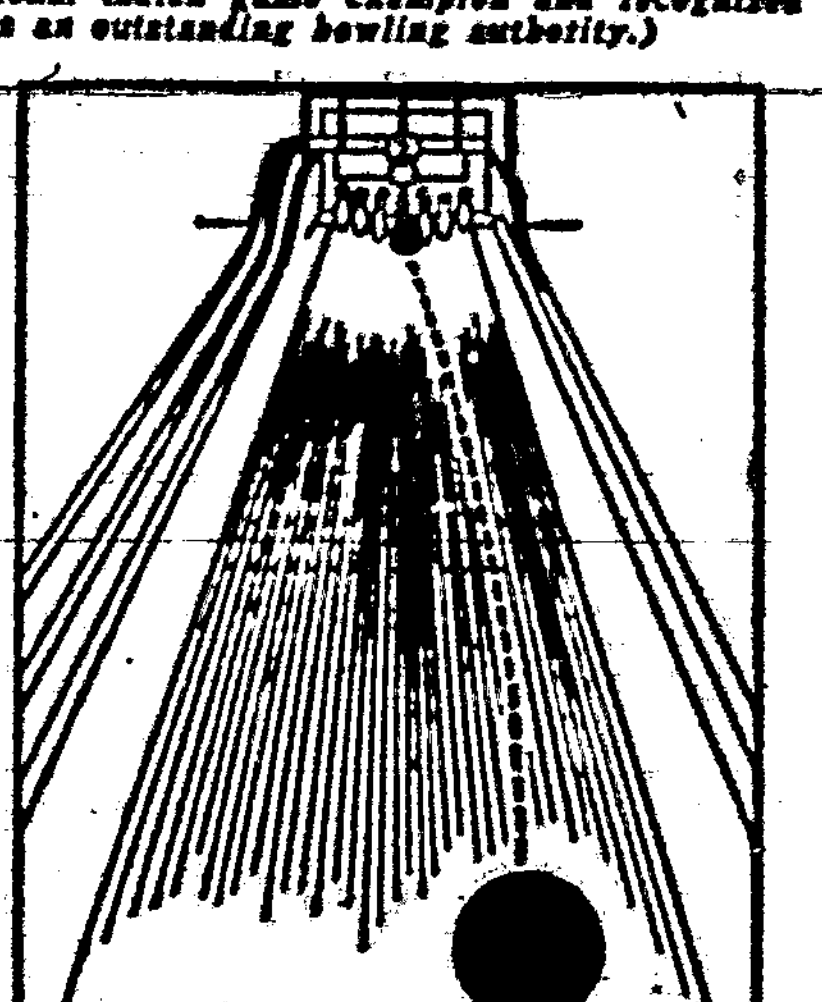
Amateur boxing in high schools will reach its rightful place when everyone concerned with it places the welfare of participants above victory and every other factor.

That most of them do now is a thing distinctly in its favor.

BOWLING Made Easy

By NED DAY National Match Game Champion

(This is the last of a series of bowling lessons by Ned Day of Milwaukee, Wis., national match game champion and recognized as an outstanding bowling authority.)



SPOT AND HEAD PIN BOWLING. Spot bowling should not be tried by a new bowler unless he is confident that his delivery is truly grooved. When you bowl at a spot you are taking for granted that everything else in your approach and delivery is correct. There are only a few true spot bowlers—that is, bowlers who deliver their balls without actually seeing the pins during delivery.

A true spot bowler will pick a spot at a point where he expects to set the ball down on the alley, set his body on the approach accordingly, address the pins, look at them for the first step or two to keep his body in line, and then concentrate on the spot, without looking at the pins until the ball is delivered.

The head pin bowler is one who addresses the pins, draws an imaginary line from the pocket to the spot on the alley where he will set his ball down, sets his body accordingly and then fastens his eyes on the object he expects to hit. Some bowlers combine spot and head pin bowling, picking a spot far enough down the alley so they can watch the spot and also see the pins in the background. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'PRESSURE GROUPS' BUSY Harass members of congress with various causes. May be tuning up for the coming campaign. Many movements will not get very far. Union labor and the American Legion active. Bruckart doesn't believe it is possible so many new injustices could have arisen. Few are able to analyze the situation.

those who urge maintenance of "civil liberties," etc., usually are concerned with keeping themselves in their jobs, while the seekers after justice for the corporations and business interests are trying to preserve their own material futures.

May Be Just Tuning Up For the Election Campaigns

There is, however, something disturbing about this year's invasion. It seems to be utterly impossible that so many new injustices could have arisen within the last year. There always has been a considerable amount of this low form of high pressure around Washington, but the increased number of seekers after justice this year would seem to prove that the whole country has gone to pieces. It may be, of course, that they are tuning up for the election campaigns.

Seriously, however, few persons have been able to analyze the situation. Some suggest that the current trek of seekers after justice results from the fact that the national government has become the focal point for "relief" from everything since the depression fell upon us in 1930. Others feel that a sense of futility about life, itself, has crept into this country from the lands where dictators hold a human life to be nothing more than a chattel.

If either of these answers is correct, we have a dangerous condition on our hands. It is the defeatist attitude.

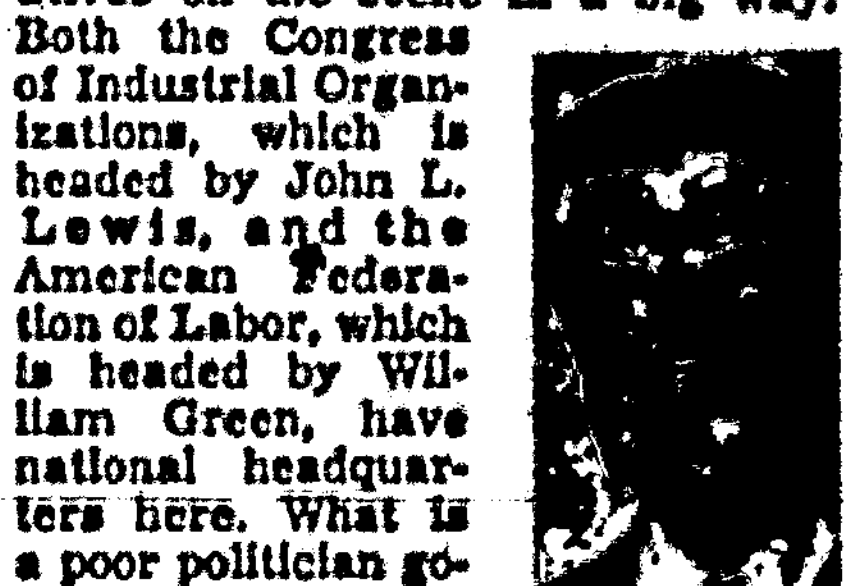
It represents a decaying civilization and national leaders had better wake up to what it means.

Now, let someone charge me with having changed my tune from several years ago. I want to recall that I once feebly attempted to pin a senator's ears back for seeking legislation to make everyone register who visited a senator or a representative in behalf of legislation. He wanted to brand each one as a lobbyist. That senator was Hugo Black.

Hugo Black who now writes binding legal opinions as a member of the Supreme court of the United States instead of blabbing for hours on the floor of the senate. I maintain that everyone has the right of petition to any government agency. What I am trying to do here, however, is to show that there are so many more "petitioners" now than heretofore and to find the reason for it.

Many Seekers After Justice in Washington

Of course, most of these movements will not get very far. They will not get as far, in fact, as when I used to crawl under the covers for eggs out on the farm. But there are enough disheartened and discouraged folks throughout the country to pay the freight—and the hotel bills—for an extraordinarily large num-



John L. Lewis

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Baldy," Evans said, "I don't agree with you that it was—the money. That may have helped in her decision. But I think she cares."

"For Towne—nonsense. She knows nothing of love. She may have taken the shadow for the substance. And he can be very—charming." It wrung his heart to say it. But almost with clairvoyance he saw the truth.

When they returned to the house Baldy found a message from Edith. He was to call her up.

"Uncle Frederick has just told me," she said, "that Jane is to be my aunt. Isn't it joyful?"

"I'm not sure."

"Oh, Towne's all right. But not for Jane."

"I see. But he's really in love with her, poor old duck. Talked about it all through dinner. He's going to try awfully hard to make her happy."

"Then you approve?"

He heard her gay laugh over the wire. "It will be nice to have you—in the family. I'll be your niece-in-law."

"You'll be nothing of the kind."

"You can't help being—Uncle Baldy. Isn't that delicious? And now, will you come in tonight and sit by my fire? Uncle Frederick is out."

"I've sat too often by your fire."

"Too often for your own peace of mind? I know that. And I'm glad of it." Again he heard a ripple of laughter.

"It isn't a thing to laugh at."

She hesitated, then said in a different tone, "I am not laughing. But I want you by my fire tonight."

It was late when Evans went upstairs. He had spent the evening with his mother, discussing with her some matters where his legal knowledge helped. They did not speak of Jane. Their avoidance of the subject showed their preoccupation with it. But neither dared approach it.

On the bedside table in Evans' room lay the valentine he had bought for Jane. There it was, with its cupids and bleeding hearts—its forget-me-nots—and golden darts.

Arthur Lane and Sandy talked it over. "I wonder what has happened. He looks dreadful."

The two boys were on their way to Castle Manor. They wanted books. Evans' library was a treasure-house for youthful readers. It had all the old adventuring tales. And Evans had read everything. He would simply walk up to a shelf, lay his hand on a book, and say, "Here's one you'll like." And he was never wrong.

But of late, Evans Follette had met them with an effort. "Look for yourselves," he had said, when they asked for books, and had sat staring into the fire. And he had not urged them to stay. His manner had been kind but inattentive. They were puzzled and a little hurt. "I feel sorta queer when he acts that way," Sandy was saying, "as if he didn't take any interest. I don't even know whether he wants us any more."

Arthur refused to believe his hero inhospitable. "It's just that he's got things on his mind."

They reached the house and rang the bell. Old Mary let them in. "He's in the library," she said, and they went towards it. The door was open and they entered. But the room was empty . . .

That morning Baldy had had a letter from Jane and had handed it to Evans. It was the first long letter since her engagement to Towne. Baldy had written to his sister, flatteringly, demanding to know if she were really happy. And she had said:

"I shall be when Judy is better. That is all I can think of just now. Her life is hanging in the balance. We can never be thankful enough that we got the specialist when we did. He had found the trouble. The question now is whether she will have the strength for another operation. When she gets through with that! Well, then I'll talk to you, darling. I hardly know how I feel. The days are so whirling. Mr. Towne has been more than generous. If the little I can give him will repay him, then I must give it, dearest. And it won't be hard. He is so very good to me."

And now this letter had come after Towne's second visit:

"Baldy, dear, I am very happy. And I want you to set your mind at rest. I am not marrying Mr. Towne for what he has done for us all, but because I love him. Please believe it. You can't understand what he has been to me in these dark days. I have learned to know how kind he is—and how strong. I haven't a care in the world when he is here, and everything is so—marvellous. Few should see my ring—a great

sapphire, Baldy, in a square of diamonds. He is crazy to buy things for me, but I won't let him. I will take things for Judy but not for myself. You can see that, of course. I just go everywhere with him in my cheap little frocks, to the theaters and to all the great restaurants, and we have the most delectable things to eat. It is really great fun."

Since he had heard the news of Jane's approaching marriage, Evans had lived in a dream. The people about him had seemed shadow-shapes. He had walked and talked with them, remembering nothing afterward but his great weariness. He had eaten his meals at stated times, and had not known what he was eating. He had gone to his office, and behind closed doors had sat at his desk, staring.

And now this letter! "You see what she says," Baldy had raged. "Of course she isn't in love with

him. But she thinks she is. There's nothing more that I can do."

Evans had taken the letter to the library to read. He was alone, except for Rusty, who had lipped after him and laid at his feet.

She loved—Towne. And that settled it. "I am marrying Mr. Towne because I love him." Nothing could be plainer than that. Baldy might protest. But the words were there.

As Evans sat gazing into the fire, he saw her as she had so often been in this old room—as a child, sprawled on the hearth-rug over some entrancing book from his shelves, swinging her feet on the edge of a table while he bragged of his athletic prowess; leaning over war-maps, while he pointed out the fields of fighting; curled up in a corner on the couch while he read to her—"Oh, silver shrine, here will I take my rest . . ."

He could stand his thoughts no longer. Without hat or heavy coat, he stepped through one of the long windows and into the night.

As he walked on in the darkness, he had no knowledge of his destination. He swept on and on, pursued by dreadful thoughts.

On and on through the blackness. No moon . . . a wet wind blowing . . . on and on . . .

He came to a bridge which crossed a culvert. No water flowed under it. But down the road which led through the Glen was another bridge, and beneath it a deep, still pool.

With the thought of that deep and quiet pool came momentary relief from the horrors which had hounded him. It would be easy. A second's struggle. Then everything over. Peace. No fears. No dread of the future . . .

It seemed a long time after, that, leaning against the buttress of the bridge, he heard, with increasing clearness, the sound of boys' voices in the dark.

He drew back among the shadows. It was Sandy and Arthur. Not three feet away from him—passing.

"Well, of course, Mr. Follette is just a man," Sandy was saying.

"Maybe he is," Arthur spoke earnestly, "but I don't know. There's something about him—"

He paused.

"Go on," Sandy urged.

"Well, something"—Arthur was struggling to express himself, "splendid. It shines like a light—"

Their brisk footsteps left the bridge, and were dulled by the dirt road beyond. Sandy's response was inaudible. A last murmur, and then silence.

Evans was swept by a wave of emotion; his heart, warm and alive, began to beat in the place where there had been frozen emptiness.

"Something splendid—that shines like a light!"

Years afterward he spoke of this moment to Jane. "I can't describe it. It was a miracle—their coming. As much of a miracle as that light which shone on Paul as he rode to Damascus. The change within me was absolute. I was born again. All the old fears slipped from me like a garment. I was saved, Jane, by those boys' voices in the dark."

The next day was Sunday. Evans called up Sandy and Arthur and invited them to supper. "Old Mary said you were here last night, and didn't find me. I've a book or two for you. Can you come and get them? And stay to supper. Miss Towne will be here and her uncle."

The boys could not know that they were asked as a shield and buckler in the battle which Evans was fighting. It seemed to him that he could not meet Frederick Towne. Yet it had been, of course, the logical thing to ask him. Edith had invited herself, and Towne had, of course, much to tell about Jane.

Evans, therefore, with an outward effect of tranquillity, played the host. After supper, however, he took the boys with him to the library.

On the table lay a gray volume. He opened it and showed the Cruikshank illustrations.

"I've been reading this. It's great stuff."

"Oh, Pilgrim's Progress," said Sandy; "do you like it?"

"Yes," Evans leaned above the book where it lay open under the light, and started to read to them.

That night Evans found out for the first time something about his mother. "You look tired, dearest," he had said, when their guests were gone, and he and she had come into the great hall together.

"I am tired," she sat down on an old horsehair sofa. "I can't stand much excitement. It makes me feel like an old lady."

"You'll never grow old." He felt a deep tenderness for her in this moment of confessed weakness. She had always been so strong. Had refused to lean. She had, in fact, taken from him his son's prerogative of protectiveness.

"You'd better see Hallam," Evans said.

"I've seen him."

"What did he say?"

"My heart—"

He looked at her in alarm. "Mother! Why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use? There's nothing to be worried about. Only he says I must not push myself."

"I am worried. Let me look after the men in the morning early. That will give you an extra nap."

"Oh, I won't do it, Evans. You have your work."

"It won't hurt me. And I am going to boss you around a bit." He stooped and kissed her. "You are too precious to lose. Mumsie."

She clung to him. "What would I do without you, my dear?"

He helped her up the stairs. And as she climbed slowly, his arm about her, he thought of that dark moment by the bridge.

If those young voices had not come to him in the night, this loving soul might have been stricken and made desolate; left alone in her time of greatest need.

CHAPTER XIII

Once more the Washington papers had headlines that spoke of Delafield Simms. He had married a stenographer in Frederick Towne's office. And it was Towne's niece that he had deserted at the altar.

And most remarkable of all, Edith Towne had been at the wedding. It

was Eloise Harper who told the reporters.

"They were married at the old Inn below Alexandria this morning, by the local Methodist clergyman, Miss Logan is a Methodist—fancy. And Edith was bridesmaid."

But Eloise did not know that Lucy had worn the wedding dress and veil that Edith had given her and looked lovely in them. And that after the ceremony, Delafield had wrung Edith's hand and had said, "I shall never know how to thank you for what you have been to Lucy."

"Gee, but you're superlative," Baldy told her as they walked in the garden.

"Am I?"

"Yes. And the way you carried it off."

"I didn't carry it off. It carried itself."

"Are you sure it didn't hurt?" She smiled at him from beneath her big hat. "Not a bit."

The moment was ripe for romance. But Baldy almost feverishly kept the conversation away from serious things. They had talked seriously enough, God knew, the other night by Edith's fire. He had seen her lonely in the thought of her future.

"When Uncle Fred marries I won't stay here."

He had yearned to take her in his arms, to tell her that against his heart she should never again know loneliness. But he had not dared. What had he to offer? A boy's love. Against her gold.

So he talked of Jane. "She doesn't want her engagement announced until she gets back. I think she's right."

"I don't," Edith said lazily. "If I loved a man I'd want to shout it to the world."

They were sitting on a rustic bench under the blossoming plum trees. Edith's hands were clasped behind her head, and the winged sleeves of her gown fell back and showed her bare arms. Baldy wanted to unclasp those hands, crush them to his lips—but instead he stood up, looking over the river.

"Do you see the ducks out there? Wild ones at that. A sign of spring."

She rose and stood beside him. "And you can talk of—ducks—on a day like this?"

"Yes," he did not look at her, "ducks are—safe."

He heard her low laugh. "Silly boy."

He turned, his gray eyes filled with limpid light. "Perhaps I am. But I should be a fool if I told you how I love you. Worship you. You know it, of course. But nothing can come of it, even if I were presumptuous enough to think that you—care."

She swept out her hands in an appealing gesture. "Say it. I want to hear."

She was adorable. But he drew back a little. "We've gone too far—and too fast. It is my fault, of course, for being a romantic fool."

"I'm afraid we're a pair of romantic fools, Baldy."

He turned and put his hands on her shoulders. "Edith, I—mustn't."

"Why not?"

"Not until I have something to offer you—"

"You have something to offer—"

"Oh, I know what you mean. But I won't. Somehow this affair of Jane's with your uncle has made me see—"

"See what?"

"Oh, how the world would look at it. How he'd look at it."

"Uncle Frederick? He hasn't anything to do with it. I'm my own mistress."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FARM TOPICS

YIELD IS TEST FOR DAIRY COW

High Production Outweighs Increased Feed Cost.

By DR. GEORGE E. TAYLOR

Even though they may consume more feed each year, high producing cows enrolled in dairy herd improvement associations yield greater returns over feed costs than low producers, according to records at the New Jersey college of agriculture.

The average D. H. I. A. cow in the U. S. produces 7,831 pounds of milk and 317 pounds of butterfat a year as compared to an average production of only 4,359 pounds of milk and 170 pounds of butterfat for all cows milking in the United States.

Association cows not only produce more milk and butterfat on the average than all cows milked in the country, but they also produce it more economically. The association cows which produced at the same average rate as all cows consumed approximately \$53 worth of feed per cow and returned \$38 above cost of feed to the owner. However, the average association cow producing 317 pounds of fat consumed \$71 worth of feed and made a return of \$98 above cost of feed. In other words, the cows that averaged 170 pounds of fat consumed \$1.22 worth of feed for every 100 pounds of milk they produced, while cows that averaged 317 pounds fat consumed only 91 cents worth of feed for every 100 pounds of milk produced.

The same relationship exists between low and high producing herds. Dairymen with herds having an average production of 395 pounds fat per cow received \$120 above feed costs while dairymen with herds having an average of 206 pounds of fat received only \$53 above feed costs per cow. Stated in another way, a dairyman would need to keep only half as many cows if they averaged 395 pounds, to obtain the same return on as he received with 206-pound cows—just half as many cows to milk and feed to realize approximately the same return over feed cost.

Fence Posts Require Chemical Preservatives

With the annual replacement of posts required each year, it is easy to understand why many farmers inquire about giving chemical treatment to their fence posts to make them last longer. There are two principal types of treatment which have been developed; namely, the tar or creosote method, applied by dipping or submerging well seasoned posts into hot creosote; and the relatively new method of applying a zinc poison to freshly cut posts, using the natural process of sap movement to absorb the poison into the wood.

The zinc poison is proving very practical for farmers with woodlands containing willow, poplar, ash, basswood, and soft maple trees of cordwood size; yet this tire-tube method of treatment, as it is called, will work well on trees of almost any species.

The preservative used in the tire-tube method is known as zinc chloride. It is extremely poisonous to insects as well as to rotting fungi, but it has one weakness—it slowly dissolves and is carried out of the post by rain and ground water; yet if it is properly applied, it will add many years to the life of even such fast rotting woods as cottonwood and aspen or poplar.

The posts to be treated must be strictly fresh and green, and the bark must be left on. Dried or split posts will not take the chemical by this method. Posts from four to six inches in diameter at the small end are most easily treated.

Farming Briefs

American railroads report that most grade crossing accidents occurred in 1937 between five and six p. m. on Saturday, which is a good thing for farmers to bear in mind.

Oklahoma's Farm Chermurgic council has found that immature broom corn seed heads, heretofore a waste product, contains oil that is worth \$7 a ton.

The new regional laboratories set up by the U. S. department of agriculture will have as their main purpose the search for wider uses for farm crops, particularly the surplus crops.

Hired men on the farms of the United States declined by 25 per cent since 1914. The average wage advanced in the same period from \$22 to \$27. It is a question if the efficiency of the men has been stepped up enough to balance the loss in numbers.

A farmer in Minnesota had a sow that produced a litter of blind pigs. He recently sold this litter at South St. Paul and topped the market. The pigs showed a remarkable ability in finding their feed.

Easy Afghan Smart Done in Two Shades

An afghan for a beginner! In two shades of a color, it's worked in single crochet, with rib stitch forming a herringbone design. Pattern 6505 contains directions



Pattern 6505

for making afghan; illustration of it and stitches; materials required; color schemes; photograph of section of afghan.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

\$30,000 to Innocent Man

A rare case of compensation for the imprisonment of an innocent man is that of Oscar Slater of Glasgow, Scotland. In 1909 he was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of a woman, but the sentence was later commuted to one of penal servitude for life. In 1927, after spending 18 years in Peterhead prison, he established his innocence, was released and awarded \$30,000.—Collier's.

WEARY DESPONDENT GIRLS

Crying spells, irritable nerves, loss of appetite, monthly pain, and all the troubles of a woman's life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Try it. Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Best Beloved It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends.—Euripides.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Cremulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to loosen germs, loosen phlegm, increase secretion and add nature's soothing and healing power. It soothes and heals raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Cremulsion with the understanding that you will take it like the way it quickly always the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

To Be Filled If our inward griefs were seen on our brows, how many would be filled who are now envied.—Metastasio.

OUT OF SORTS?

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Stomach Bowels. Nature's Remedy. If you think all digestive ailments are alike, just try the famous Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They are the only pills that give you a reliable relief from such troubles, without any of the usual side effects. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are the only pills that give you a reliable relief from such troubles, without any of the usual side effects. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are the only pills that give you a reliable relief from such troubles, without any of the usual side effects.

Up Again!

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of worldwide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of their efficiency. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read. The objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, weakness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all mixed up.

Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

To Our Customers

NEW YEAR

Finds Us Better Prepared than ever with a Large and well Assorted Stock of Merchandise To Serve

Our Customers!



Our Prices Are Reasonable

The Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Choice Foods

For Your

TABLE

Fruits, Vegetables, Candies

Meats--All Kinds

"Always The Best For Less"

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62

J. F. PETTY, Prop.



HERE IS
The
PLACE!

TO ADVERTISE WHEN YOU—

Want to Rent
Want to Buy
Lost Something

THE

Carrizozo Outlook

"We cover Lincoln County Like the Sun"

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Little old town, good afternoon!

Como 'sta, Amigos Mios! It's a BEAU-tiful day in Carrizozo and we hope that the sun is shining wherever you are.

R U Listenin'?

Paraphrasing the old adage, "All is not gold that glitters," Republicans of New Mexico are saying, "Democratic registration may not mean Democratic voting." Well informed Republicans appear far from discouraged by the new registration lists, which indicate that Republican voters in the state form a small minority, quoting Gloomy Gus.

The political dopester who says that New Mexico has become a one-party state aint never been around New Year's eve. Why we bet there were more parties than bumps in the Corona-Carrizozo highway. P. S.: This road aint so hot towards Three Rivers way.—SI, Sen-yor.

We all had a white Christmas, but this Christmas left us in the Red.—Cuckoo Comments.

J. HENRY LUTZ

Who passed away the other day was noted by thousands of people all over the state, where for 68 years he was an active participant in public life. He served two terms as treasurer of Lincoln County and was the first mayor of Carrizozo. Mr. Lutz steadily retained the respect and cordial liking of everybody.

Lutz was essentially kindly and absolutely honest. No man can recall wrong at his hands. Not all of us pass into the sunset like that. He was 75 when the end came, a long time to live righteously.—Will Robinson in the Tucumcari American.

SONJA HENIE

Brilliantly colored Sweaters, Turbans and Neckpieces. Lowest prices. Fine for the Ski party.—Burke Gift Shop.

R. A. Walker of the Lyric Theatre is in receipt of a card from Walter Krohn, who now is in Florida. He tells Mr. Walker that the fish we catch here would make small bait for these they catch down in Florida.

Headline — Al Smith Again Eyes His "Walking Shoes."
—What, again?

SO SAYS HE

"Roosevelt is too smart a politician to try for a third term," declared Alf Landon.

FINLAND

Is a little country, carved from the bleak forests of the Far North, scarcely as large as the size of Montana, with but four millions of people.

But the Finns are the last word in "mucho combate;" Seguro, Hombre.

MANY A SLIP, ETC.

Predicts End of War and Republican President in 1940 — Headline in Tucumcari American. Election of a Republican president, probably Thomas Dewey with Robert Taft as vice-president was forecasted, the article says.

—Heats is Vieta (until we meet again.)

SALE

January Specials!
Cut Prices!

Piehm's Department Store
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

Carrizozo's Best Shopping Place

RED CROSS MEETING

The annual meeting of the Executive Board of the Lincoln Co. Chapter of the American Red Cross will be held Monday, Jan. 15, at the County Library Building in Carrizozo. The budget for 1940 will be prepared at this meeting and also the election of officers. All members of the Lincoln County Red Cross Chapter are invited to attend.

Kennedy--Mitchell

Mrs. Grace Kennedy and Clarence Mitchell of Carrizozo were married in Roswell, Jan. 2. Both parties have resided here for the past three years and their many friends are offering congratulations.

Smith--Hildebrand

On December 8, in the thriving little city of Hot Springs, Miss Lorena Smith and Paul Hildebrand were united in marriage. The bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith of White Oaks, attended our schools and has many friends both here and at White Oaks, who wish the young couple the best of everything.

Finnish Relief Fund, Inc.
Committee for Lincoln County
Jan. 6, 1940

To the Local Press:

Below find a statement of the organization for Lincoln County. I shall appreciate such publicity as you care to give this. E. M. Brickley will use the Boy Scouts for Carrizozo and will start his campaign Saturday, Jan. 18. A supply of small Finnish flags will be here by Saturday and will be used to tag those who give.

Bill Balow, W. R. Belden, Ancho; Mrs. Wilbur Diahman, Corona; Mrs. Wallace Ferguson, Capitan; E. M. Brickley, Carrizozo; Mrs. Grace Burleson, Ft. Stanton; Sen. Louise Coe, Glencoe; E. V. Morris, Hondo; Mrs. Madie Miller, Hollywood; Mrs. J. M. Penfield, Lincoln; F. W. Skinner, Nogal; Miss Cora Crews, Oscura; Andrew Fresquez Picacho; A. F. Parsons, Ruidoso; Mrs. Jack Morris, Tinnie; Wayne V. A. Schoyck, White Oaks.

Yours very truly,

A. J. Rolland, Chairman
for Lincoln County.

Buddy Norfleet of Albuquerque was here this week and has gone to Corona, where he will be employed by G. C. Kroggel.

Mmes. Creencia Osorio and Florencio Archuleta were El Paso visitors this week.

P. O'Kelley, Jr. of Corona was a business visitor in town Monday of this week.

Probate Judge John Mackey and Willie Brady were business visitors from the lower valley this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otho Lowe were here from Texas to spend the holidays with relatives and friends.

Joe Chavez, Jr., who was quite ill the first of the week, is much improved at this writing.

Alta F. Stover of Hondo was a business visitor here Wednesday, returning home in the afternoon. Mr. Stover reports good moisture in the lower valley.

Ziegler Bros.



See Yourself in a

PENN-CRAFT

(Division of John R. Stetten Company)

Take a look at yourself in this new Penn-Craft that's making style history this Fall. See its smart swing in brim and crown : : : : : \$5

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

MEASLES

Protect Your Child and Others

There is an impending epidemic of Measles in Lincoln County. Its size will depend to a very great extent upon the cooperation of parents. Owing to its resemblance to a common "Cold" its beginning is liable to be disregarded. During this period, lasting some four or five days, it is most highly transmissible to others. The rash appears about four or five days after its onset. It is still communicable during the period when the rash is present. The rash also lasts about 4 or 5 days. If your child feels out of sorts, develops a slight hacking cough, headache, slight feverish condition, eyes watery and later red you might reasonably expect that he is coming down with measles. Measles is a dangerous disease, particularly for children under 5 years of age and for those who are older. Pneumonia usually results and is most always fatal. Sometimes Tuberculosis results. If your child becomes ill keep him to himself, away from his brothers and sisters and from others. By all means, keep him away from school, but report the situation to the teacher or Health Dept.

COYOTE NEWS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Boyd, an 8-pound boy, David Jefferson. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mrs. Fred Coe is spending this week with her sister, Miss Gloria Campbell.

Mrs. Haverth of Cuervo is spending this week here with her husband, who is now employed in Coyote.

There has been considerable sickness here the past two weeks.

FOR RENT—Two cottages furnished. Three and four rooms each. All modern conveniences. Good water, sea climate.—Apply to Mrs. A. B. Falk, Three Rivers, N. M.

To Hear Commander Kelley

A delegation of the local American Legion and Auxiliary will go to Roswell tonight to hear National Commander Kelley deliver an address on "Americanism." The party will be composed of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Groisen, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Fink, Mr. and Mrs. Joe West, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Conley, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Degner, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schartz, Mesdames Stella Willingham, Calvin Carl and Mr. Floyd Rowland and others whose names we failed to get.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the people of Fort Stanton, Capitan, Hobdo and Tinnie for the flowers and kindness during the death of my husband Sydney E. Langley and son Avery E. Langley's passing.

Mrs. S. E. Langley,
Hondo, N. M.

Paden's Drug Store is still undergoing remodeling. Carpenter J. F. Tom is doing the same.

Word was received at this office to change Mr. and Mrs. John Bell's Outlook from Jicarilla to Ancho.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wilson of Ancho were business visitors in town Saturday. Mr. Wilson is a live-wire stockman of the Ancho country.

Cedar & Juniper Blocks & Stove Wood. Dawson Hydro-Cleaned Coal.

Prompt Service
Reasonable Prices
Burton Fuel Yard

FOR RENT—Four-room furnished house, close in. Apply to B. L. Stimmel, phone 5. P. Hotel or the Stimmel residence, 104. 11

FOR SALE—Two-wheel Trailer in good condition. Apply at this office.

NOTICE
The regular session of the Lincoln County Singing Convention will convene in Carrizozo at the M. E. Church, Jan. 14, beginning at 2 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited.—W. J. Ferguson, President.